

The  
Soteriologic Garden  
Awakenings

Merlyn Peter, MA

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SELF-PUBLISHED NOVEMBER, 2005.

REVISED AND EDITED MAY, 2023.

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## FOREWORD

Special thanks must go out to the late Robert Pirsig who somehow provided the unconscious inspiration to publish this book after 20 years. It is the unconscious motivation that provides for meaningful coincidences and serendipity. I hope to provide here a readable book that Joe Public in the street can also enjoy, as such then I use a variety of styles to convey my meaning which, in retrospect, would come to define future books. The use of imagery is also a great way to express movement in consciousness if you are able to visualize it. The yin-yang of the Tao is a classic example of this. Personally, I gravitate to an ancient Celtic symbol, the '8' as representative of the infinite.

During many false starts I wondered whether I could ever finish revising the book, but I never doubted my own abilities. Not least to be able to dissect my own mind. Having completed a monumental psychological extrapolation in *My Confessions*, I knew that anything following could only be like icing on a cake. It so happened that I woke up visualizing the final concepts in my mind without having to refer to my notes or open the laptop; I was so lucid. I rearranged certain elements in my head and everything clicked into place. This is the nature of metaphysics that even Pirsig advised not to go there.

There is another twist to this story. For having shipped over a box of stuff from the old garage to make use of it on the farm in Spain, I included a box of jigsaw puzzles for my mother who has the onset of dementia. I thought an old pastime could rekindle some mental activity within her, but as it goes she gets more pleasure watching me do them, telling me always that it is going to take ages to complete. There have been some blessing in that she talks about her long-term memories much more, which can be very amusing at times. However, the reason why I mention it is because I use the analogy of completing a jigsaw puzzle to describe how to transcend the duality of connection and separation. When I recently wrote that it was an editorial addition to my original book written 20 years ago. I have made quite a few alterations now, not least to systematize my thinking in order to provide a teaching tool for the student. The boy that wrote this book 20 years ago is now all grown up. And in that time, ironically, I don't think I ever did another jigsaw puzzle that is, until now.

Putting together a puzzle is quite addictive; minor successes give small impulses of joy. If you make the mistake of trying to find all the edge pieces before continuing then you have missed the point. Firstly, it is totally inefficient. Secondly, you'd get bored very quickly. The joy, which is defined more as an inner satisfaction, comes from joining up groups or patterns, patterns in the sense that one is developing individual areas simultaneously. And we do this using color and shape coordination. Edward de Bono talks about this also, saying that the mind creates patterns in order to facilitate learning, and then groups of patterns will merge themselves in a way that 'frees up memory.' Whilst I may give credit to Pirsig on one level for carrying me a little in the development of this book, my total gratitude is always to God, to the unconscious and its processes.

It's important then, that you understand my methods here. I play at least 3 characters, aptly named future 'Merlyn,' past 'Peter,' and the present 'I'. It was never my intention or design to do this but I did not want to change this idea from the original; each persona has their different attributes. Likewise my sidekick, Michael, expresses a friendship that blossoms into a teacher-student relationship, a kind of avatar, symbolic of my soul in bodily form in another person, an incarnate divine teacher who comes into his own as the book progresses. As for the other characters they are based on people I knew at the time and loosely reflect their own personalities. Much of the descriptive language is actually based on fact.

# Soteriologic Garden

## *The Awakening*

### INTRODUCTION

I liked the 70's even though I have only infant memories of them. All my creativity seems to be inspired from that era, organics, gaming, music, philosophy, but why? Is my mind still there, in a state of revolution?

When I started reading Robert Pirsig's book *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* I was bored. I raised the issue with a colleague as we and others stood around a hospital bed of an old mutual friend recovering from lung problems. He told me he gave up reading it after chapter 3 because it bored him too, this story of a man on a bike with his son who thinks he knows everything about a motorbike and everybody around him. I was more reserved in my judgement and said I will read a quarter of the book before I decide. Besides, the reviews say it's one of the best books to come out of the American hippy age. I was at chapter 3 at this stage myself, no more than about 25 pages in.

My colleague asked me what I thought so far. I said, after pondering a while, that the author was authoritarian. He replied, 'Really?' It appeared such an unfair judgement. Little bekown to me, that in my natural ability to get to the origins of something, I was describing the experience that the author narrates somewhere mid-point in the book and the real-life problems he had as a philosophy lecturer that sent him mad when trying to dissect the subject-object dichotomy of life. He talks about the metaphysical adventure and why teaching philosophy at university was hypocritical and worthless. He began to abhor the whole Western system.

Whether he still is authoritarian, even alive, or just at peace, is a condition that I passed through myself for 30 years. What cannot be denied is that his internalized anger for the human condition justified his authoritarian mindset, a synchronicity I share with him at this stage in my own life. I stopped writing metaphysics just recently when I reached the top of a 'mountain' in my own literature, content and fulfilled within myself. And so after I took a welcome break I went back to books I had written 20 years ago and started editing them, this one included. I've added the odd chapter and footnotes as I strive to understand my own thoughts then; words never seemed to spell out exactly what "I know."

The old lady, renowned teacher and pioneer of Alexander Technique, who commands such great reverence from her students and clients, was also angry, angry that she is ill and that her philosophy of Life may be failing her. She was angry that she didn't know what was wrong with her even whilst she was surrounded by doctors. And yet I know that she has always been authoritarian during much of her late life even though I've only known her for 10 years; I seemed, from the outside, to be referring to the bitter patient in the bed next to me and not, apparently, to the author of this book under discussion. But to continue on this point, in my company she softened up because I teach her gardening and grow vegetables in her garden; yes I teach her as I would any client and besides, all my clients are friends. I am then, undoubtedly, firmly fixed in her mind as an essential tool for her own future. She is obviously aware of her aging body and, like many other natural psychologists, is preparing for that ubiquitous moment. Whether I can fulfill that role as someone she can trust into old age is another matter since we are residentially divided by the English Channel and I have my own ailing mother to deal with. And since we are both teachers in

our various fields I wonder if death is as ubiquitous as the need to be authoritarian in those periods when our illnesses draw us closer to that eventual reality. Certainly my own mother could never have been content within herself even if her life as a child of a fascist regime and a Captain's fatherly privilege is now overshadowed by a memory of her pharmaceutical dependency; she also reflects this inherent anger towards culture in her old age. Whilst my own body flapped in the winds of salutary change ever since the beginning of adulthood I always managed to find a creative outlet as the panacea my mind and body needed. If I had become authoritarian of late then, it is well that I managed to contain it to my immediate circle of friends and not to the sad state of the political world, of which was probably highlighted by my physical vocation on the farm in Spain in which I *knew* I had come very close to death. Robert Pirsig himself talked about the death of his alter-ego by the name of Phaedrus and how politics needs to find its *a priori* Quality in a world of duality, of being at peace with itself. And whilst the eminent lady beside me wonders how best we should deal with illness in view of the fact that she has been ill much longer than she would admit, this air of authoritarianism is something that is always reserved for the ignorant, both subject and object.

Ah, synchronicity. I'm at chapter 20 and the author is describing why he went mad trying to philosophically dissect the difference between subject and object. He emphasizes this transcendent *a priori* value he called Quality in which one is able to discover it in the relationship of things and not in the things themselves. His methods now sink a little deeper into Zen practice but at this stage I am at the three-quarter mark and wonder if he is ever going to mention social consciousness as opposed to individual consciousness. It's fascinating because social consciousness is also conspicuously missing from this book I am editing before you, which makes me wonder whether I should have read Robert Pirsig's book 20 years ago. It took me all of that time to develop a psychological awareness that naturally succeeded mysticism and religious practice, not that my beliefs went beyond the abstract. I make an important point here though. My illness was triggered, I believe, by the weakening of my immune system. It was one of the reasons why I became very physical in my 20's - it checked any tendency towards authoritarianism and anger. How many people have been there? Secondly, I relate it to my sexual cycles, also conspicuously missing from Pirsig's book. Sexual cycles for me are factored by the social contact I make so that what I term as 'Subjectification' is the idea that I place or center consciousness within my body. The Magician can work with these energy cycles and subsequently hold in balance a correlative objective input to control and expand human culture in order to redefine it to the effect of influencing the unconscious masses around them. It is the stuff of champions that allows one's own development of their egos in synchronicity with cultural change. That's why it is also related to a social consciousness because the individual allows it to work unconsciously upon the body whilst being self-aware also; it is generated through sexual development. Consider though, sexual union is one of the guaranteed methods of making culture work, albeit transitorily. Even desperate couples deeply in love are probably more 'out of culture' than 'in it' and are not truly reflective of the inherent dichotomy of trying to be a successful member of culture whilst making relationships work. In as much as the individualist magician must transcend gender, to sublimate culture, something I write about in my most recent books and again, only partially understood here in my own proto-development at this stage of my life 20 years ago, rather than being sexual and unconscious of our ego's development we, in fact, cultivate the unconscious sides of our psyche so that for me, femininity substitutes for gender relations, and vice-versa for women and masculinity. Culture and gender relations are thus transcended and personal development takes over.

Now consider, that for someone like me who has had this self-awareness for decades but is then attacked by his community because he is misunderstood, how does one prove that the increase in nocturnal emissions was a result of drugs laced into his drinks? When I mentioned this to the

eminent lady now lying in the bed next to me and of whom I used to live with as a resident gardener she told me I was deluded. I have made enemies, no doubt about it, especially amongst Muslims who don't like someone else going round calling himself a prophet. The unrelenting barrage of nocturnal emissions causes some sort of auto-immune disease which started attacking my brain amongst other organs. My desire to kill the human race increased. As a genetic disease it caused emotional imbalance and fueled my anger. The loss of balance develops instead, through "enforced subjectification," an unconscious cultural response rather than a transcendent one. The ego rears its ugly head and one is more prone to become authoritarian. I have a track record that goes back decades in which I have been cultivating my "active objectivity." My writing and music epitomize this. The educated mind is more than an animal now, it is a powerful tool that can wreak havoc where its darker side should be left to the evolved individual to work its own way out. I successfully rejected their sexual grooming and the temptation that wants to suck the life out of the living. Undoubtedly, the same organization that hampered me in the UK and in my travels, more recently as far as Nepal, has firmly infiltrated the local populace here in Catalonia, Spain. A recent additional chapter to *The Green Man* emphasized this acerbic point.

This book, *Soteriologic Garden: The Awakening,* will be finished soon. I am at a stage in chapter 6 where I am still trying to grasp the context of my own thinking 20 years ago. In rewriting important sections I am trying to narrate what transcendence is, using a duality of forms, not least the subject-object dichotomy of my writing style as well as the use of its terms to describe their unification under one understanding. Pirsig called this 'Quality.' I was stuck for weeks trying to unravel it but I succeeded in the end as I always do; I only know how to win. It is Being and Becoming. The madness has passed.



# Soteriologic Garden

## *The Awakening*

### Chapter 1 Genesis

It is a still morning; the wind is absent in the trees. The sun streams in through a half-shuttered window absorbed with feline efficiency by the cat that bathes on the sill, preening itself. It takes no notice of the surrounding events, secure in its juxtaposition between bedroom and garden; the stone wall no doubt providing a comfortable repose, emanating of its thermal mass. Despite being a little past sunrise the cat, like the window to the horizon, welcomes the awakening sun, monotonous in its cycle and yet perpetually refreshing and rekindling; each day the light beckons a new incentive. What better way to wake up, a fiery ball reminding the green of leaves of their resplendent color and vibrancy, billions of years of life processes coming to a point, captured in this one perennial moment. A star is borne out of the east, one that is to bring to it all of human evolution, and which has brought to it the whole of Mother Nature. 'Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. For thine is the kingdom, the power and glory, forever and ever. Amen.'

So who shall pluck of the golden boughs and initiate themselves into the servitude of the perennial kingship? Who shall take of our Mother their birth right and enroll into this everlasting covenant? Interstitial light plays hazard with the jittering shadows. Something much deeper beckons on this day of mass, the day of the Lord. The Christ of thorns rears its fathomless head. Humanity tinkers on the threshold of civilization. Today, of all days, nature beckons, arrogates duty. This day everyone must find who they really are. They must strip themselves of the intoxicant layers of human clothing, a chimera of concocted chemicals and fanciful fashions. Humanity has stepped too readily out of the Earth's bounteous ship, mutinied into the furthest reaches of science, as yet. Go out into the world and search for the source of all your comforts and pleasures; comforts for conformists and plastic for pleasures. Buy a hole into the earth's lithosphere, as above so below, mining the minerals of morbidity and mordancy. Just remember the woolly mammoth. And when you have taken another giant step and seen the glorious earth in your wake, ask yourself the same question: To whom do I belong? Who hath bringeth me to the furthest reaches of the moon? And always you will be drawn to that green and blue, the birth of everything equal. Where blue becomes purples and reds, and green becomes yellows and browns.

But even if you wanted to return do you think to power up that ego and head back home? Better to stay where you are, for there is a mystery here. Come a day, month or year, a millennium, a *yuga*, and a comet will pass your way. Have you ever tried to grab the tail of a cat? Ooh, it can burn. You're whole human existence shriveling up back into the hydrogen that gave it birth, insubstantial and amorphous. For a fleeting moment your emotions gave out a shrill cry as almost to say, 'Why this act of sacrilege?' Huhh, surely you didn't think you were that important? And the world it looms larger in your vision until there is a myriad of colors all around you. Moribund, you are carried still, falling, the last vestiges of control, hanging on like a tentative tentacle, dragging you down ever nearer to the sea, the blue and the green. Chaos has its gaping jaws in fixed grin ready to welcome you into the eternal deep. Just a streaming mote caught in the ages of time; eons pass. The light ushers you by and you plunge, for there is a mystery here. The colors blur. First you are black, and then you are white *again*. The fall of mankind is almost complete and the cosmos is near to returning you whence you came.

You lie there at the bottom of a dead sea amid a reservoir of crystalline structures. No thought passes your mind, no mind passes thought. The world boils and froths, rocks twist and spew, vomiting the timeless aging of Creation. But eventually the water subsides and you are stranded, atop a willow tree, perched in a basket of reeds, for there is a mystery here. The wind picks up and whistles a tune through its leaves, a deep rustling sound. Flippantly you resonate into consciousness just as the sun embarks on its fateful journey coursing its breath into your limbs. Preening one's self you sit there posed, almost transparent, atop a windowsill, looking back upon the fullness of Creation.

Merlyn: Fate, the expression of destiny, is how you see it; you read into it.

Peter: Into what?

Merlyn: Into destiny.

Peter: What is destiny?

Merlyn: Ah, now if I knew that I'd give you a straight answer. As things go I can only give you a roundabout answer.

Peter: A roundabout?

Merlyn: Yes, where things have no beginning or end.

Peter: So where does it start?

Merlyn: It has already started - something that happens now has always been happening. Take a moment in time and give it as much distance as you like. It has always been happening.

Peter: I know what you mean; like a star. When you look up to the sky and see the heavens you see a picture, a picture that's already happened. Some of those stars have been shining for thousands of light years, others a mere fraction, others still a multiple of that. Yes, that's it, and what you see is a moment in time when they all converge upon a point. That point is earth.

Merlyn: But you're still giving it a beginning and an end. I prefer to consider it like this. The great universe is like a wheel. That wheel is rotating upon its hub. Now, the wheel is moving at a particular speed.

Peter: Are you're going to tell me that its speed is relative to its surroundings and that our perception is governed so, so that what we see is only a perspective?

Merlyn: No, but you are close. Look further inwards. Imagine there are spokes to the wheel. Now place yourself on any position on that wheel. The further outward you go the faster the speed of your position is, or appears to be. This is a world of appearances. But as you go inwards, towards the center, you appear to be slowing down. What does that tell you? Is the hub completely motionless whilst the wheel continues to turn? As far as you can see it isn't; seeing is believing. Yet we infer the existence of a dead center. All this brings me nicely onto my next subject.

Peter: What's that?

Merlyn: The apocalypse. It is infinite yet has everything to do with human nature.

Peter: I am listening.

Merlyn: You see, human culture conceives the apocalypse because humanity is rooted within the source of its conception. If it were not for the apocalypse humanity would not exist. The very meaning of humanity is apocalyptic. The whole origin of the human mind came about as a vehicle for the apocalypse. Is this making sense?

Peter: Not really, you've lost me.

Merlyn: Consider the human animal?

Peter: You mean an ape?

Merlyn: Yes. Millennia after millennia the earth has been through one catastrophe after another. The human animal refused to die. It developed an active sense for survival. By coming out of itself it defied the environment, the instinct. It formulated a means of overriding its subjective self; objectivity was born. And each time the human ape refused to die it created a mind-set. That mind-set is self-perpetuating. So...what happened many thousands of years ago, millions even, as a great, natural global disaster became a lynchpin for Man's vital attempt to defy death. Man went beyond his species personality. But because Man has become predominantly mind-motivated those catastrophic cycles of events have been built into his personal culture, albeit as unabridged events. Only those consciously abridged to the source can see this.

Peter: I see...You are saying to me that the source cannot be located in the mind. So how does one identify with him or herself?

Merlyn: Effectively, you are right in your understanding, the source cannot be located in the mind. And we can also say that the mind cannot be located in the source. This is the nature of the mind; it is insular. But life issues from the Rock - the abating of the floodwaters. The Rock only makes itself known through this effect, the soteriological process. It is thus I identify with. My name is Merlyn Peter. Merlyn is an island, an island of the sea fort - the preserver of life; the source from which life issues. Peter is the rock, as in *petros* - the foundations for life. Thus the Rock is prevalent in my full name, only one side is more apparent than the other. So I say, there is an incident with my cat.

Peter: What's that?

Merlyn: It's dead, or I must infer so for I have noticed the changed behavior in the other cat which was formerly domineered over; it appears much happier due to the now unchallenged claim to its own food. So in losing one cat I practically gain another.

Peter: What did your cat die of?

Merlyn: A combination of things. Generally it was quite old and once my mother stopped looking after it I personally could not justify continuing

with the diabetic jabs. It would have been sport to keep that cat alive any longer just to amuse myself. Let the cat die naturally. I don't want to treat it like a human. Humans create things in their own image. Treat it like an animal. The cat hated the injections. It became spiteful and bad mannered; peeing in the corridor. Mind you, these themselves are human perspectives.

Peter: So in being an animal yourself you let it die.

Merlyn: Yes, only for the fact that I didn't want to make it human sport. I've not even found the body yet. What do you think? Don't you think everybody should have a right to die? Humanity fears death so much so as to re-create its concept in its own image. Again, it goes back to this mind-set. As soon as one starts thinking with a conscious motivation he or she will base their decisions and judgments, their choices and assumptions, from a standpoint rooted in the mind. But as I say, the mind strives always to perpetuate itself. In other words it favors an active stance, the preservation of conscious motivation. It promotes conscious motivation in order to give basis to its own existence. Because that's what the mind is, merely conscious motivation. As soon as you make a decision rooted in the mind you are overriding a natural process; you are assisting in the unabridgement of your thoughts from your instinct. And remember, it is your instinct that knows death; it is your mind that defies it. The mind developed as an unabridgement.

Peter: But what about the will to survive? Surely animals defy death.

Merlyn: Yes, but you are putting a human stance to the issue. One must become unconsciously motivated in which thoughts arise of their own accord. When thoughts arise of their own then you are guaranteed of their natural purpose. Animals do defy death but it is a bridged event. It is an act of all species to preserve themselves. When an animal dies it does so as an act of the collective. Its moment is one based upon the context of the whole, unconsciously motivated. It fulfills an instinctive need.

Peter: So if the mind is unabridged why do some people believe in death and accept it?

Merlyn: Now you can understand the true meaning of wisdom. An unconsciously motivated belief is one that has evolved. It is wisdom that rises of its own accord. But there is another way.

Peter: What's that?

Merlyn: Don't get me wrong. I hope to die like my cat; when the time comes I will just disappear to my own spot. But you can die every moment as an act of magical transcendence. This is not a mind-motivated event, an unabridged egotism. It is in fact your mind reliving the whole of existence as an active event; that is, the mind taking the whole of existence back to its source, the instinct, and allowing for its own re-generation.

There was a pause in Merlyn, as if a passing sailing ship beckoned him an unknown journey towards the skyline.

Merlyn: Those who go into the pinnacles of transcendence can comprehend the whole of existence as a single event. Death is no exception.

Peter: Yes, from what you have already told me you say that death, as a concept, dies to itself by dint of fact that one goes to the origin of their mind. I can understand this, that through by-passing the mind one in effect dies to its values and beliefs. Thus regeneration takes place. I can also understand that regeneration must be experienced as a child would do - unconsciously motivated. If one remained in this standpoint long enough one may encourage a policy of non-breeding.

Merlyn: Oh, and how do you work that out?

Peter: Well, for one, being like a child does not implicate an act of coitus, because coitus would indicate a transition into adulthood.

Merlyn: And would you consider me a child if I told you that I have abstained from coitus? You may be right in your statement but the act of sexual intercourse when unconsciously motivated must itself imply being childlike. It is in fact being instinctively motivated that allows one free expression of their instinct; and this is what a child has in common. Carry

on, why else do you think that such an act might encourage a policy of non-breeding?

Peter: For the fact that one finds their true self during transcendence.

Merlyn: And?

Peter: This is an act of individuality isn't it?

Merlyn: You are still assuming here. It is an act of individuality when at that moment one can conceive the whole of the universe to their self. But it is also an act of the collective to see the whole of existence as integral to oneself. Is it an act of the collective to want to stop breeding?

Peter: Only if it is necessary, revolutionary.

Merlyn: Yes, because that which is necessary is dictated by the environment. So I put it to you. What factors in the environment might dictate a policy of non-breeding?

Merlyn did not wait for an answer.

Merlyn: You are right, it is one of individuality.

Peter: But that's what I said.

Merlyn: I know that is what you said but you must understand what you are saying. There comes a time when genetically one can be too developed in their make-up, some miniscule part of our body developing quicker than usual specific evolution. It is this which passes on from one generation to the next. Do you have any idea what I am referring to?

Peter: Please tell me.

Merlyn: It *is* the mind. The mind is responsible for one's conscious awareness of their individuality. But in contemporary culture that mind is generally nurtured as a separate entity; it becomes unabridged to the unconscious and hence we unnecessarily procreate. The potential of an abridged transcended mind in this day and age is phenomenal, far-reaching. Even as culture develops though, so that potential is lost to the older generation until ultimately it is generally reserved for the young person. But this is likewise counterbalanced by a lack of conscious

nurturing of the individual mind in the younger generation even though the potential is still there. This individual, if he or she were to decide to procreate, would thus go beyond the immediate needs of the environment. It is the flip side of the apocalypse, the reason behind why a *fallen* humanity survives as an aberrant race. But an individual emerging in this day and age, discovering his or her true potential, may claim godly status. Such an unconsciously motivated individual is still dictated to by the environment. As such, an apocalyptic policy of non-breeding is thus an environmentally conscious individual quest towards the fulfillment of their potential. It goes against the grain of culture, yes. But this individual will still have its root in culture, or for better words, its precedent in culture. There have formerly been great races of mankind. We are their legacy now. We are at the forefront of culture, at the fore of our genetic make-up. We must progress accorded to our genetic requirements and not beyond for this maintains our individuality in transcendence - abridgement.

Peter ran the lines through his head again. Somehow all the time he searched for the answers he never quite resolved it. Always he would end up looking back upon himself.

During the next moment he got up and wandered across the room. He peered out of the window. This time in the morning was sacred to him. He would get up quite naturally and stare, unfixedly, at the surrounding room, passive, waiting for some thought to arise. Some times he could shoot out of his bed and go straight into the previous day's activities. In most cases it would begin at the moment his thought sequences terminated the night before. Nearly everyday now the evening would end with Peter falling asleep in the armchair. It wasn't just the front room either; he could sleep almost anywhere. Every room in the house provided a setting whether it be work or play. In fact each room at some stage would be a place of meditative study, the bathtub included. If some bodily ailment or affliction was seizing him, such as a persistent itch around his toes or excessive build up of wind then the tub would become a place of healing. It would start off hot, maybe too hot, and quietly he would slip away into some deep state. There'd be no dreams here; this was suspended animation, the most fulfilling respite he could ever wish for. Hours would pass, maybe three or four, and yet the water would still be tepid; the surface tension hardly broken in this back-to-the-source therapy.

He was also known to maintain a cup of tea in his hand whilst trance-like he could be staring into the back of a computer screen. How often he slept in front of that life robber. But quite uncannily he'd come out of trance states just before the phone would ring. And it was exactly like that when getting up in the morning, the time when you are most vulnerable, like a radio receiver, ready to be plugged in to the network and to take on board a multitude of unwanted personalities. Sometimes he couldn't help lift the receiver, and only then did he know that his sacredness was contaminated, maybe by the pretentious voice of an insurance salesperson or a kitchen wholesaler. How they get it 'right' sometimes, just when you think that the house needs decorating someone gets on the dog and bone and plies you with a barrage of questions before they tell you what they want. But Peter was getting good at fobbing them off or simply letting the phone take messages. Other times he could maintain his meditative condition without having to be infected by those mechanical voices and the day would pass in subjectivity. But just recently he'd been missing the right persons, those who were to share his burden just a little; the essential communications. That is what has been eroded in society nowadays. Instead we have a spurious network for social chit-chatters, their lives now governed by filling in the gaps between the moments that count. It is so easy in this objective culture to lose touch with the real meaning of existence, even if it is a simple life. Whatever happened to serendipitous living or arranging one's day, week or month to meet up with someone face to face? Peter believed in one to ones, uncontaminated by the probing fingers of an irrelevant audience. Communication could be shared then, two people opened to each other and quite intuitively understanding the other's prerogative. Okay, not every conversation was resolved, but they sure are essential.

So Peter was aware of the sacredness inherent of morning, the birth of day. Something would have been purged during the night, a purificatory process through which the best of the previous day's communications would have been taken on board and somehow registered into his holistic outlook and prevailing destiny. The rest would have been shelved, the body dealing with the necessities, during the time when the overactive mind cannot interfere with bodily functions. Sleep isn't just rest or recuperation; it is purgation, healing, advancing one's true destiny just that little bit further without that small-minded ego meddling in the essential communications of the body. Peter was also aware that the body could play catch-up here, a repressed instinct left uninhibited to carry out what every plant and animal has ever done - get on with fulfilling one's worldly claims.

So it is, that how the day would progress was subject to how much ego was invited into the cosmic play. Generally it would start off with reading, a very good method of focusing a passive mind. It could then hop, skip and jump into activities involving repairing or tying up loose ends left over from weeks of accumulation;

everything has its time and place. It may even be the planting of trees or taking of cuttings for propagation. All in all, every action is symbolic, symbolic of the purgation process and the initiation of something essential that needs to be communicated. And quite cannily it could be a series of phone calls in order to check over some bank details or work interests. In this vein, when it came to arranging entry into one of his client's gardens, Peter became increasingly less and less reliant upon the phone. He could turn up just as the client was leaving, or leave just when the client was arriving so that he'd get paid, if necessary. Essential lifestyles are like this, every activity is a vital link to the fulfilling of destiny, inclusive of time management. When things needed to be done there is always that uncanny fulfilling of goals, such that you don't have to plaster your mirror with post-it slips or overload the fridge bar magnets.

In England, because of the immediacy of events, Peter may be expected to sit next to a phone and wait for that all-essential call. But actually, Peter wasn't home. Other people were sharing his space, regrettably, he currently thought. In Spain it would be unfair to assert any reliance upon the international phone; hardly anyone knew his mother's number anyway and communication with them was always difficult. No, out here on the farm Peter thought it best to avoid the phone altogether.

His parents were beginning to shuffle out of their beds; he knew this because it tended to break the serenity of the moment. Out of the window went the stillness and sacredness of first light. Instead he got an ear-full of, what can best be described, as a social catastrophe. Two people who, under all logical, rational, or intuitive reason, defy the very nature of their living together. One, a highly-sprung coil, more like the personification of a viper, even though she fears snakes to death, the other a donkey who sometimes kicks and stamps, but only when mother is feeling pretty vulnerable or unsure of herself, senility included. Peter had learnt, to a certain degree, to absorb the influences in moderation. It is all to do with maintaining a state of passivity and slowly allowing other people's egos to infiltrate a little at a time. It avoids the Norman Bates syndrome. But as soon as the coiled spring was let loose there was a whole barrage of activity that *had* to get done before its mind could rest. If you got in the way of this you were likely to get poisoned with a bite that could even reduce Mother Theresa to a nervous wreck. God save the dogs, they have got to put up with that everyday of their ungrateful lives. Instead, he would rather speak to an old friend than a tolerable fiend.

As such, he turned around and left the cacophony of the house to head for the trees. The trees quietly beckon his attention; how shall one be pruned today, this year. How often does one read a book illustrating the proper technique, only to see it go straight over one's head? The best books are those that illustrate the principal needs of the tree. It is a shallow activity to hack away at trees if you don't know the

cycles - flowering, fruiting, budding. It is akin to conventional pest control actually, although it doesn't go so far as to imply that it can be detrimentally, just as long-term.

Where he was currently on vocation along the east coast of Catalonia, the Europeans are buying up thousands of *partidos*, probably once great estates belonging to large families. But tradition takes a swim in this new age of the European Union. Not a fucking clue when it comes to dry-stone walling. Instead, it is concrete and chainlink, their symbiosis almost spluttering from the gob. The red landscape of Catalonia has thousands upon thousands of kilometers of dry-stone works of art, some standing for centuries with little repair. They are now a unique eco-system in their own right protruding from the very shallow soils of this region. And yet the conglomerate rock of which this region is comprised looks just like concrete although the similarities go no further. But the industrial age has hit everyone, eventually. Manicured groves of olive, almond and carob are systematically sprayed to kill everything that grows about them. The other alternative is to plough the ground around them; any benefits that wild rosemary and thyme may have conferred are quickly forgotten to the blade. Compactors come in and flatten the ground immediately beneath the trees, and what could best be described as unnecessary art, the olive trees in particular are sculptured around age-old gnarled and twisted trunks. This, with chainsaws that will come in and hack them right back. Other forms of corporal punishment involve shaking the tree into a frenzy in order for it to release its bitter-tasting fruit. 'Ahhh, but Man is clever; Man make olive oil, not pick fruit to eat.' Well, not until it has been through some other process of extraction. And by this he would take bags of the stuff to the local co-op where it gets pressed. But it is not always like that. Peter still sees the age-old method of employing local labor with nets and sticks to beat the olives out of the trees. Good, handpicked olives obviously fetch a high price, as do carobs. The almonds on the other hand tend to have a longer harvesting system by dint of fact that they can be allowed to drop to the ground first without over-spoiling. Well, that is as far as Peter's knowledge goes.

So the *monkey's* place is in the trees, with saws and nets at hand, vistas of mountains all around. He considers again how best to approach these trees. The general rule is, that if it is growing straight up then cut it out, but these trees, most need renovation. At times he'd leave a tree until it needs cropping, and then hit it hard - he could expect another decent crop from the same tree in three or four years time. On other occasions he would thin out the branches and just take out the rotten and dead. The old trees seem to suffer terribly from sooty mould. The general consensus though is to stop all this monkeying around and to create almost mushroom-shaped trees in which tractors can drive underneath them and pickers can literally

run the olives between their fingers; the long beating stick will always come in handy though.

Progress is slow, but then, he is on holiday. At times he'll ramble over to the *barranco's* edge and envisage his house here, overlooking the dry riverbed and mountains. What is it to be, wood or stone? The former is incredibly expensive or inaccessible, in fact, it is probably better to go to Norway. The latter requires planning permission. How many British took the piss and started throwing up buildings left, right and center. What started off as a garage could end up as a very fanciful three-bedroom investment; can't be good for the local economy and tradition. *Actually, that became the local economy and tradition.* In places like England you just need a lot of money to get past the planning stage before you are fully initiated into the gentrified world of gongoolyfudydud. The Spanish have only just clocked on now and there are a lot of unfinished buildings strewn across the conglomerate landscape. Peter remembers a conversation he had once with a fellow Brit, a no-good lay-about bum, the sort that once accepted into a bar becomes a pulling point for the owner's avaricious business acumen, and subsequently fills the place up with other British bums. "Shag huts we call them." These people are probably an overflow from those foreign resort cities that spring up all along the Mediterranean coasts. Places like Cyprus may well be xenophobic and paranoid but they sure rub their hands in gleeful anticipation of their new economy. Ghost towns in winter, concrete monoliths to capitalism and consumerism, just like a son to his father. These are societies of sex, sand and sore knees. 'Who cares?' thinks Peter, 'I'm here and they are there. The whole point of coming out here was to leave the dross of Westernization behind. I create my own culture, a culture within a culture, a culture of individuals who stand as figureheads for the unceasing role of Mother Nature.'

Up here above the tops of the trees, there is something special still happening. It is like the trees' way of saying 'hello' to the universe. Just for an instance their neat rows can be lost to humanity, and a swathe of green beckons the eye. Far away are the dogs' dinning cries where somebody else is inviting themselves in to the house yonder. As Peter's dad would say, "It's like Piccadilly Circus here." Moving out here was his idea, and at every heated argument between mother and father that same point would likely come out, "If I knew there were so many fucking English out here I wouldn't have bothered." If it isn't one, it's the other turning the screw. What happens when one of the dogs goes missing is an incredible debacle. The mad woman on the hill arises with screams of "Bennnnjjiiiiii." Even the old man has come to ignore her. But Peter doesn't have to think about the idiots who play host to him; out of touch and totally inefficient.

Anyhow, today is Christmas and after breakfast Peter would pay his first trip to the *barranco* during this holiday. The two *barrancos* that run either side of the land join about a kilometer's distance. These dry riverbeds are long past their mythic status as actual water carriers. Occasionally, they say, it floods, but for all intent and purposes they are fantastic botanical gardens. One may have to hack a bit but the vestige of a trail may still be visible from the hunters who shoot during the weekends; anything that moves. The 'daft' rabbits are easy meat, higher in protein than chicken actually. In fact, Peter has been down here on a number of occasions but has never seen anything move of sufficient edible proportion. A few rabbit droppings but he hasn't really got an eye for animals yet. Peter's affinity lies within the plant kingdom; he can get much closer here.

On this particular occasion he stopped and thought about the bamboo stand he propagated from last year. Quite unconsciously he turned his head to the left. There was the same stand, familiar. Isn't this what true familiarity really is, the body identifying some visual or other sensual datum, and the thought that naturally follows. Subsequent action ensues, in that order, and Peter knows he is on the right track. He plucks a seed head and continues. Yes, he recalls the time at the cinema back in England. It was a martial arts film and the thought of his brother occurred to him. 'I wonder what Victor would think of this film.' Victor was a proficient kendoist. How proficient he never knew, such were the family ties and lost connectedness of them. One suspects he is good, experienced enough to teach it. A most funny thing occurred. Right at the beginning of the film two figures came in late and walked across Peter's view of the screen, two rows down. 'Come on,' Peter would think, 'Who the hell do you think you are taking all the time in the world. Move your asses or I'll massacre you.' Obviously Peter was in a poignant mood. And then half way through the film, a laugh. Why this particular laugh should stick in his mind was about to be revealed. "Peter," came the voice at the end of the film when the lights were up. Behold, for there was his brother and girlfriend sitting two rows down. He thinks it was the first time that he and his brother had been to the cinema together, albeit inadvertently, since he could remember. Was there some deep unconscious motive here at work that Peter was only now beginning to discover, about his relationship with his brother? His mother had told him once that an escaped bull had been sited in the area, but really, any animal beginning with 'b' could easily substitute it.

Again, the memory of a fig tree in a rock crevice arises. He turns and spots it. What happens next is one of those transcended moments. He *wants* to climb the sheer rock face sideways. But the thing to note about this concrete-looking conglomerate rock is that it is as brittle as anything. Every foothold was preceded by a series of kicks. Fifteen feet up without ropes, he is hardly well practiced in the art. Like everything one does when done at the correct *time*, one applies a wholeness of

being and the natural flows like wind in the hair. On a precarious ledge he takes a number of cuttings; now how to get back down? And then more cuttings are spotted from the opposite bank. What parental genetics could have produced this self-seeded fig growing in rock? Yes, the significance of rock, always a theme in Peter's mind. Another thought occurred.

The river bed began to really open up and the variety of stone, its shape and texture, conjures up the fantasy of what would it be like with water cascading through it. The pits and hollows would become an orgy of new life forms, and how to stand on a rock and watch the earth blood give birth in glistening bubbles dancing to every skirting and corner. 'This is my genetics,' Peter would say, 'there is nothing human here at all. He returned.

'So much for waiting for their son before commencing the Christmas feast,' he thought. Still, in the manner of the Asturians in the north from where Peter's mother originates, Peter held a toast to himself with the last of the homemade cider he had brought over for the occasion. He doesn't drink alcohol but if he picks the fruit, presses is, adds a little yeast, and nurtures it into clarity, that is all the clearance he requires. Then it becomes sustenance. And if that fruit came of another's garden then do they share of it too - *that* is community. Something lacking he felt in this solitary toast. Still, he managed to finish the pudding at the same time as the others.

The following day transcendence was still in the air. Peter hardly washed himself out here. There is this obsession with cleaning but again, it comes down to a Western conceptual framework of motive. How quickly humans forget of the body's ability to self-cleanse, to self-heal. This particular morning condensation was on the bedroom window; Peter had culminated - a nocturnal genital emission. He put these particular pants on clean the night before, but these pants in particular had a habit of receiving, more times than most, genital emissions. Peter makes eager record of such coincidences. It is the beginning of a new cycle, one generally accompanied by rain; an electrically charged atmosphere tends to send him into magical overdrive. On these nights he shouldn't need to go to bed being so charged up and creative. But if he chooses to, then the increased genetic processing has no objective mode of expression. This is the period in which Peter refers to as magical transcendence, that moment leading up to culmination. He is concerned as to ensure that he never resents that lost magical transcendence at the moment of culmination. For the body is also being replenished and there seems to be an ensuing period afterwards, not unlike getting up in the morning, when all activity seems to govern how this next genetic cycle unfurls; Russian dolls. This sort of introspection is lacking in today's modern societies, Peter knew it, and man and woman have drifted into an unsynchronized

human realm. Beyond the human intellect, the concept of introspection becomes something like natural bodily awareness and function.

Two olive trees were selected for their bounteous supply but considering he hadn't washed for days, and in this game one's hair gets full of crap, not to mention the *garrapatas*, he decided to take the afternoon off and swim like an Englishman. No Spaniard, let alone a Greek, will swim in this climate, but to be completely honest Peter thought, the water is quite pleasant. What is one used to? 'I am used to rock and water; I am used to fish and ice; I am used to trees and birds; I am used to crocs and docs.' "I carry Mary on my back," Peter is known to say.

If you are not used to it then you are dead to the world, just material, as the materialists would say, without Spirit. As he floated he felt the salt water carry him. On this occasion it took him about twenty minutes to fully get used to the sea. This was the first day he had got his bike on the road again after his trek across France and the Pyrenese last year. It was more than an economical form of travel, even more than a metabolism boost; it connected him to his earth-spirit, so he cycled everywhere. Returning to his house Peter knew he was on a transcendent stream, an unbroken cycle. The conscious determination of all these elements, the rocks, sea, bicycle, fig cuttings, were soon about to be realized. He sat down for a late dinner. Just as the fish was being served his father, in conversation, touched upon a sensitive issue. Peter broached the issue further. "That money that has anonymously appeared in your account, did you sell any of the land?" "We are going to sell some of the land, we can't manage it," his mother replies. "Why, what do you think I am doing here?" Peter retorted, "You are always thinking about money. That money that has mysteriously appeared in your bank account, give Victor back the five thousand he lent you. That means I will not be in debt since he is asking me for half the money." His father subsequently interjects, "Before we are gone it will be divided up into small plots between you all." This vexed Peter even further, "Give them the land, I don't want it. But ask them to come over here and work it like I do." Without due concern his father quickly prompted, "Oh, you do talk some crap." Peter was even quicker, "Don't fucking insult my intelligence. What do you think I get out of this? I sacrifice an earned income in England to work for fucking nothing. All you ever think about is fucking money. You have been corrupted by the fucking system, you and your fucked up lives. Take your fucking fish back, I won't eat at your table." With that Peter ate separately during the ensuing few days. The following day conversation was still on a tightrope. But despite all his shouting something inside kept still. It is easy to burn out during moments of intense emotion, but he didn't break. The coolness of the sea tended to submerge him so deep that only the most poignant of assaults could break him from his inner peace and steadfast destiny; he was still in transcendence.

A day passed since the insurrection and by the next morning Peter had regained something of his petulance. He took to his guitar. Just two songs he wanted to play, *Red Jam* and *A Tau of Two Paths*. The lyrics read like the spittle of a prophet's mouth, for he had not an inkling of conscious motive as to how the day would progress. The songbook opened as if to explicate such.

## Red Jam

Carry the man on the stretcher bound  
Over mounds and down the holy hill  
Tara hears my sodden feet  
Skating past concentric rings

Rain like it never rains  
Storming clouds bring gods at ends  
The Lord of Lords, Son of Man  
Keeps vigil with a silent vow

Field of Eight, High King's seat  
Come together for a solstice fete  
*Da Danaan*, magic people  
Share the fabled stone of destiny

Bring me a white horse  
And take me on a valiant ride  
Strike a rocky trail through Meath  
To light upon the holiest of mounds

Spiralling high on the sun's golden rays  
Give me an ear to hear  
Infinitely reaching immortal plains  
Give me a voice to seer

A somewhat obsession with rocks keeps taking Peter to greater heights. Something pulls at his personality, never allowing it to rest. For what is a holistic personality other than one which responds only to the unconscious motive, the motive in which something too great to see in its entirety subsumes everything. What is there to gain in fighting against the entirety of being? Better to be cosmic in your outlook and to allow those thoughts to arise of themselves. Petty egos only squabble for the diminution of others, egos that try to fashion others' destinies in the image of themselves. 'God created man in His own image.' There is a mystery here. God or Lord, does it not refer to God incarnate? God is not to be seen. The Unconscious is exactly that, it finds expression in its conceptualization. Man created God as much as God created Man. Man created God because Man gave It observance. But this is no animalistic expression. Since the dawning of civilization when Man came out of oneself he came out of God and became human; he saw God from the outside and that's why he had to give It expression - and forever he has been seeking the source because he came outside of it. The human mind is just like this. All the time it believes itself to be a separate entity it will lose the source of its well-being, becoming increasingly fragmented in the passing of time. That is, when mind is set at odds to that which gives it source.

And so Peter packed his bag and off he went, north along the coast. A show at the cathedral in Tarragona set the scene for Man's expression of God. That night he would stay in a hostel but not before he met a fellow permaculturist or two. In fact he was surprised that they understood the concept. For once he didn't have to explain the meaning of permaculture, only that he was told of where he can find it happening in Catalonia. They took him from bar to bar, hardly paying attention to where he was going. Something quite big was looking after him, he thought. Now, he had already heard of a small place in Catalonia where he could find permaculture and had wished last year that he could have passed by en route to the east coast of Spain on his journey through France. It just so happened to be the same area described to him that night. The following morning it rained, an omen if ever he saw one, and he set off. Kilometers plied by. Up and down he went, into the mountains, six, seven, eight, nine hundred meters, up and down rocky trails. No tor was too high for him. He knew not to eat of these occasions, the moment carrying him in a great parabolic curve like being shot around in an orbit. To the top, to Montsant, and then... down he went. Somehow he had failed visual connection with his destination but he did manage to make a telephone call nevertheless.

Was this failure? Peter on his silver white bike, breaking frontiers. He had asked a barman for directions to the house of the professor. At first he was informed that the professor resided in the next village. But then the barman changed his tact and came out to give him visual directions. As Peter turned to follow the man

out to the front of the building his eye caught a glint from a seated customer; he knew the type, female, attractive, with a shining countenance. He continued outside. Peter's Spanish may be broken but he certainly understood the barman; in villages like this everybody knew everybody else. And so in error he had heeded the instructions as being meant for the next village - at the bottom of the mountain. He really didn't want to go back up.

There are moments like this when he wondered if something was testing him, always denying him, trying to break him, in which case it wouldn't really be a test. He had been here a thousand times before, the less he questioned it the more at peace his mind would remain. For in a state of transcendence there is an understanding to be gained, but the cycle must endure. Only then can one comprehend the hardship we experience because then its proper context is applied. Humans may question these motives but animals just get on with it.

Peter made tremendous efforts to get onto the foothills before dusk. It wasn't the case of a straight roll to the warmer planes, rather a down-up-down affair. On an empty stomach he was being taken from dizzy heights to dizzy depths. He'd obviously missed any chance of a free meal. Famished and thirsty, every downhill beckoned an uphill. He wanted to sleep, fatigue draining every available muscle of its insatiable reservoir of energy. A little outcrop of shrubs invited a piss, the rose hips providing meager compensation in return. Cross-legged, inviting grace, he dropped off, just for a few minutes, and re-awoke head sagging. His fingers were red with hip skins from where he scraped the interior hairs and seeds from the small fruits. It appeared to be enough, he estimated another half hour of light and grudgingly got back on his bike. This was all too human, too much human thought involved. A few more kilometers down the road and he'd had enough. A set of stairs beneath a small village leading to, he thought, a church of sorts, coaxed him along. Halfway up some almonds lay scattered on the steps. 'Well, here's my protein' went the lines in his head. He wasn't quite talking to himself yet. It was a welcoming opportunity to sit down again with a rock in hand; but not a bad meal actually. To the top of the steps he trundled and the inset of two buildings forming a right angle offered greater shelter. No church but this will do. Some abandoned polythene, and sacking temporarily removed from farm equipment, provided the bedding. It was surprisingly comfortable, a little cold, but one doesn't really sleep. You may get an hour or two in the morning when the world heats up but every so often one would awaken during the night and rub theirself down. God only knows what was happening with his feet. Peter refused to get up until the sun rose above the clouds. The warmth tingled the life-giving spirit within him once again. A dog was his first friendly meeting; it broached an encounter with its owner, as they do. A refilled bottle of water and really, this is what life is all about. Peter was still in his element, he knew this because the only other contact he made on

the journey was with another dog; it actually tried to prevent him from going down the wrong road. Incredible really, but this was a day for animals.

The wind had been howling these last few days but yesterday proved a productive day on the trees. The folks had quietened down a little and a clear conscience was reflected in the sunny, blue skies. It still wouldn't rain here on the *finca* and the *cisterna* was in dutiful need of refilling. This was off the grid stuff, no mains, either gas, electric or water, although something had been promised from the town hall; *manana* is a whole concept to be reckoned with. The nearest shopping village was seven kilometers away but the bike ride had served to promote the vastness of this country; everyone else owned a car. In twenty or thirty years time very few folk will question the transformation of the land. Trees will be grubbed up and small businesses will encroach further and further inland until the easily recognizable signs of suburbia emerge between the rocky landscape. Land will become divided and subdivided and the increasing immigration of the 'poor gentry' will arrogate the development of better roads and commercial industry. Peter knew this wasn't permaculture and he also knew that now was the time to make his case. He wanted wind turbines and solar energy; to investigate the hundred or so boreholes that were dug before most of these Brits had moved into the area; to repair the dry-stone walls and analyze the myriad of flora and fauna along the *barranco's* base. Maybe a land trust with like-minded fellow environmentalists would solve the time commitments he had back in England, and he certainly wasn't going to give them up. Rather, Spanish compatriots would be top choice here. The Catalonians in particular still shared a genuine sense of community and commonality, a conscience surviving from the civil war of the 30's. The war only lasted three years with Franco and the Nationalists in rebellion coming out on top against the Republicans and the government. Of course, Barcelona proved to be one of the last strongholds before it fell also but something of that sentiment still survives in a generation not too far away. The abundance of cooperatives in operation today serve to illustrate this point. Montsant, where Peter had cycled to earlier, is the pinnacle of a truly well established rock.

These thoughts pleased him. Something of a rebellion was required here; a quiet one. He picked up his guitar and played. It was now the following morning. His fingers pained him. Why this feeling of out of practice? He recalled the days, months and years he struggled with this instrument. His approach to music was different to anybody else he knew of. Peter saw numbers and relationships, the fretboard a medium for meditative mind-mapping. These meditative states were easy for him; he never knew any different. He could find them in physical activity also like running and

swimming, not just reading or art. There is a process of absorption, and then as if by magic the child shows great incremental accomplishment. Peter was unique in this case because he saw that rebirth happens inside him - he could view it passively. The dynamics of human activity were no more than growing up, being a child and absorbing the minutiae of generic influence out there. How humanity forsakes its legacy of millennia in preference to seeing its children grow up all too quickly. Let the child explore, find its own limitations. Do not enforce subjectification upon it. The child is an animal, growing, developing its inner senses, absorbing incredible amounts of galactic influence through every part of its body. Why do you want to claim it for yourself? Why do you want to make the whole of nature in your image? The child is an animal, and humanity is human. Do you resent that which you have lost? Are you jealous of its freedom, the instinct to adapt, to be free of political and economic restrictions? Does everyone have to suffer as you suffer, pettily and preposterously, in the wake of your scars, so deep as to demand that your prodigy come up after you to sew up the wounds? And then you claim great wonders to yourself as human achievement. Well, you are as much human as the scars you leave on the landscape. The healer in this world is the child within, the instinct; that which you forsake for regulation and rule in its place, roads that lead back to burnt bridges.

Peter continued to ply his fingers away. Just before he culminated, he recalled, he really had hit the heights. But the answer quickly came to him. The collective consciousness is itself adaptable. At every culmination so the influx of new experience, gathered in that sensitive time after a nocturnal emission, begin to supply the stream of collective thought that formulate the framework in which the instinct can work through. In these sensitive, holistic times, how one communicates, interacts with the commonality, provides the basis of how competent one is in defining creative expression. 'Out here in Spain,' Peter thought, 'in this rustic wilderness, trees grow off rocks and sun brings wind. Guitars don't grow off trees. Instead, I would need to fashion a guitar from a tree, to change the culture of this place, its collective consciousness. And then maybe this rock will sing, like the wind in the trees.' There is a mystery here.

## Chapter 2 Keep the Home Fires Burning

A trip to the bottom of the *finca* reassured Peter that all his labor will not go in vain. Despite his differences with his parents he knew that, given time, problems solve themselves; he wasn't one to go begging on Chronos' door when it came to looking for

exigent solutions. Nature had its way of doing things and so long as one stuck to nature's way life will never be as complicated as many people make it out to be.

All the olive trees have now been pruned, of different degrees it has to be said, over the last three years that he has been coming here. The very end of the 'stead was looking rather more unkempt but he knew that if none of the trees here had been tended to then his mother's paranoia and fear of not being able to manage the land may result in the selling of this particular part. For one, she feared anything that might encroach upon the land which was beyond immediate sight. This included bulls, lizards and hunters. Peter had heard it all before, was brought up on it. He knew with the location of his proposed house this far into the wilderness he had less chance of being interrupted since his mother would hardly dare this close. Her latest scheme was to set up an electric wire around the bottom end, although I could possibly imagine the 'daft' rabbits being the only ones jumping for joy under this new proposal. But she does have that uncanny way of knowing the truth, if often misplaced. As such then, her real fear of being broken into gained real substance recently with the theft of a number of generators going missing, mainly from those people who vacate their property for lengthy periods of time. There are also cases of bags of harvested crops being robbed and one must assume that, from a certain high vantage point, the movements of the new landowners can be easily tracked. Hence the erection of concrete walls and chainlink, this house included. All dogs also have to be contained. Apparently it has become a heinous crime to allow one's dog any freedom. It isn't good enough to lock oneself up behind gates and metal fencing; all animals must remain under the strict control of their owners. But it is true, they have also been known to revert back to that wild state in which they hunt in packs, or rather beg and bully some other owner's dog or dogs. One does also tend to see quite a variety of dead animals on the roadside and must assume that these concerns are the main legal issues, whether a dog's owner is responsible or not for an accident.

Peter's love for the wild and unkempt was all too apparent. As he wandered along the back of the *finca*, overlooking the dry riverbed and the mountains, he saw that the rosemary and thyme were making incredible strides in that direction. The land here dipped and bulged between the dry-stone walls, and flowing colors would be lost in great sweeping curves; without any rain recently, the fauna was beginning to send out distress signals in a bid to make flowers and set seed. Peter could imagine this as his garden now, stretching away into no immediate future. He located the exact area where he wanted to build his house. Admittedly there would be pine trees, protected by the forestry commission, along the northeast edge of the land obscuring the view to the mountains and the riverbed, although the shelter they would provide would be invaluable. And since the land tended to dip that much more towards this end at the top of the *barranco* there seem to be a little less light

beneath the cropping trees. The rather large carob trees to the south would have enhanced this effect; all the better he thought. Peter did not have to try to imagine how hot the summers were even though he had only been here during the winter. The fact that pine trees growing in the *barranco* surrounded him meant that he could somehow incorporate this feature into the final aspect of the house. Steps from his house would lead to the *barranco's* edge and with time he would figure out a safe path down to the gulley bottom. From this position he was far enough from the screams and the barks of his mother's house downwind though he would have to bear the grinding sound of the *cantera*, or the quarry, further upwind along the *barranco* where it takes a wide curve to the north. Unfortunately, the beeping of vehicles reversing sounds wholly unnatural but the pine trees were well on their way to muffling out the noise anyway; to be replaced by the sweet tunes of tits and wrens who no doubt themselves enjoyed the greater diversity of food and the cooling effect of increased vegetation.

Earlier during the day four little pyres were lit and the worse of the prunings were burnt. A great shame maybe, but Peter was not in a position to stay long enough to find some alternative use for them. It is true, wood can be scarce, but every year there seems to be huge amounts of it. Now that all the olive trees had been regeneratively pruned this may not be the case in future years, so it was decided that to keep the wood burners in good supply over the winter only the thicker sections of branches would be kept, the rest put to ash. On the other hand, a ceramic stove would have benefited greatly. Olive burns with an incredible intensity; one cannot stand next to a burning bush less than four feet away. It has a very high calorific value, excellent for ceramic stoves that store the heat within its tiles and emits it very gradually throughout a period of hours. And since this wouldn't have to be all year round, a hundred and twenty eight olive trees could probably supply the whole house. As it goes the four little pyres made a beautiful show at night.

To burn anything on land permission has to be gained in writing from the town hall. In the winter this is not so much a problem but the wild tracts of land during summer make ready fire; the land is as dry as a bone. Peter remembers last year how a fire rekindled itself from the continued fanning of the wind and almost caused a major inferno. Down at the house the gale-force winds are apparent. One could easily imagine a twig ember caught in the drift of the wind and blown kilometers downwind; all the more so for protecting the land. Those pine trees though, at this end of the *finca*, severely reduce the turbulence and any threat of such. Having said that, fires are natural, and one must not forget that forest fires happen quite frequently across the world and are responsible for an incredible diversity of plant and animal species naturally evolved under these conditions. The *fynbos* is evidence of this in South

Africa. It wouldn't be right to deny the wilderness its own rules, all the more reason why Peter wanted to be next to it.

Peter could see what he was becoming through both his unkempt hair and lack of washing. He wanted to step out of his door and eat something fresh, at his feet, even better if it had self-seeded. Learning to identify these new food sources would come with time. As Peter progressed forward so he regressed backward into the evolution of mankind, unraveling all those cultural additions and getting back to the source of his being. He stared once more into the glowing embers. Fire had been with Man since the beginning. It was Prometheus who stole fire from heaven and gave it to humanity, and with that Man learnt the arts. It is not difficult to understand what fire is meant to represent here. As such, from the days of his infancy Peter was always interested in burning holes with a magnifying glass; strangely enough he came across the old lens just this morning, an omen if ever he saw one.

Consider the omen for a moment. Its authenticity should lie in its value before the event, not after. Why? For the very reason humanity makes it objectively so. This is all the more apparent why premature omen-sounding has become cause for mere subjective paranoia and superstition, and exactly why humanity came to be what it is - 'predictable'. Unfortunately, this act of conscious determination in which the transcended being, having fallen back into the woes of being all too human again and trying to be logical, says something like, "I knew that from an old half-burnt picture I found in the pocket of my fir coat." These statements are like dreams that quickly get lost to memory. Peter was not subject to these mumblings; rather his thoughts were passively retained for the quiet introspective viewpoint on say, remembering discovering the magnifying glass in the top drawer. So, whilst staring into the embers and smoke of the lit pyres two major thoughts rekindled in his mind, first that of setting alight the kitchen of a house he used to live in as a child, and secondly, the trip over the Pyrenees last year, with its cloud-surmounted summits.

In regards to the former, this was Peter's first major experience with fire, and it was an unusual one. It was, he thought, his first indelible memory. He estimated himself to have been about 4 years old living above a restaurant run by his Greek father, with his two brothers and sister. One night on getting up he found himself in the kitchen with his brothers. He watched them light matches and throw them down into the crevice of an old kitchen unit. His brothers were two and three years older than he was. Peter wanted to have a go. Something fascinated him about fire; the creation of destruction. It was the same sentiment he had with plants and nature in general. He could be absolutely captivated by the spread of flame, its effortless dance across wood and paper. He'd look into it and see the change of

colors. Once in a while a deep blue flame would tower above the yellows as one would imagine an epiphany of sorts.

What came first, fire or the angel? One can see their common plane of existence, powerful, insubstantial, imaginative. It was something to be taken seriously, with the means of transforming everything to a common substance - ash. How sacred is ash then, that material that has been with humanity since the beginning? Without spirit, without fire it used to be a myriad of forms, but the Angel of Creation reduced it to a common denominator.

Peter lit one match, then another and threw them down into the crevice of the cupboard. 'Just one more time,' Peter said to himself. One time too many, maybe. In the next instance the 'camera' focused on Peter surrounded by flames. He waited, innocent and naive. The firemen arrived, picking him up and taking him downstairs. He didn't know what to think. Should he be upset, should he cry? 'Yes, let me try to cry, isn't this what I should be doing?' It was the first memory, the first instance of trying to be human. As a child Peter developed 'slowly,' this was obvious in the lack of memories he had; just a handful up until the age of eleven. Some children develop incredibly fast, learning to speak *so* intelligently, developing emotions and sounding *so* mature. How these qualities are raised on a pedestal within the privileged world? But it is a great misfortune to judge development as the incarceration of the instinct. Eat this, don't touch that, keep quiet, don't pick your nose. Peter could just hear the unconscious thought in the child's mind, 'I'm a fucking monkey for God's sake. And don't treat me like a captive.' So it is that memory develops with repression. Real intelligence is the means by which one adapts, it is not an intellectual process. If it begins to rain one learns to take cover. The body registers the act and stores the experience. Each subsequent act is a continued learning experience based upon the immediate needs of the instinct. Only once this act is remembered as an event in time and space, whether one takes cover or not, then does it become a subsequent human development based upon an intellectual process of probability and chance. And so it is that real intelligence is rather an act of genetic evolution.

Peter, now thirty years on, ignited that other memory of his experience in France and the Pyreneese, as fresh as the experience of burning down his house. He wondered about the Pyreneese, the name, how it seems to stem from the root word 'pyre.' Did it have some ancient connotation with the movement of the sun? Was it a place of great pilgrimage, where elders of a forgotten race resided and died? Was it home to sorcery and witchcraft, where miscreants were burned at the stake? The Pyreneese has its own culture, a cauldron of cultural activity and influence from both France and Spain. Like many regions on the boundaries of once great empires it tended to speak a rich dialect, in this case predominantly Catalan. As a region

maintaining its own kingdom that spanned both the south of France and northern Spain, Languedoc was to become too insurmountable for either country to hold in entirety.

Peter had been going through deep changes himself. This time last year he felt that he was dying. He had been talking about this bike trip for a little while and knew that, given the general good fitness that he entertained, it would not be any real fete of achievement. As Christmas drew nearer work commitments delayed his leaving. Eventually he committed to buying a flight ticket, the need to build a decent bike and the drawing of winter now inducing a changeable state of mind. But that was all it was, a change of mind. Because deep within Peter knew that this journey had to be completed somehow, the need to reconcile the distance between the city of his upbringing and his future destiny. This would be a spiritual journey, one in which he imagined the aspirations of a new kingdom, bringing together the old and the new. Lady fate was on his side, the delay in leaving seeming to coincide with the phasing of the moon.

In retrospect he didn't initially have a decent bike for the journey. Fifty miles here and there could not compare with the journey he was just about to embark upon. A deadline came up on his brother's garage and so it had to be cleaned out. The most gracious coincidence occurred. There, in silver white was a fantastic road bike, discarded and half-built from the days of his brother's pro-am competitions. Peter had this habit of subsuming the personalities of those around him. He called it the vampire syndrome but in fact it illustrated his ability to adapt. He built the bike, bought the cycle gear and tied up a few last ends. But doubt still bugged him. By the time he got to Spain it would be time to come back on the pre-booked return flight. Even his sister was harking on about how disappointed mother would be if he couldn't get there for New Year at least; Christmas was out of the question.

Of a sudden though, pain grabbed him. Uncalled for he woke up two days before his flight departure absolutely crippled; his back was in agony. It took him a whole twenty minutes to arise. What was this pain and why has it developed in the last year only? Always new pains, coming and going, one after the other. First the one under the ribs, then the feet, now his back. Peter preferred allowing his body to deal with it. The glossy exterior was a pale reflection of what was really going on inside him. First he thought it was athletes foot, then irritable bowel syndrome, then excessive wind, then brain damage, cancer followed next, and the thoughts continued ever onwards. Not unlike intellectualizing actually, though somewhere an element of truth was shining a distant light. Yet ironically, all the time Peter felt that he was somehow getting better. Were they just growing pains? This story though, goes back much further.

The rest of the bike journey will be dealt with soon enough but in order to understand how such a mercurial journey could be accomplished a little of Peter's history is required. It started when he was about 17, close approaching 18 years old; he was very naive. All the photos up to that time depicted him as an angel. He may have looked like an angel but his contentious relationship with his mother was already by that time well established. Ironically, he may also have been the most doted upon in the family but it worked against his mother. Not enough can be said about that woman, she pampered him in exactly the same manner she pampers her dogs and grandson. And Benji, the most sheltered, has become a nervous wreck; it is always on edge. His mother is excessive, she thinks she knows best but is really incredibly deluded. Like her dogs Peter always felt the need to escape, her house reflected her personality. It was a tomb to subsume all others. Doors never opened fully, furniture barred easy access through most of the rooms, things continually moved around, and such was her instability that her conscience could not rest. She was one of those persons that made work for herself, and then complain that she was ill from working; a hypochondriac if ever Peter met one. Everybody in the house knew it. It was also one of those houses that had a room permanently locked. In it was all the 'best' gear, shelves filled with tourist junk, gaudy and ostentatious. This was a family that grew up in six inches of bath water; dogs in their 'hundreds' of all breeds and sizes; furniture made from milk crates; and electric fire heaters which sucked everybody into the same space, that's if you weren't in the kitchen. Let's not forget that point, the house was at least Edwardian, even Victorian, and in those days most nearly everyone suffered alike domestically. In fact Peter's family were living the pains of another age, his parents had recreated the suffering of the Edwardians and Victorians. How strange? Another memory flickered in Peter's mind, the time when he had picked up the ornamental fire stoker and thrust it through the grill of the electric bar fire. It shorted out, so why wasn't he dead? How tacky were those hearth ornaments anyway. As for the locked room, that was his mother's secret chamber, her Holy of Holies in which it was forbidden to enter. And that is her problem, too many secrets, too many repressed memories. Maybe it was she who was responsible for the heavy breathing phantom, her bewitching energy enslaving everyone into her despotic 'church.'

Peter began to break down at 18. He had this great idea, if only he could straighten his nose he might be able to pull a girlfriend. Broken as it is it tended to distort his angel face; with a little bit of sellotape it would flatten just nicely. But a little sellotape went a long way. Two, three years past, on and off, he hardly realized the self-infliction that was going on. He'd wake up high in the morning after he'd left it on all night; madness had begun to overcome him. Peter couldn't think any better, his mind was disintegrating. At 21 he was at his lowest, the culmination of an

enforced subjectification. It would be unfair to blame anyone in particular; humanity with all its pretentious values should take the stick.

A mote of hope issued forth though, it was from that most awful of inventions the TV. Another life-robber, impersonal, it sets itself up like a limited company, expecting to extol from its host equal status in all household activities. It demands attention, but unlike a spoilt brat it has another tool up its wiry sleeve, it expects propitiation. There were times in the past when little effigies and icons represented house gods that would be kept from generation to generation. TVs however return one to the impersonal, they introduce one to a god unfelt, the unconscious hand guiding all subscribers to an amorphous lifestyle, stereotyping all viewers into near-thinkers and non-thinkers. Near-thinkers are easy to identify, they are the most elusive but the god behind the screen, the maker of machines, has other ways of ensnaring the near-thinker. And so it was that Peter saw an advert, just a fleeting moment, 'Face surgery at affordable prices.' It was a chink of light to savor. Out of the window went his savings; a small operation and what was crooked would now be straight. Peter's whole world was about to change; within a year his nose should recover from the operation. But after the bandages were removed Peter noticed a small lump. "Oh, that will go down within six months," but it didn't. So back he went for a second operation, his relief denied and another year's wait. What *was* that lump? He always pondered the question. The operation was explained to him quite clearly, "We will be shaving the soft bone, not the hard, quite a simple operation." He remembers, just before his was anaesthetized and lying on the table, he said the most uncanny of things, 'Do you know, when I am unconscious you can do absolutely anything you want with me.' Did Peter know what he was saying; they must have thought him paranoid?

Peter was beginning to stir from his narcotic past. His docility had failed to get any more docile and truly, anyone who knew him could have mistaken him for Neanderthal: sensitive, passive, malleable. He had taken a giant step into the past, reborn into the moment in which mind gave way to instinct. He'd started learning like he'd never learnt before - narration, painting, music, cooking, horticulture and role-playing. Everything was rosy for a few years but then other people started to get involved. They have never revealed themselves but it served to remind Peter of a developing humanity. He became insecure and paranoid, people were beginning to talk about him, follow him. They wanted what Peter had; it wasn't enough to accept Peter for what he was. A different type of consciousness was being born, one in which his ringing ears returned him to the edge of insanity. Poor circulation or were these just growing pains? A baptism into a human world; Peter was becoming far too self-conscious now. His nose job was an act of defense, a quick panacea for his failings in human society. Now his ego wanted to make him vain, to be perfect in the eyes of the

machine. 'How do we make this boy both worshipped and worshipful? If we gain control over him then we have an easy fool we can thrust into modern society. Let's develop him even further and place him amongst even lesser "freedomites." Allow him to gather a following who will revel in his transcendence but ensure above all else that he does not ask any questions.' You see, that is when it started to get painful, when Peter started asking questions, but no answers were forthcoming. All that enforced subjectification, its repressed energy that was suddenly being released; he was being contaminated because of his earnest petitioning to the masses. It was poison to his whole sense of sacredness. They were trying to make him into their image, such are growing pangs.

He wrote music in order to give expression to this liberated energy. God had now invested a mind into the boy and Peter felt it necessary to find an explicit solution to the whole of life. It wasn't enough just to learn. As part of the machine you have now to contribute sexually and mentally. But Peter could not understand this, he just wanted to be left alone. Little did he know that to subscribe to books and art, to games and music, meant signing on the bottom line. Who do you think created this consciousness? It is the common ownership of the collective. 'You created Me as much as I create you.' Man creates God who creates Man in His own image. 'Then so be it, I give you my first song, a prophet's song since you dare stir the beast within.' And Peter had awoken but it was only years later that he understood why.

## **On a Dragon's Whim**

**Butterfly perched on a star  
So latent from our human sight  
Come she will from yonder and afar  
To cast forth her puissant light**

**Tiny wings unfolding out  
She floats to earth in poignant irony  
More cunning than all nature's eyes  
She drops herself from heavens' skies**

**As if by work of hand of God  
Transforms herself from butterfly  
Wings grow thrice thousand over  
Behold a dragon of immense stature**

**Mouth wide open, flame licked tongue  
Thrust words of fire for almighty sake  
Wiping clean all before  
Paving the way with devastating wake**

**Within his shadow of a darkened world  
Hung a hazy interstitial light  
With the wide-eyed who remained agazing high  
Made Ready.....a portentous sigh**

So Peter was unique in this sense. He understood suffering once as a personal thing, like a house god. But with the advent of TV so came his impersonal suffering, one in which he had to watch it from the outside and apply a superficial human perspective. For years he thought the pain under his ribs was the way of things, the forgetfulness and numb feet just a normal part of living. He could have died quite easily then. Forever though, a dark cloud will lie over the land of men; Mordor is only a mountain away. And where men create immortal kings in the image of God so God creates mortal kings in the image of men.

Peter put his hand to his nose and gave it a rub, he was absolutely passionless. He broke it when he was in the boy scouts. It was a trip to Scotland and the boys quickly divided into two groups. Peter was on one side of the stream, David on the other. A stone fight ensued. Amongst the trees one may think they are safe. Snap, crack and pop went the rocks. "Watch out Pete, there is one coming straight at you." Peter recalls the moment. He knew it was coming. He heard the sound of the tormented branches up above. Wanting to protect his face he cupped his hands over his nose and eyes. But this stone had his name on it. In that fateful moment in which

he slightly opened his hands to peer out, it plunged in; crack it went. The rock was brought to a head.

Thoughts stirred in Peter as to how cold the Pyreneese would be. Whilst severely suffering in bed Peter knew that during most exposure to pain the best way through was to kick one's metabolism into gear. Somehow he had been teaching his body to respond again, to engage its biological and chemical processes so as to function out of sheer will power. Peter had come to understand that it is part of the healing process to discover that what's wrong with oneself is a cyclical thing in itself. When he thought he had a spinal problem he gave up jogging but in fact, in concord with tangible, external symptoms, he suffered from kidney problems too. Giving up jogging exacerbated his condition because his super-fit body had slowed down its cleansing processes. But of course, Peter thought, the other understanding was again that of the repressing of his youthful energy, an enforced subjectification through physical exertion. By coming off the fitness the body would be allowed to grow, to see through its physical ailments. 'The body, in a condition of suffering, eventually resolves the mind into a state of knowledge i.e., evolved awareness. From listening to one's body within the bounds of a natural intelligence, so does awareness of one's condition translate itself into thought, what one may refer to as intuition.' As such, three hours before the flight was scheduled to leave for Spain he cancelled. He knew now that very soon he would begin his bicycle ride.

True to form, the current plan to cycle to Dover was abolished. Instead it was far better to head to Portsmouth. This journey was not to be rushed and it is important to understand the difference between rushing and hyperactivity. Peter's activity levels certainly change, through age as well as ephemerally, and all the time Peter would permit the body's own level of stimulation to take its course. He was aware of the development of his mind; he was not antagonistic towards humanity in this sense. For here is the major crux of his understanding: On which level of motivation does the mind develop? From a centeredness of consciousness stimulated from within the body, or a centeredness of consciousness stimulated from within the mind? It's important to note their differences and their effects. In the former the body is the receptacle of motivation, the senses are highly tuned and behavior is attributable to the direct needs of the body. In the latter the mind is the receptacle of motivation, it overrides the immediate needs of the body and reschedules its biorhythms. This he would term as a fragmented mode of living since to bypass the body's primary source of stimulation creates a chasm between the development of body and mind, the latter being unsynchronized. The most healthiest thing in the world Peter could do is to get up naturally in the morning and fall asleep as required in the evening. These were sure signs in themselves that the body had exhausted its conscious energy and required rejuvenation.

Note how bodily consciousness is still conscious energy rather than subconscious energy. Subconscious experience Peter referred to as beyond the grasp of the mind or its synonym, the ego. When Peter dreams, when the world dreams, so the cosmos is at peace, the beast lies dormant within. Experiences are enacted still, the process of living goes on, and more importantly, the process of adaptation. But here is a prime indication of what is failing in the world of Man, hu-man. See how one passively views an event or scene within their dreams; one has no control. Consider this as non-ego but note how mental activity still goes on, mental activity that implicates the development of mind. Times of healing, the world needs to sleep. But humanity reschedules, bypasses, overrides. That environmental activity, as yet not a personal one since no-ego is involved, is subsequently lost to personal intervention and motivation. Disequilibrium occurs and the day is marked with an over-exacting depletion of conscious energy; the body had not fully recuperated. Thus what becomes conscious is not in alignment with the natural processes, the biorhythms, which the body necessitates for its harmony. In effect, Man seems to be impinging upon the dream world, robbing time from it, in the name of his ego, his personal motivation. This is what Peter refers to as enforced subjectification, a profanation of the sacredness of *morning* as one moves between the subconscious and conscious.

So to be motivated in the body allows for the body's own needs and adjustments. Some days will differ in their energy requirements over others. Thus setting an alarm call at six O'clock every morning violates this precondition. Peter was blessed in this respect, he knew the world was enslaved within a superficial structure or mechanism. But he was not alone either, with the current moves towards the regaining of holistic living, especially from within the environmental movement, people were establishing a true individuality. This is not to be mistaken as solely a personal one. As noted, the personal does not necessarily imply any sense of real passivity, rather the development of the collective consciousness and how it is applied. The true individual on the other hand is returning to global needs, worldly consciousness, observing the cycles of sun, moon, day, night, wind, rain, hot, cold, those environmental conditions that have evolved the natural body over millennia and produced that behavior referred to as biorhythms. This then is an environmental passivity, the workings of the subconscious, or more appropriately its non-impedance.

The act of passive observation brings Peter closer and closer to his full potential. He could see how the body's energy levels slowly, over the course of years, begin to equate with the movements of sun and moon. Recently, he was sure that his culmination periods were falling into fortnightly intervals, in symbiosis with a new and full moon. This is no freak phenomenon, despite some of the indignation uttered within the halls of logistical societies. Even in light of the numerous references to increased luna-tic behavior it is quickly tabooed and passed into dusty closets behind

lock and key; people are afraid to admit to that which is regarded as anti-establishment, which mocks Man's attempt to claim sovereignty over nature. Thus a false skepticism evolves in human consciousness, just another pretentious tier of objective rationality. Yet luna-cy is actually accepted as a real phenomenon in certain judicial systems beyond the Mediterranean and crime is adjudicated to be partially beyond the control of humanity; sentences are much more lenient. Peter understood that the whole evolution of human thought was fundamentally based upon the observation of nature and although this practice may have been lost to the general, conscious mind, he inferred that the slow initiation of civilization in-built these behavioral patterns to the effect of creating a collective consciousness. Thus the collective consciousness has at its origins these observational patterns, albeit they have become unabridged to the conscious mind that enforces a personal integrity above a cultural one. The man or woman that burns their bridges to culture and tradition becomes aimless, without context of the whole. The collective consciousness loses all sense of its origins.

The next question Peter asked himself is whether holistic culture involved repeating the observances of his ancestors. He hadn't fully grasped the answer to this one yet, but true to reality, the answers always came to Peter when he wasn't searching for them. They came like expressions of an in-built unconscious reality; that is, it is a sentiment shared, a respect for nature and one's roots, a passivity invoked from the subconscious. Cycles are cycles and there is no point rushing them. The deeper one goes the more obvious these cycles become. And so it was that in retrospect Peter could see these cycles and synchronicities happening.

A new moon was approaching during his trip to the Pyrenees but he hardly knew it. In retrospect and in view of his suffering, to get him from London to Catalonia required some act of magic. Thus sufficiently delayed he took to his bike.

Day one: rain all day; wet, soaking feet; arrive at port; forget passport; bugger; return to London via train; sleep over night; spokes on wheel snaps - wobbly wheel; go back following morning via train.

Day two: fix wheel in France; discover injury to left knee; cycle on one leg for two more days.

Day five: injury to left knee disappears; injury to right knee appears.

Eight days in France in total, strewn with injury, every time it rained his feet got soaked. The only consolation is that it never rained two days in a row but the weather would always be atrocious the day after he had booked into a hotel or hostel to clean up. He was reminded continually that life wasn't always about human suffering, rather it was about negating all those false precepts inherited from the human world. Most

nights Peter had slept rough. Out went the myth of a comfortable hay barn, more like a refrigerator freezer compartment littered with lumpy ice-cubes. In came the myth of sleeping like a dog, then waking up in the morning with a couple of unfriendly canines wondering who was messing up their shit-pit. But curses were followed by blesses and one generous family brought him in and literally hung him up to dry. Eight days through France, one meal a day, the occasional chocolate croissant, and the continual supply of ice tea. And not a single personal shit to put his name to. At times he could manage over a hundred kilometers on an empty stomach. How did he do it? Pure, unconscious magic. He looked up one day and saw skiers on top of the Pyrenees. On asking for directions to Barcelona the answer was 'down.' And if you thought that was easy he was carrying a rather heavy tent, a sleeping bag, a back pack and some spare parts for his father's car that made looking at the back of his bike the image of a plane's tailboard. But when you ride on an empty stomach then your body isn't producing any heat either. Instead the ride down against a snowstorm filled his socks with ice-cold water. It was freezing. That prompted him to use his tent for the first time, which probably saved his life. On awaking in the morning he had to jog for 20 minutes before he felt any sensations in his feet. On the other hand, continuing off the mountain in Spain, after he had bought his first meal and made his first shit, he then started to get bored going downhill for too long. And when on the final day 120km winds threatened to blow him in the opposite direction, as they often did, it was then he realized how dangerous a journey this could be in the face of on-coming juggernauts. What was a madman like this doing on the open road?

It was a new moon, dark and mysterious, and the veil between the realm of matter and the realm of spirit was very thin. It had already paid him a calling card in the form that death was inquiring of his attention. Peter had never experienced death like that before. He felt during that morning before he embarked upon this journey, that he was falling too easily into the human world. His motivation for work was diminishing and he had rapidly lost peak fitness during the recent months. Maybe some people equate it to a midlife crisis but for Peter it went way beyond that - it was acute apathy. Peter had actually stopped growing and that was the nearest he was going to come to death. His whole transcendent life had taken the plunge and he didn't have the ego to pull himself out of it. Instead, it took a deathly morning in bed, an unconscious motivation permeating every space of his mind, to stir his body back into cerebral enlightenment. A rude blanket had been pulled over him so tight it tended to mummify his sensibilities, but the darkness uncovered much more than the most rational thought could ever dare approach. The world was not about to stop turning for anyone or anything. A sword loomed out of the deep that would prove too sharp for any woven bond. In those fleeting moments the king had cast his final lot.

# P Y R E

*The king is dead  
The sun's downy swan-song  
Force eight gales  
Pushing back my ascendance*

*Magical transcendence  
Coming off a new moon  
The darkness of lunacy  
Pushing me even further*

*The last days of fall  
Follow me into tribulation  
A trial for the uppermost  
Purged with an utmost efficiency*

*All sensations active  
On the road to providence  
A path of discipline  
In renunciation of humanity*

*To be the anima mundi  
Beyond mindful impedance  
Eating out of necessity  
Sleeping out of being awakened*

*An empire is mine  
Ground by rock and water  
Once dormant in a shell  
Flowers into Levant seeds*

Peter understood this other transcendence, a magical one, as an act of growing in which the body would thrust itself into genetic development. Odd as it may sound, but if one could save up their energy and then let it go, well, that is how it feels, but it is not a physical energy. It is in fact a cultural adaptation in which at an environmental level one is responding to the needs of their culture. It always seemed to Peter that human intervention of nature required an additional adaptability to take place; the very act of modifying the collective consciousness necessitates all mankind to load up its input of objective content. In effect, Man is always playing catch-up. But the deeper one goes the more apparent are those cycles inherent of culture. Thus in children and environmental passivists, within whom the egoistic drive is mostly negated, this form of adaption is superceded by adaptation - the process by which one develops naturally. Why he understood it as magical transcendence is due to the potential implications of it. They were this: that he effectively charges up his mind during this state of environmental passivity, with an objective content like say, from reading a book, in a state of meditation, and which of course is governed from an unconscious motivation - genetic processing. The deeper he or she was rooted in the subconscious the more apparent was this active objectivity at each successive culmination. It is what can be referred to as the development of the passive or non-ego. That is why Peter is not antagonistic towards the concept of mind. He had discovered the Magician, the *genius loci*, that which means to identify the child within. A child on the other hand can hardly put this potential to practice since it has not developed the objective mind capable of initiating natural influence over "lesser minds." For the child it is simply a naive act of growing up. For the Magician a great cultural chasm has been bridged, one in which the collective consciousness is at his or her 'mercy.' Such is the nature of influence that the Magician becomes a figurehead of culture, a beam of light for others to follow, a collective of consciousness, a rock for others to stand by, a king. Long live the king.

Memories come and go. The sun and moon come and go, passing in and out of consciousness. Peter refocused on the glowing embers of the pyre. A few days later he would find himself one thousand meters up in a small mountain refuge within one of the grandest views he had yet experienced. The church at the top of the hill was ruined now; likewise the small communities of houses surrounding it. Spread out beneath this escarpment were stages of subsequent levels of colonization and the glow of lights as small collectives of residents issued into a blaze of urban permanence; not before Peter had watched the sun glower in the southwest and the moon rise in the northeast. Up here at this height a deep ecologist may believe him or herself to be in heaven, yellow lichens growing rampantly in this clear, pollution-free air. But pollution, man-made at least, happens both visibly and invisibly. The city below may offer a sure sign of comfort and security, tempting those to abandon their

hovels and take a step into an urban cluster of impersonal relationships and concentrated resources but those down below *were*, in the main, blind to the pollution exacerbated through their living. Too much is taken for granted. As cities become huge nexuses of energy with increased road and traffic problems, the transportation of water and sewage, the necessitated requirements of fuel and energy lines, so more and more of the over-worked countryside becomes subject to its exigencies. *Canteras* or quarries are common in Catalonia, unnatural looking hollows that deform an already pitted landscape. Huge metal monuments rise on the urban outskirts, either for incineration or energy production, concentrating noxious gases into the atmosphere. Monocultures of olive, carob, almond, orange and lemon, and grape send biodiversity packing and already threatened species find themselves restrained to small settlements that teeter on the edge of extinction. 'Out with the old, in with new. If humanity can survive in isolation so can everything else. Let's create everything in the image of humanity. Give them cozy little homes like zoos where everyday we can look after them, supplying all their nutritional needs and more. If they don't breed then we'll make them breed.' Peter continues looking down at the urban sprawl, 'that's where the real zoo is, everyone is on show and they don't even know it.' The light was pretty and bright, so much so that it arrogates far more comfort and meaning than the infinite starry sky, superficial though it may be. Why should the sky bother them? It is not going to go away. How many can recognize the Milky Way from a puff of chimney smoke. Ah, so much pollution that even the light of the sky is bedazzled by the jewels in the shop window.

The following morning Peter arose early and naturally before sunrise. He walked to the peak and awaited that ball of glowing fire whilst quite spontaneously erupting into strange bird whistles. It was imminent; he knew that from the spectacular red suffusion of cloud that welcomed its arrival. He remembers that same effect in August of the past year, on the day of his birthday, when he had likewise a lot of energy that had shifted him promptly from his bed. This was at his home in London in which the small surrounding hills offer but meager compensation to this grandness. Nevertheless he was there also, atop a verdant hill admiring the streaky red rippling on the underside of the clouds. But something else happened. From behind Peter came a plane flying in the direction of the impending sunrise. In a sudden movement the undercarriage was alight. There was a dazzling display of fiery white as of a chandelier brushed by a draught from an open door. Behold a phoenix arising from the ashes casting a mythic flame of Mithraic martyrdom. This was to be a year in the life of Merlyn. And so the sun rises, hailed by the stratum of clouds on the horizon.

Merlyn looked up and saw the moon reflecting a full countenance. He had never pictured the movement of the moon in its complex relationship to the earth before.

But he could imagine it today, the moon, on the opposite side to the sun, the earth slowly rotating, and his body north of the equator just now peeping towards the direction of the lunar plane. The moon was now sitting in the northwest, its relative position undulating in the sky as first Merlyn dipped below the ecliptic and then above it during the night. He tried looking straight up into the sky and with eagle vision to capture both bodies in the same view on opposite sides of the planet. It was a human thing to endure with, twisting his head one way and then the next, and he was reminded of the floating scrapyard out in orbit of disused satellites and broken spare rocket parts.

Today is the eighth; he was rekindled of the sense of authority he naturally claimed, this divulgence into the collective consciousness and beacon of inspiration he provided to others. Merlyn was in a mountain refuge and the two couples he engaged with, firstly last night and then this morning, attempted to extract some knowledge of sorts from him. In fact Merlyn was more in a listening mood, listening to the environment. He put pen to paper. Today he would rendezvous with an international permaculture teacher. The trip was easy, mainly downhill from here. But as it goes, the connection didn't happen for the second time running, his host having to teach elsewhere. This would not be to Merlyn's loss; the ability to subsume other personalities or at least their own goals happens through necessity. But teaching internationally and planting a seed elsewhere required reciprocal meetings such as these. At any rate permaculture is a wonderful concept even if he has been recently missing apparent vital connections, in England as well. As such he was beginning to question where his own true fate lied. He recalled the heated argument with his father, which constituted part of the event that led to his first-time visit to this area. In such vein his destiny was the journey, not the being here; the latter was more understood to be represented by fate - the significance of a journey. His father had always talked about going into the mountains with the dogs. Well, the area he indicated was on route back from here, cutting cross-country through the foothills. These were also the mountains Merlyn could see from the *finca* and which will provide the backdrop for when he constructs his own home. Maybe today's fate was to be a solitary one then; permaculture lagging behind the great strides he was making in the cosmic play. And maybe permaculture could not appreciate these fuller moments until a time much more distant arrived.

If Merlyn had left first thing in the morning the rendezvous would probably have been made, but at what expense. His fate was to translate that destiny with a pen to paper. As it goes he still managed to view the professor's home and take a few photos. It is how he imagined permaculture, a thriving *ecopolis* of widespread interaction, half-completed projects birthed in their descendance from fully completed ones. The grass-turf roofs stepped down in stupendous mimicry of the

incredible valley landscape that declined away into *mythopoeia*. It bathed in sunlight, even in winter, thus defining the orientation of the house to face south and the inclination of the glass frontage to something like thirty degrees to the vertical. The living rooms on both floors were lovely and cozy. The house took many years to construct, the *piedra* from the *finca* providing building material which all had to be hand cut. The rock was commonly used interiorly and exteriorly. Other features in the house included piped natural water pump-fed via a homemade wind turbine and a twin-chamber dry-composting toilet with easy access from the outside. The whole house was also off the grid but this emphasized its social and economic exigency; for a family, income and labor has to be supplemented. The water was pipe-irrigated to all the vegetable plots and literally every available space was used up for growing. Thus a *casita*, made of part stone, part strawbale, provided further accommodation for WOOFers. Teaching space is also available in both houses, with rooms capable of housing 25 people comfortably.

In a way it is a fitting end to his vacation to Spain this year. He had discovered a number of other crops that could be grown at 800m, the knowledge of which will fuel his own project down below. It was a pity that his own *finca* was too far away, or that he couldn't even see the sea from that place, but he could always imagine this mountain. A special significance is given to such places that bear upon all connected lifeforms. That is 'place.' To have 'place' means to have standing or presence. He once likened it to a parked car in that the longer it was left on the road without being moved the greater the influence it would have on every other parked car on that road. One may argue the same about all other parked cars but consider: unmoved, it eventually arrogates utmost authority all the time every other parked car diminishes in their own social presence; he would be in London soon.

In retrospect Peter knew something very deep happened here, a life embedded in synchronicities and meaningful coincidences. He reflected again upon the view from that permaculture house, sitting atop the grass-turf roof with a book in hand. This valley, its shape and direction, hundreds of meters high was exactly the same perspective of the view atop his own *barranco* or dry-river bed - it was in fact a macrocosm of it. And his future house would be positioned such. So maybe this is how transcendent visualization takes place, at the peak of magical culmination, by the visitation of what one's future home may turn out to be in all of its elements. But there was another interpretation also. Maybe being here was enough to fulfill his destiny, the hard climb to this village on his bike, the resolution of his father's own destiny with the dogs even. He had spent time and energy visualizing the idyllic environment of his new home over a period of at least one and a half years. He had also recently taken a self-build course to further this ambition as well as gain the theoretical knowledge to teach it. He had wandered up and down the section of the

*finca* in issue of this, trying to locate the best spot. All that was left to require was the actualization of this home, as well as the greater aspects of the project taking direct influence from it whether that be surveying the landscape and making plans, running courses, starting up a trust, or ultimately teaching. Visiting that permaculture house in the mountains somehow fulfilled these goals on a visual level first.

But other developments were also maturing. He was sick and tired of the bickering going on between his parents, every morning, afternoon, and evening. 'Do this, do that. Oh I am ill from working.' He absolutely detested them. When one was submissive the other was pig-headed. It seemed they waited on each other continuously for that opening in which the one could regain the confidence to assault a return attack. They are absolutely despicable. Too old to live without each other they must remain together 'til death do them part.' Peter was beginning to hate them; he wanted to kill the demon inhabiting the one or the other. Really, he didn't want to come back next year, not to them. Their house and *finca* may have improved that little bit more, electricity may arrive, the dogs may get quieter in their age, but they certainly won't. There was always something to fight about, her two-faced attitude the bane of human civilization. She was disgusting in this manner; no one escaped her misplaced scrutiny. She was a shit-stirrer and a backstabber. The old man can't work hard enough. He, nearly at every available, jealous moment she can find time for after he disappears off the scene, was the victim of her forked tongue, "He's getting old, there is something wrong with him; he is always smoking; he can't remember anything." That is how she justifies her own inabilities and fears, her insecurities and frailties. Yes, she is getting old but she cannot admit to it, her self-pitying is a pretext for the guilt she feels after everyone else had done a hard day's work. She patronizes in order to retain an ostentatious authority over the weak; she absolutely lords it over this kind. Yet bring someone to dinner or supper and she has got the most pretentious hospitality on the face of this world - just a repressed, sad individual.

Two people then, who can't organize life without each other, and only on the condition that all one-sided decisions are finalized from arguing it first. They hardly ever agreed on anything. Every argument involves exaggerated facts, money, or one accusing the other of uselessness or talking rubbish. No wonder Peter's father goes down to the *cantera* to check out a young thing, and his mother wishing for some miracle transformation of life that will give her the excuse to leave him, like winning the lottery or meeting a 'true' gentleman. Let us not forget, her parents served under Franco. Like father to daughter, she was created in his image. Back in Britain the Suffragettes may have just won a major vote but the women in Spain were subject to much stricter conditions. The mores of a fascist society required many things to be left unsaid; just another part of the machine.

Peter had it sussed in London - meaningful relationships and interactions; a business, projects on the go; recording his music; running courses; keeping fit everyday; writing; quite a high degree of privacy. However, he wanted a change of environment once in a while. The obvious choice was a few months in Spain even though his mother replicated that air of civil war austerity, she being the non-rational type. Peter *was* sick of them both. Under any other circumstance he would never allow himself to be subject to their presence. They had ceased to become friends. He hadn't told them yet but his mother reminisced about her other lost son, the eldest in the family who was born to a different father. Well, this half-brother of Peter's was a mentor to him in his teenage days. He hadn't seen him for maybe, ten years now. But he remembered something his brother said to him once about his mother, in view of the fact that there was not any love-lost between them. His half-brother resented the fact that she never brought him up, the reason given by his mother was that of political differences in the family. And Peter remembered as a kid the arguments they used to always have between each other, just like those his father has with his mother now. Maybe she fears losing another son, well, Peter had almost disowned her already.

It was during his twenties, whilst at university that Peter left his family without contact for three and a half years; they didn't want to know about his problems, his personality breakdown, or the paranoia that was creeping into his life. Peter was good at concealing things, and no doubt he began creating a formidable barrier of self-defense around himself that kept his family out. He was following in his eldest brother's footsteps, but Peter remembered something his brother said once. He knew it now to be true. That is, "that mum was inherently evil." Maybe, Peter thought, 'he won't come back to Spain until he has to bury one or the other.'

Quite possibly then, his future house was not to be realized here. Maybe the culmination of the whole experience had already happened. In fact, Peter believed he'd had a genital emission that second night in the visit to the mountain in which he lodged in a refuge building, albeit he tried to control it. He stayed awake through it and understood the occasion as a slightly different phenomenon, one in which semen can be internalized. He knew this because when he went to the toilet it had mixed with his urine to a milky consistency. It is not the first time either that he had noticed this phenomenon. And true to form, one of the first activities to occupy him was a need to exert himself physically and with great durability, indicative of the transition between the previous cycle and the new cycle, though not as simply as it sounds.

So he made his way back through the mountains to his mother's home in Catalonia. He'd decided to take a different route this time, much longer and flatter

since Peter never enjoyed retracing steps or being predictable. There is nothing worse when, feeling either weak or irritable, one hits a very long uphill climb that is already sketched in the navigators mind. Peter preferred to do such things in complete unawareness; he was a nomad at heart whilst all the time it encouraged adaptation and new experience. This particular ride ended in a breeze; long straight roads towards the coast. He passed through the giant wind turbines with the same sort of effortlessness that they exuded. The simplicity of these machines was beautiful in its own right and not a sound could be registered from the distance of the main road (contrary to others' opinions). Of course, this technology is the way forward, and despite what people might think about their visual impact Peter had sensed something very futuristic about this landscape. If one wound the clock forward 200 years nothing would change, such was the apparent efficiency in their design. And he thought, 'it would only take a generation before such features in the environment were wholly accepted, taken for granted.' The problem in his opinion lied in those who were unable to adapt according to a global consciousness, out of touch people who may be old and over-discriminative. These people cannot see the beauty in converting wind into useable, electrical energy; they cannot share a universal need, for that was a privilege accorded to their pre-industrial ancestry, now eroded. Such said, they rapidly diminished into the distance, the windmills that is.

The last part of the vacation was spent building a dry-stone wall. From left to right it improved in look and speed of construction. He had trebled the length of it from the point at which he'd left it last year and knew it would take another visit to finish it overall. The process was made all the more lengthier since every stone had to be salvaged from another part of the land. Peter figured that the bigger the rocks the more of a crash barrier it will double up as. One of those principles of permaculture that is made apparent at a very early stage in one's understanding is to recreate nature in its functionality. This wall will also form one side of a raised bed about two and a half feet high. It will also serve to partially obscure the sometimes busy road traffic from the neighbors passing on the other side. In the middle of this island there is talk of planting up with dates, oranges and maybe some colorful exotic climbers like passionflower, which could wrestle to its advantage a chainlink fence protruding from the far side of the island. The aesthetic appeal of the space cannot be underestimated, a traditional dry-stone wall on one side to match the *pedra* of the house and the circular raised beds around the immediate olive trees of the nearby garden. The furthest side of the island will be concrete, faced with more *pedra*, and so the whole construction will appear in the shape of a boat or lozenge.

One of the other beneficial uses of this structure will be as a dump for the many dilapidated walls, which ultimately give way to other works; this may be considered the boat's ballast. In some cases the amount of walls on the land look

excessive; one can understand their further use as terracing but here on this relatively flat part of the landscape they have seen better days. They obviously once served to demarcate fields. In any case, they look more like rubble walls from the erosion they have suffered - a product of their sedimentary nature no doubt.

So, that is more than one function coming from one element - the wall. One also understands that a particular function serves many elements. In this case, as a crash barrier it also serves to guide traffic along the inside of the garden and so demarcate the direction of the inner road. On top of this and more humorously so, it allows the continued exercise of perfecting one's skill of a traditional craft every time someone hits it! It's worth noting that there are many other aspects of its functionality that one may not be so quick to infer. Consider this, that it keeps the nosey neighbors from pulling up down the side of the house at a whim's notice, halting everybody in their tracks who might be working, while he or she intently sits themselves down for tea and quarrel. As for the dogs, well they can do their best barking and growling with their noses stuck through a chainlink fence at every passing vehicle. The fully enclosed house and immediate garden will form an inner sanctuary for their new-found freedom whilst, along with the cats, overly indulge at groveling at the dining table. Decided then, Peter would return. He had kind of promised himself to finish off the dry-stone wall, in which case he would probably have to lock himself up in the chicken pen during mealtimes - he really doesn't like the animals begging.

The last two days were being spent in Barcelona but it is no coincidence that, with the immersion into the collective consciousness, something of the muses comes back to Peter. There is a theory here. And fundamental to this theory is that the collective consciousness is carried among individuals. But it was something that Peter understood far better in metaphysical terms. He saw a world full of individuals, each carrying a quota of collected consciousness. As one individual interacts with another so there is a transferring of goals, like a sharing of values, but this sharing can only happen when one is in a condition of active subjectification - the term Peter gave to genetic processing. It is another name for influence that entails at least one member of the interaction to be open and responsive. It is the same as growing up, as when a child receives instruction of one sort or another. Hence it is why children shoulder the burden of tradition and shared values. Peter had been subject to his mother's own values, indubitably, and where his mother struggles against the lack of urban interaction living in a country house, far from the banality and false security it promises from the instability it creates in the first place, Peter on the other hand welcomed the country life instead. You see, urban culture is just like that, it dilutes the environment with a wealth of traditions and lifestyles so that if individuals get too involved, they become inundated, swamped in a myriad of collected consciousness. Unable to deal with this invasion of their private customs they necessarily throw up

their defenses in order to maintain their sanity. Ultimately what suffers is a lack of community in which people close doors. This is only the more apparent in urban culture since everyone is so tightly grouped, living in each other's shoes so the saying goes. And why do individuals still value this sense of privacy to such a high degree? The answer is true and simple. Urbanization is still relatively a new invention for the majority of the population. It is only since the Enclosures act and clearances of the last millennium in say, Britain that eighty per cent of people now live in cities. Humans are just not evolved enough to withstand the falsity of lifestyle without breaking down through over-repression and its public arm, over-regulation. And the absolute effect of this is to perpetuate this regulation in order to vindicate the increased repression of the instinct, which is always prone to outbreaks, with its subsequent development of mind. It is a vicious circle. Urban environments are the main causes of why the collective consciousness has increasingly failed to de-complicate itself. It is in fact responsible for the egoistic development of mind with all the arts and crafts that sharing of the collective consciousness entails.

One may not consider this as such a bad thing, especially if taken in isolation. Why should they? Look at the wealth all around us and the diversity of living that makes for a rich lifestyle. Why question the process that got humanity to this point in the first place, the destruction of natural environments and the older traditions and cultures that had evolved with it? These are the questions people don't ask when all sense of independence has already been eroded, one in which no-one knows any better if that be the mores and customs one inherits. And so like father to son, influence takes that form where one has to be receptive, at a time when the body is growing so that any objective input is conditionally taken onboard.

Peter doesn't find it hard to write when isolated in a country home away from urban proliferation; these are aspects of the collective consciousness thousands of years old with which most every person he met would carry as an intrinsic value of their make-up. Nor would he find it hard to garden, but to play a guitar, ah, now that is different. Strong personalities like his mother may impart values such as clothe making, animal husbandry or cooking and his father more of a mechanical nature. The social ethic of this is all the more obvious. Imagine a society in which it was common practice to make one's own house or furniture, one situated near woodland. These crafts become dead to an urban environment where the environment is lost to the individual who would carry these values as objective input. And more so, who carries them as objects at the forefront of human consciousness. But nothing is ever really lost though; they just become further and further buried in a plethora of collected consciousness. They become unabridged.

And so Peter understood that strong individuals could conduct immense influence over receptive, though vulnerable they may be, people. Through time there has always been a place for them in culture, as shamans, magicians, priests, kings and gods. The increase of world population has merely proliferated them and their effect. In this vein the country vacation had prepared Peter with a meditative, receptive state. It was only natural that when he reached Barcelona he would suddenly come 'alive.' And this is where Peter differed from the unenlightened. He knew how to create community because he could control just how much influence he was willing to take. He would let people in, enough to make them understand just how much he was needed in order for their egoistical assertions, innocent though they may be, to find any sense of welcome and sustenance; for the ego cannot survive without taking up residence in another's pool of energy, parasitic as it is. Having said that, true individuals are passive; they can attract the masses if the other's ego thinks it can suck the culture out of them. But there is a better way, that of a culture of individuals in which one is fully appreciative and interactive with the other.

Two days of music with his beautiful Barcelonan host who escorted him to various clubs; the night finished on Flamenco. Ah, flamenco, playing with fire and passion, an appropriate end. The following morning a delayed flight only compounds his inner fire. For two hours he entertains the travelers with music from his songbook. That is the nature of individuality, art and the collective consciousness. All that awaited Peter now was the Return of the King. England was dark and cloudy. Something was definitely stirring and heavy rain was expected.

## Chapter 3 The Return of the King

Harris said, "Open your eyes," as he showed me to a room in Cyprus. I was not satisfied. He then took me to another; I accepted and it had, later to discover, a bed blanket with an image of a lion. On returning to the restaurant where I had met up with Harris I discovered that I had just missed the cutting of the King's cake. This is a Greek tradition where a coin is placed in a cake prior to baking - the fortunate beneficiary discovers this to the danger of their dentures. When the tradition first came about the concept of money would arguably have been more primitive in its understanding. It would have been a tool for trade, as a fair representation of the value of goods and services. As such a trade system based upon the flow of resources was very much tied in with local industries. Taxes would still have to be paid in order to finance the foreign expeditions of lords and kings, much of which was war and wealth mongering, but in order to view a time of the intrinsic value of money one

would have to go back to its earliest conception; the exchange of animals and plant products. As such much could be said about Phoenician sea trade and the benefits it brought to the world, even more about Roman imperialism. *We* are all very thankful for the cultivated grape and vast range of other culinary foods introduced to these mixed-climatic islands. How much more for the potato? - 'Wot, no chips?' So much so that we quite easily forget as a nation the bounteous, indigenous food sources already out there, lost to evolution, the evolution of the mind, and now lost, to a large degree, to biodiversity. Man suffers to his intellectual pursuits the loss of biodiversity. It should be the garden that comes first and the house that follows.

No, money came about as a way to determine the value of goods and services much more accurately and the economy that followed was grounded in the already prevalent resource exchange system based upon environmental needs, be they barter or community welfare. With the advent of imperialism and colonialism, through war and wealth mongering, resources didn't have to be worked for so much. So even before the Romans, the Greeks and the Sumerians, the latter of which are credited as the oldest writing civilization known to science, money or the concept of money had already developed in the collective consciousness. The enslavement of other people provided the means to augment that wealth, at best with no personal cost to the lord or king but at a cost to the world no doubt. All empires operate such, the depletion of resources in one country for its concentration and hoarding in another - the whole world is guilty. The whole human race is guilty for sitting on cash heaps, precious metals and stones, at the expense of raping foreign, local economies of their environmental lifestyles that are based upon the immediate needs of the land; the garden came first, then the house. But if one does not live in that garden then the house is not very much part of it. It would be a gardener's tale of woe. Gardens so far distant that by the time the sorry stories of mutiny and soil erosion, species extinction and cultural destruction came to ear the damage had already been done. It is easy to turn a blind eye to such events if the senses were hardly there in the first place. All that heralds back are echoes and dreams, imaginings of a bygone event, far from the listening of the heart and the touch of one's fingers. The mountain of gold and jewel shone a much brighter light that blinded everything else to the background. And in these mountains were fashioned steps so that one could climb to the top to see how far his dominion spreads - steps to 'heaven.' It became obvious to the conceptual mind, the higher one climbed the more of the world he could see, and the more ant-like became the workers down below. And he, Man, sat on that heap all alone in the world, for no-one else could share his pointed seat. Up there all that was heard were voices, lost amid a wailing wave.

## *Apocalypse Now.*

In order that I find myself I dwell amongst the enemy  
For all things come to me searching out their adversary  
They want to conquer me, control me with their wills  
How active they are in pursuing their far-flung zeal

I am passive, a natural environment  
My unconsciousness, a fragmentary consciousness  
I am impressed by beings moving me into manifestation  
Activating the conditions that reveal the karmic law

And when they find me I am nothing more than their egos  
A reflection of their imposition, an inherently coward legacy  
Forever they stand apart all the time they deny their crimes  
I swear I will kill them all in the moment they reveal themselves to me

The invisible spirit burns with a hellish wonder  
An inferno of flames ever repenting their blackened souls  
They will not see the Holy Land, will wander the wilderness sea  
When everyone has bitten the dust, truly then they will meet their maker

I will shit upon their graves and fuck their children  
Until their disease is stamped out of this world  
I only give choosingly to those who are unsuspecting  
And to the wretched who persist, an earmark of rejection

Each will return to the soil, only my seeded will survive  
A genetic culmination of those who were open to me  
It is for the pre-destined readied for the impending culture  
Where the rest become but voices lost amid a wailing wave

Money ceased to define value within an environmental context; it became a conceptual tool instead. Money is invested and sat on because money makes money. The economy is run by concept now, with its entourage dragging along in its wake, like a plough to the land. 'You know when your king is before you, everything you do works in your recognition of him. I use the law as a guideline only. The law is only there for those who abide in it.'

Four books accompanied me during my spell in Cyprus; *Lyonesse III: Madouc* by Jack Vance, *Twilight of the Idols / The Anti-Christ* by Nietzsche, *If a lion could talk* by Steven Budiansky, and *The Denkoroku: The Record of the Transmission of Light* by Keizan Zenji. Had I chosen these books consciously? 'Well of course I did,' Peter reminded himself rather prudishly, 'But why the common theme, what was I trying to

prove to myself? Did I want to be king or was I searching for conscious realization and resolution?' It may be conscious thought but it was most certainly unconsciously motivated. I didn't have to pick that bed with a picture of a lion on its blanket. I could have passed it on. More likely I was searching for understanding and all the time I took these moments as signs, signs for some inner quest. Is it not the same quest that all individuals follow, leaders in their societies of one sort or another? Yes, but how do you explain the reciprocal actions of other individuals who fall into your path at just the right time? There are times when my actions seem to overly invite themselves into periods of synchronicity and yet I know that when that happens I am fulfilling my destiny. Every time I travel it is just like this, Cyprus even more so. I remember it was my first time there more than two years ago now, visiting relatives I had never seen before; adapting to a new environment. My whole experience was littered with synchronicities. The surge of mental activity compelled me then to write my first book. I daren't look at that again, not for any flippant cause. I had to go to the deepest recesses of my mind for that one, transcendence bobbing like a fisherman's float, unsure of its bite.

I booked my flight to Spain last year about six months ago. On the day I departed the third epic of *Lord of the Rings* was released, and I couldn't watch it until I come back. Well, I knew that to be my destiny. Entitled 'Return of the King,' and probably the most eagerly expected film I have ever wanted to watch, I would still have to wait a whole month. On that particular day of its release I was in two countries. Unconsciously, I may be trying to express something here. There was this dream I had once. I was being escorted by an unseen figure at my side. He showed me to a throne room. There were dead bodies all around the throne, which stood on a dais. In the chair was a figure, a king I must suppose, slumped to one side. I remember this dream well, one of those that are more like real-life experiences. I have had so many of these. Gone are the distorted images and obscure dimensions of childhood dreams. I was led to this place by a shadow, a guide who seemed to be offering me a choice. He said, "Which item would you prefer to take?" I looked around, just like in a role-playing game of *Dungeons and Dragons*. In fact this dream happened around that time when the Game occupied a large percentage of my interest. I saw on the ground a stone. I couldn't name it but inside me I understood what it was. On taking the stone there were four lines on it forming a kind of symbol, like a rune of sorts. But it wasn't enough for me. The king still had the sword in his hand and I said something like, "So I can have this as well?" As I went to take it with hand on weapon I woke up. I hadn't quite freed it. Now it was only years later that I understood something about dreams. They are in fact real experiences, other ways of fulfilling one's destiny. On reflection, I believe that the taking of the stone, maybe the Philosopher's Stone, indicated a position my destiny had arrived at, and manifests

through my waking personality. It shows in the things I say, study and teach, in my development, influence and social status. The sword, on the other hand, may indicate the point at which I have reached in this destiny. One may not believe in destiny, but what is more likely is that I have a different understanding of it from the main. Destiny and fate are integral to each other, the both representing unconscious and conscious manifestation, respectively. Destiny is not something one can attribute time to. To me it encompasses the whole of Creation as a moment. When one tries to define the level of conscious development they may have reached in one's life then it is attributed a finite value. It is then that it takes on the characteristic of fate, something material, tangible, and comprehensible to the mind. When Tolkien wrote that epic he had in fact achieved a complete vision, but all the time he lived on this material planet within a collective consciousness he gave that vision expression. And the same with me, and now I give it expression through my work in music, writing, and permaculture. What this suggests is that we all share that vision, we are all part of it, and that is the kingdom of God. We are all aspects of the same. One may call it a beautiful thing to see this multitude of expression in human consciousness. Taken in its greater context it is a beautiful thing. Understood as such it is complete joy. So I say it to you, we all have to create our own worlds, for in each of us the world was created.

Peter's arrival was greeted the following day with Spring weather. He took his opportunity to ramble around the garden, his sacred space. It may have been small but it was him, with each passing day it reflected Peter's character more and more. What made it all the more special was the establishment of some of the salvaged plants he had come by. It had been raining much since his departure to, and return from, Spain and it showed in the early budding of particular plants since rain generally indicates temperatures above zero Celsius. Well, if you never believed that England was heading for a Mediterranean climate last year you would have little doubts now. Drought in summer and wet winters; Peter was Mediterranean himself. What are they heading for? Enjoy it while it lasts for one hopes that it is not an accelerating process. Peter doesn't hope though. Instead he adapts. It was natural for him to find an outlet in Spain where he could bring back knowledge to great advantage in England. He was a gardener and he was already designing water-saving devices. The unconscious process is a prophet in its own right.

Days passed and a chill had arrived from the north; snow was imminent. A skip had been planted outside his front garden. 'Hmhm, the last time they had a skip here it went back half empty.' So Peter took it upon himself to clean the railway embankment amongst the other interests he has there. He normally reserved this

activity for the weekend when it was quieter, but paid work was scarce recently. No-one was about this particular day and he was sure they wouldn't mind. Besides, in this territory all the 'chickens' get eaten. Instead, what was required was a little furtiveness. This partial 'fox' was getting a name for himself. It was his 'duty' to reclaim the rubbish heaps less a barbed wire maims him during the twilight. The shine was going out of these heaps and so had their size.

The builders upstairs had returned or so it seemed, the scaffolding still with one leg in the pond preventing a good photo being made of its near-completion. They were characters but of course, they could only see the garden from above.

Nigel: Ere Micky, what do you notice about his garden compared to the others?

Michael: There's more trees

Nigel: More trees and less grass

Michael: How the hell can you tell, it's been snowing you daft bastard.

Nigel: His garden is quieter also.

Michael: What! That is the third train that has gone by in three minutes.

Nigel: No, It is not what I mean. He is a gardener downstairs. He is up to something. Look at that railway embankment. Someone's been out there building that fence made of logs; and those bales of straw.

Michael: I've never seen him out there. That stuff has been dumped.

Nigel: Take a closer look. Fences don't dump themselves in that way.

Michael: It's not a fence anyway. It is a dead-hedge.

Nigel: I know, because of its dead plants.

Michael: They're not all dead. There is a tree growing out of this end of it.

Nigel: It looks more dead than alive if you ask me.

Michael: He's done it to resemble a snake has he not? That's its head with all the broken chimney pots on it, with a saucer-shaped nose. Cor, can you believe the trains and this is only the afternoon!

Nigel: Look at all that woodland on the other side of the lines. They could make that into a park.

Michael: They'll only complain about the leaves on the railway lines.

Nigel: That's what he's doing downstairs, planting trees on this side of the railway embankment. He's definitely got a row of something in front of that fence.

Michael: He couldn't have planted that big one, it must be as old as him.

Nigel: No, of course not. He used that to define the line of the path and trees you daft bastard.

Michael: What is it anyway?

Nigel: It is one of those weed trees that grow everywhere. Hang on.

At this moment a train muted the conversation.

Nigel: Can you imagine living here without double glazing or sound insulation. That will drive you potty.

Michael: I thought you said it was quiet.

Nigel: In between the trains you can hear flowing water from somewhere, and the birds, crows I think.

Michael: It must be cold out there. The snow hasn't melted yet.

Nigel: Did you hear that? One of the neighbors swearing at something in their garden.

Michael: Well, you're not exactly a saint yourself are you?

Nigel: So fucking what! It's the way I was brought up, bricks and mortar, blood and water. Not like you, you pansy.

Michael: Oh no, no, no, no, no. You know absolutely nothing about me. Just because we've been working on this job together for over a year now doesn't mean anything. I do my job and you do yours.

A welcome pause interjected itself.

Nigel: Why do you think that guy's end fence bends in at the end? It doesn't follow the line of the new fence the railway authorities have put in.

Michael: Maybe he didn't want it square like everybody else's.

Nigel: You see what him downstairs has built at the end of his garden? He's made a wall of loose rocks and planted in the middle of it

some roses. And those bales of straw have got green things growing out the top of them.

Michael: I tell you what. The shit and rubbish everyone dumps over their back fence is atrocious. No one gives a care.

Nigel: That isn't dumped. He put those bales there deliberately.

Michael: I am not talking about that now. Look further along. There's a pile of the stuff. He must be cleaning the place up.

Nigel: What's his name?

Michael: Merlyn they call him.

Nigel: Who the fucking hell does he think he is?

Michael: Have you heard that music coming from his place?

Nigel: I mean, doesn't he work?

Michael: This is his project isn't it?

Nigel: What, that plaque on the front gate, 'Please leave donated plants here?'

Michael: What's the name of his garden?

Nigel: Uhh, tosoleric garden?

Michael: Ummh, losogeric garden?

Nigel: What was it, gerrysolic, solargerric, something to do with the sun isn't it?

Michael: Solarmerit, soglar.

Nigel: Suglar, suter, stolarmerit.

Michael: No, no, no. Strol, stog, stogger.

Nigel: Bollox, what does it mean anyway? No-one fucking remembers it anyway. What's the point of naming a project if you can't remember it?

Michael: Logger, sogger, togger.

Nigel: Oh shut up you tosser!!

Just before Peter had made that seemingly fateful journey to Spain he had fellow members of the Association around his house discussing business matters and future plans. Peter was a trustee and on this particular occasion he realized a series of major personal events to be witnessed. First, was the gathering of eight members of the management including himself at his house; it was an opportunity to show them his *creation*. Second, was the lunar eclipse and lastly, was the filling up of his new biological pond.

## The Eight

Eight, the number of the great  
Two snakes in heroic embrace  
The whole reflected in apposition  
Two rooms in the end of the world  
Around we follow the way of the Eight  
From Father to Son through Holy Spirit  
The perfect Pleroma drawn through the soul  
which destines with the personality in goal

The unconscious ego, an archetype of primality  
Strives for conscious realisation through pre-destination  
The subconscious soul being a mediating source  
Producing egoic dreams and visions of force  
Now conscious imaginings of objective reality  
Turn apart into subjective infinality  
A matter of historical enlightenment  
collected for Akashic development

Thus with the deliverance of the dark ones into lightness  
Make conscious the unconscious  
For amongst all our individual lives  
Is pictured the face of God  
Our Father who art in heaven  
Us Sons who lyeth in hell  
So be the Great One where lies all extremes  
Reflected in experience through mankind

And the soul ordained by Him  
To carry out His realisation  
Chooses man to voyage the depths  
whom plant the seeds of time  
So being in one with God  
we enlarge our sphere of life  
For knowledge is the expansion of consciousness  
Only consciously confined as individual

This particular song was unique, in that it was one of the few I could always remember the lyrics for. I must have written it about eight years ago now but the coincidences don't end there. It was in fact the 8<sup>th</sup> of November this day of the management meeting and it reminded me of the lunar eclipse in Cyprus. Two days prior to it happening and in complete ignorance of it I said to my second cousin, "In two days there will be an earthquake." Now, I was not feeling that sensitized at all to have made such a prophetic claim. I said it sarcastically almost wishing it would happen. But I must have been directing my comment at someone, which gives credence to the possibility that they were already aware of the lunar phenomenon. I have come to understand that public events are prophesied in such manner, without the conscious motive that would give it the personal bias for it to be called mere prediction. Intrinsically then, it necessitates the public awareness of such events in order to allow it to percolate the collective stream. This entails communicating to other members of the public in such an empathetic manner that channels are opened up. Again, it comes down to the simple phenomenon of influence, and it is a testament to my personality that I receive influence quite willingly without trying to overcome it. But there are conditions to this permission. For one, any conscious motivation on behalf of the emitter is unlikely to receive my sensitive ear. And secondly, the full comprehension of the knowledge in question is consciously hidden to the receiver, what some people may refer to as psychic transference. Otherwise I would not be able to prophesize such an event in terms to be described; becoming rather nothing more than proclamation and reiteration. But the prophets in society answer to the peoples' own hidden sentiments, for they receive it willingly and earnestly. It hails back to the book I was carrying at the time, *The Denkoroku - The Transmission of Light*, even though I've never read it.

Do you ever wonder why prophets make a name for themselves, bearing in mind that they don't go seeking it? It is all for the 'wrong' reasons. It is for the very fact that they prophesize which entails their elusive nature. A prophet cannot change the course of history. A true prophet does not issue warnings or alternatives; he or she is not listened to. For if they *were* listened to they would change the course of history, but this is not the nature of the prophet. Far from it, they become notorious for stating the situation as it is and how it occurred. They form a necessary link in the transmission of that knowledge; a medium for its expression. To change the course of history would mean to arrogate its interpretation; to make it personally responsible. But the prophet is universal; he or she is only a passive link.

So the prophet may express the sentimentality of the people but the people lie to themselves. They have closed their ears to the truth. That day in Cyprus I watched the moon with my uncle who pointed it out to me. He lives up in the hills and mountains. The moon, as it does, blackened from the bottom up. Now a few days later

I remember thinking thoughts that had occupied me some days before the lunar eclipse. That is, 'Can it be said that certain things are impossible? For instance, if the bucket moon above were inverted I would have to be amidst a natural catastrophe of sorts.'

It wasn't long before Peter got into his stride - the backlog of phone calls, letters and emails. There seem to be renewed energy around the permaculture crew, a sure sign that Peter was operating with high efficiency. He was arranging business meetings and checking over those gardens that really meant something to him. Running his business down was a natural development; he saw the direction he needed to go towards. But what it does provide is enough money to tick things over. The more Peter pursued a transcendent goal the more opportunity opened up before him and welcomed him. He recalled running an introductory course last year. During part of the weekend the group would turn up late to an event only to find that it was most beneficial to do so. To follow rigid lines was inviting too much stress and failure. Better to know not what was around the next corner. It was at these moments that synchronicity invited itself in, where the ego had no control, no say as to the next decision.

I never used to run that much, I'd cycle or walk and have the most ridiculous journeys. I used to get lost so often, could never remember road junctions. But it has occurred to me that I was already lost amidst a human construct - the city. Some days I would spend six, eight, nine, ten hours just walking. I may have been in a foreign country wandering around, very lamely I hasten to add, for some apparently meaningless cause. There was no experience of growing in this, it just felt that there was nothing else to do. The experience was merely visual; something of emotion was hardly apparent in my motive. But I do have a theory on this, and I have already said it - I wasn't growing. That is why I looked so young, and at the same time so physically ill. It could be hours, even days, before I could break this encapsulating bubble around me; meanwhile things stopped working inside. I had to literally kick-start my metabolism into gear. The people I associated with could see something of this, I am sure of it, even though they may not have understood the phenomenon themselves. They, puppets, were trying to initiate me into their world of rapid burn-up and high living, and they did for a while until years later I discovered something about the nature of sex. It is the root cause why the youth of today grow up so fast. I was being infused, contaminated with their lifestyles because that is the way the collective consciousness preserves itself, by proselytizing unto the creation of a mixed race, mixed economy, globalization. But my strings had got tangled up, and kicking my metabolism into gear was the equivalent of breaking a few strings free for a while, the ones that had got hold of my legs, But then I would run into someone

else's strings that is. 'Eight is the number of justice. There be hermits who, for lack of wanting contamination, recede into the blackness of mind, until ultimately mind gives up the ghost. And there be kings, and queens, and all the courtiers who fulfil their parts as preservers of the collective consciousness. They create it just as a thousand dullards weigh up their Libran fates to the bemusement of all who look down upon them.'

But in this house where I live now, a few years on, I could run all the time, for months on end. I could perpetually break free and develop my own personality. It is in this vein that I really started to take off again, just like I did immediately after my nose operation. All my years of learning ensured that fewer and fewer of other peoples' motives, strings, could trip me up for what seemed like a form of liberating theology. God was in me and so I became a gardener. I had printed up some leaflets for my self-employment business entitled "Permagarden - Thought-out gardens for foreseeable futures." I cut them up, four per sheet, and with apparently one hundred I posted them about 2 o'clock in the morning; a foggy, magical night, it was drizzly. I pictured the two roads I wanted to cover, an area with large gardens and very near to my own. I knew exactly the route I would take, now that I had been for a jog around the whole district. With no gardens to work with and to earn some necessary money I also worked as an enumerator for the ten-year census. This is only a month's work and training for it was just starting. One of the questionnaires in the preliminary handbook needed to be filled in and sent off to my district manager. I would also do this within the next few days. And so after I had done a round, I ran out of advertisement leaflets about fifteen doors away from my own road. In other words I was about fifteen leaflets short of my intended course of action. I jogged back home.

Within the next two days I read the rather informational notebook for my new job as an enumerator. I filled in the last questionnaire at the back and decided to post it to my area manager by hand. It suited me to do this whilst going for a jog; little known to me he lived, in fact, just around the corner. Now, I was not sure exactly the location of this road but it turns out to be the road I had posted leaflets to a few days earlier. When I jog I generally take random routes each time so I don't necessarily have to know the name of the road. This thinking maintains a passive ego. With envelope in hand I read the address of my area manager three, maybe four times, as house no. 108. I couldn't find it because the even numbers ended at around 76; the rest were allotments and a park. I went to the post office instead and posted it, before which I had just been to the bank inquiring about a business loan for my new gardening career. That same day my area manager rang and asked to deliver some leaflets missing from the initial introduction pack. He came round that evening and told me the address was number 105, not 108. That night I walked past his house on the way to the Half Moon pub to watch a live band, with my neighbor's son as its

singer. It was then that I recognized house no. 105 to be the house I stopped at during the posting of my garden leaflets a few days earlier; it would have been the next house to deliver to had I not ran out of them. Since I had also been searching for this house to deliver the test questionnaire to it would appear to indicate a meaningful coincidence here.

So with this in mind I provided some additional information. The morning of this diary entry I had a double natural genital emission, which naturally inveigles me to write or do other creative activity. During the second time I dreamed of having sex with a female in which the both of us culminate at the same time. These real dreams are now quite a regular activity. And in the same manner of old I would use the sacredness of morning to maintain a purity of thought. My deepest motives unfurled like an autumn leaf caught in a gentle whirl of the wind. The songbook endeared to me a musical endowment, just as it did in Spain before I hit the mountains on my bike. And so I sang and played 'The King and I' this morning before advancing my creativity to paper and pen. This culmination was doubly important, inducing me to the conscious determination of a number of decisive elements. *Completing Distinctions* by Douglas Flemons was prominent in my forethought, not least the conclusion of my own first book entitled *Being - the Evolution of Consciousness*. During these past few years I have read many a book cover to cover, Stephen Hawkings' *A Brief History of Time* being another epic, books that have their own destinies, bringing onto their readers the book's own self-perpetuation. But it is not the manner in which one would read for leisure or academic interpretation. No, each book allows me an insight into the author in so much as it recreates the context of his or her understanding. Hence one can recreate the book and the holistic thought that underlies it, but I stress one can go as deep as the unconscious motive that was allowed to govern it.

In this urban setting I would purge my infection of humanity by running during the most unsociable hours of the night. Every night, sometimes as far into it as when the birds begin their dawn chorus, and only then I would decide to go to sleep. During those times of heightened sensitivity generally no one was about to infect my personality. I went back to the threshold of consciousness where I could recreate mind in my own image. It was then that I knew I had a second book ready to go, the complexity of thought becoming so subjective that it requires its own special audience. With this book I will be placed on a pedestal.

Entitled *The Magician's Handbook*, Book II, it arrogated to itself the unfinished chapter of Book 1. This is true to what I understand about myself, that I can never finish anything because my whole being is circular in behavior. In order to achieve my target I must always go beyond. I am rife with synchronicity, not

definitive and objective - those stiff clothes of humanity that tell one what parts of the establishment they are allowed to enter. I establish my own self, for all things come to me.

Michael: I am grabbing a cup of tea from the van.

Nigel: Bring us one up.

Michael: Don't you think you should turn the radio down a bit, he might be studying or something.

Nigel: Na, I'm working. Anyway, I am waiting for the futa to come on.

Peter was stirring from his morning's meditative work. A perfect day would permit him to do the housework before he set out. In his kitchen he would have a separate bag for food scraps; this he took to the front garden where he had a clean, plastic tumbler for composting. It was one of those that needed filling up all in one go, spun a few times, and hey presto, after a few weeks, beautiful black humus. But most people can't compost efficiently, simply because they don't have the time or commitment. Peter throws the stuff in, cardboard, paper and food, reseals it and gives it another spin. It will take the whole winter to fill that baby up, mild as the winter is. Still, better *late* than never.

Peter's worm bins in the back get overfed so he is resolved to make use of this decent bit of equipment he found that was being thrown out. Too embarrassed to keep somebody else's rubbish? Never! How often he finds stuff worth hundreds of pounds. Just the other day he discovered a whole tool box and tools, with furniture and other goodies, in a skip. She was adamant, "Oh, it's about time we had a good clean out." "But leave it outside your front gate or take it to the charity shops. Someone will have it." But she replied, "You know, even the charity shops are refusing it, there is so much of it," which is very true of course. And so the basement had become Peter's zone 5 - the wilderness zone. It wasn't quite managed wilderness - zone 4, but he saw its semblance with the railway embankment and knew that one day it will need fully cleaning up. He caught the builder just going out.

Peter: How d'ya do?

Michael: Okay, actually.

Peter: How long before somebody moves in?

Michael: Oh, its months away. Still a whole house for yourself.

'Not that I could live in it as a whole house,' Peter thought.

Peter: Thanks for keeping the porch and entrance hall clean. I know when you are coming. Every time I do the Hoovering, the following day you lot turn up. But I suppose you cannot keep all the dust off the carpets.

Michael: Yes, I always throw down dustsheets. Well it's not nice is it? Ere, is that too loud for you upstairs?

Peter: I'm okay. It's a bit of a blessing. I used to get banging and shouting when the previous occupants lived here. Now I have got the evenings to myself.

In fact recently in the last year the neighbors on one side sold up and the old lady on the other died. Consequently there has been a fresh input of personalities from both sides and that usually means house redecoration. Well, they did seem to take it in turns, and now that the two neighbors are finished it was only right that Peter should start with his own bang, bang, scrape, brush sequence.

Michael: You're a gardener aren't you? I've seen you pulling that bike trailer around.

Peter: Yeh, I try to do one or two days a week. Keeps me fit, saves on fuel. I am a local gardener; some of the hills around here are a bit difficult but I do get up them. I started my business years ago in North London with that bike trailer but then I put it away when my bike got nicked with the trailer attachment still on it. But here's an example of how 'two wrongs can make a right.'

Michael: Yeh?

Peter: See these two bikes?

Michael: Yeh.

Peter: Well firstly, how do I justify having two bikes? One is a road bike for long distances, the other is a teenager's mountain bike. Look how high I have to raise the saddle on the mountain bike in order to feel comfortable on it. By the way, I built both these bikes after I had found them dumped or being thrown out. Now look at the trailer attachment. I bought that connector years later when I was living in Bristol. It is a piece of naff design. When you attach it the way it was designed to be made as soon as one goes around a corner the trailer topples over. So having a teenager's bike with a long saddle pole, a trailer connector that

is crap, and a bike trailer, the three of which were acquired over a six year period, I now justify bringing them all together. If I invert the use of the connector so that the pole socket is used to slide up and down beneath the saddle, and then bolt the other end of it to the pole arm of the trailer I get four-way movement at least; up and down and twisting from side to side. I mean surely, the connector was not designed for this purpose. It relies on a chromed saddle pole for its easy movement. This is an example of how two wrongs can make a right and it justifies keeping once-defunct items out of storage.

Michael: You could give rides in the back of this.

Peter: Oh, I have done, it is that strong, me with the trailer. Can I get you guys a cup of tea?

Michael: Oh yeh, no, I was just going to get my flask from the van. What is the name of your project?

Michael went to read the plaque on the gatepost.

Michael: Soteriologic garden. It is difficult to say, and remember. What's it mean?

Peter: Divine salvation. I save plants, then give them away. There is only salvation for those who inquire; otherwise it has no bearing whatsoever. It is like, if you come into this world and you learn the law, the law becomes your savior, and you must follow it. Everybody needs salvation who learns of the concept. It is a paradox really. Plants don't have thoughts, well as far as we know. So why should they need saving? Humans do though. By coming to my garden I introduce them to the plants; the need-saving are introduced to the awaiting-saving. The plants that are donated are from humans, taken out of their natural environment. A plant not in its natural environment ceases to be a plant, pets also. All these domesticated plants and animals have imprints of the human condition, personified projections. Thus, those brought to my garden find salvation.

Michael: You know, they say that praying to your plants makes them grow more. They've done these experiments and seen actual results.

Peter: I know. I don't doubt it. I know the power of mind. In ecological circles we are getting closer and closer to metaphysical interpretations, at this moment in time loosely referred to as the synergistic effect.

Michael: What's that?

Peter: Well, to recreate the synergistic effect one must replicate what the Earth is doing. Every plant has a place, so does every other living being. Things live and die for the benefit of the whole, and only through this understanding can those benefits be conferred. When we plant something it does much better if it forms a natural association with everything else. Of course, the mind is not capable of computing decisions the Earth makes when genetically a being finds itself naturally in its place. No, the ultimate decision to make is nurtured through the natural comprehension of the instinct to do the right thing; to allow unconscious processes to dictate the natural way of things. Are you with me?

Michael: Yeh. Merlyn, that's your name isn't it? I don't mean to be rude or anything.

Peter: No that's okay. Anyhow, synergistic effects cannot be explained fully yet scientifically. It just works. It is a bit like praying. A sort of meditative effect is conveyed and a purer stream of energy is imparted. It is argued that the earth is a living being, Gaia. It operates as a whole. Each plant and animal, through descendancy, draws from this complete energy process. We must assume that this complete energy process is likened to the praying effect. What praying in fact does, meditation in other words, is remove the inhibiting processes of a fragmented mind. It allows this purer form of energy transmission. This must be the synergistic effect, allowing things to take their natural place. And that is what I encourage here in this garden, allowing things to take their place. I do not ask people to come, that decision is made by them. I merely offer them a refuge. I like to think that a global destiny induced that plant to find its way into my garden where it has a better survival rate. But hear this. Say, for instance, the plant brought the owner instead, rather than the other way round. The owner is the one

who needed saving, the plant was awaiting saving. In order to save the plant we have to remove the imprints that humanity has made upon it. The plant, in a global act of preservation, found its way to my garden so that its owner's imprints could be removed. And thus, in my custody, the plant regains a natural place, one in which it is purged of humanity's enforced subjectification. Like praying, a collective voice embodies the purer spirit much more than an individual one, and that is me, a collective voice.

Michael: But you are human as well. You must create imprints, or whatever you call it, on the plants also.

Peter: No, the human in me is passive; I am an animal. The people who come here are subject to their plants' needs, but they don't know it like that. They see it as a personal act and not a global act. They are human. They think that to make a difference in life is to add, not to take away.

Michael: So you don't save humans then. You just clean them up, clean them out of plants.

Peter: I suppose you could put it like that. I act on the collective level, do things for the benefit of the whole. These actions are not always noted, may even be wrongly judged. The poor human who comes here to donate a plant that needs saving thinks he or she is doing it for the benefit of the plant. They get personal gratification in that. I call these people activists. If they were donating a very rare plant, on the brink of extinction, they may even consider themselves as global activists. But really, it is personal gratification a lot of the time. The plant on the other hand is the passivist, and from the perspective of the plant the human can be seen as fulfilling the plant's own needs; humans just cannot see it on those terms. That is what makes them human. To be an activist or a passivist implicates a paradigmatic shift of consciousness, in one direction or the other.

Michael: Hang about, big words bother me.

Just then a bellow came from upstairs. It boomed.

Nigel: Where's my fucking tea?

Michael: Hang about.

Merlyn went to the compost bin and placed another bag of kitchen waste through the top. Michael slowly walked to the van, head fixed slightly downwards. He promptly returned.

Michael: So, you are a prophet and a teacher?

Peter: No, I am more than that. If I say I am a human does that make me an animal?

Michael: Yes.

Peter: And if I say I am an animal does that make me human?

At this moment Nigel came down.

Nigel: Alright mate. Wait for a cup of tea you wait forever with him.

Peter: We were just talking about my garden.

Nigel: Ere, what's all that straw out there for?

Peter: I grew potatoes in it last year. You can plant them straight in the middle, and so long as you feed them you will get shitloads of clean potatoes. But I couldn't get out there, with the fence renovation they done, and then the drought. A few of my plans were scuppered, just temporarily.

Nigel: Like your pond.

Peter: When are you likely to remove the scaffolding?

Nigel: See the boss. He tells us what to do.

Michael gave Nigel a cup of tea from a flask. It was almost like a votive offering to allow himself to join the conversation again.

Michael: Soteriologic garden. It means divine salvation.

Nigel: Yeh, right. Mervyn isn't it. Must work...

And with that Nigel went back upstairs.

Peter: He has already found his name for me.

Michael: You put up those printed sayings on that piece of wood there. Is that for us to read?

Peter: Don't rack your brains over them.

Michael: Funny that you got a garden bench here. You probably get the postman taking a breather. What are you saying here? "What is life if it isn't work? What is life if it isn't play? What is life if it isn't joy? Anything else is death and you'd be living on borrowed time."

Peter: Have you never had the perfect day?

Michael: Yeh, not when I am doing this job.

Peter: Right, that is because you don't enjoy your work. Even playing with your kids can be tedious.

Michael: How do you know if I have kids?

Peter: It is an expression only. But you remember the time when you were a boy, the joy of living?

Michael: Yes, not many memories but they were free times.

Peter: It is the instinct that is free. The child is free from the everyday grind of human labor, protected under its parent's wing. For most of us in the civilized world we have happy childhood memories. I personally don't have that many memories during this time but the ones I have could be likened to the Fields of Elysium. You know, that Greek place of happiness. Except it is not human happiness. It is the happiness of the instinct, the joy of living. I created my own way of living based upon the nurturing of the instinct. It took years but now I am really appreciating the freedom of my life, and so are my acquaintances it appears. I am into personal development. The problem with the human world is that it openly affronts the instinct in its attempt to harness it, not nurture it. It created a superficial concept of time. There are benefits of subscribing to contemporary modes of living, as you well know, but I guarantee that all those pleasures you get from this chronological way of life do not compare to the sacrifices you have had to make. To me the whole of life is worth living for; the joy is in living, not the making do. So, there is a natural responsibility to work, a natural responsibility to play, the first inherent in the second, and a natural responsibility to joy, the first and second naturally inherent in the third.

If life is not seen in these terms of context everything else is not living, it is death, a death ground out of chronology. It is too much to ask people to renounce their dutiful roles of modern society. I like to think that I am just an example for others to follow.

Michael: We know this, but we forget about it. We get on in life.

Peter: Do you ever find meaning in life?

Michael: Yeh, but probably not like you.

Peter: Some people call it serendipity, this happy way of living. If you could experience childhood joy again you'd see all these synchronicities happening. This is a Jungian phrase. You have heard of Jung?

Michael: Yeh, I have got a degree in clinical psychology.

Peter: Oh fuck me, let's carry on then. Well a child does not have the developed objectivity to be able to understand these meaningful coincidences. The child has huge potential though and, if cultivated, would give rise to a magical person, like me. Why do you think you get all those stories about childhood magicians or boy kingships, because all of us fantasy writers have understood something about the potential of childhood experience, as yet uncorrupted by Man and his failings. It is an earnest appeal to one's own being. The joy comes in seeing the certainty of what you are doing, the bigger picture. Let me give you an example of a few years ago now.

I was in Cyprus, I inquired about getting the boat from Limassol to Athens. The boat does not leave for another couple of days yet.

Yesterday, on one of my trips to the internet café, I inquired around to see where I could watch the Watford-Fulham game on Sky TV. This was an event I had been looking forward to; a rather egotistically-awaited game actually, the two teams at the top of the First Division. I had been following them for 20 years, it is hard to let go of some things.

Michael: What, you're a Fulham fan?

Peter: Watford, mate. Well, not any more. I gave up supporting any team. The best support is to play for them.

Michael: Why d'ya support Watford for?

Peter: My eldest brother was a big Elton John fan and he got me into Elton John. And then he said to me, "Why don't you support Watford,

Elton John is the chairman," so I replied "Alright then." It so happens that I had to return to Kato Pathos and watch the game there. On the way back, quite unconsciously, I was drawn towards an archaeological site off the side of the road. Entering it, it turned out to be manmade rock recesses once used for domestic purposes. I climbed through the crevices and carved staircases. I was really inwardly excited by the experience, in fact I was going through one of my sensitized moments. I had a revelation of thought, that I had to find a structure to sit within and a need to write it down. Basically what I concluded was, that there are two levels of subjectification occurring, an environmental stimulus that generates a genetic evolution, and a "projected" stimulus, itself capable of sensitizing the human being. It is so that the latter is a mind-motivated event and only conduces to a temporary passivity within the individual.

Michael: Why is that?

Peter: Because all mind-motivated events cannot take the context of the whole through its decision making. A finite mind will only create a finite passivity. Needless to say human culture is continually changing to cater for this factor. On the other hand genetic evolution appeals directly to an environmental passivity. One evolves much slower on this level, with this lack of objective content in mind. Objectivity, on the other hand, conditions a self-perpetuating objective culture. This explains the myriad of different races in circulation.

Michael: But objectivity is not necessarily ego.

Peter: No, it is the terminology I was beginning to develop at the time of Cyprus. I now consider a difference of understanding between being objectively developed and objectively rooted. In other words, the latter indicates the presence of egotism, more so egoism. You see the power of objectivity in language. Understanding, as one looks back in time, can be conveyed with the minimum of words. But there is an evolution of mind that necessitates the qualifying of words even further now. You can understand why the commandments were just single words.

Michael: And baby talk also.

Peter: What I term as "magic" could only be a cultural factor once ape had evolved enough to begin to nurture the subjective experience with objective content.

Michael: As you were saying about the potential of children.

Peter: A mightily slow process at first, it will accelerate with every age. I fear today that this process is actively being monopolized, or as the case may be, confined to the individual because the rest of culture has become flooded with objective behavioral patterns. This is so that a mind-motivate consciousness is developed quickly enough to snuff out true realization of this process of an environmentally or unconsciously motivated source. Such a process would have to be nurtured from a young age in innocence. This cannot be the case all the time one is motivating it directly from its mindful application. Cro-Magnon then exploded onto the scene as a culture. They may be considered as the first major benchmark of objective culture, albeit still in its primacy it was nurtured into a subjective will. Preceding these "magic"-users would be millions of years of a slow, gradate process of collecting 'enough' objective content before it could really make its mark.

So anyway, as I wrote this stuff I was sitting on top, unnoticeably, of a mosaic. Some tourists came by and mentioned this point which I had not previously realized; I thought it was just a shelter. One of them described it as a depiction of Orion. I did a round of the site and returned to the structure. Badly damaged, at first what I thought to be a serpent was in fact two fish-like creatures in perfect symmetry face to face. The heads were damaged. Another depiction showed a man with one hand raised; badly damaged it may well have been Orion. Sometime afterwards, I can't remember now, hours or a few days later, I swam around a substantial length of Pathos' shore for thirty minutes, right out beyond the rock breakers. In the water was a bulge. It shocked me at first so I stopped swimming. To my utmost joy though I quickly realized that I was observing a huge turtle. I swam right up to it, touched it and stroked it. I was laughing with joy - what a moment! I picked it up, it was light, looked at its face on and rubbed noses with it. Only on writing down these experiences much later did I realize the synchronicity of events.

Michael: So this is the joy of meaningful coincidences, unconscious motivation.

Peter: Yes, but it didn't end there. Consciousness can give new definition to an event years down the line. It will obviously stick in my mind very deeply, just like any real childlike experience but shall I tell you something else?

Peter did not wait for a reply.

Peter: It is no wonder that we search for God, we are searching for our real selves, who we are truly. And how the unconscious can manifest at any time as of the breaking of the water's edge on sand. Two months on from the time of writing those entries I realized yet something else; the turtle is an island, an island of a sea-fort.

Michael: What is the significance of that?

Peter: It is my name, Merlyn, 'an island of a sea fort.' That was the two fishlike images in the mosaic.

Michael: I seem to have lost track of time. I need to work Merlyn. Catch up later.

Peter walked back into the hallway navigating past two bikes, one suspended from the ceiling for easy storage, the other rather restricting access to his front door; he will have to do something about that in the future. A healthy door needs to open at least 90° and access to the door should always be accessible face on. These were the essential ingredients of a healthy house - a portal diet. He was not a Feng Shuist by deliberate design but any design methodology based on wisdom was always going to appeal to him. Peter knew he was a natural, at everything - that is the magician within him. But the thing that indicated this natural adaptability more than anything else was that potential to create something new the first day as well as one would do it years down the road. Even accidents fulfill these, natural and serendipitous lifestyles, whether it involves political, social, economic or physical factors. To give an example, about two years ago Peter had bought a van for his business; the bike trailer still redundant at the time. Originally advertised for £1200 in a paper, the car dealer was selling it for £800 at the garage. When Peter got there the young boy offered it for £700; he asked to take it on a test ride. The boy was a bit reluctant. The vehicle ground a bit but it seemed a bargain; Peter put a deposit down. No sooner had he done so the father of the boy came in and disputed why the kid sold it for so cheap.

As Peter left the office the poor kid came running out afterwards with some cock-and-bull story about their other garage already selling it to someone else. It may have been true. Legally, Peter was in his right to claim the vehicle because he had a deposit slip. He wasn't going to argue it though and mooched off to his car pondering where to go next. After ten minutes of sitting inside the boy came back out and re-offered the van for £800 - Peter accepted. Peter had a full service done on it at his own local garage. By this time he was encouraging as much local exchange-trading as was feasible. The garage owner rang up a week later to say that he couldn't get the vehicle started. So Peter rang the AA. It was obvious the garage owner had done some work to the vehicle even if in this case he had to roll it out onto a side street.

If you buy second-hand you have got to learn to use one's know-how. A permaculturist has to be a tinker to a large degree, politically, socially, economically and physically. Even if that is not entirely possible then one should still look about locally. This way, services are maintained in a smaller, interactive sphere in which the value of every pound spent is multiplied as that pound is made to work harder locally. Of course, it requires the payee to do likewise, but above all it encourages healthy societies that are not dependent too much on uncontrollable, external factors. It is all part of the self-empowering process and taking responsibility for oneself. Professional services though, amongst their benefits also, have segregated one's hands from their minds, turning them into under-used pen-pushers. The crafter's life has unfortunately become a fringe market.

So having called the AA they fixed the van within thirty minutes; saying that the points had closed. Peter eventually got every penny back from the garage owner in lieu of an ensuing court case but in the meantime he took the vehicle over to Spain; the gearbox rattled apart and the clutch burnt out. His father had come to collect him at the port of Bilbao but it seemed more a curse than a blessing. The interesting thing was that just prior to falling apart, the gearbox that is, they had decided to visit relatives in La Rioja, the great wine region of Spain. Peter had never met them before but it was a place his mother had spent time as in her youth. Within a kilometer of leaving their grand hospitality the vehicle died. A day of negotiation with the emergency services and a van was ready for collection at the next town. It snowed the night before, just for one day, enough to prevent the roads being driven on; cars were having accidents all over the region. The taxi drivers refused to pick them up; they were stuck there for five days. It was cold and isolated, but the relatives were wonderful people. When Peter and his father eventually got out they transferred all the gear over to another van and the old van was kept in a garage under lock and key. On arriving at Catalonia they next proceeded to change the van over for a Citroen Xsara - 800 km on a tank, CD player, air-conditioned, it was getting better. That was the only time he could afford to see beautiful Granada and the rest

of Andalucía further down the south coast; Gibraltar was an experience by itself. He returned from that particular trip to Spain and purchased a second-hand gearbox. That was faulty also despite the guarantee, and so they reconditioned it for no extra charge. That is a saving of about £300. He ordered a clutch. It was the wrong one so the auto store, in apology, gave him the best, at no extra charge. That was another saving of about £100. But the real experience was learning to fit them to his van for he was never a car mechanic up to this point in time.

These fortuitous 'accidents' happen time and time again; bike punctures that only occur after one arrives at their destination, fifty miles away. Or a theft that ensures all tools are replaced new - well, that is the nature of insurance - but which happens just before the commencement of the gardening season. Is it simple positivism or may one say something of the dialectic on these matters. It may be that, without being a Sophist, one could discuss, more so resolve the issues at hand simply by reasoning away why such arduous, sometimes poignant, frictional, experiential encounters occur and how it develops a previously unseen metaphysical bridge of understanding. It is a reality unburdening of the enlightened in which Man hopes to achieve a resolution of his true spirit. It is a coming-of-age, a coming-to-knowing, not a Platonic philosophy. Of these matters, Peter further recalled something of that time in Cyprus

On the ship to Athens from Limassol there were not many passengers, maybe 15 at the most. Again, I was particularly 'charged up', sensitized. At this point in time I had stopped on chapter nine of *Twilight of the Idols* by Nietzsche, at which point Nietzsche is heavily critical of the dialectic. I don my black cap and leave the vehicle. On the front of the cap is a symbol '8'. It has its own story back in England but I had off-handedly picked up this cap from the top of a pile in a basket and subsequently purchased it. At that moment a synchronous relationship dawned on me. One of my work colleagues had said then that it was a Celtic symbol, this stylized '8'. I remember talking about its symbology as an infinite sign and then proceeding to give a teaching, using the parable of the sowed seed. I referred to different levels of consciousness accorded to how the seed fared in potential. It occurred to me that at this moment in time I was cold and slightly emaciated.

There was a delay in the boat leaving and I overheard an argument at reception. I could not understand it. Whilst some of us were waiting on deck leaning over the stern balustrade I noticed a Ukrainian girl from the scene of the argument. I asked her what the problem was. She said, "No problem, we leave." Later, as I was jogging around the deck in quite blustery conditions at night, my black cap blew backwards off my head and down some stairs where a turn in the corner led to a door. Curiously thinking this was a portentous occasion I went through. It just so happens

that I'd missed supper and it gave way into the kitchen where one of the deck hands offered me some sandwiches. I got talking to him. He told me about the case of the Russian who attempted, on a previous trip, to flee the boat at Israel. He, himself, had caught them and the staff responsible for their attempt were sacked. The Russians were returning to Cyprus and this was the politic that was causing a delay. The following day at the variety show I burned up. Why? There is something of synchronicity here.

Peter entered through his front door. Stuck to the front of it was a gift card from a client friend who had been to the Aztec exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts. It depicted an upright anthropomorphic figure of a dragon painted on a drum skin of sorts. It could be any other religious artifact as well; beautiful, nevertheless. He wondered what people thought of it after all these months.

A friend of a friend had contacted him regarding permaculture happening in South London. Since this particular area was a permacultural void Peter considered himself as an ambassador of sorts as now with his new allotment project the possibility of other courses happening really opened up. She invited him to a local ceilidh run by a dynamic group of people who call themselves Green Angels.

If one creates a fertile environment the talent just erupts forth. This is something of the hidden potential locked up and locked out of the real land, a land of sacredness and embodied sapience. But groups of people like this are happening everywhere, a culture within a culture full of individuals.

And then the most extraordinary artist came forth. An artist who himself runs a talent night-out which alone could put Edinburgh in the shade. His name was Paradox. "I have a book for you; as I say, I found it on the way up." It was like the meeting of an old friend. These people, like the modern movement of pagans, follow a thirteen-month lunar calendar based upon Mayan knowledge. The Mayans had many calendrical years, which of course are all related to each other. Originating in Central America they make a point of reading destiny in the cosmos and its visual representation, the firmament.

Something was definitely rising in Peter and he seemed to be going through a cycle of experiences as when he first had this paradigmatic consciousness shift during his twenties. He noted how his mental breakdown happened then at the commencement of 18 years of age. It was a time when he wanted more and more responsibility, and now he could see all that happening again with his fast approaching 36<sup>th</sup> birthday. He had been developing a new song on his guitar and now felt it appropriate, since the inception of these new friendships, to write a lyric. In seemingly incongruous conditions, with great joy in his heart amid these people of Mayan legacy, he wrote *The Prophet's Triumph*.

# The Prophet's Triumph

Little man, wondering son  
Blowing sand through your hands  
Dervish, devilish, diva developing  
Whirling, whining, witchy willowing  
Tornadoes turning, table topping

Bush burning, tree lopping  
Give me your sheep, Give me your homes  
Bow to my feet, hearken your moans  
Render your bones to the Eternal High  
Give me a chorus of plutonic sighs

Let me hear you weep and cry  
Amid the wailing monster's eye  
Around you spin in anxious grin  
Amid the din of all your sins

Meet your maker, the grimmest reaper  
Come to me you utter faker  
Come to daddy, galactic slayer  
Moan in just your cosmic prayer

I played that night, naturally. I played 'The Eight.' The following day I did something that I hadn't done since my early twenties. I wore my tracksuit bottoms without any underwear; another layer of human clothing thrown to the wind. Is this another 18-year cycle, if so one in which I can now expect what is going to happen? The prophet beckons.

It is a full moon this day. What natural ability I had the night before has now also been thrown to the wind. I have been reduced to my bones but I persevere. I have a choice to play at the full moon jam tonight but my lean-to greenhouse is

demanding much of my time to build. I don't rush, but observe the incredibly amateurish bricklaying. It is the worst incidence of bricklaying I have ever had to do - the mortar was absolutely swimming. But I persevered. I set up night lights and a canopy to stop the rain penetrating; luna-cy in its full element now. And I finish. What have I built? Nothing more than a raised bed that looks more like a Mayan stepped pyramid. Wait, I recall the conversation I had just last night after I left the swimming pool and before going to the night club. I met, on passing, two residents of one of the gardens I used to work at. Drunk, I made the conversation short. I mean, what worth is there talking to somebody who abuses the power of speech? "That stone, the big triangle that has fallen from the gate post. They are taking it away. You want it don't you Merlyn?" It was an apex, and yea I did want it but it weighs a ton. "I can hardly budge it. Listen, have a happy New Year." What empty words.

It had been a while now since Peter last culminated. Both the new moon and the full moon had passed without emission. But a series of events emphasized the deliberate design apparent in life. This very morning he had culminated at about 3am. He knew this because it tended to give him a surge of conscious waking energy just after emission. Unfortunately, it was also accompanied by the loosing of his bowels, a phenomenon of which after eighteen years was only now showing relief. In general he had been incredibly healthy over the last six to twelve months but in this instance he seems to have lapsed.

The flat was freezing even in this mild winter and yesterday the builders turned up, only for about five minutes. At exactly the same time the man from a water-heating company arrived to make some measurements. It seemed the wisest thing to get all the pipes laid prior to redecorating and fixing new carpet, and going over to gas has a lot less impact on carbon dioxide emissions than electricity. It was one of the reasons why Peter moved over to a 100% renewable electricity company. You have got to walk your talk and that usually means getting more efficient with your domestic budget since any sustainable services at the moment can cost you through the nose. No more of those night storage heaters, the ones that heat up the house when you are not there. A combination boiler with instant hot water; radiators all thermostatically controlled. It would probably be too much to ask for a high accuracy stat and timer controls, with advance controllers such as optimizers and compensators to take in consideration seasonal and ephemeral adjustment. In an old house like this the draught proofing would need to be sorted out first, which is why they have always put radiators under windows so that the cold air circulates the hot air around the room.

After everyone had left the most curious of things happened, he heard a solo figure come through the front door and into the porch to walk steadily up the stairs

to the top flat. Peter knew it not to be the builders; the gait was all different. To him, it sounded like a woman. Quickly ignoring her he traversed into the garden and continued work on his 'Mayan stepped pyramid.' A familiar high pitched ringing sound came to ear, sometimes it was his left, others his right. It quickly faded but Peter knew it to be a change of consciousness. In fact he had been ill for years with this so-called tinnitus, so called because even the specialist told him that he did not suffer from it. In his twenties it escalated so much that he was convinced someone next door was emitting a radio signal. He took on the police for their failure to investigate, culminating in a court case that was thrown out. "The police are not legally bound to investigate," he was told. The families of the Peter Sutcliffe murders were made quite apparent of this fact. That was the quiet word their solicitor had in his ear. Still, they dropped any court fees, an act of compassion if ever he knew one. It reminded him of the other incident where he rang up the police in the middle of the night from his bedsit flat in North London. His flat mate had to politely dismiss the police in the early hours of the morning and replace the phone back on the hook. The pain of those sounds drove him mad. They used to go on for hours.

Now, in his garden, it was a curious thing. With the short sound came indecision. He had lost the unconscious motive, now buried under some human scruple. He couldn't decide how to fix the last course of bricks, whether it should overlap this way or that, or not at all. Pacing up and down the garden he asked, more talked, to himself, 'How does one make decisions?' He fumbled at all the possibilities, fragmented elements that made any holistic, intuitive decisions mere impressions of a bygone age. He looked at it this way, that way, quickly moving down into the infinite finity of human living. "That's it!" he exclaimed, "I will build a structure that allows for the greatest number of possibilities in design implementation so that I am never restricted to narrow solutions." But in the end he went with his heart's desire and chose a way that allowed for little mental calculation. Anyone who understands the unconscious motive, this holistic way of thinking, knows that to know too much can be damaging to a complete vision. That is when knowledge becomes superfluous; it confuses and agitates, it humanizes. Decision making; 'I remember that time I was in Egypt, at the Giza plateau in Cairo. I saw the Great Pyramid beckoning before me and I wanted to climb to the top. This once great monument encased in polished limestone was now awfully eroded, not a square block remaining. But I wanted to climb it. I drifted from the tourist group who headed out no sooner had we arrived. Looking around there didn't seem to be many guards. Besides, it was Ramadam, not exactly the most energetic time in the year. I leapt like a goat, sensitized to the hilt, scrambling up the enormity of this structure. I wasn't even tired but then a voice summoned me. The guard seemed to be inquiring. 'What right do I have to climb? This is not my monument.' I considered a little further. There was nothing to gain here,

not yet, maybe not on this level. So I came down satisfied knowing that one day they may just let me go without all this dodging and diving. I only reached a third of the way up, and when I arrived at the bottom, unapproached, I walked to the opposite corner. There, about half way up were two Europeans on a special expedition for the coming New Year celebrations. 'I would have met them at the top,' I thought. 'What a surprise they would have had.'

That night just prior to culmination I had one of those real-like vivid dreams. A beautiful young girl living in a metal transport container, not unlike the one we own in Spain, passed by me. I was walking along a road with some acquaintances. A crow came down and landed on my head - it scratched me with her talons. Later that day the memory of the dream remained strong. But it evoked another memory of an encounter I had once in Ireland, quite recent also.

Peter: I don't know where you get your information from or how you assess information but I believe you are under a misunderstanding. Your friend came to me that time I first met her. But I believe myself to be a holy man.

Anne: I know, you have already told me.

Peter: I work for the environmental movement and I consider myself a spiritual teacher. I move around and encourage spiritual awareness. Why have you followed me to my tent?

Anne: Let's get this straight. I have not followed you. I have come to look at the stars.

Peter: But all the guys you have just left behind to party, you have given them a false impression.

Anne: What do you mean?

Peter: Well, I have not indulged in sexual relations for many years.

Anne: No. Do not get me wrong. Let's make that clear. I have come here to view the stars.

Peter: So why did you buy those guys 15 bottles of beer and then walk off? My greatest moments are with animals. Like that dog I told you about which appeared out of nowhere and walked with me for three hours over cliff tops and stone walls. That dog loved me utterly.

He paused a moment.

Peter: There's the Great Bear and over there, Pleiades, the Eye of the Bull. Above me I think that's Aries. One day I will observe the heavens. I will get to know all the constellations again.

Anne: Did you see that shooting star?

Peter: I am waiting for my chariot pulling the sun along, rather carrying it.

Anne: The night is so clear.

Peter: This is the third night in a row I could see the Milky Way out here. Wow, did you see that shooting star?

Anne: Yes.

Peter: The tail on it! That's one of the best shooting stars I have ever seen. The Ancients would say that it portended the destruction of an empire or the coming of a king. It could be the same event.

There is a mystery here. For who walketh in those dreams where at each culmination some great lesson is brought to a head. It is no other than Merlyn who talks to the animals; the Merlyn of the wilderness, of the railway embankment, of the other world, guiding me, rearing me. "Kings make kings, do they not?" And each lass, each bred virgin of witches stock would tempt me out of magical transcendence at every culmination. But I had begun to understand this years ago; Merlyn was being awoken from his long sleep gradually as a head tosses from side to side in conscious appellation. The dragon was beginning to rear its form again. This time, the lass was rejected. This time something of the Merlyn of old was coming to the fore. The sword of destiny may have been in my grasp but it was Merlyn who brought me here. And as the years have passed by so this great unification, a confluence of two rivers, comes of age.

## Chapter 4 Son of Sun

I visited the Acropolis. Because I took my guitar I had to leave it at the gatehouse. On returning I picked it back up and then proceeded to the 'Prophet's Rock,' where I ate some food and commenced to remove my guitar from its case. The top 'E' string was loose. There was no tuning peg on this string, which suggests that it may have been tampered with; it conduces to help one put their hand on an object inside the

hollow of the body. The only tuning peg I had to hand was detachable. As I commenced to utilize it, it fell from my hands and over the edge of the rock - a 50ft drop. Was something trying to tell me to stop playing? I appeared to have nothing to substitute it with. But just this day I brought my harmonica with me, and a slit in its construction served the purpose of acting as a tuning peg. I played and, feeling disgusted with the way the police had apprehended me earlier, opted for my "prophetic" songs. The analogy was this. During my earlier meal I was eating olives and spitting the pips out towards the edge. When a pip would plunge off the edge I signaled to myself to stop eating more of them, even whilst ate more. But this act of synchronicity would only make itself apparent afterwards, such is the nature of propheticism.

In the hotel at Athens I was utterly bored, not feeling to do anything. I browsed through my songbook and saw the verse written of a lyric not made into a song yet. I knew what I wanted to call it, *Son of Sun*, after some deliberation about the raising of the sun god - the Resurrection. The lyric is a formulae - one verse goes into the other and back round again. As I started to sing it with an impromptu guitar display I heard a clash of thunder. These electric storms were common in the Mediterranean and lasted only briefly. It occurred to me that the song reminded me of the Sons of Thunder in the New Testament, also termed as the Boernergeres.

### *Son of Sun*

*Raise me up into the sky  
Feel my body, see the light  
Raise me up into the light  
See my body fill the sky  
Raise me up into the sky  
See my body, feel the light  
Raise me up into the light  
Fill my body, see the sky*

*Bring me down into the ground  
Seed my body, free the light  
Bring me down into the light  
Free my body, cede the ground  
Bring me down into the ground  
Free my body, seed the light*

*Bring me down into the light  
Cede my body, free the ground*

*Raise me up into the sky  
Seed my spirit, free the dark  
Raise me up into the dark  
Free my spirit, cede the sky  
Raise me up into the sky  
Free my spirit, seed the dark  
Raise me up into the dark  
Cede my spirit, free the sky*

*Bring me down into the ground  
Feel my spirit, see the dark  
Bring me down into the dark  
See my spirit fill the ground  
Bring me down into the ground  
See my spirit, feel the dark  
Bring me down into the dark  
Fill my spirit, see the ground*

I composed the music for *Son of Sun* a few days after I initiated writing it. Its final composition was finished on the Wednesday. On the Thursday I had arranged flippantly to play a game of soccer. I got there late and so sat on the sidelines. As I pondered, a rocky hill loomed out of the distance and it almost felt to beckon me. I wanted to run anyway, to continue my daily activities here. Thinking to go to the local stadium, for it was quite near to the center, I started running through the park. I saw a hill, climbed it, and realized I was going somewhere else I hadn't been to before. They call it 'The Turk's Mountain,' *Azziko Axsos*. When I reached the very top I had a fantastic view of Athens and I could see all the rocky landscape around me. Some people, two men, a woman and a child, sat at its very edge to watch the sunset in the West somewhere beyond the Acropolis. They twiddled with some instruments. Beyond, the sky was red. And I think it was Venus looming from the same direction. For although I could not see the sun, even with daylight the 'star' was, until then, the brightest object in the sky. The moment was magical. Recently my dreams were indicating that I was prolonging culmination. And so, the little girl in the group shouted something in exclamation. A full moon was rising behind me, large and red; Orion too from the mountains I had previously ran to a few days ago. I

remembered the intensity of the smell of incense wafting from the church atop here, and the man dressed in white. Inspired I wrote to Athena,

### Where am I?

*My name is Merlyn, Athena  
My name is Merlyn Peter, Peter as in Petros, Athena  
My former name was Peter Elias Iacavou, Richardson  
I was born on a new moon  
My opposite lies behind me  
My sun conjuncts with regulus on the eastern horizon  
I am standing on a tor  
Venus gives me her love  
Athena, are you my lover?  
Give me a child  
Am I to give birth to all these rocks around me?*

*Mother, give me my sword from between your teeth  
That chatter to the sound of tremulous shields*

It is interesting how the theme correlates to *Son of Sun*, the motions of the rising and falling of the, now, invisible sun and visible moon. To compound these archetypes even further the *Son of Sun* is representative of the Christ and anti-Christ, their epitome as being only a difference in the perception of light.

The phone rang and Peter considered whether to abandon his solitude of thought. He let it ring and continued browsing the files stored on his computer. Anything that Peter had written himself was difficult to remove on account of its intrinsic value. Knowledge though, could never be lost. It wouldn't matter if the copies of his essays and reports, books and songs, were all lost to the 'alien' that plays havoc to him. Words are just words; what lies between the lines is what really matters. Words can be, and are, recreated. How diabolical to think that ideas are patented? Doesn't it show just how far humanity has come, giving self-autonomy to concepts and ideas and then enslaving them in legislation? As if an idea belongs to anyone anyhow? No wonder the world stumbles, the best ideas, the ones that make most of the other ones redundant, are chastised from public participation. In this human world one basically signs their life away into officialdom. And that's the price of human subscription, unless you want to be a 'criminal' that is. Well, I say the law is only there for those

who abide in it. But now they're patenting human genes. It won't be long now when your own Jeans will be so tight that one's bollocks will drop off, and I bet you won't even notice it.

A friend of Peter's at college felt aggrieved over not being nominated as the winner of an award, "I was not impressed with the way the whole procedure was conducted, in particular the inadequate paperwork from the Worshipful Company of Gardeners and the manner in which the interview was conducted. This may sound like I'm moaning & groaning after the lettuce has bolted, but I really feel the whole experience was unprofessional and for an organization that has it's origins in the mid-1300's they should do better by now!" 'Well,' thought Peter, 'consider that you were also selected above me to represent the college.'

Peter got up and checked the message on the answering machine. It was Michael, a sensitive chap who admittedly delved a little too deep into his personal mind. But then again, all of Peter's friends were generally like that. Peter picked up the phone book to search for his number. There were times when he would flick through that phone book and presume that some of the pages had gone missing. Other times he'd realize that the numbers were always there. This had the subsequent effect of assuring Peter that some people did not require talking to. That was the nature of his portentous lifestyle.

Peter: Michael, it's Merlyn. What are you up to?

Michael: Ah Merlyn, I was just thinking about you.

Peter: Have you sorted out all your finances?

Michael: Well, yeh, but I am breaking my back doing it.

Peter: Your answering-phone message suggests you are doing agency work. Are you getting good money now? What, are you plumbing?

Michael: Actually I am working on another building site. I think I done my back in.

Peter: I didn't think you could do that type of work. Don't you ever want to go back being a chef?

Michael: No, no, no. But you know what? Working for you was a real eye opener. I've decided to take fewer breaks and push myself a little more.

Peter: You mean work even harder? I work continually. I work at my writing, my studies, my music, my gardening, everything. Nearly every night I fall asleep on a chair, and recently it has been so cold, well this house is like a fridge, that I sleep next to a radiator, just like a dog or

cat curling up to the warmest place in the flat. You know, I have slept in every room. I guess it shows that I am at ease with the whole house and that it is multi-functional. And then I usually wake up again and go to bed at about 4am in the morning. The fitter I get the longer I can stay up, even if I had been working twelve hours non-stop for instance.

Michael: It can't be good for you sleeping in a chair.

Peter: Why not? Isn't that what our bodies are used to? Admittedly our bodies have evolved, but I am not experiencing any spinal problems. The bath is the best place.

Michael: You'd be careful. Anyhow, the boss was pushing us at work and you know, we didn't perform so well.

Peter: Well that's the difference between natural authority and enforced behavior. Forcing someone to go beyond his or her natural temperament is just how human societies have evolved. They bring on a condition where people have to continually adapt. Humans are always trying to catch up with the changes they've made. Anyone who puts your health and safety at risk does not have natural authority. Natural authority implies using the skills and abilities already inherent within the individual. That means when somebody tells you what to do he merely coordinates. That is why you are employed. Don't let anyone tell you to be any different.

Michael: But I suppose there must be a certain amount of learning on the job.

Peter: Yeh, of course. But if you are not big enough to carry steel girders or you begin to slip in the ice if you attempt to go any faster then you adapt your technique. You have got to tune in to your biorhythms. There are times to read, to run, to eat and sleep. But ultimately you have to work for yourself. You are working for somebody else and in this human world that means you have to sacrifice your natural bodily needs to the external needs of others. Me? I have not set an alarm clock for three years, even for the day of an exam, but I seem to always get up, it's amazing, even if I have been up half the night. You might say that it is anxiety but I have nearly perfected my lifestyle. If I want to do something I go out and do it. I expand like a balloon, outwardly, not in a

single direction. Admittedly the process, or progress, is much slower but in actuality I am doing a hell of a lot more. The nature of experience is to develop yourself equally so that experience manifests in all your attributes, not solely in a particular facet of your personality. And that is why humanity falters, because its development becomes disjointed from the rest of the personality. Have you ever wondered why we learn most of the essential stuff when we are young? That is true experience.

Michael: But what it basically comes down to is money. I need to make a living.

Peter: To be honest, I have been running down my business so that I can get into teaching and writing. You know I am going back to university to do a Masters in Ecological Theology?

Michael: Now that's interesting, ecological theology?

Peter: It looks at how Man justifies his intervention of nature, but in a religious context. I am applying for funding on that as well. And with this permaculture thing and my garden projects I am lucky to be living in a cheap housing association flat. I wouldn't be able to do it otherwise. You know I have been in debt nearly all of my working life. I have had the opportunity to pay it off but in reality, so long as money is available I function extremely well. I consider myself a minimalist, buying things as and when I need them, but what I found out is that it is possible to design your individual lifestyle around the availability of resources, money included. That way, as things become available so it dictates those activities directly attributable to them. I find nearly everything I need, musical equipment, tools, landscape materials. Being in debt is only a bunch of red numbers. So long as I earn just enough to keep things ticking over I can always get what I want. Admittedly I get bank charges but the system is always going to get your money one way or another.

Michael: Yeh, but you are going to have to pay up one day.

Peter: You don't understand. I am only in debt when I decide to pay it off. If I decide not to pay it off I am not in debt.

Michael: Listen, I am just about to go onto the internet. Do you fancy a film tomorrow?

Peter: Yeh, we go to my local, it's cheap.

And with that the conversation soon ended. Peter returned to his computer. He read through the reply he had written to assuage Gary's antics concerning the Worshipful Company of Gardeners. It read:

*Hi Gary,*

*a year ago I was studying Landscaping and Garden Construction at this college we are at now. This was the first time I met our current tutor. We had a few lengthy discussions about permaculture. At that stage he hadn't done a design course yet and it must have been under my indirect influence that he later went to Ragman's Lane Farm in Gloucester. Anyway, as a reporter for the PA newsletter I wrote an article saying how permaculture was being pigeonholed in colleges like this; it never got printed for obvious reasons. In permaculture we say things like 'The problem is the solution.' I later made a decision to do the Organics course in question, as an indirect response to the permaculture principle noted above. This is how the unconscious motive works for me; I had more or less forgotten my critique of the teaching methods here. What I have inadvertently discovered about myself, and no doubt you know this of your own self too, is that we inadvertently teach as well as advertently so. Handing out all those magazines, doing a class presentation, talking to people one to one, all contributed to providing a fuller permaculture understanding for the rest of the class. It was my natural duty to be resourceful. Once in a while I review for efficacy the unconscious motive, somewhat retrospectively. I wondered whether coming back for another year would hold any surprises in store. Some ideas may flourish in the future, who knows? One of these ideas was to teach permaculture; another to start up a forest garden project. As it goes these things are happening elsewhere and coincidentally, I have invited our tutor up for the AGM this year to give a workshop; he is very interested. That I will be giving a workshop too means that unconsciously another of my ideas might be fulfilled and we will be working together as I imagined.*

*Sometimes complaining merely puts you on the level of your opponent. This is what came to me the other week:*

*“Power is found in those who seek it.”*

- To be objective merely interprets the statement as meaning 'search and you will find.'<sup>1</sup>
- To be subjective gives the impression of one who realizes that power exists but that it comes and goes.<sup>2</sup>
- To be instinctive makes complete waffle of the argument; power is only a concept of the mind.
- To be sublimated transcends the human experience and implicates that power is actually created by those who search for it; thus it is created in order to fulfill the will of the ego.<sup>3</sup>

*On this last point, if you search for power then you are in fact creating apartness and differentiation between you and an object; one would be admitting to the superiority of others. Thus it is far more evolved not to search for power and one then sees how small-minded and reductionist the human mind truly is. I call this transcending the human experience so that rather, the instinct motivates one's personality to the effect of passivating the mind. The objective exists as an option but that it is the subjective that experiences this option sometimes, i.e. one is not just reflecting upon an event but is in fact creating it. For me the objective is an act of the mind but that the subjective is an act of the body creating mind. To transcend this then, proposes that the mind has come round full circle and is now mind - feeding body - creating mind. So how does this work? Well, during growth we develop genetically, and as we develop so mind is formulated. But most people reared in a Western culture are taught to ignore their unconscious motive but rather emphasize the conscious motive. Thus in a Western environment growth becomes an unconscious process in which it is only reflected upon through conscious motive. Yet if you could see yourself develop through what some people term as the mind's eye, in this case a passive mind, or window in which the mind cannot impede this growth, you are in effect still centered in your body albeit the mind is watching its own creation. This means that one can experience the unconscious motive at work. To end on this note then, is to understand the true magician. The magician does not impede his or her growth, nor alter its pattern. One just genetically evolves like a plant or animal accorded to the environmental stimuli that triggers genetic development. At these times one may like to read a book, play a game, construct a toy. This is the shamanic experience, in effect building into oneself a focus of action like a painted image or effigy. This is then a means of programming one's body*

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., power is determined consciously.

<sup>2</sup> i.e., that power is directly related to your personal environment.

<sup>3</sup> Rather than just being a matter of opinion, power can be materialised into your essential environment.

*without impeding its genetic development. Note, this is not the same as conscious motivation, which will arrest genetic development and perpetuate the ego instead.*

*So, one can see the creation of Supermen and Healers. The latter have the ability to passivate the impeding conscious mind of others; the former can re-create their living conditions to the effect of being a child again, nurturing new skills one after the next. All this is happening on the level of the individual. On the level of culture it is so important to get the right system in place so that children nurture their own sensitivities and inner awareness. More often than not they are the unconscious victims of their peers.*

Mind feeding - body creating (unconscious motive) – mind  
(conscious motive)  
[forward direction - sublimation]  
[backward direction - reflection]

Yours faithfully,

P  
Merlyn  
t  
e

It was a bumper year for Peter. He missed out on a few festivals and consequently didn't perform so much with his guitar. He enjoyed just sitting down anyway and playing to no-one in particular. The experience of transcendence required one to be passive, allowing the body to receive so much influence as to condition that being to become a purer embodiment of the world. So, the more passive one is the greater this embodiment seems to be. Everybody experiences it and a lot of people are aware of it happening. But it is not something that happens all the time. Consequently people may get over-protective and insulate themselves from further influence. They may harden their hearts and close themselves off that way, moving about in society like blinkered horses. Some create small followings, at work, on the playground, in other social circles. Transcendence happens everywhere; it happens because it is the process of mind, its inception. What follows is the human experience. So at heart we are all sacred beings and every holy man knows that. Holy men, if there is such a stereotype, stand out in society because they can absorb so much more influence. People come to them because they see a place where one can place his or her 'seed'; a fertile ground. The holy man becomes much more a place of refuge, a place that isn't so violated, disjointed, segregated from the whole world. At heart people don't want

to be alone, or out of touch. It is an egotistical thing to throw up boundaries and throw off anybody who is too heavy for the boat. And what ensues is a single-minded attempt to go faster and faster until ultimately there is no one left to take up the oars. Egos burn out. To maintain a state of transcendence is to have to change the way one lives in human societies. It doesn't necessarily mean going up a mountain refuge to discover some purer reflection of oneself, where fewer personalities have smaller influence or are less likely to corrupt one. Instead, it rather means getting spiritual. Look about and share what you are doing. Open your self up and write your book. Egotistical lives come to a dead-end. Holistic lives have no beginning or end. Reconnect.

Peter looked about the room. The walls breathed, they breathed his spirit. Soon, hopefully, the place will be decorated using non-toxic paints but it will be a gradual thing. This year he hoped to finish the corridor and the workroom; next year the kitchen with curved tops so as to make one appear to be entering a circle. Of course, the kitchen served a double function - it also heated up the rest of the house. It is one of those things the pedantic would take into calculation if building their own house, just how much heat was being given off by all those appliances. Back in the days when women were housebound, the kitchen would have been a social area. On this note Peter had had some fantastic individual experiences in his kitchen, food being a great motivator for creativity. The kitchen was like a place to dance in, which is why rounded worktops really appealed to him. Even a greasy floor would assist in the magical toss of a piece of parsley or the flinging of a teabag across the room.

He had many late nights. It got to the stage where he would set up lights in the garden and do the most transcendent things out there. Back and forth he would go, through the lean-to conservatory with each visit. That conservatory was also home to hedgehogs and adventurous cats. It had his cider-making equipment at one end of it and both sides were lined with pine shelving made from a converted futon base. Well, people were just giving this stuff away. All drip-irrigated he needn't worry about killing his bonsai trees when away for any length of time. There was only a few left now, disease struck instead, but the rest were survivors like him; he had established some sort of empathy with them. The conservatory was cold most of the time; it wasn't made to retain any real amount of heat but rather provide shelter from wind and rain. It would normally have been on the coldest wall of the whole house, the north wall, but in this case it adjoined to the kitchen. This was the other benefit of a well-used kitchen; it could at least raise the temperature of the conservatory by just a few degrees higher and benefit the chilies and peppers that grew in them. This year was a real exception; the winter had been so mild that these exotics tended to stay alive. It is one of those misconceptions in this country that people have about the durability of some of the annual vegetables grown here. Take, for instance,

runner beans. They are in fact perennial in their own habitat. It does raise an essential issue though, that the purist might toggle with. Is it right that our natural, indigenous environment should be contaminated through cross-pollination with these other exotics? Is it worth quibbling about? There is hardly an exotic not grown by somebody somewhere. What does it mean to be English, even British anyway? This country is full of foreigners and our raw diet reflects that. There is barely a tree on this land that didn't come from some other part of the world, except the Scots pine of course. In fact, Peter had actually brought back some pine from Spain and wondered whether it was that which was responsible for infecting all his bonsai conifers. The only survivor was a blue Atlantic cedar; even the yews snuffed it.

But when it rained he could sit out there and listen to the natural sound of falling water as the rain washed into a holding butt. And from here he could see the full length of his garden. The Mayan lookalike greenhouse was put on hold just temporarily whilst the fencing was being repaired. And the garden was distinctly taking on a red look now, with the brick and painted fence to match, whilst the York gold gravel enhanced the effect by its very subtle reflection; the pond no less.

The pond he loved. He remembered one instance when he had finished another aspect of its construction. It was now dawn and he came into the kitchen, made himself a cup of tea, put the radio on, and went back outside into the conservatory to sit down. 'Twilight of the Gods' by Wagner came on, one of his favorite tunes. He wondered in those hazy moments how close he actually came.

Peter continued looking about the workroom. There will be a lot more shelving for the mass of books he hopes to accumulate since he envisages the place becoming a library of sorts. It was an ideal choice as a workroom, capturing the morning light as it rose face on in the morning. He browsed the woodwork.

To my left I begin to read the titles of the books that have been in my possession for a good many years; *The Birds of Britain and Europe*, *Field Guide to Mushrooms of Britain and Europe*, *Illustrated Guide to Britain*, *Britain's Wildlife Plants and Flowers*, *Flowers of the Field*, *The Complete Book of Dried Flowers*, *The Complete Book of Herbs*, *The Complete Manual of Organic Gardening*, *The Homeowner's Complete Outdoor Building Book*, *Building Stone Walls*, *Building Green*, *The Green Gardener*, *Greenhouse Gardening*, *The Unheated Greenhouse*, *The New Autonomous House*, *Perfect Houseplants*, *Permaculture Plants*, *Gardener's Encyclopaedia of Plants and Flowers*, *The Naturalist's Garden*, *The Natural Garden Book*, *How to Make a Forest Garden*, *The Garden DIY Expert*, *The Practical DIY Handbook*, *The Magician's Handbook*, *The Fruit Grower's Handbook*, *The Fruit Garden Displayed*, *The Loom of Creation*, *Perspective*.

Impressed? I certainly am. It was a journey was it not? Imagine yourself as a mote of light moving through the different spheres of existence. Britain is in your vision as you drop to earth. The piping of birds leads you down through the tops of trees, to arrive fresh-faced in the soft awakening of leaf mould. There the lungs relax, flooded by the serene stillness of an ancient breath. The whiff of wild flowers takes you back as you lie prostrate in a cushion of clovers. You think of home. How are my roses faring? Where would I be without my rose hip syrup? And my cabbages nestled among a bed of herbal benefactors? How I would love a peppermint tea right now? A green stuffiness overtakes your senses and you find yourself wandering the space of your conservatory. I must install that drip-irrigation system one of these days. You are abruptly brought indoors. The oleanders are looking good at this time of year but what to plant next year? Low maintenance, perennial, self-seeding, cottage-style, yes, that is what I will aim for. I want greens all-year round; raised beds, rainwater collection, wind chimes and 'magic mirrors' that extend the length of my garden. I want access to nature's own corridor, to pick of her sacred apple tree, to be a part of her life-giving force. I want *here*.

It can be easy to forget your roots but to reconnect is the greatest form of self-empowerment one can find. I remember my days in the Boy Scouts, timeless days, and the innocence of youth. Things I was taught then still impress into the deeper recesses of my mind; catching trout from the river, building bivouacs, having stone fights. The freedom was unlimited. Learning my knots, carving pegs, spreading Fairy Liquid around the outside of cooking pots so that washing off the black soot was made easier. It was as real and relevant then as it is now, only now I am twenty years older. So I relate one of my latest experiences. There are no broken noses this time, just down-to-earth getting back to what we once were. Crafts handed down from generation to generation; nomadic skills, military skills, survivalist skills.

When I discovered Natural Pathways through the Permaculture Association website it was a sign that nature wanted to get me back into the great outdoors, and when I say great I mean *great*. Being a gardener is one thing but here we received a taster for getting to grips with our instincts. I must admit though, it was like home-sweet-home to me. I arrived late, then again magicians do, and I saw the initiation of the construction of a debris shelter; temporary, insulated and waterproof. It wasn't something you could knock up in a couple of minutes. Out here time is meaningless; it is a human concept. We are rather learning to remember who we truly are; listeners of the environment, passive. As a survivor one is not bogged down with the outside world, but rather the inside world. Just one other thing though. Long hairs are subtly prone to insect infestation. Exit shelter.

Now it was the turn of water. Using those same bracken leaves and collecting water through evaporation and condensation, I now understood why it was called a solar still. Lunch and a few stories to exchange, Geoff our host, along with his partner Hannah, had a yarn or two. Up to this point it was easy going but have you ever tried to make a fire by rubbing two sticks together, and no 'Boy Scout' jokes, thank you. The frustration of getting so near yet so endlessly far told in a few faces. It's a knack, to some people it's a doddle. It gives one the impression that it is like learning to ride a bike. The better one gets at it the more adventurous one becomes. Just don't fall off the end of the world.

There was more to come, a simple plant ident encouraged us to look inwards as to what the plant is saying; responding to our inner voice. Intuition is something easily lost in the normal, working-day existence most people experience. But consider, millennia after millennia of association have been stored in our collective consciousness. Although it may be lost to some parts of our culture, as individuals we hold a vestige of all that has gone before us. It is important to find that serenity of mind and to allow nature to give up her jewels of wisdom. It is not a new art. Our whole human construct is a reservoir of interaction between the macro and the micro; one just needs to unravel those unabridged moments of history.

Natural Pathways intend to run three and four-day courses also and one is rewarded with the knowledge of knowing that there is a hell of a lot more to learn; creativity is unlimited. But that is the basic course, a journey through the four fundamental survival elements: shelter, water, fire and food. There are courses for children also, as if we are not children ourselves! And one final note. You know when you are on the right track when you get lost trying to navigate the new road works on the M2 on the way to Canterbury!

That course was just one of the ways Peter made up for his current lack of festival ramblings. Recording his music was another. Peter could reach the brink of his *waking* consciousness during these times. For instance, just before he left for Spain last year he stayed up all night, as he usually does before a flight, to pack his bags, water the plants, do the housework, and make some vital repairs. He found it a most dynamic time, in expectation of a new environment he was just about to enter into. He had been practicing hard to get down this final recording before he left; but he never rushed. Literally, an hour before jumping on the train, he made one last effort to record. Such was the time restriction that he didn't have time to listen to it. In fact he thought about recording over what he had done with another last final gasp, but he gave it up for another day. Rather the beauty on returning from Spain and playing it back made him realize that it turned out to be one of his best

recordings in years. It was the twilight of the gods all over again. It was entitled *The Book of Merlyn*.

I choose the time when I will depart  
This reincarnation  
I am Merlyn, magician and keeper  
Of the mysteries  
I conquered the Sphinx, my music will express  
The end of the age of ignorance is nigh,  
For I delivered the Eight

I am becoming the water-carrier  
In spirit  
And the regulating lion in matter  
I also honour the bull  
And the scorpion  
Now that my divinity crosses over  
Into the mundane

You know my kind of people,  
Pre-cataclysmic  
Struck by the Rock and the impounding Sea  
One of the last to remain,  
I needs relive history  
From the dawning of evolution I deliver  
A message of salvation

An island of a sea fort whence  
The Gods were contained  
Like a genie in a bottle  
Shining a fluorescent glow

With that Peter took a stroll in his garden as he so often did just before he would leave the house. He had a film to look forward to tomorrow with Michael.

The following day Peter met up with Michael. They arranged to meet at 7.30pm but Peter got lost. It just so happens that he arrived exactly at 8pm. It wasn't the first time either this sort of thing happened. He once cycled sixty odd miles to the west of London. Again he was due to arrive earlier but three consecutive punctures less than two miles from his destination meant that his host had to come and pick him up, at 8 o'clock again. The profundity of its significance will tell right until the end of his earthly life.

He had seen some great films in the past, whilst sharing the company of others. Michael had turned out to be a good friend. Maybe that was because he was receptive to Peter's words. Expressing oneself counted in every attribute, and if you don't mind the expression, Peter certainly had the gift of the gab.

Michael: I going to write this book about cooking. The problem is, people don't understand what they are doing. They just read lines and lines of instructions and they haven't got the blazes why they are doing that. There will be something like four or five principles, concerned with the smell, the taste, the texture, and the sight. You know, good food looks good to eat. They are all equally important. I hope to make an income from it one day.

Peter: Did you work today?

Michael: Yeh. I stopped eating so much food, you know I told you I ate four or five meals a day. But now I am doing this laboring work I am eating huge amounts again.

Peter: You know what I had today? A bowl of oats in the morning.

Michael: Some people are like that. I'd starve if that was me.

Peter: I am surprised you are doing that work. I didn't think you could hack it. All of us in my family have been big. Me and my sister were good swimmers because of our broad shoulders. My other brothers were a laborer and a steel fabricator. It comes from the Greek side in us. My half-brother, who had a Spanish father instead, looks like you, small-framed. He developed the mind more than his body. You may just be passing through a phase but I don't expect you to do this kind of work too long. I went a little further in my family. I tended to develop the

mind as well. I mean, how the hell can I ride that bike trailer around, go for a swim and still not feel hungry. I must be using another form of energy; it is metaphysical. The scientific theory has not been developed yet but I believe genetically our bodies provide us with the thoughts that dictate what we become. Your back pains may be a result of your genetic make-up; you just weren't built for it. Sensitive people should respond to their body's needs.

Michael: You don't think it is my vegetarian diet?

Peter: Yeh, could be, where your body tissue is made up of different proteins. As I say, your body is telling you what you should be doing. What do you think is your most developed characteristic?

Michael: My ability to listen, definitely.

Peter: You know, going on what we were talking about the other day on the way to Brixton, that is why I can talk to you. For something to establish itself it needs fertile ground. I may have something to say but if I don't meet the right person it may never get said. I am like a heritage seed and you are the fertile ground for that seed. Do you remember much of what I say?

Michael: No, nothing. That is my worst attribute. You blow my mind away Merlyn and I can only register so much.

Peter: Yeh, just like me.

Michael: And what is your best attribute?

Peter: Well, it's a bit of a contradiction really. It's my music but I can't perform it so well. If anything, it is my ability to be creative in everything I do. Physically, I would say I have fantastic hands. I write, I am a gardener, I play. I can be a natural at everything I do.

Michael: You know, one of the main problems I have is making a natural decision. But what we learn in Life-training is that there is no such thing as an unnatural event.

Peter: Natural and unnatural, these are just human concepts. If an animal saw a tractor ploughing up the field it doesn't ask the question, 'What is Natural or Unnatural?' It just gets on with behaving instinctively. This duality only exists in humans. To an animal everything is natural; it knows no different. It is a case of motive. All natural decisions

for me are unconsciously motivated. Anything motivated from the mind is an act of ego.

Michael: I feel as though we are getting too analytical again.

Peter: Then if that is what you feel, don't ask the question. Forget it. That is what your body is telling you. I haven't set an alarm for three years but I always got up when I needed to. I design my lifestyle on the availability of resources. When something makes itself available to me then I act on it.

Michael: Yes, I'm like that sometimes.

Peter: It's your body telling you what you need.

With that Peter prepared his bike for departure. Things happened when they needed to; he never argued that. Old habits get broken as if to indicate one's progression, and when they do there is never this sense of, 'I wish I had done that before.' The meeting with Michael was one of those times. A sense of natural evolution was conveyed that necessitated its conscious determination in the world of collective datum. To vindicate this Peter raised the saddle on his bike giving himself more of a comfortable pose. This in itself would make it easier to go faster but the true motive here was to be more harmonious in one's relationship to the bike. Long journeys like that gave him time to think, fantasize even. He would create storylines in his head, for instance when he envisaged riding a horse bareback and saving the life of his sister. The very act of placing oneself on the galloping horse increased the speed one would make on the bike because it was a form of unconscious motivation. Peter was prone to these imaginings. The increased speed feeding his metabolism that in turn fed his unconscious appetite, which itself led to continued imaginings. It is a case of what came first, the action or the vision?

On this note another memory came to mind. Peter was thinking out loud. 'It was raining. During these times the magic could be so efficacious. On the way to a permaculture design course that I had been helping to teach at I was again prone to these intense imaginings. Call it remote sensing, if you like, but I was thinking of the 'famous' bike ride to Spain I would ultimately make during the ensuing Christmas time. On this particular trip I imagined three or four colleagues joining me. In this instance I was at the head of the group riding, a little forward. I then imagined a tree falling in front of me. I smash through it but manage to retain my balance well. The three or four cyclists behind me jump over the fallen debris.' Well, that was the vision. In actuality, within about three or four seconds of having this vision, four pigeons come

out at me from the side of the kerb, just where I imagined the falling tree to be. The last one hit my front wheel but appeared to flutter and continue flying away.

The analogy is too coincidental, trees and pigeons; pigeons and cyclists; 3's and 4's; trees and boundaries; pigeons and chaos. If the pigeons represented chaos, on the imagined level this would be depicted as the tree falling over or snapping in the wind. The boundaries of society, signified by the kerb, would be broken; the tree a sign of stability and status quo. Is my journey to Spain going to break social barriers? Am I to go *beyond*, even further than before, preparing the path for my followers?'

There could be a connection between Spain and permaculture here, a conscious determination of events. In fact, he later found that to be true. And the other cyclists, well they could have been the three Spanish friends he had met over there who brought him to the top of that mountain in Montsant on that one occasion. These were the Spanish permaculturists he was expecting around the time of the Spring equinox who would be coming over to stay for a few days.

It was no mere coincidence either that this day of the permaculture design course I have been chopping down trees in the rain. Ask yourself what responsibility you have towards nature. Paths are made and paths are paved. Yet a path is rarely visible when it is trodden once. It is an act of the collective to make any sort of real impression. No wonder humans always try to take the credit for something they made. What they hadn't realized is, is that the instinct went before them.

Something of the nature of transcendence is worth illustrating here. There is enforced subjectification, in which the ego involved consciously creates mind through the mechanizations of culture. However, the personal mind would not even exist as such in a newborn babe. In reality, a baby is an animal. To be an animal is to be instinctively motivated. In this vein then, transcendence cannot happen without a developed mind for only then can the mind be transcended and "passivated."

There is magical transcendence, the experience of being aware of the growth cycles within oneself whilst focusing objective input during these times. This holds objective input in suspension so that, rather than being acted upon via the mind as active, mindful (emotional) development, instead it holds the recipient in a charged instinctive state. This collected "energy" is subsequently triggered or fired off. The later Buddhists referred to this act of magical transcendence as bliss.

On the other hand, the Buddha's message implicated a state of 'no-mind' content, in which mind is absolutely negated. Also referred to as enlightenment, albeit of another kind, it is a state of being aware of the growth cycles within oneself but not applying mind in its continuity i.e. the mind has developed towards a state of absolute negation. This is how Peter understood the difference between the former,

magical transcendence, over the latter, nirvana. It is an arguable point, especially amongst Buddhists, and he saw the tradition of Zen as a development for the bridging of this understanding. For him, Zen was closer to the Buddha's message than the bliss of later Buddhists.

This is apparent when it is understood that the mind will have to have been developed substantially (delusion) before this bridging of understanding could be achieved. Nirvana could almost be a mythical ideal - a great death where, after the mind is created in the individual the person reaches a stage, due to continued development of the growth cycles, where the mind is utterly negated. Can this be achieved in reality, an exclusive state of being, without mind, without thought? What the Buddha seemed to be doing during his life was to create a condition that prepared him for death; a purging of his ego that would allow him to die without the need for thought. On the other hand bliss is a charged state occurring as a focusing of objective input, thus a misconception of the Buddha's message. The Buddha would have left his disciples behind who then endeavored to carry his message to the greater audience. In other words children are born from a state of nirvana but as soon as they enter the human world mind is formulated. The personal mind, a conscious expression of the ego, is continued in the collective consciousness, preserved as a self-perpetuating ego that nurtures a fabricated environment for the express purpose of accommodating itself - an act of self-preservation. The collective unconsciousness, on the other hand, is the instinctual motivation for development. If one were born to this culture without any other humans around, the buildings and neon lights would just appear like raw materials.

'If I wanted to make a healthy decision,' Peter thought, 'it would have to be spontaneous.' To delay a decision is to give it a human element. That is the fabricated environment one lives in. Humanity can stagnate the instinctive body in its growth, delay its growth patterns so as to extend his life into 'less' meaningful fragments. As such proto-Man differed in this respect. Consider the Victorian Man, a cultural disease of humanity who, admittedly, lived longer, but nevertheless could die at thirty-five years of age. In comparison Neolithic Man just wasn't culturally developed enough in mind to potentially extend his own life. Even though he may well have been a fit, healthy being as opposed to the illness of the Victorian Age, he also would have lived to this same age.

But Peter understood another option, in which Man could *control* the evolution of consciousness so as to be in harmony with bodily growth. It begs the question, that at what point can a child realize this before he or she ultimately becomes subsumed and subscribed into a fabricated environment with its fragmented perceptions? Controlling of the evolution of consciousness is achieved by an act of magical

transcendence - the holding of objectivity in suspension so as to remain charged and operating within that sphere of its contents. This is why certain sacred or religious texts can be held in high esteem for their value as a focusing tool. The dynamics of it allow for the life experiences to holistically operate within. Any failings here will cause that sphere to break down with the consequential development of emotional outpouring. Emotion is the one way the human body deals with excess "energy," which creatively it cannot find transcended expression for. Such is the nature of holistic thought it illustrated to Peter how far he had evolved since he first started writing about it. He was in Greece at the time.

I had been playing my guitar in Pireus, the day I was to leave for London. I was accosted once by an over-affectionate vagrant whilst I was singing 'Climax.' Waiting for 5 o'clock to arrive in order to check out of the hotel and ride to the airport, I wandered into one of the main squares. I noticed a painted chessboard in one corner; it was life-size. I sat there and played my guitar; I was feeling 'light.' Peter recalled this moment in his head. On the continent there were a lot of squares where people gathered and talked, played or had lunch; it makes up for the lack of parks, the greenness of London being a real eye-opener for the first-time tourist. This particular place was full of children.

On finishing I stepped onto the king's square on the white side and danced on the spot. I then jumped like a knight bearing left but I now realize I had in fact taken an extra step forward. Could this represent transcendence?' Peter wondered. Then I struck right like a bishop to oppose the black queen's square. To finish off the sequence I landed on it and laughed to myself. This behavior was quite deliberate in a way I didn't quite know why. By the time I reached the airport I had become very vague and, in fact, what happened is that I got off the bus too early, at the wrong airport terminal. The consequence of this is that I missed Christine who was carrying my floppy disc, a copy of the first book I was writing, as well as my baseball cap with the stylized '8' on the front of it. When it eventually occurred to me to call her she was in the taxi going back to school.

The point is this: that despite taking advice from the bus driver I still unconsciously got off at the wrong stop. Was this the result of my premonitory chess moves? Does Christine represent the black queen, the bishop a telephone call, the knight a bus trip? 'Yes,' Peter thought, 'the line between propheticism and magic is very blurred.' A king, prophet, magician, or child, they are all the same in this one character. Did I program those events from my conscious deliberations on that chessboard? Or did I merely reflect some greater destiny through my actions which only later manifested in an act of fate? I was just like a child then, amongst children.

I remember coming here three years ago and losing a book with exactly that same feeling of vagueness as I just had. Then, I was halfway through Stephen Hawking's *A brief history of time*. Now though, it was Stephen Budiansky's *If a lion could talk - How animals think*. In both cases the book just disappeared. Later, I recalled a previous conversation with Christine in which I said to her, after she explained that she couldn't wait for me at the airport to say goodbye, that I will continue to live all the time those books are left unfinished, metaphorically speaking. Christine, I took as a virgin some three years before. Actually, the act of coitus between us was something to be desired; I was never sure whether I made full penetration. But she afterward confirmed to me that I had.

What was I trying to say here all those years ago? Well, I did finish reading one of those books at least. As for the other, I bet it comes up again in my Masters degree. Do you ever wonder why people think there are aliens out there, or supernatural beings? How many people have taken a virgin and spent the rest of their lives with them? The taking of a virgin is a sacred act. It is like the other person giving a little piece of themselves to you for safe keeping, and vice-versa. There is a sharing of spirit and it represents the first step into human convention for many people. At the moment you lose one's virginity you take on board an imprint of the other's personality, like a bag full of tools that make your life a little easier in the human world. But that is the delusion. It actually complicates one's life first and then surreptitiously welcomes the newcomer to a new way into getting on in the world. There's your ego, there's your alien. Somebody, some *thing* is, has been, seeding the whole of humanity. It would only take one hu-man in the beginning, the Lord of Lords, to start the process off. But no one is evolved enough to carry the sins of the entire world, the burden of the cross; to bear the world upon their shoulders. Not yet, anyhow. So, what would happen if two virgins got themselves together?'

It brought up a very interesting point in Peter. The new neighbors were having a baby but something awful was going on. They had put up newspaper on all the lower windows of the flat. There was only one person who could see into those windows and that was Peter. Maybe she was paranoid of being seen during breast-feeding? Peter hoped he wasn't being accused of anything unwarranted. He was fond of them, repairing fences between their two gardens, inviting them to parties or events he may organize. But they declined all those events. They were in fact a very insular people. They feared Peter, there was no doubt about it. Unconsciously, the world was running to normal though.

A few weeks ago he performed one of his best poetic songs, *Prometheus: Master of Time*, at a gathering to celebrate the beginning of the Celtic Spring. An effigy of St. Brigit was there, but this was not simple paganism. The event's

association with witchcraft and evil is only a throw back to the times when Christianity had stopped becoming a pagan religion itself and progressed to enforce its new teaching upon the rest of the world. No, here was a gathering in the communal sense of the word, and despite his croaky, out-of-practice voice, somebody joined in to sing the lyrics from his songbook. It was really beautiful.

In your dreams there'll you find time to plunge the Dragon's lair  
Falling down to a depth into a mountain fissure  
Bound by chains to a rock that makes the eagle dare  
Going deep where it hurts with a darkened sabre  
    Light a lamp into a maze full of mysty rooms  
    Follow paths over ground walled with vacant tombs  
    Turn a corner, see your way into unknown quarters  
    Dampened walls trickle down into the ancient water  
Hold your breath, bubbles dance around in lively pairs  
Swept along the murky depths in gasping out for air  
No control, you follow, descending from a line, a saviour  
Winding up through a lighted shaft, the Son of Man delivers  
    On a ledge that looks away into the distant future  
    Part way through, breathing eases to a slower order  
    Look about, life is flushed with a virgin presence  
    A sanguine breeze rises up from the forest glen

Born into a world that's been shone upon from all the stars  
    Turning through a point, a nexus of evolving mass  
    Spirit makes for matter that will die living for a time  
Mother Nature creates Man to cultivate our Father's end plan

Crawl on fours through verdant tops, reach the humid floor  
Gather roots for life support, above the eagle soars  
Find a stick, a bulbous twig, beat a skinny pig  
Split a rock amongst your lot, spark a lively jig  
    Form a line two by two, walk the prairie roll  
    Dig in deep with hands that meet, praise the golden flow  
    Clouds of white in breezy flight upon horizon's brow  
    Dampened down, you clothe from the land, hide the sacred cow  
Leather bound with steed to mount in raising dualist standards  
Ride around the boundary fences, cross the bridge that hounds us

Migrate onto foreign soil, cold steel will battle curses  
Confront a sea in silver leaf and drink the blood of Jesus  
    Going deep where it hurts with a lightened sabre  
    Broken chains upon the rock that makes the eagle care  
    Taken up to a height where Atlas bears his treasure  
    In your dreams where you'll find, time is at your leisure

There are times when, to write something truly needs to express the fuller understanding of life. Certain scripture or holy works do this with incredible skill, others quite naturally. The art in any skill is to capture the moment. Peter's outlook is frequently worldly, universal. There are times when something can be said so simply, the proverb is an example of that. There are other times when intellectual pursuits are most durably ingrained into the cultural background of humanity and are termed as great masterpieces of achievement; that is the cloak that humanity warms itself in. What truly encompasses a masterpiece is its ability to convey the macrocosm, the whole. One writes and it counts for ages. The dimension of understanding is for the perceiver to grace; an ingress into the sub-levels of the collective consciousness. The song above is about the birth of humanity, and about the birth of humans, about the birth of one man, a savior; the birth of spirit, of mind, of magic, of matter. The whole process has to be looked at; nothing should be taken in isolation. And now it dawns on Peter that his latest song, *The Prophet's Triumph*, rather talks about a little man. The walls have ears.

A song can be an organism in its own right. It is like a son, only with a 'g' on the end. Maybe this signifies the orgasm inherent.

## Chapter 5 Completing Distinctions

The week worked out quite well. Peter was getting work and the weather had dried out sufficiently during the day to allow this. By the end of the week he would have half-completed his first attempt to make a compost bin with a turfed-hinged lid. It was more of a novel thing but since the owner had surplus materials with a view to selling the house, he welcomed anything that would improve the garden further. It was another way of being resourceful. Holistic living was about looking at what is freely available in the environment whilst applying a conscious act of ethical environmentalism. People may argue about the ceasing of the depletion of rainforests, or the prevention of the hunting of specific beasts, for instance whales, but for indigenous cultures that have always lived with these mores, it would be an amoral act

to extend the sanction to them also. Millions of species have been and gone; nature efficacious to the hilt. But to say that only the fittest survive needs to be understood in its wholistic context. Such is transcendence that it allows for the context of the author to be fully realized. So, with Darwin's comments, it could be understood that what was really meant is that nature cannot be anything else other than successful; this is the nature of nature. What one sees around them, that which has governed the subsequent rise of human cultures, is how success perspires to tell the tale. Nature is not a failure for if it was it could not remain in existence, obviously. Man hails on about saving the world, saving the trees, saving the whales, but Man is too conceited to say "save humanity." That is what it really wants, but it cannot say this all too obviously because it would imply an act of self-aggrandizement. It would be like giving people permission to do their own thing. Instead Man uses a pretext to get over his point, one that allows further recriminations and an endless array of solutions that always seem to be 'just too late.' Why can't Man be honest with himself? Because Man would cease to be human, he would in fact be in a state of transcendence.

Transcendence, consider it. You are crossing the road, the traffic flows in two directions. Just before you cross the writing on the road reads 'look right' and as you approach the other side the writing is upside down. It is not for you to read but you read it and it also says 'look right.' The situation is dangerous. These are the things you are taught not to read unless you are facing the right direction. But you negate this danger because you put, or project, yourself from the other side of the road and read the writing the right way up, even though you have yet to approach the spot you have projected yourself to. This is transcendence, intuition at the least, in which rather than going contrary to given law you see yourself actualization its role. But, in order to view yourself crossing the road it requires a visualization of your mind before you can stand at the point you have projected from. I say this now, with this book I will be placed on a pedestal.

I recall a time in the near past. The gods were in me again. I decided to go to the Thames Flood Barrier as part of the Greenwich Festival season where they were putting on a show, some acrobatic theatre production involving water. I decided to run but just before I started I suddenly felt the need to go to the toilet, as you do, to have a shit. I was looking very young again, as if my body would take on a boy's charm, although my hands felt stiff. This was enhanced by the fact that I had just shaved. It took me an hour to run there but on the way I experienced an obvious moment of premonitory transcendence. I imagined killing all my enemies, a savior type going it alone. Seeking to make some worldly last-minute appearance and drawing my sword, smashing everything with majestic ease, I focus, intermittently, on my greatest foes. They don't necessarily take any definite form. Ahead of a 'detached'

following I imagine myself running forward, uninvited, into the berth of the enemy. I then imagine two people catching up with me and one of them says, "I have always been your greatest follower." I would suppose that I was also defending them in my surge towards the enemy. Stopping whilst I let the two go on I have an inclination to fire a volley of arrows for their defense, at high speed. At the moment of that thought two children appear from around a corner as I jog up behind them but before I could catch up they start running ahead quicker, the timing exact with the specific thought of stopping to fire a volley of arrows in my imagination.

I continue running in real life. Just as I get to the flood barrier it occurs to me that the show could be on the other side of the river; it was. I miss it but I stroll around the site even though it was closed up for the day. The Thames Flood Barrier - the 8<sup>th</sup> wonder of the world. Is that me, Merlyn of the Eight; a savior; the one who holds back the flood? It is a wonder.

Anyway, some minutes later I go to a Spanish tapas bar and continue reading a book I had to hand then. It was called *Uriel's Machine*, written by Christopher Knight and Robert Lomas. It just so happens that I am on a section in which it describes the Great Flood ten thousand years ago and the seven major asteroidal impacts around the world. In the tapas bar there was a couple of air pilots I think, chatting away. Satiated, I start walking home; a bus comes up behind me so I sprint to catch it. It is a number 54 going to Catford.

When I get home I stay up all night setting up my drip-irrigation system for my bonsai trees; it rains on and off. Maybe I am a savior, considering I call the trees my children. Today, tonight I would go to the Buddhafield festival.

So that week would start with a swim. Looking like an athlete is not something I try to achieve. After doing so many lengths of the local swimming pool I sometimes go into supra-creative mode, lane-swimming losing its fitting appeal. This entails behaving like an animal and trying out different combinations of strokes, some new, some old. I vary my speed also, plunging this way and that. Every flip of a new length seems to have its own flare to it and sometimes I don't know whether to swim breaststroke or backstroke, leaving it to spontaneity. All in all I behave like a dolphin in captivity.

On the Friday I was off to Devon to attend another Council of Management meeting for the Permaculture Association. It didn't rain but that day I was getting a lift from North London from the location of my old college. On this day I have also been invited to help build a strawbale house in the college grounds, part of the trial areas belonging to Gardening Which? I had made good contact with them over the passing years in the hope that one day I could broach connections between them and

the permaculture movement. As it goes nothing happened that day but after twenty-two odd miles on a push-bike I was feeling rather "high" with myself. Along the way I noticed a water butt on the side of the road, something I had been waiting to find, and wondered if it would still be there when I came back from the council meeting. It was. Devon was great, the sea even more so. I managed to get soaked but it was my way of saying 'hello' to Aphrodite. I returned to stay the night over at a friend's house, water butt in hand, and the following day endeavored to render the strawbale house with a 'freezing-cold' mix of sand, lime putty and a little clay. Did you know that in the UK there are standing thousands of still-lived-in cob houses? Strawbale is a newer concept, but what the alternative movement seems to be promoting over and above everything else is the ease of construction that one can empower themselves with when building their own homes. It is all there in the collective consciousness, it just needs to be re-awoken. Strawbale is by far one of the easiest methods, and in it I saw my future home. I would gather a ball of the mix and massage it into the straw. Up and down I plied shaping the structure in front of me as if Eve herself was being excited into life; her bumps and curves began to take wholesome form.

Many people understand natural ability as a sense of ease of accessibility, but imagine what it means to have a natural lifestyle. Michael would tell me that in Life Training everything is considered a natural event. I understand this as the bridging of consciousness to the unconsciousness. As it goes, on that Friday of cycling up to North London I had had a natural genital emission in the early hours. Again, I was wearing those particular pants partial to this phenomenon. There is nothing disgusting about it. And so I would wear those pants for the rest of the day if I had put them on clean the night before. For me it meant the beginning of a new cycle, in this case the day was broached in my own garden, painting the rest of the fence red. It dawned on me retrospectively whilst coming back past Stonehenge that it must have occurred on a dark moon, for a chink of light was just now making itself known. Mark was with me and we talked about beauty. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Yes of course it was. Mark was another one of these life philosophers that I was so prone to meeting. He was a Buddhist. "Beauty", I would say, "is in the establishment of things, what we learn to grow up with. It is in tradition, human tradition and environmental. The longer it has been here the more beautiful, harmonious it is." It visually reminisced of the time I was here a few years ago. Without doubt it was another nexus of meaningful coincidences.

I had been to Stonehenge for the summer solstice then, where I had found myself in its exact center of the monument. Greek myth, especially Apollo, was in mind. I played the guitar after sunrise on the barrow mound facing the henge. There were still people milling around after the main event had passed. As I was leaving I picked up a couple of hitchhikers. They told me about the healing festival not far

from here. I decided to go after paying a visit to Glastonbury. On waking up from my car I was exhausted, and getting out I met an Eastern Muslim. He pointed the way in via a hidden footpath. There I met up with a friend from Bristol and played music; I slept in the chai tent. The following morning I orated two chapters from Saberhagan's 5<sup>th</sup> *Book of Lost Swords - Coinspinner*. Speaking out loud I narrated how the twelve-year-old heir, Adrian, escaped from the carnivorous apes and found Coinspinner, but lost it again. That afternoon I indulged and took a hot tub. It was one of those welcomed things at a festival that was made all the more luxurious by its setting. In the changing tent I was naked and sitting down, needed to dry by the action of wind. I thought I was alone at first but promptly noticed a young girl. We started talking, she watching me. We grew very friendly and after I had changed, two of her friends came over to talk. They were Western Hindus. Ella was only ten years old. She behaved towards me as though she was in love. I knew a lot about religious sects, I studied them. But the greater significance of these meaningful encounters most people are denuded of. Born the 10<sup>th</sup> of February on a full moon, I on a new moon on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August, its opposite, something more apparent was occurring. We jammed on the drums together and she served me curry. She wanted to serve me.

Synchronized events are availing. Ella, as in Ellaz, which is the name of Greece, I can now recall Christina telling me that it also means 'the sun.' "Ela, Ela come to me, elevate my seedling state. Ella, Ella come to me, borne upon an Eastern fate." It hails of my experience on Tourke's Mountain, in Greece, where I wrote to Athena. What is even more apparent was the partial eclipse happening that Thursday just before the full moon. But at least four verses of this last song, *Stone Odyssey 2001*, inspired by my experience at the henge, seem to preempt this meeting with Ella without my knowing any reference to it, although I might be guilty of adapting the last verse to suit her name at a later date.

*Come gather round the stones  
Open up your mind, open out your star  
Drum, drum beating fervent tones  
One ring to rule your heart*

*What is it you ask of me?  
Place me in your worldly stand  
Sleeping giant lying still  
Feet towards the sunrise mound*

*Draw me to the south and east  
Enter through the Sarsen beast*

*Passive kings are willed within  
Processed upon the center line*

*Where are ye Apollo?  
I see you now in jettison  
A fiery chariot stream  
Emerge between the rocky beams*

*Ela, Ela come to me  
Elevate my seedling state  
Ella, Ella, come to me  
Borne upon a eastern fate*

A little time after a quite intense Council of Management meeting, Mark and I had discussed the implications of using Zen Buddhist philosophy through Western Psychiatric research. In particular, I mentioned a book that I would pass on to him as soon as I had finished using it. It is by far one of the most influential books I have ever read, so much so that I have felt the need to adapt the mind maps contained therein. Its author is Douglas Flemons and it is entitled *Completing Distinctions*. I pointed this out to Mark.'

Peter: What would you say is the missing word in this phrase?

In complete honesty Peter had actually forgotten the full statement. Mark looked at the phrase, which read:

COMPLETION \ ( / Separation)

Mark: That would be 'Ensemble'

Peter: Right. In other words, the completion, to what I refer to as an act of transcendence, is only experienced when the separation of parts is considered in the whole. In order to do this the motive must be centered within its assembly. This is indicated with capital letters:

COMPLETION \ (ENSEMBLE / Separation)

At this point Mark proceeded to show Peter his four fingers. He then placed the other hand 90° to it thereby hiding the point at which they connect to his palm.

Mark: Individually, they all have the ability to do their own thing. But when I take away my other hand their connectedness is apparent, and they serve the greater whole.

Peter: To actually fully realize this phrase requires an act of transcendence; to be able to experience the whole. We can imagine these experiences also. How would you imagine it?

Mark: It is like a jigsaw. Each individual part on its own serves a function, but where and how needs to be realized.

Peter: This is 2D. Every part must show the macrocosm within. I met a poet by the name of Paradox who told me that if you get a hologram and smash it into many different parts, each part is an exact image of the whole.

Mark: As in holism.

Peter: Its therapeutic value is also apparent. What Flemons was saying is that, for instance a drunkard or alcoholic would have his motive located in a lesser sense. That is, instead of having his or her motive centered within 'ENSEMBLE', it is in fact located within 'Separation.' The alcoholic lives in a fragmented society. He or she needs to know why they are drinking twenty cans of beer a day. They need to see the whole picture and put their actions into a greater context. This wouldn't necessarily mean that the alcoholic needs stop drinking immediately, but if he or she could understand why they were drinking it gives new purpose to their action. The problem will disappear when each drink is taken into consideration so that there is a gradual lessening of its harmful addiction. Of course, the alcoholic will need to admit the problem in the first place, but with time he or she will integrate back into society and feel that they are a part of it again, not isolated. Their problem is that they *are* separated and that they have to shift their motive.

At this point Mark had to take leave in order to liaise with the other members of the Council of Management. It occurred to Peter afterward that being integrated back into society would have to mean feeling responsible for one's actions. Societies have their own problems, ingrained over many centuries. It is obvious then that integration in this case requires the individual to find a dynamic interaction, one in which the

individual is self-empowered to make his or her own decisions. Therapy in no way should be prescriptive.

Peter would eventually get home in anticipation of what his garden would look like when it is dry; all this recent rain tended to create a muddy look. The garden is woodland after all, a mini one at that. It was just another one of his quirks, to always have something to look forward to after he had created it but not had time to admire it. It could be a recording, or something he had written, or a gardening job he finished in the dark. He ran through the list of things that needed doing; it was endless. But that was the way he liked it. There was no work this week and he supposed that that was a motive to catch up a little at home. Peter liked having a mass of things to do; the more the merrier. He had gone off the decorating for a little while now, especially since the builders hadn't been around for some time. That wouldn't bother him just yet, money will eventually come. But he had noticed that he'd been practically working for nothing these last months; maybe it was a trend. This week he had his box delivery scheme to look forward to, a huge amount of free fruit and veg in return for two hours cycling work; it was hardly anything new.

It was a good day, on the way back he managed to fill the trailer with an old display unit he salvaged from a skip. Against an outside wall it offered its services as an immediate mini greenhouse such that it was glass paneled on all other sides. The day was far from finished though. He would go swimming again that night and find the batten he needed to complete the wall paneling in the corridor. That was found in a skip as well; the wood protruding so far out the back of his trailer that it made him appear like a pheasant or something, as the 'feathers' waddled from side to side along the road. But everybody on his street knew him by now, if not by name then by face, or the back of his ass as the expression might go. Even the little black trouble-maker at the top of the road; a boy, maybe 12 years old, acting with the attitude of an adult. He could only have got that from his parents, his father namely by the way he spoke. The boy didn't like him, for absolutely no reason other than for a strange pretentious jealousy. He kept on mentioning the point of his beard, and where Peter would normally smile and say 'hello,' on this particular occasion a few days ago he stopped and called him over. The boy said in a very smug voice, "Hello Father Christmas," pause, "Father Christmas gone seriously wrong." Peter beckoned him over but the boy was scared and they talked with the width of a road between them. "Tell me, what color is Father Christmas, black or white?" "White," the boy replied. "And does that mean that there is something seriously wrong about him." "What?!!" The boy couldn't answer and ran off. Peter considered his impromptu response also, and he never fully understood it himself.

Peter hasn't met him since, and on this occasion he carried on waddling home, taking up the full width of the road and passing the point in which this encounter happened. Now, a few days later he would ring a Mexican friend of his and cycle up to Northwest London to check out his allotment. It was more like Wembley football field, for about fifteen pounds a year. In fact, it could have been Wembley, it was that run down. He mentioned this tale about the finding of the wood batten in the skip, and you know what Leonardo said to him? "Just like the Quetzal bird." "Oh, as in Quetzalcoatl?" Peter replied. "Yeh, it is a tiny bird like this, with huge feathers at the back. When it flies through the air it moves like a snake. But it is now extinct." So that is where they get the feathered serpent?" It rekindled the theme of his Mayan, stepped lean-to greenhouse he was building.

Leonardo was a beautiful guy, very deep, who obviously loved his children to extremes. Something happened to him, as it normally does to very profound people. But here again Peter found himself drawn to such a like-minded person. When Peter had made that trip to Northwest London he first helped Leonardo to finish off some paving slabs for a foundation, giving over some tips. It later occurred to him that it was an unconscious, ritualistic embodiment of a foundation he made with Leonardo. They had now both cycled to each other's plots, one in the northwest, the other in the southeast. Leonardo had also acquired himself a trailer, found of course. But as he struggled up the hills he would stop from time to time and talk. He told his story, and Peter was touched.

Leonardo: You know Merlyn, something happened to me. I was a different person years ago. I used to take drugs; fast living; I was a surfer. I was living in California at the time. But I had an accident. I dislocated a disc in my spine and that should have been the end of me. I was only given a little time. But I recovered in two or three months later. But you know what? That day I left the hospital I had a dream. I was flying, and I had wings, like an angel. I could see a light in the shape of a cross. You know, the cross of Jesus Christ. I heard a loud voice and it boomed to me. It said, "You must return to the Earth, you have something to do." And my wings were taken from me. At that moment I felt a deep pain under my ribs. I later found out that it was a lung tumor. But I was healed of this.

For once Peter was intent to listen for a while, yet he knew that the pain is something he suffered himself for many years.

Leonardo: It made me think why I had this second chance. And then this very strange thing happened. An old school friend appeared from nowhere. I hadn't seen him for years and then, all of a sudden, he was there. He had some LSD, the crystal form. You know, the pure form. He was keeping it because he needed to make some money to pay for his university fees. I went to touch it but he said "No! You will trip." I said, "You are having a laugh, come on. Why make fun?" I didn't know this but in its pure crystal form you can trip when it makes skin contact. I still couldn't believe him so I just took the stuff and played it around my hands. Not long afterwards he grew these ears and he looked just like an elf. And we were laughing. And he said to me, "You got what you asked for!" And then he just disappeared. I never saw him again. I passed the trip, I believe it was like a test. It made me think. I returned to my home country, Mexico and met a German girl. I was thinking of settling down as well at the time. Within a week of meeting her I got her pregnant. But she said to me that she didn't really want this settling down business now and that she wanted to go back to Germany. She invited me and said that it wasn't really that important that I come. I asked her if she was sure, I had no money anyway. She replied that the child will be taken care of. I don't visit them. I don't really know my daughter there. I am not a father to her. But then I met an English girl, my wife Rebecca; we were travelling together. We came back to England, but this is why I think my younger daughter is so important to me. I have not been myself this last few months because I am deeply in love with her; she is taking all my time. This whole experience really made me go inwards. How about you Merlyn, do you want kids?

'Well,' Peter thought, engrossed as he was.

Peter: I consider myself a holy man. I have never had a serious relationship, and I have not met anybody in many years. I don't need anybody.

Leonardo: But why? Don't you want children?

Peter: I consider the act of having children one in which the parent needs it as much as the child. I have evolved in my mind.

Leonardo: Is this natural though?

Peter: Yeh. You see, I can be a father to all the children in the world. I don't have the committed time for my own child, but I believe that wherever I go I am that father. Having a child of your own is something that you may need just as well. I may meet somebody someday, when I need the experience.

Leonardo: That is really beautiful. I will tell my wife that, that you feel as though you are a father to all the children in the world.

Peter: Well, they are like my bonsai trees; all the trees in the world.

Like so many other people I meet, we seemed to share something profound, Leonardo and I. He received a call that night from his client to say well done on the paving job. It appears that he has earned himself another buck or two, to lay a laminated floor. Leonardo quite graciously offered me to help him, for pay I assume. Regardless of whether I do, a foundation seems to have been laid.

That time when at the Buddhafield festival, I had a few more encounters also. Peter prompted, "So you say to me you are enlightened and that you have never lost this enlightenment." The Buddhist teacher replied, "The mind is nowhere." "But I say that the mind is passive, a passive, perceptive window. Tell me. Are children enlightened then?" "I cannot answer this question." Peter was glad for the audience he had. "I was enlightened once but I lost it socializing amongst adults and dealing with objective values. I want to be with children instead." "You know a different kind of enlightenment. Everybody is enlightened... Some of our group keeps it to themselves, I want to teach, to speak it." It was an interesting exchange of perceptions. There was certainly no animosity in it. The whole Buddhafield festival is the quietest on record.

Sometime later I exchanged more banter. This time I was in a more egotistical mood in view of the fact that I consider myself a mirror to the human face. I was approached by a particularly philosophical kind who said, "You speak in cryptic." "I have a connection with water. Somebody told me that in Gaelic, Merlyn means 'Island of the sea fort.' An island is subject in its creation to the surrounding water, the chaos. It is the water that defines my personality and gives expression to me. Even the word 'Moses' means 'saved from water.' 'Merlyn' comes from the root 'mar' or 'mer' as with Martha, Mary, Miriam. The reason why there were so many Mary's around

Jesus is because it was a titular name, the name for a teacher of religious scripture. Women teachers were revered much more in those days. I am a teacher."

And so it is, that human ego defines the edge of one's personality, like water on a seashore. The chaos of humanity swims for bare comfort, and then claims the island for itself.

I know I am intelligent; I don't piss in the bathroom sink for nothing. It is just the right height and I probably use two litres of water or less to flush it away. On conventional systems, that could be a saving of up to ten litres of fresh, drinkable water each time I go for a piss. It is even more efficient than any low-flush systems that are out there. But I am a prophet. I am halfway to building a reed-bed system in my garden that will eventually be fed from the gray-water outlet of the bathroom. Other than the drip-irrigation system it will be the first noticeable synergy happening involving the house, garden and myself.

In the West the three are so often considered as separate entities in respect to the function each play. People shit into nice, shining porcelain bowls, a handle is pulled and all is forgotten. That is why it is one of the biggest problems in this country and the West in general that condition referred to as irritable bowel syndrome. It is because in the West people are so used to eating crap; processed dead foods that hang around the gut for days and weeks even. I should know, I suffered for years with it. What is needed truly is a decent diet of fresh, home-bred food, so fresh that it is eaten within those first few hours of being picked before its degradation takes place. It ensures that the specialization cells the body requires for a healthy lifestyle are manufactured and don't remain half completed. The body comes first and the mind follows. Get the body right and the mind is put at ease. But it is easy to forget. The whole idea of porcelain came about because of its smooth, easily-cleaned surface. As I say, everything is conveniently flushed away. Does anyone remember it any different? Here in the West the resultant pollutants require extensive measures to correct. That is why we pay through our nose in taxes for a lifestyle we have no apparent control over. At any rate I piss in the sink, and the products I use in the bathroom are naturally biodegradable. Nature already has a convenient way of dealing with it. My biological pond is just one way of reducing the waste; the reedbed is soon to follow. And as those waste products are broken down by nature so I fulfill the directional synergy of garden, I, house, and back to garden. The house is an extension of the garden; the garden comes first, the house follows.

Peter was returning home on this one particular day. Just before he reached his front door he heard a snap of words from a mother talking to her child. "Odd plus odd makes even, odd plus even makes odd." Peter finished off the sentence, 'Even plus

even makes even." Why is that? Why didn't the odds win two to one instead? Is this the law of natural discrimination? Peter continued to his door. The builders were there and Michael came down to meet him.

Michael: We're just leaving.

Peter: Still haven't taken down the scaffolding?

Michael: No. Still, we only came to pick up a few bits. We've been figuring out your garden. It looks like a postage stamp from up there. I see you have repaired the hole in the fence. And you are building a greenhouse or something aren't you?

Peter: Looks good don't you think, all in red? It is south facing, southwest actually, so it is perfect for a peach. I had eighteen fruit from it last year. A little bit further along there is a fig but it is very young. You'll hardly notice it. Have you counted the amount of trees, fruit trees in the garden? There are thirteen trees, fourteen if you count the elderflower, fifteen if you count the flowering cherry. The flowering cherry looks like it is on its way out. It never fully recovered from the butchering my dad gave it, so the wild olive is there to replace it. And then I have started rearing all this soft fruit; choke berries, blueberries, cranberries, gooseberries, currants, rose hips. It is a veritable woodland edge. I mean there's grape, Japanese quince, blackberries, the list goes on.

Michael: Corrr, and do you eat them?

Peter: A lot of them have only just gone in. It will be a while before some of them fruit.

At this stage Michael was feeling confident with himself, rather adventurous with his thoughts.

Michael: Do you know who you are?

Peter: Yes I do. But it is not for you to know.

Michael: But I already know who you are.

Peter: You don't. You see, that is the difference between knowing and believing. You wouldn't have prompted me if you knew who I was. Such things cannot be believed, only known. Knowing is about understanding

what's beneath your thoughts, your beliefs. How much of that is what you really know and how much of that is what you are told? I can never believe who I am; it is for you to believe such things.

There was a gleam in Michael's eyes. His eyes seemed to be a little blacker. He was certainly invigorated, at times bordering frenzy. Peter knew that look of self-assurance. Had the fellow been corrupted?

Peter: There is a God before you

Michael: There is only one God in this world

Peter: Do you raise it on a pedestal or do you want it to fall?

Michael: I am God and anybody who believes in me believes in God.

Peter: It is humanity, the mind element, that creates duality. The very process of conceptualization can only manifest through the mind and the mind develops from it. You know of the concept of *wu wei* or Non-action?

Michael: Yes.

Peter: Let me show you this book I am working from.

Peter led him into the front room. It was not obviously apparent at first but the space was subtly enhanced by its iconography. Peter in his own small way referred to it as the king's chamber. He remembered bringing another friend of his in here by the name of Steve. Steve was Peter's oldest, established friend who knew him during his early twenties. Steve was one of those few people who could provide evidence of those beguiling years when Peter had slipped into insanity and back out again. A lecturer in social and industrial economics, Steve had become quite an intellectual connoisseur. He was an academic and excited at progressing through the ranks of academia. The one thing above all others that they shared in common was their desire to play games. Peter played the greatest game of chess with him, every move one of defense and attack. They used to sit together with a pack of cigarettes and a pint of Guinness, focusing eight by eight, on a laminated board. The game of chess was one of those inventions that had to happen. It was a way that man came to terms with his need to divide and conquer. Great wars were fought on it. Maybe great battles were detracted from ever happening because of it. 'The Eight, the number of the great.' One thing that was so obviously apparent about the game was the role of the playees. They effectively played out their motives like the Greek gods of old, who sat in mythopoeia parting the heavenly clouds and seeing their heroes and heroines, as well

as their villains, bestowed with divine benevolence. Chess is about playing God. Invented all those centuries ago, it really does appear that man foresaw the great hole in the ozone layer. How can man annihilate himself with the greatest of strategy? But the king is special; the king is never removed from the board. And in the king the gods saw their hope, for even the gods had rules to obey, laws. The king is passive, the king and the land are one.

## **The King and I**

Eight by eight, the bounded existence of my experience  
May the gods objectify the gameboard's hand-play  
See how the playees stand subjective awaiting divine will  
And the king who is protected with a golden seal

The king, passive amid his own, breathes respect  
Amongst his subjects  
Steady as a rock, he takes a stand of utmost defence  
See how he commands the activity of his vanguard  
Whom move according to the lie of the land's patina

For the king and the Eight are one, enmeshed  
The hidden pattern of destiny immersed throughout his very being  
Only through subjectification can such a one engross  
The god's fateful deliverance  
A message for immortals who are never removed from the plan

'Hear O' gods how you yourselves are subject to the King's land  
A criss-cross of lines that condition your foreboding nature  
And you subjects also, passive in the divine sense  
Though active in forcing increasing gradations of  
Appositional convergence'

The duality is one of objectivity and distinction  
The King can never see his own reflection within a divine subjectivity  
Black and white are for mortals and moguls to fist it out  
While the King all but meets his counterpart in a never-ending saga

So in the same manner that Michael entered the king's chamber, so had Steve. My, as yet, unpublished book was lying on the sitting room floor and I had been gradually going through it checking for grammatical alterations and compiling its glossary. I am about two thirds of the way through it and the exposed page read the title of the chapter, '*LIGHTING* the Heavenly Throne - Seeing is Believing.'

We were going out that tonight, making a mental note of its conspicuous message. We went to the pub to watch the game and shoot pool. Later a couple of guys walked in with an attitude of looking for trouble. We came close to physical confrontation but surmised to eventually play them at pool for a quid each, which was Steve's suggestion. During the game when we were beating them my eyes set on an arcade machine, the title of which was called 'The Final Frontier.' It was lit up like a billboard. Beneath it though, in smaller letters, and too coincidental to be disregarded, read its subtitle 'Seeing is Believing.' I had been sensitized.

The glazed look continued and Michael cast a circumspect eye over the room. It was obvious it hadn't been decorated for years. High on the chimney breast was the skull of a deer head, only a young one, which had been there for just as long as the wall paper it seemed. Peter had found it being thrown out with a load of other household rubbish during his early twenties. It was beautiful and yet brutal. Only now did it occur to him what his vegetarian and vegan friends might think of it.

Michael: Look at that. That is gorgeous.

Peter: Like everything else, I found it.

It was like that dream he had, in which he found the dead king slumped in his throne. New thoughts were stirring in Peter. Did he have that dream after or before he found that deer skull? After, he thinks. Of course, there is an ancient tradition in which the king would take a dominant stag in ritual enactment, to confirm his status.

Peter: Let me show you something else.

Peter pulled out a walking stick carved in wood.

Peter: What do you think?

Michael played with it.

Michael: Nice

Michael was intelligent enough to notice a number of joints along it. He started to turn and twist it, fully realizing that it was more than a walking stick.

Peter: It was given to me by my uncle as a 23<sup>rd</sup> birthday present, or thereabouts. Can you work out how the pool cue comes together?

Michael started joining all the sections together.

Michael: This is smart. Anyway, what's this book you wanted to show me?

The pool cue was promptly put away. Steve had been fascinated by it as well. Pool was another one of those magical '8' games and they matched each other well on the table. Just as Peter was pulling Douglas Flemon's *Completing Distinctions* off the shelf Michael had gone over to the long-necked trumpet and picked it up. He blew it and it made a most ghastly sound. Peter laughed.

Peter: I found that as well, and took it once to a Watford football game when they got to the finals of the first division play-offs.

Michael had trouble putting it back.

Michael: You were talking about *wu wei*.

Peter: Yes, well the concept signifies a purificatory process. It is how one may add total relevance to all their actions. It doesn't necessarily mean 'no activity', but 'non-action.' Consider what you have done today. What have you done?

Michael thought about it.

Michael: Nothing much, same old stuff.

Peter: Right, you can't remember much of it.

Michael: So why is it a purificatory process?

Peter: Because it is the process of emptying one's ego. Humanity tries to create everything in its own image, and yet humanity is fundamentally flawed. This is the basis of human existence. What they

teach in Zen is to go beyond human falsity, beyond its perception. And what one discovers underneath is a collective stream of unconsciousness. It is one thing to negate human perception, but then the very act of negation must also be negated. You understand that?

Michael: Yes, otherwise it is not *wu wei*.

Peter: Right, all the time Man tries to be something it enforces his role as a human, and humanity is fundamentally flawed as I say.

Michael: So humanity is about making mistakes.

Peter: Absolutely, and about learning from mistakes. It is written so:

### ACTION WITHOUT FALSITY \ (KNOWING / false activity)

Peter pulled out a handful of notes.

Peter: Action without falsity is the context of understanding, it is the resolution. Knowing is the active element, false activity the passive element. By passivating false activity one comes to understand the act of knowing or the act of how one learns. False activity is negated but it is not discounted. When taken in context of how one comes to know, so its value as a passive element is revealed. And Man goes forward in action without falsity.

Michael: Okay, where's the double negation? In fact, why do we have to negate?

Peter: Right, negation is the mode in which the mind is made pure, a purging of the ego. The first act of negation is through knowing - the active element. But in order to negate this act of knowing, knowing and false activity are put into the resolute context of action without falsity. In other words, knowing cannot exist without false activity.

Michael: And that's what makes us human? What does it mean to be enlightened then?

Peter: It is to do with knowing when not to act when you know that to act will only conduce to making you human. It is written like this:

### KNOWING WHEN NOT TO ACT \ (KNOWING / *wu wei*)

Peter: When knowing is founded upon non-action or *wu wei*.

Michael: But you have just told me that, if you say that humans realize their mistakes.

Peter: I know. It takes an enlightened man to teach these things. I am trying to show you how you perceive things. It is very human to see one's errors in one's ways. But hear this. It is the Enlightened Man who gives false activity a passive value, in effect negating it. He sees the errors of the past. But false activity must first have been experienced actively before it can be denoted as a false activity. That's what humans do. And some time later man sees the errors of his ways and learns to change his behavior. He then calls it wisdom. The Enlightened Man does not go down the road of false activity. It is the Enlightened Man who empty's oneself of ego. Thus *wu wei* is the passive element here, negated but not discounted since it is contextualised in the act of knowing.

Michael: The whole of which is contextualised in knowing when not to act.

Peter: That is it's context of resolution in the same way that action without falsity is the context of resolution for the existence of both knowing and false activity.

Michael: Okay, so in like manner *wu wei* or non-action may have begun as an active element but by passivating, or negating it we put it in the context of knowing so that knowing becomes the active element instead. Hang on, I am beginning to grasp this. If false activity and *wu wei* begun as active elements then knowing was originally the passive element.

Michael began to scribble:

FALSE ACTIVITY / knowing  
*WU WEI* / knowing

Peter: How about if we reverse the slash to indicate that, like this:

FALSE ACTIVITY \ knowing  
*WU WEI* \ knowing

Michael: So the first act of negation removes our common objective and returns us an act of knowing. But the both polar elements must also be negated so that any sense of duality is removed.

Peter: Which means that the experience of doing this must be one of transcendence. The both must be grasped as the fulfilment of a common experience. It is the nature of the dialectic.

Michael: Anyway, what does that make us?

Michael answered himself.

Michael: Enlightened humans.

Peter: I am an animal actually.

Michael: Eh?

Peter: A magician. The magician nurtures transcendence.

Michael: Is not the Magician the same as the Enlightened Man?

Peter: How shall I say this? It is when knowing is actively contextualised as experience.

Michael: Maybe I don't understand magic then, or your interpretation of it.

Peter: It is the animal within, the whole shamanic experience, the magical experience of growing. As one slows down in growth so the less they find it. Children are magical beings. Anyone who finds the child in them can maintain it.

Michael: Magical transcendence?

Peter: Yes, I had a friend once at a festival who told me that he seemed to be juggling his life back and forward between the sea and his home. Every time he went home she was always there, waiting for him when he got back. But when at sea that is where he wrote his songs. Reception is happening at two levels. At sea, one's mind is quite passive, responsive to the collective consciousness. But one is limited in the amount of information feeding in at this level. He was probably quite orderly; he knew his motivation. The sea and the slow tempo of the environment reduce one to receive information nearer the subjective.

Michael: Doesn't everybody do so anyway?

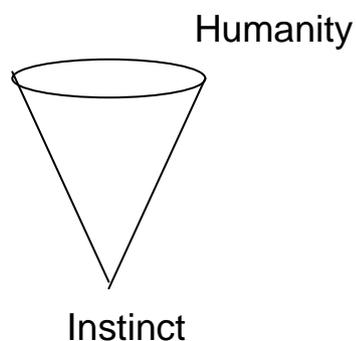
Peter: What I am referring to by this is the conscious threshold of the subconscious. One is much more sensitive to environmental stimuli. I call it the subjective realm because it is directly related to genetic development; how we evolve as individuals.

Michael: But genetic material passes between individuals. Genetic development in this case may refer to the development of the human race.

Peter: That is true, but I would prefer to call this genetic evolution. So it is here at this threshold of genetic development where one does their growing. One's mind is not creating the impedance that prevents conscious realization of the growing process. The mind is passive - a window of expression. Writing music on this level is a form of re-creation. So at sea he would be surrounded by these archetypal symbols, the sea, the sky, the wind, the sun. These directly appeal to the collective unconsciousness. In their presence one assumes a slower, responsive nature, but much deeper. The magician operates here, re-creating, ensuring a tranquility of form, not the complex variations found in urban environments.

Michael: But we live in the city.

Peter: It can be difficult sometimes, but I restrict my communications. I only allow so much influence. Let me draw you something. Transcendence is like this:



Peter: Here is the instinct, it is infinite. A point, not in time, not in space, it is nowhere. In other words, it is not fashioned by human perception. Consider an animal, a plant even. What possible perception does it have of space and time? If all your senses were removed what would remain. Without sight, without hearing, without smell, without taste, without touch. Yet we know a plant 'sees,' it grows towards the sun. Does it hear? Can it hear the trampling of elephant feet or the chewing of a sloth? Not that it would really matter. Does it hear gravity like a vibration of electrical energy, or the sound of a buzzing bee? And what is smell other than a reaction to airborne chemicals. Taste? One Insect might present a difference to other insects in the jaws of a carnivorous plant. And touch? Well, we know a plant can appreciate the texture and structure of soils. So Michael, how do you differ towards animals and plants?

Michael: Self-consciousness is it not?

Peter: Right, it is a conceptual thing. Humanity creates concept. Look at that diagram and imagine it as a time-line. Instinct is at the root of all human concept. Through the evolution of consciousness man creates concept based upon the expansion of space and time. It does this through the dialectic taking supposedly opposing truths and developing an elaboration or resolution of these truths.

Michael: A context of resolution.

Peter: Yes, and this is why we get this expansion of space and time; one truth cannot be held in isolation for it is based upon its contradictory value and its assimilative nature in taking in all that has gone before it. So what does Man do in reality? He reflects upon past events, stored as a collected consciousness, and redefines its value. But each perceived event is a fraction of a proceeding event. Because the very nature of Man is to reflect it will only ever create a perceived fraction of a proceeding event, as he looks down in history. The source is still there, the instinct, but it is in the infinite and is never quite attainable. Man creates an infinite amount of definition.

Michael: Is it necessary?

Peter: Definition? It all depends on where one's motives lie. Are you centered in unconsciousness when you ask that question? That is where the instinct abides. What is this relationship between us? Why do I think you are necessary?

Michael: You mean, what you ask for objectively can still be subject to the instinct, is it not?

Peter: Yes, necessity can be an act and a notion. It is the nature of humanity to assume so. We have assumed each other's presence, have we not? Two things are drawn together out of necessity, the one fulfils the other. Aristotle believed that all bodies were naturally at rest; modern science assumes that when a body is not acted on by any force it will keep moving in a straight line, this is of course assuming that some force got it going in the first place. But how do you test for this? As I say, all bodies are acting upon each other. When is a force not being acted on by another body? Yes, we must assume the necessity of each other.

Michael: Am I to believe that the greater presence of something induces a greater understanding; would its force be doubled if its presence is doubled?

Peter: Force must be considered as a relationship between 'separate' bodies in view of the fact that the force acting upon a falling body is constant; the Earth has a constant pull. The exertion of the Earth does not change if the 'force' is double. It merely implicates that the mass of the falling body must have changed, i.e. a relationship to the Earth, since gravity is still constant. You know the experiment, two bodies of different weight falling at the same speed. Western science has made force into an isolated variable.

Michael: Newton said that a force is doubled if the weight is doubled and so should double its speed, but then the speed is halved if the mass is doubled so all in all everything cancels out, the speed remains constant.

Peter: Yes, I wonder how far that notion came to mind. Force is a relationship; it is a factor that takes in the weight of an object across its size - its density. Do not consider force in isolation of either variable, weight or mass. Imagine an object falling from the sky, accelerating. It breaks up. Those objects continue accelerating because the original

force acting upon them is constant - gravity, though their weights may have changed. In Western science, when a force is given a value, it merely indicates a change of weight or mass but is now endowed with the quality of a parameter. Force is in fact invisible, an assumed presence.

Just then the whole conversation had phased Michael onto a different level.

Michael: My garden beckons me, I must be off.

Peter: Michael, hear this out, you are in the presence of the deer head, remember. Consider the moon where the weight of an object is different to its weight here on earth; the mass remains constant. Force then is a measure of gravitational influence yet this gravitational influence has an assumed presence. Science assumes the presence of gravity as a basis for calculation but force is then invested with further variables that qualify it under different parameters. All of a 'sudden', science had gone down the conceptual path to create a variety of definition. It is such that we must consider the necessity of each other all the time we are human. This is the reality, and we attribute to it force, power, influence, come what may on the conceptual path. Ah, but instinct, instinct is being, whereas mind is becoming. It is mind that creates time.

Michael: And the magician, how do you fit in?

Peter: In the unconscious, in the instinct. That is where his or her motivation issues from. The magician does not reflect. He *is*. He has the whole picture, like all instinctive beings do. When he grows he embodies the whole of evolution before him. And yet he is also becoming because in that act of growing, of transcendence, he *creates* mind.

Michael: But you said that was a human development.

Peter: The collective consciousness? Yes. Humanity reflects upon past achievements, histories, evolution. It is humanity who gives it definition. The magician *creates*, laying down the foundations for subsequent human development; the innovation in society.

Michael: And the Enlightened Man, how does he fit in?

Peter: He just doesn't bother himself with the past. The Enlightened Man seeks the middle path, allowing change to happen with him, identifying simple solutions, and understanding harmony in the environment.

Michael: These are changes in consciousness, no?

Peter: Yes.

Michael: So you believe yourself to change culture?

Peter: I know it Michael. When knowing is actively contextualised as experience. So, let us finish off our three-phrase trick.

### ACTIVE PASSIVITY \ (KNOWING / passive activity)

Peter: Passive activity, which is another name for behavior, is passivated through the active element of knowing. That is, the act of behaving is contextualised through the experience of learning, in so much as to resolve itself within an active passivity.

Michael: And active passivity is the same as passive activity only now you are adding a magical, timeless element to it. Active passivity would assume one is creating the foundations for all other behaviors to wallow in. It is cosmic.

Peter: The act of re-creation. Now you know the true role of the king.

Michael: Do you mind if I use your toilet Merlyn?

Peter: No, down the corridor.

Like many guests he walked straight passed it and headed for the bathroom. He checked himself and came back up the corridor. Facing in the opposite direction he could see the basement door, though he knew it not at first. He tried it and looked within. It was chaos, its orderliness non-existent in comparison to the simplified arrangement above. It was subterranean wilderness. Peter referred to it as his Zone 5, the equivalent of unmanaged wilderness that forms an important aspect of permaculture design; areas that are left to nature, unmanaged, areas severely lacking in developed countries. Peter could not call it managed wilderness, that would be Zone 4. Everything in the basement was haphazard although the old freezer served well as a toolbox. The amazing thing is that when Peter needed something, it was down there, somewhere. Of course, it also had a store of harmful chemical products inherited and

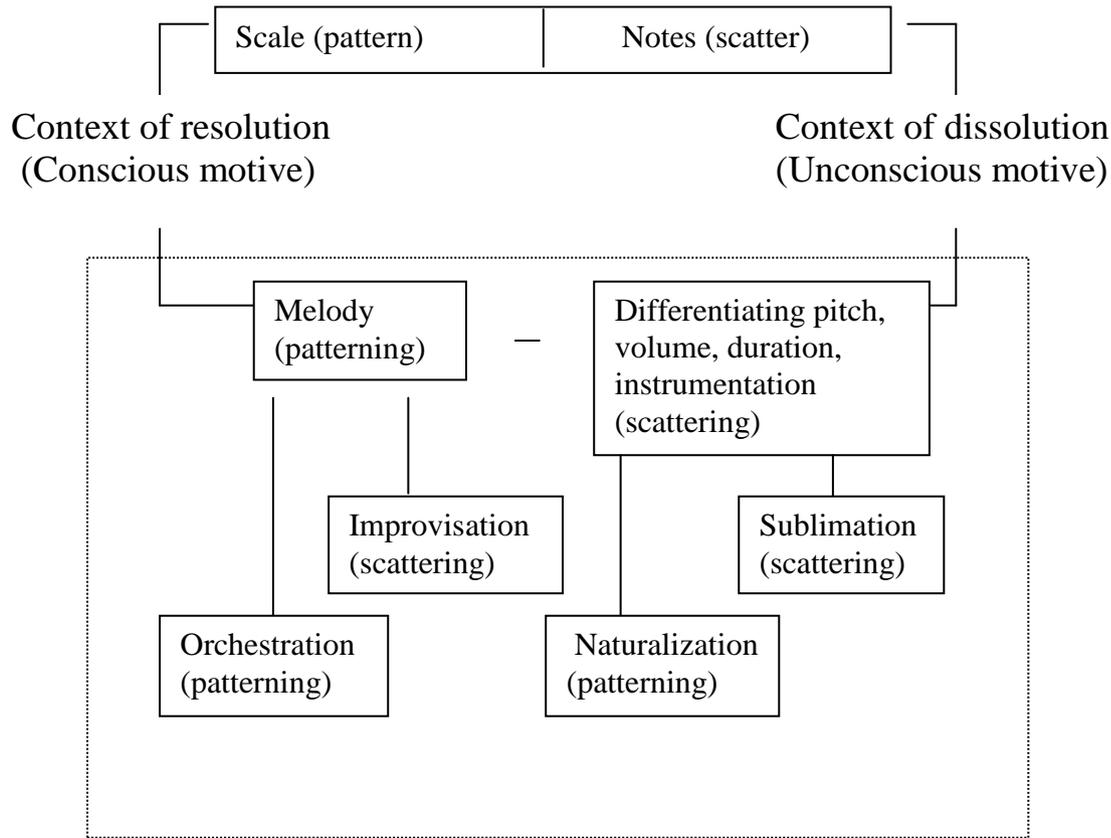
not yet readily disposed, although he did believe that by using them up the polluting effect of disposal would be diminished. He just didn't need to have to buy them anymore. The problem is the solution and permaculture design methodology required the whole picture to be looked at. The house was in conversion as well as the garden, as well as the wilderness beyond the immediate garden. As the saying goes, there is permanence in impermanence. Peter had also brought friends out into the railway embankment but these were rare occasions normally occurring around celebratory events like the equinoxes and the permaculture courses he'd run to coincide with them. Some would even do planting up, true gardeners in their own right.

The Spring equinox was fast approaching now even though nature had already stirred from her sleep. The coldness of late February dragged on into March and more often than not Peter found himself curled up next to a heater. The radiators were installed but someone forgot to check to see if the gas mains were connected. There wasn't a meter, they had only just installed gas into his street in the past year and a half. Everybody on his street was fully aware of this because of the hassle it caused for months with people trying to park around the road works. On account of the on-going problems Peter got up a petition of about one hundred and twenty signatures to request a council tax reduction for the degraded quality of life. This included the stripping of cover from the railway embankment during fence renewal, which subsequently increased the prevailing noise pollution. But humans quickly forget, pounded into conformity to the extent that nobody wants to follow up the process and go to the Inland Revenue for a council tax rate evaluation. They were interested in a reduction, but not having to fight for it. It is the one thing that really characterizes humans, first their need to develop memories, then their need to bury lots of them. I withdraw this comment from those who have suffered and cannot forget.

So, Peter had no gas and no heating. He certainly couldn't afford to pay the costs, which he hoped the housing association would volunteer towards. Michael would find this to his awakening. If he tried sitting down on that toilet seat the hairs on his back would rise.

Michael promptly returned. By then Peter had retrieved some further notes for him.

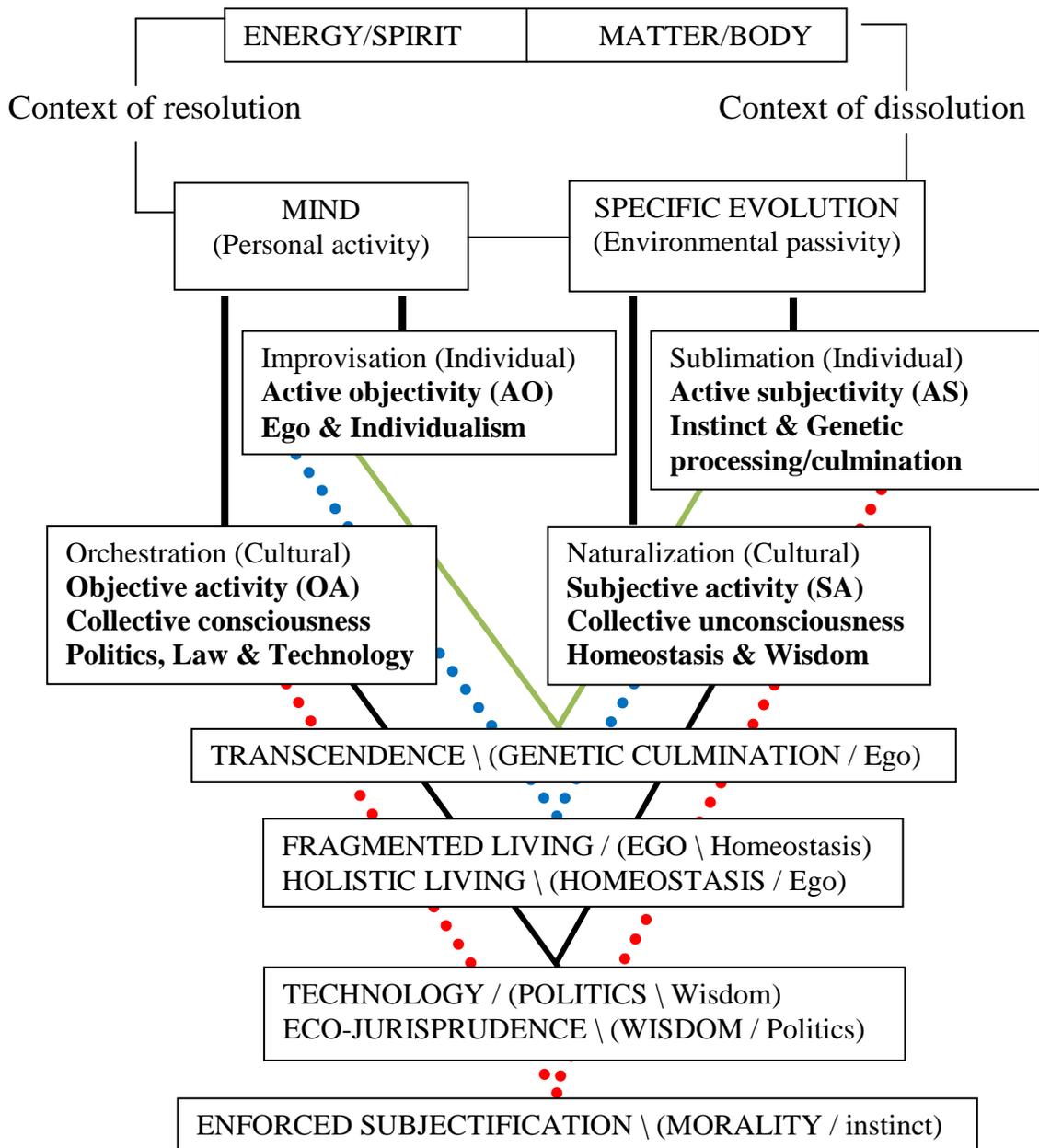
Peter:     Here Michael, study this and come back to me. We'll talk about it another time.



Transcendence – where all these distinctions go beyond culture; a returning to the source.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> At the time of writing I dwelt incessantly on the correct identification of the words that would describe the meaning I was trying to convey. Douglas Flemons gave me the skeletal framework (patterning/scattering) for my own subsequent formulations. A closer look at the terminology would indicate that I am referring to a variety of appositional qualities here, not least the reference to cultural and individual parameters, patterning and scattering respectively, as well as the greater context of the conscious and unconscious motive. I am happy using, within my limited understanding of musical theory, the notions of ‘orchestration’ (cultural) and ‘improvisation’ (individual) as the consciously motivated context for melody. However, things got very difficult in trying to find the descriptive terms conveying the unconscious motive (the context of dissolution) inherent in patterning and scattering, chaos per se. Decades later I would come to understand this ‘energy’ as revolutionary (sublimation). On a cultural level I would thus be referring to experimental music that uses instrumentation and sound as a power towards dissolving contemporary trends. This would, in effect, open up a cultural void that allowed changes and new genres to form as there will always be a context for its resolution. Whilst great song-writing persists throughout the decades, ultimately the naturalization of sound will be in imitation of nature. Some peoples may find these sounds meditative, the sound of running water in the back of someone’s garden for instance, or the hum of bees exuded from the interior of a looked-after hive. It would credence to the possibility that natural sound, as unconsciously designed by nature, may be the individual’s greatest cure in returning him or her to the source. Wind chimes are another example of chaos made to ‘work’ in view of its unconscious motive.

# LIFE ≡



What do you think?

Michael: Life equals...

Peter: 'Equivalent,' that is the sign for 'equivalent.'

Michael: Life is equivalent to pattern and scatter, and all its subdivisions.

Peter: It's based on what we have been discussing but I have put it in mind-map form. Pattern is the active element, scatter the passive, according to human convention. This can be represented, including its subdivisions, in a number of examples. Here, for instance, the pattern is equated to a musical scale, the scatter to its individual notes. The whole map has a musical theme. Later I adapted it, as in this second example, to give the whole map a psychological theme. You can see that whilst life is equivalent to the interaction of energy and matter, or spirit and body, its context of resolution, what I call the conscious motive, is the mind. On the other hand, the force that humanity is fighting against is the tendency of life to dissolve into specific evolution. This is because specific evolution dictates an environmental passivity. When humanity strives to passivate its mind it develops the necessary philosophies and belief systems in accordance to the perpetual changes that go on in the environment. These may be religious or scientific forms of justification. However, mind has also been a bane for egotism in its failure to understand its unconscious motives. The whole map is a conceptual framework remember, based upon Douglas Flemons' book *Completing Distinctions*.

Michael: I see, not only do you have a context of resolution, but now you have a context of dissolution.

Peter: Because it derives from the scatter element - the passive stance, no ego is involved. The ego though, is self-perpetuating; it feeds off the instinct. It will not dissolve itself, but it can be negated as I have said. Mind in this case is the context for resolution, the active element, since it coordinates structure, although that structure would not necessarily take human perceptual form, not yet anyway, until humanity discovers it and creates it in its own image.

Michael: Okay, I have enough to think about for now. I will catch up with you again on the subject.

And he left. Did he realize what he just said, "And I'll catch up with you again." Of course, humanity is always playing catch-up. 'When next he comes', thought Peter, 'I will bring him into the garden.'

The course date was fast approaching. Peter had to rendezvous with one of his course teachers. The theme of the dialectic was still in his mind. Together they both went to look at a fencing job. An awkward one, but it seemed to establish a certain amount of congeniality between them. The day passed well, ending with a trip to a local funky café. It was a lovely place, the garden embodying a very homemade look about it. It emphasized continuity between it and the building. But this issue of the dialectic had come up earlier in the car ride. Peter had studied a little of Marx in the past and discovered that the written works of Marx portrayed a different understanding as to what was being academically commented upon. Peter would always see things much deeper. In particular, he thought that, beneath the lines, Marx was referring to this concept of transcendence, in reference to the historical dialectic, one based in the Beyond, beyond time and space. On the academic level the art of investigating the truth easily fulfils rational, conscious motives. But there does always seem to be this period initially, both individually and culturally, where a metaphysical insight is the primary way forward before any exposition is rallied upon by the academic masses. It is so with the pioneers of new movements that it refers back to the role of the "magician." It is at the emergence of time where headway is made into the unknown whilst in its wake flounder the rationalists. It may be an unfair comment to make from the outside but the true understanding of Marx can barely be grasped unless experienced from the inside, from the author's own mind. Experience is the key factor; the art of investigating the truth doesn't happen in a flash. The body comes first, passive, the mind follows. If the body is "right" so the mind is resolved to interpret the correct sequence of events. Thus, when understanding the truth of something, two apparently contradictory ideas can be bridged when the experiential value that gave rise to them forms the basis of its interpretation. Hence it can have a scientific value. These contradictory events may be distanced in space and time but the metaphysic allows their connection as a oneness of thought. This oneness of thought can only occur if one is centered in their body, a subjective centeredness, since the body is a living example of all that has gone before it. The body becomes the storehouse for the collective consciousness within the individual, a living proof of the connectedness of experience. Only when appealed to for its instinctive motivation does that connectedness remain, and a natural sequence of thought will follow to epitomize this; a bridging of space and time. On the other hand, whilst the rationalists attempt this bridging from a conscious motivation rather than from an unconscious one, they will provide a finite interpretation from what could be commonly referred to as an objective centeredness. And sometimes it comes up with elaborate and even beautiful definition, but definition is all it is; it is not the full realization.

With that in mind Peter and Henri trundled to that funky café. The potential stuck out straight away as to the efficacy of the place as a permaculture meeting area. It was a converted house and each room had its own theme. The big open garden welcomed introspection and privacy. What evolved during the late afternoon and evening was a full permaculture zonal analysis.

Peter: I have wanted to work on something. It refers to the way permaculture defines zonal analysis. Basically we have our five zones, don't we? Zones are defined by the time management aspects which is itself a factor of their accessibility. Thus the garden and house form an immediate environment, Zone 1, and the wilderness our less frequented environment, Zone 5. As an urban example what we have then is as follows.

Peter wrote it down whilst Henri began designing a mind-map of her own.

- Zone 1 Garden/house
- Zone 2 Allotments and parks
- Zone 3 Orchards, beehives and city farms
- Zone 4 Managed wilderness, woodland
- Zone 5 Wilderness, derelict land

Henri: Isn't Zone 0 the house, not Zone 1?

Peter: Conventionally yes, our most immediate environment. But I have a problem with that. I believe the garden defines a true permaculturist, the house a natural extension of that. Let's say the house is a room in the garden as much as herb bed or conservatory. Don't you agree?

Henri: Yeh.

Peter: Especially in an urban environment where things are much more cramped. On a homestead the situation may be different, where one might have chickens and ducks to tend to daily, or a number of various edibles to keep them in stock throughout the year. But for us, me particularly, I spend a hell of a lot of time in the garden.

Henri: And Zone 00, the self? That is what I am into.

Peter: Except that it really does fit elsewhere. You see, this listing represents 'place.' These are the places people frequent.

Henri: Zone 00 is the self. Let's make another list.

Peter: I am going to alter the pattern a little. I will change Zone 00 to Zone 01 instead, so as to equate it with the individual at home and the garden, Zone 1.

Peter took some time to write it down.

Zone 01 Human self

Zone 02 Market gardeners

Zone 03 Farmers

Zone 04 Hunters and foragers

Zone 05 Animals

Henri: Animals?

Peter: Or plants even; all instinctive beings. You see, their characteristics are significant of the environment they frequent. But this is adaptable too if say, you wouldn't necessarily have to go to the farm if, for example, the farmer is spotted making regular trips to the DIY store or runs a daily shop.

Henri: I am not so sure about the term 'human.' Can we not call it 'individual?'

Peter: Or how about the personal? Actually, I have a problem with that as well. I distinguish between the individual and the personal. The personal is more of a character thing whereas the individual is rather generic.

Henri: Okay, let's think of it as the personal or the self.

Peter: And Zone 00, what will that become now?

Henri: It's almost like the spirit realm.

Peter: Like the womb of your mother. In fact, I could call it 'mother.'

Henri: We'll come back to it.

Peter: You know what I've noticed. This first list, 'place', falls under Earthcare, one of the principle ethics in permaculture. This second defines Peopelcare and how each particular role fulfills a holistic society.

The third would have to fall under Fair Shares, the equal distribution of resources.

By this time the notebook had become a mass of scribbles and crossing-outs but it amounted to something like this:

Zone 1 Garden/house	Zone 01 Human self
Zone 2 Allotments and parks	Zone 02 Market gardeners
Zone 3 Orchards, beehives and city farms	Zone 03 Farmers
Zone 4 Managed wilderness, woodland	Zone 04 Hunters and foragers
Zone 5 Wilderness, derelict land	Zone 05 Animals

Henri: This third list then, which falls under Fairshares, would be 'Spirit,' so that we get 'Place, People, Spirit' as an embodiment of the whole.

Peter: I suppose it relates to consciousness then. The human self would have self-consciousness and well, the third list would look like this:

- Zone 001 Self-consciousness
- Zone 002 Clannish or familial consciousness
- Zone 003 Tribal consciousness
- Zone 004 Racial consciousness
- Zone 005 Global consciousness

Henri: I think racial consciousness is global consciousness.

Peter: Yes, as in the human race, but in the case of a global context the hunter/gatherer types generally roamed the environment in which they were familiar with, being restricted to certain parts of the globe or particular continents.

Henri: I studied anthropology and I say that hunter/gatherers had more of a global consciousness.

Peter: And you'd refer to animals or instinctive beings in general as containing a racial consciousness?

Henri: Yes. They would equate to a global consciousness too.

Peter: Because ultimately it is very instinctive. As the wilderness of the mind I think I agree.

Henri: For instance, as in the Celtic peoples.

Peter: But this poses problems in my developing philosophy. In this vein this is more like a national consciousness, the managed wilderness in which different ethnical structures are fostered into a national cause. I suppose racialism is a form of nationalism.

Henri: I see your difference of opinion now. You are saying that hunter/gatherers actually managed the wilderness.

Peter: Yes. And today we now talk about global communities, based on ecological assimilation, which is more Zone 5. So what we have all-told then is something like this:

Zone	0 The womb	00 Human embryo/fetus	000 Unconsciousness
Zone	1 Garden/house	01 Human self	001 Self-consciousness
Zone	2 Allotments and parks	02 Market gardeners	002 Clannish or familial
Zone	3 Orchards, beehives and city farms	03 Farmers	003 Tribal
Zone	4 Managed wilderness, woodland	04 Hunters and foragers	004 Racial or national
Zone	5 Wilderness, derelict land	05 Animals	005 Global or Community

Peter: It's a little odd, farmers behaving in tribes. It is not how you would view the evolution of the world.

Henri: You'd think the hunters or foragers were the more tribal, not the farmers.

Peter: Maybe it says something about true evolution and the way to go. As permaculturists we need to head towards forest gardening.

Henri: An evolution as such, from conventional modes of farming.

Peter: Let's look at it in terms of consciousness then. If Zone 001 is self-consciousness, Zone 000 is Unconsciousness. Zone 00 is then the embryonic human, the fetus, and Zone 0 must be the womb.

Henri: Oh, I see, we have gone back to origins.

Peter: Yes, it makes better sense doesn't it?

Henri: Yeh, of course. They signify place, people and spirit much more definitely.

Peter: What I see here is the progression of Man as he transcends in consciousness. It is an individual as well as a cultural development. Permaculture is a way of designing a global consciousness, outside-in, a sort of cosmic unity; the permanence of spirit throughout. The womb embodies a kind of spirit wilderness too, returning the cycle to Zone 5 and the wilderness of the mind. The human embryo or fetus, the gene bank, represents the spirit animal, its efficacy found in all of nature's beings. And the unconsciousness, in fact, signifies a spirit consciousness. It is another way of referring to holistic or cosmic consciousness. You see, Man seems always to needing to return to the source. Through creating space and time it opens up another paradigm. If this is ill-conceived, if it forgets the roots of its existence, then it leaves a gap that needs to be bridged. That is ever the quest of humanity until culmination returns it to the source.

The evening ended and Peter found himself exhausted later that night. During the ensuing days the fencing job got cancelled but this only opened up more time at home. Other fencing work was scheduled, not unlike what he'd been doing in his own back garden, not even unlike the paneling he was lining the corridor with. But for a continuity of theme a most unusual string of coincidences happened on one particular morning. Peter was characteristically curled up like a fetus on the floor next to the emergency gas heater. He'd been trying to work all night. The phone rang and he auto-hypnotically picked up the receiver. It was his permaculture friend at house no.105 around the corner. They talked a little about using his house on the upcoming course. And then, that morning in preparation to going out, £1.05 fell from his wallet onto the floor as two coins. He picked the coins up and placed them on the table. He then went to his money pot and poured out the remaining coins. Again, £1.05 fell off the table and onto the seat of the chair. 'That is a coincidence,' thought Peter. He continued the morning events and cycled towards one of the thriving local metropolises abundant in this part of South London. He parked up his bike and trailer and banked his money, at which point he realized that the two cheques totaled £105 exactly. If that wasn't enough, routine dictated that during the same visit he would

cross over to the local health-food shop and stock up on some essentials. There was an ongoing discussion in the shop about the price of eggs. The large were £1.05 each. Peter went for the extra-large instead and, as far as he knew, the coincidences ended there. In retrospect this told Peter that he had been overspending, de facto.

## Chapter 6 Distinguishing Completions

### **BEING**

The “way” of life

Is grounded

Upon the flux

Of mediated cosmic energy

### **BECOMING**

One must be careful, it is supposed, that they don't fall into this auto-hypnotic trap that human culture so readily adheres to. It is very true indeed that one generates their own karma, whether they know it or not. All enlightened people know it, which is why our indigenous cultures grew up next to the land. The land is all that is required for a holistic lifestyle, a pattern of resolution. That incident with the '105' occurred when Peter had been abruptly woken from his sleep. Was that global consciousness, or personal consciousness, he wondered? It wasn't the normal hour of waking even if he still hadn't set an alarm clock for years. There were times when he was convinced that specific omens happened on portentous days like the 8<sup>th</sup>. As such he would find out that it was all too much wishful thinking, and in fact it was more likely the 6<sup>th</sup> or 7<sup>th</sup>. (Peter could feel when he 'gained' days from nowhere sometimes). But that is what it was like to be in magical transcendence or sensitized. On those nights when he had been working, say at his book or garden, the following day would go incredibly slowly; he seemed to achieve so much. Time *is* subjective, no doubt. For instance, he can't really recall the bike ride through France and Spain with much detail, although stuff like the incremental bodies of birds of prey, say every five minutes on some occasions, littered the highway and provided stark reminder of the edge between wilderness and human society. What chance would they have to a passing juggernaut, flight lines crisscrossed with unnatural grayish-black substances in an environment

that defied all harmony with the surrounding landscape? Or is it a landscape that defies all harmony with the surrounding environment? No wonder they get confused. If you saw a living bird like that in England you'd stop and stare; a sight to be cherished. But here, Peter had got bored with slowing down, each body enforcing the hard edge between tarmac and wilderness. One could almost have placed them in their final positions, two feet from the road, they were just that regular. Leonardo had told him once that in Mexico City the atmosphere was so poisoned that birds would just drop out of the sky; another interactive edge, this time deceptively soft, between the biosphere and human convention. 'Pass on by,' went his thoughts as if in self-rebuke, 'How much more of death on the roadside must I see?'

In permaculture, edges are called eco-tones, they describe subtleties within the environment. An edge should be a productive milieu; it defines at least two distinct spheres of ecology. In this Man has his own way of defining nature in his own image towards developing a human ecology. Peter wrote it down once, "A personal passivity will eventually resume an environmental one when action incurred is assimilated as belief and value. This can be experienced both subjectively and objectively, namely in transcendence of culture, or as a human ego. But it is only with pure knowledge that complete transcendence is achieved - a synchronization; *nirvana* or full enlightenment." In other words, it is the dissolution of all boundaries between the subject and the object. For Peter it meant getting down to founding experience; *to know*, to know no different.

*Nirvana* is like a great death - the death of deaths. The transcendence of bliss, on the other hand, is like humanity crossing over that boundary to death but knowing its genetic limitations has to return to resume one's human character - a personal passivity of objective self-defiance. But it is only when the individual *learns* to evolve and let go that the footprints of their ways become fully assimilated into culture, and that which remains is aptly termed as wisdom. As I will continue to assert, transcendence is a relative term.

What the Buddha taught was to cross the boundary and never to return. This is full transcendence, that which is lost to human culture. In this vein Peter knew that the nomadic way beckoned him when Man's personal baggage will be all but dead. He edged closer and closer to complete renunciation. As such and in spontaneity as of a bird whistling to the dawn, he would burst out with "Your free again my child," an old lyric that stuck in his mind like sand between his toes.<sup>5</sup> An incident came to mind.

I was jogging. As I approached home I needed to pass underneath a rose bush overhanging the pavement and of which, being a gardener, had been on my mind for

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<sup>5</sup> 'Chameleon' by Elton John on his *Blue Moves* album.

the last couple of weeks. As I passed underneath it, it attached itself to my 'Evian' cap, which subsequently was removed from my head. Even as I tried to remove the cap from the bush it was 'reluctant' to let go. "What do you ask of me?" I said. "Give me an apple," I replied in mock humor. That which asks seeks knowledge. It is so that the apple belongs to the same family as the rose - *Rosacea*; a family tree and its progeny, the 'fruit of knowledge.' It was a full moon. The Buddha did not have to ask for knowledge.

COMPLETION \ (CONNECTION / Separation) = The Macrocosm (Darkness)

CONNECTION actively defines separation. Imagine, you look at something complete, like a jigsaw puzzle, and say, "If it weren't for their connectedness I would not see its separate parts," a top-down approach. Separation is just the passive disassembly of that. One cannot see the connectedness of things if there is nothing to connect. COMPLETION embodies the act of transcendence and contextualizes duality as a unit. The Macrocosm is realized when all differences are negated and the selfless observer now comprehends existence without definition; the Enlightened Man.

CONTRACTION / (SEPARATION \ Connection) = The Microcosm (Lightness)

As above, so below. SEPARATION actively defines connection. Imagine, you look at an individual item taken out of something broken, like a shard of glass from a mirror, and say, "Whilst I can still use it, if it weren't for this part there would be no reason to join it all back together again," a bottom-up approach. Connection is just its passive result, SEPARATION its active force. CONTRACTION contextualizes this as an act of transcendence. The individual shard is now reflective of the whole; the observer acknowledges Creation through the manipulation of a single piece; the Magician.

So, what use is this knowledge? Is it practical? Is it an effective thought-tool for problem solving? Surely, as with the Buddha, one need not search for knowledge. It would be far better to learn how to behave and then, God demanding, one knows how to make a correct decision. Behind every decision-making process is the means to achieving what may be referred to as "right action."

During the conversation Peter had had with Henri he told a true story of the time when he drove his van about without reverse gear. One takes it for granted the tools they are dealt with in life. But it is only when you are denuded of these tools that you come to realize just how dependent you were on them. However, the

adaptation process is one that needs to be nurtured, otherwise it becomes lost in the blur of conventionality. Adaptation is creation. It could be described like this:

If you catch somebody on a  
'wrong' day they can be so different.  
Me, I am never different  
I am always changing.  
I am not repressed, locked up

And so with this van, I had to park it in particular places in order that I could get out without needing reverse gear. As well as this I went about for a couple of weeks bump-starting it all the time. It just so happens that I lived on a hill. Each time I parked the vehicle I had to leave it on a slope, at a junction where another car could not impede its forward motion, quite a distance from my home. But each time I parked that vehicle it faced downhill so that I need not see the top of the hill. I was restricted in my movements and vision, and yet what it allowed for was this ability to adapt. The body has many mechanisms of adaptability, hidden potential until required. The restrictive van changed my behavioral patterns so that I couldn't fall into conventional thought sequences. I learnt to view the hill from behind me instead and knowing that, each day I would have to move in the opposite direction of its brow. How reliant we are on what is given to us.

Well, Peter had been waiting months to get insurance for that same van again. Since his trip to Spain he has been working from the bike and trailer, getting superbly fit and beating off the cold to a large degree. He never allowed himself to get too comfortable anyway, and when he'd miss his swim at the pool he would venture a cold shower in lieu of the turned-off heating supply that was saving energy. The winter had been a cold business month also. He'd lost a major contract due to a petty argument with a penny-pincher, which had subsequently ended up with monies not paid into his bank account whilst away in Spain, and then returning to find bank charges wiping out half the expected profit. Likewise, another client had refused to pay for recycled materials, or the labor that went into to getting them. Whilst the van was off the road he couldn't go back to reclaim the stuff, and so a court case looked ominous, as it always does with piss-takers. After five months he decided that the weed-suppressing mulch in question had done the job so well that it would have been ill-chosen to bag it all up again to the detriment of the bulbs that had come through. He gave the benefit of the doubt to the plants, not the owner, for she was nothing more than charity, someone who expects to get something for nothing. And so, if ever a natural decision was made, one tempered with noble grace, he returned the paltry

cheque of ten pounds paid for the rest of the work done in the garden and got on with driving to North London.

He had also wanted to get his own garden into shape and that meant partially completing the new lean-to greenhouse and installing some shelving. A sequence of thoughts was aligning themselves to him and he knew that it led to North London to pick up the water butt that would eventually irrigate the greenhouse. It would also have been a wasted journey if he couldn't put something in the van for the ride up, and so the perfect answer was to donate a snake-bark maple he'd been keeping aside towards the new strawbale garden that he had helped construct at Gardening Which? in Capel Manor. The beautiful red bark may go some way to complementing the earthy red tones of the lime-washed strawbale structures he'd been working on. At a nursery it may fetch a ton but Peter got it for nothing and in it saw the possibility of forging greater links with Gardening Which? It was even suggested having his name on a plaque in front of the tree, but that would be too ostentatious for comfort. So anyway, he would spend half a day lime-washing the strawbale hut, getting a free meal at the end of it and picking up the water butt. During those sessions he'd had many a conversation, not least about the forthcoming permaculture course.

The theme of death had been on his mind still. When working with natural materials like clay and lime, something of the origins of the Man heralds to you. The hut was cozy, with a cave-like opening. If anything, it reminded him of a womb, the place of regeneration, rather than a burial ground. But they do share similar symbolism. The walls were curved and the thatched roof above was an inverted replica of a woman's vadge. It was neatly cropped and brought back the memory of a black girl he dated once, and who was particularly hygienically minded. There was also talk of the sweat lodges that the Amerindians utilize during purificatory rituals. Peter had been in one of those too. And no doubt those rituals take their origins from the myths that the indigenous folk of America hold, concerning the re-emerging of Man from the Earth after the Flood had subsided. Man had been indubitably born again during this epoch. And so, on this final, rain-tempered day, three crafters emerged from the cave of life; the snake-bark maple, a sign of new land.

He still knew a few faces in the area from when he used to live there during those segregated years in his twenties. He popped in to one of those houses. On this particular occasion he was rather more eloquent in his sensitivity. Issues were raised around the new degree he was just about to embark upon - Ecological Theology. "It's exactly what I have been waiting for. Not ecology and theology segregated, but looking at Man's intervention with nature and how he justifies it on religious grounds. Historically, religion plays a huge part in the structures of societies and the means by which it implements law. I am more interested in founder religions, looking at the

spiritual aspects of religious Man, not institutionalized religion. Institutionalized religion is for followers but what really characterizes proto-religion is its awareness of nature. All religions have an environmental debate; all their founders lean heavily on its spiritual origins. They are seen as representing the people because nature thrusts them out into the forefront of culture. They can embody a purer spirit right down to the action of their words." The conversation moved on and Marx and the historical dialectic were brought up again. Explaining it as an act of transcendence Peter forwarded the point that it is not something that can be fully understood through rational analysis. The act of experiencing encompasses the process of the evolution of consciousness - being & becoming. Rational analysis, on the other hand, can only take a moment in space and time and then give it definition.

The rather one-sided discussion moved on into the cold war and the development of psychical research. "It only fueled propaganda or suspicion since the ability to sensitize oneself with the environment, which led to practices like remote sensing in which enemy territory can be espied from at a distance, depended upon one moving into the Beyond where data alone cannot be scientifically interpreted with any sufficiency. As soon as one tries to objectively define the experience then one loses that innate quality of intuiting what the body is interpreting. That is why there is all this mystique surrounding psychic phenomena, it cannot be rationalized with."

Amongst the women in company there was talk about a friend who believed that she lived on Atlantis in a previous life. Peter gave a possible understanding of the situation there and then. Again this issue of death came up. "If, after one died their personalities could continue living then it would be possible for that entity to continue living albeit without a physical body. I have had dreams as real as I am now. I don't know the difference between those experiences and the experience of a waking life. That suggests that one could continue living as in a dream, but what would be required is a means to continue generating those thoughts through say, electrical energy. Imagine if one could attain a holistic personality that somehow embodies the workings of the Earth, and then if they died that personality could remain alive through the electrical charges of the Earth. I am just hazarding a guess here. I heard it said also that the Mayans just disappeared; some talk about them astral travelling. It is interesting to note that if such a thing were possible, then a child could be reared from the assimilation of another personality." It had overtones of the metaphysical existence of the collective consciousness.

Peter had talked enough; he wanted to move along to another person's house. As an afterthought though, he imagined how the projected ethereal body of a dead person could subsume itself into the workings of another human animal, a baby at that. He continued on his journey and checked out a couple who promised to work on a

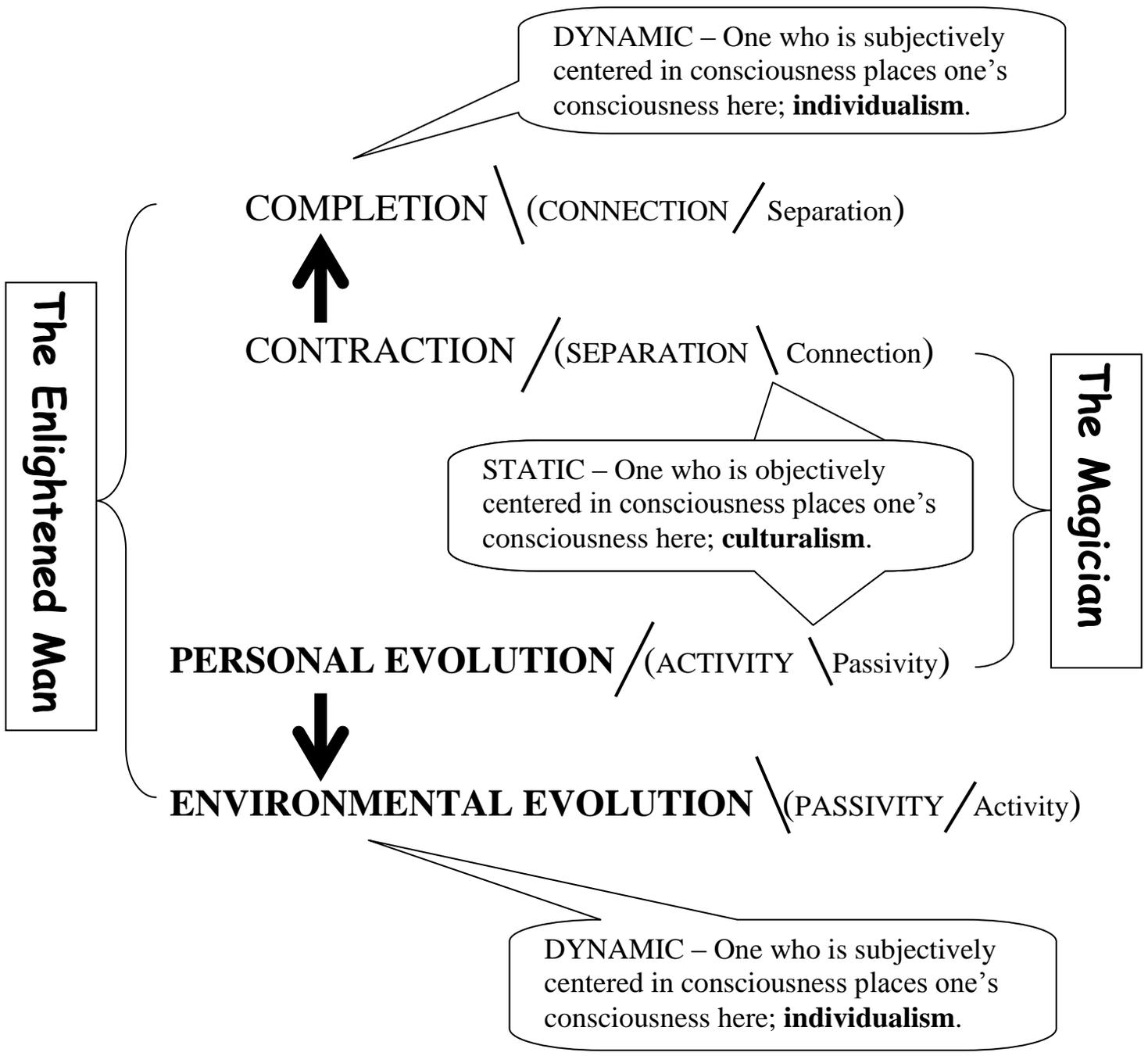
website for him. He had actually given up on them but they seemed to be in convivial mood today. "We're going to see *Lord of the Rings* Merlyn. It's my treat since we owe you." Of course, Peter had only just seen it with his 'unsociable' brother so he passed on this one. No, something far more unexpected would reveal itself over the weekend.

After driving down to Rochester, the van being used to full efficiency now, he erected a few bits and pieces, and done his sister's gardening. He enjoyed coming up once in a while to ride a horse, but on this occasion he gave it a miss. His sister loved horses, "Put them to work when their young and they'll keep coming back." Peter himself had worked in a stable for a whole year, just another skill he picked up along the way. They were always full of children during the weekend; a cheap kind of labor really. Horses need cleaning out regularly and straw was one of those abundant materials perfect for the industry. And it became apparent when on loading the van up with ten or twelve straw bales, that the journey became much smoother. The sound-insulation qualities of the van were even better too. Ideas started to flash in his mind. 'What if I offered to build strawbale walls at the back of peoples' gardens in which railway lines were a noisy nuisance?' He was sure there was a commercial venture here.

He didn't get home until the following morning. He wasn't in his normal efficient mode as he moved between garage, house and allotment. But it did emphasize a need to adapt again. That one night in his sister's seemed to readjust him. He eventually got home and went straight for the garden. He walked round for a little while and then looked over. The scaffolding had been taken down and Peter gave out short yelps of happiness on discovering it so. That day was spent building new strawbale beds on the railway embankment and cleaning up the rest of the garden; absolutely dynamic.

'Now, what I call the subjectification process is a dynamic experience,' Peter imagined a conversation or public speech when these intense thoughts came to him. It created a context of purpose or destiny. He knew that his views had to get out to the wider audience somehow. He also knew that the media has many modes of doing this, whether that be a book he would write, a book someone else would write about him, a recorded conversation or a public interview. Interestingly, he would always incorporate a natural influence into the plot so that, in the said milieu, the book would be written from a state of unconscious motivation, or written about him without perpetration from himself. It could be a recording made in secret or an event such as if he was suddenly stopped in the street and asked for an opinion concerning an exigent circumstance. Or, as mentioned, like crossing the road in which he could not help but read the writing on the other side upside down; transcendence is like this, it has a deeper sense of destiny. When one is growing, what Peter referred to as genetic development, subjectification feels dynamic, even as babes who experience it

purely instinctively. However, when one is culturally reactive it feels quite static. That is because the mind has already developed a response and all that we can do is reflect on our own unconsciousness. But in growing we can, in effect, develop the unconscious to transcend culture. The subjectification process entails that the body comes first and thoughts follow.<sup>6</sup>



<sup>6</sup> What is important to realise here is that what I am defining is the transcended state of the human individual as both a passive observer of culture - the Enlightened Man, and as a generator of culture per se - the magician - that in recent books I distinguish as civilisation.

The enlightened person is experiencing the completeness of being through environmental evolution by which he or she comprehends the connectedness of things passively. Here the environment is reflective of its suchness in which its separate parts are “seen at rest” and which allows a state of nirvana or Buddhahood to be achieved. In negating the duality within conception the macrocosm is understood through the emptying of the mind and the darkness of being.

In synonymy, the transcended state of The Magician actively creates culture per se in terms of its evolution, something I came to define in my future writings as ‘civilization.’ This dynamic, innovative feeling, whilst likewise derived from its unconscious motive, is likened to bliss in the individual in which the sense of fulfilment is microcosmic and personal; it is not egotistical. The Magician is able to manipulate the lightness of creation through its contraction. As with the example of the broken shard of mirror, as a single piece it can still provide a limited use in culture. As such, reconnecting it with the rest of the pieces allows a static viewpoint of their individual separate values and its functionality. However, in transcendence The Magician alone can manipulate the microcosm by seeing in this separate part the whole of creation. Thus, the active force inherent in culture is now the motive for personal evolution. Hence, the difference in understanding is this idea that culture is a byproduct of civilization because, whilst a static viewpoint will always create definition and duality, the dynamic state allows the individual to “break the bounds of culture” and further the human race.

In isolation these statements won't stick. He knew it. They required being placed in a greater context of illumination even if the understanding of it is complete within itself. Peter also had this dilemma of developing terminology. When a better use of words makes itself available does one scrap the previous usage? For instance, in order to denote transcendence within subjective activity he referred to it as 'active subjectivity' because it implies the greater motive viz. genetic evolution. Likewise objective activity is referred to as 'active objectivity' when perceived from its civilizing implications viz., the collective consciousness. Instead though, it may have been far better to comprehend nature from simply only its passive and active denomination, 'passivity' taking the transcended role due to its unconscious environmental implications and 'activity' taking the more mundane humanistic role. These are the thoughts of a growing animal.

Peter began seeing the finite qualities of an abstract mind. During the creation of these ideas he was too engrossed to foresee the problems it would cause in limited human minds. Then again, he did write for himself during these early formative years. For its proper understanding it required an act of transcendence within the receiver. How is Peter to do this? How does any teacher engross his or her students into

empathetic attention? The paradigms of consciousness required shifting or removing onto a different level. Something greater had to replace it. But was it greater? To Peter it was, for him it was a complete experience. But for the recipient, an academic at that, it probably required the breaking down of boundaries, abstract boundaries ingrained by social institutions unwilling to admit the flaws of its thinking. And even when they do grant a certain error of judgement they are unwilling to radically approach the solution by looking at its root problems. Instead they go for cerebral fixes, more often than not based upon these abstract concepts. Computer technology is a prime example of that. This only compounds the entrenched root further into the ground. The ancient Chinese knew it and any great wisdom teacher knows it, that the answers lie in a rigorous simplification of the language and concept - intuitively going beyond the abstract.

The day passed to fulfillment and just as Peter swept the garden and cleaned his muddy boots the phone rang; it was Michael.

Michael: Merlyn, how are you?

Peter: I've been in the garden. They've taken the scaffolding down exactly a year after they put it up. Nothing damaged, they managed to remove the poles from the pond.

Michael: The boss was talking about it.

Peter: I was so happy, singing to myself. The garden's coming on. Are you coming to the permaculture course I'm running?

Michael: I don't know yet.

Peter: I'm asking for donations now. Rather than cancel the course I'm giving it away as a freebee. All you'd need to do is contribute for food and insurance.

Michael: I don't know yet.

Peter: For me it is very important that I do this course. It is a part of my destiny. It allows me to move on, to consolidate how far I have thus come, in order to be able to run another course. Besides, it was too good to cancel; three teachers, three or four guest tutors; live-willow fencing, clay-oven construction, it is more than you'll get from other introductory courses. The setting in the nature reserve is beautiful.

Michael: Is it a personal thing then Merlyn?

Peter: Of course Michael. I am a magician remember. Personal evolution in the context of the whole has an appropriate cultural relevance too - when I experience personal evolution I am doing it with a sense of passive connection. But for me it is an act of transcendence, unconsciously motivated.

Michael: But I remember you saying that personal passivity is directly attributable to an objectively centered consciousness.

Peter: It can be Michael. It depends on whether you are subjectively centered in consciousness as to whether that personal passivity is an evolutionary act or a cultural one of the collective. Within a condition of personal evolution, one who is subjectively centered in consciousness understands their cultural influence within an innovative activity. This activity, when viewed objectively, passively contributes to the evolution of things because it is still dynamically rooted in transcendence, generated from an unconscious motive. On the other hand, to actually be objectively centered in consciousness fails one to experience the microcosm of the Magician's mind and instead grants a kind of fragmented viewpoint, an automated cultural response separated from the whole picture. The body comes first remember.

Michael: Ahh, now that's where I lose it. In these notes you gave me you clearly indicate personal evolution as an act of contraction. But you are saying that one achieves this with a view to completion. Where is the connection here?

Peter: True, because the act of contraction is itself made in transcendence. It is microcosmic.

Michael: And how does this relate to Active Subjectivity and Active objectivity? I remember you saying, or I read somewhere, that these are the cultural sympathies for personal behavior.

Peter: Magical transcendence is such. They both together constitute a synchronized development of body and mind as an evolution of consciousness.

Michael: Okay, so you are saying that personal evolution can still be a holistic act so long as it is generated from a subjective will, from a bodily consciousness?

Peter: Yes Michael.

Michael: So how does it feel?

Peter: Like I say, it feels dynamic.

Michael: Ahh, that's what gives it its dynamic qualities. So in a way, this personal evolution, as an act of the unconscious, fulfils an environmental evolution.

Peter: It does, yes. The nature of the Magician is to create culture for others to follow in. We are the innovators and individuals who make pioneering changes. But you do understand what an objectively centered consciousness feels like too?

Michael: Fragmented?

Peter: But more specifically, static. Its motivation is based from its grounding in the active separation of things when viewed from a cultural standpoint. You see, to enforce subjectification of the individual without a holistic environmental or unconscious motivation is to generate an ego fragmented in time and space. But to generate the self through unconscious motivation allows for the development of a dynamic, personal evolution in which the non-ego can develop alongside the creation of culture. We then naturally fulfill genetic culmination and the body develops a synchronicity with the mind. Do you remember how we talked about the context of dissolution also?

Michael: These notes you gave me? I am still studying them, for the rest of my life I think.

Peter: Remember the macrocosm and the microcosm? Well, environmental evolution can be an act of transcendence also within the individual.

Michael: I remember you saying. It is a bit more difficult getting around that one. For instance, how does that relate to contraction?

Peter: Well, it is another way I refer to the role of the Enlightened Man. You see, the dynamic experience is now contained within the environmental passivity of the individual, the unconscious stimuli of our sensual nature, not in their activity as of the Magician who constitutes creation or re-creation through the contents of the human mind. The

Enlightened Man, being subjectively centered in consciousness also, will perceive the passivity of connection with the minimum of intuition.

Michael: And how does this feel?

Peter: Well, it still feels dynamic, because even though it is not contextualised within a personal evolution, it *is* within an environmental evolution. An environmental context necessitates passive connection.

Michael: But if it is dynamic, because it is still bodily consciousness, because it is still centered in subjectivity, how does it feel? If passivity is where one's motivation lies, then activity must be a sort of by-product in terms of contextualizing the whole within an environmental evolution.

Peter: I am trying to make you jump in consciousness, to transcend in order that you can grasp my understanding. In this case activity is still made in the sense of the connectivity of things even though it may be an act of separation when viewed from a cultural standpoint, only that one's subjective motivation is not centered here but in environmental passivity itself.

Michael: In the macrocosm?

Peter: Yes, hallelujah. We are talking about transcendence of both passive and active wills. As such, everything gets subsumed in the completion of things even if the contraction of personal evolution must also eventuate to contribute to this macrocosm. Meanwhile the Enlightened Man continues to passivate his or her ego in negation of culture.

Michael: Don't tell me anymore. What I understand then is that the Enlightened Man can emphasize a sort of passive objectivity, because they can experience the macrocosm through the non-ego. But this is not an objectively centered consciousness because this latter will only attempt to make the person enforce a cultural connectivity without truly grasping a bodily consciousness. The Enlightened Man must feel...empty.

Peter: You can apply this thought process to all perceptions of duality. You know, like the difference between being an introvert or extrovert. The Magician may be an introvert but his or her actions are

extroverted in influence; and vice-versa in the case of the Enlightened Man. Just don't become the sophist.<sup>7</sup>

## Chapter 7 Coming down to Earth with a Bang

Peter continued busying himself around the house. It was one of those days in which he would catch up. Everything would get done, washing up, hoovering, repairs, the watering of the plants, and so on. There came a point in his culmination cycles, which recently were occurring every two weeks, when a part of that culmination required consolidating everything objective that had been subsumed or absorbed during that period. Objective input for Peter was the prerogative of the Magician. Depending how deep and meditative Peter was during these sensitive moments determined how much of a cultural consolidation occurred during sexual culmination; he never understood this process at first but the more he led a natural lifestyle the more apparent the process became. The most sensitized moment appeared to be directly after culmination, when most other people after sexual intercourse are sleeping, but during which reading a book could be very taxing and near impossible at times. He would often fall asleep but other activities made themselves available too in order to offset that. Peter was sure that everyone else experienced these transcendent moments but were just too 'detached' to be able to observe its patterns. In reality it is not something that one is taught at infancy where natural development is most prominent. Instead, the culture we are brought up in destroys these natural patterns. The great step into manhood is one in which the boy has to shag the first thing that comes his way. You'd hear all sorts of stories at secondary school; it was so empowering for the male to get "his end away." And yet, ninety-nine times out of a hundred you'd hear it said that their sexual partners were 'paper-bag jobs,' some dirty old girl down the road or someone's mother. Boys though, would brag about it to their heart's contempt. Boys were always daring each other; who could look up the teacher's skirt whilst she was writing on the blackboard, or "poke" the little girl who belongs to so and so. That was the type of school Peter went to; it has now been knocked down and made into housing stock. Of course, there are supposedly 'dignified' ways of doing it. The natural way, Peter didn't have a definite clue, would have to incorporate an unconscious motivation.

Pedophilia was another one of those behaviors that were rife in global societies, but impossible to eradicate. Everyone breaks the law one way or another,

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<sup>7</sup> If he were alive today I could imagine Robert Pirsig having a laugh at this. However, I doubt that he would even be turning in his grave.

and are more likely to do so when they are young. That is because instinct is hanging on with its bare fingers at that stage in life before one is completely subsumed into convention. And besides, how does one prevent customs that reach back to the dawning of civilization? The law for legal sex changes accorded to different countries. The higher that age consent is the more repressive is the society governing it. Sex is one of those things that everyone has a right to; for Peter that meant after puberty and not before. Anything before puberty would be a sign of a distorted culture, mixed up and trying to cope with problems which always originate in attempting to sway nature from its course. Puberty is a God-given right for that juvenile to further the cause of nature. But what rather happens is an act of repression. The girl or boy is brought up to bear the 'sins' of human convention and made to feel guilty. One is accused of being sinful at that time when they are supposed to be really discovering themselves; hence the repressive root of all Man's problems. The fundamental question then is, 'How does sexual repression develop a disjointed, unsynchronized personality, and how is it best dealt with in modern terms?

Everyone knows of this repression, even the old 'gits' who write the laws. There are powerful institutions out there who find ways around the law, but there are also cultures that live on the fringes of society who just take no notice of them. How is it one can go to a country and express sexual freedom over there only to return home and be imprisoned into a "cell-based" culture for the same thing? People are taught that the only way is through the straight doors of convention and yet they are always reminded of the freedom of instinct through a "grilled window." And these straight corridors only repress the instinct even further. Hence the root of the problem is compounded. Something of the metaphysic of human existence needs to be elucidated upon.

Mind develops out of sexual engagement, amongst other proto-instincts. It develops as a means of communication essential for the continuance and preservation of the collective consciousness. The collective consciousness is the key factor here. If instinct is freely applied then the collective consciousness remains very primitive within its infrastructure. It appears to reside in its proto-form as the collective unconsciousness. The human mind is a latter-day development in the evolution of Mother Nature. What characterizes humanity is the format of which the collective consciousness takes. For ease of understanding, the collective consciousness is a human phenomenon, and the collective unconsciousness that of an animal or purely instinctive one. If the instinct is repressed by its inhibition then its means of communication is delayed, thereafter developing a different format. This format reschedules one's biorhythms so as to become unsynchronized against the sensual stimuli apparent in the environment. Consequently an environmental passivity is lost and human culture becomes fragmented in its behavioral patterns. It is important to

understand that the stimuli in the environment unconsciously triggers the individual's receptors and so forms the basis of a natural lifestyle - instinctive living. The human mind, in an act of repression, delaying instinctual response, thus promotes to itself the need for a Greater mind. Meanwhile, ego is this development that can be attributed to the Lesser mind. It is to note that the Greater mind cannot be developed itself but only fulfilled in transcendence, hence its timelessness and distinction from the ego.

There came a time in the past when ego first made its distinguished mark by dint of its unsynchronized existence and reorientation of nature's cycles. In rescheduling the expression of instinctive reaction it arrogated upon itself a further means of communication; the Lesser mind developed human thought and speech in order to complement the ego's alternative means of stimulation. Thus, the ego had in fact created this further aberration of the collective unconsciousness, what can be referred to as the collective consciousness. But the one very important aspect to understand here is that the ego's act of stimulation is contained within the individual; it can be likened to personal baggage. It is not external as in the instinct's mode of stimulation, but internal. That is what characterizes humanity and the collective consciousness; it's development of the personal. The question begs, 'Where did the first ego come about from?'

Many people have come up with theories, all of which are rooted in the ego's personal means of conveying communication as to its origins. Theories abound; Peter's theory is that Man defied death, and so defied the instinctual response that in the process necessitates a need for further stimulation. The next thing to understand is how does a reorientation of the instinct interact with the external stimuli which are always going on? That, Peter explained, is through culmination. Through a form of conscious determination Man plays catch-up. The sexual cycles still continue albeit at sexual culmination there is a surge of activity and the instinct assails in its predominant role. And then after emission the cycle begins again. In proto-societies, pre-industrial even, these cycles would have been obvious; Peter was living proof of that. In contemporary societies they are all but lost. Holistic lifestyles entail passivating the ego. In doing so the instinct thus plays itself out through these periods of natural culmination. The problem with modern-day living, namely post-industrial, is that the instinct is never given the chance to play catch-up until at some unforeseen period in the distressing future. Man bundles through, out of sync, out of touch, enforcing subjectification and pre-mature sexual culmination, and destroying the natural biorhythms inherent in environmental stimuli. Man literally fucks himself to death.

So with that point made what can be done? - Ritual. We need to live a sacred society where ritual reflects and embodies the cycles of nature. We need to observe nature again. Peter was observing all the time now. He could see his culmination periods becoming more apparent as he passivated the ego and drifted further back into the collective consciousness and to proto-civilization. Purer beings do not reside in imposed time schedules but rather in the immanence of existence. Within pure instinctive beings like plants and animals there is no such thing as catch-up. Peter was nearing his instinctive origins. He had in fact become celibate through no will of his own, though he holds this as a principle that can be broken out of "necessity." Drawing nearer to the source of Man's origins, Man's defiance of death, he was in fact drawing nearer *to* death, where Man should have died. And maybe Peter should have died when he was seventeen, turning eighteen, but one day his brother and a couple of friends took him to Spain, and there his uncle paid for him to shag a prostitute; Peter lost his virginity to an Asian girl. That was the age Peter started having a personality breakdown. 'Too much of a coincidence,' he thought, 'this act of culture. Maybe I only die to my ego, but fucking that prostitute gave me a whole new collective consciousness to delve into. She became a vampire's reservoir of egos ready for their usurpation. I brought back to me the whole of human civilization; no wonder I fucked up.'

This linking up with other egos, personalities that can be attributed to psychic phenomena, one may call them acts of synchronicity. But what Peter realized was that during moments of heightened sensitivity, what he referred to as being sensitized, the people or persons he would meet would play an imminent part in his next life cycle. They may result in no enduring meaning but nevertheless, he could meet the same person again before a new genetic culmination cycle occurred. It could also be a recurring thought or idea, which in a moment of "unconscious ritual enactment" would translate itself into an action. To exemplify this point Peter recalled the time when, during one of his gardening rounds, the housemaid of his first garden appeared in the last garden as a resident!

She was one of many tenants in sheltered housing. She came out to mention how late it was in the day for lawnmowers, but only after a minute's conversation did she recognize me. I did not recognize her myself until then. She tells me she was brought up around psychic phenomena so that we talked about the subject and my birth date. Apparently three other people she knew were born on the 23<sup>rd</sup> August. The coincidence is this. When I talked to the housemaid at the first address a thought occurred to me that she would ask me to tend her garden. At the last garden she had told me that she too was having a day of strange happenings. Her two cats are ginger and tabby, like my own at the time. They greeted us, the ginger entered my car. She also mentioned that she couldn't understand why she said she was free at

the first meeting. What is apparent during these psychic phases is that generally a theme is running through them. Themes reflect some aspect of the observer that he or she can relate to. In the last example the mirrored coincidences emphasize the closeness of subjective time between the first and last encounter.

To give another example, there was this time when I felt compelled to go swimming. Impelled may be the better word to use here. By the time I got there I only had fifteen minutes swim-time remaining. I finished and changed into clean clothing; it was all blue, including the trainers. Gaining free entry into a club nearby I heard some live, brilliant blues music. Next I raced off to the Half Moon pub and saw a Led Zeppelin cover band, again, the end of the set. They were brilliant and bluesy also; another free entry. The theme here is obvious, and the blueness of the pool may also be a significant factor. In this particular case it may be true to assert that I experienced one continuous sensitized moment, which gave rise to the continuity of action during the period. But in the former example, concerning the housemaid, I may have fallen out of sensitivity and back in again. Some people may refer to this phenomena as space-time portals; they may well be. I prefer to refer to them as space-time creations in which, the mind stretches into sensitivity a lynchpin or keystone theme that characterizes the interests of the personality. They appear as portals because they take different events in space and give them an imminent quality and continuity. Note this use of the word 'imminent.' Sometimes that theme is drawn from a book, as in the case of the *Great Flood* and *Uriel's Machine* I was reading at the time, and my subsequent visit to the Thames Flood Barrier. What we have here then is the means of programming the destiny of an individual, the fate of which may take many forms.

In another case to note, it involved an encounter with a female. All that week I had been ruminating on the 'Rose of Sharon.' This is an ancient, mystic symbol represented by the shape of Venus as a five-pointed star with the sun at its center. Venus is considered to be the most accurate time clock since atomics, so goes *Uriel's Machine*. This is gauged through the five positions of the 'star' relative to the sun that occurs every eight years approximately. I mentioned this to the girl when we came across a Rose of Sharon shrub in the gardens of a community project we visited. On returning by the way of North Dulwich train station we stopped off for coffee. When we sat down she later told me that this was always where she would sit with her ex. Later it dawned on me that the cutting in the table vase was a fruited section of a Rose of Sharon. However, it may also have been a honeysuckle. The fact that I had been studiously meditating upon the five positions of Venus, trying to visualize its movements, installed within me a conditioning effect. Regardless of whether that was a honeysuckle or Rose of Sharon in the vase, I wanted it to be the latter. The Christians later inherited the Jewish literature and attributed the

symbolism to Mary Magdalene. I have been close to a few girls but never close enough to warrant a personal sacrifice. After the whole day discussing and *teaching*, a car tried to run me over. I did not even flinch.

That brings me onto another theme happening in my life, which is becoming plainly obvious the longer I remain celibate. That is, there seems to be an increasing amount of attention women are giving to me. I can understand to a large extent their interest if they see me in a swimming pool, for instance. I know I am attractive, even the Rasta hairstyle has its appeal. Some days it is possible to detect a particular age group, anything from eight to eighty. I emphasize though, it is not all sexual. Somebody talked about animal magnetism once but how I have come to relate to it is through the body's capacity to store energy. For me it is an alien energy, something that needs to be dispersed or nullified. I find it tends to get in the way of my self-creating process. This I understand then is an energy that seems to be projected upon me; it is made up of many personalities and the more I 'collect' this energy the more attractive I become to the rest of the egotistical human race. It is false. More often than not it is an eclectic mix of negative transmissions made up of a hotchpotch of emotions. That is how I understand it. Who cares to look beautiful, for that is what it can do for you. It is a cosmetic beauty made up of people's needs. If I get too involved with other persons I begin to find that they accumulate built-up emotions towards me. This can be extreme love, as in the case of my mother; jealousy and envy where many 'friends' have fallen by the wayside; erotica even, by those whose secrets are not so secret to a passive ear. But I see it all around. It relates to that idea I had about plants and pets becoming the objects of desire. However, it can make you really ugly as well.

I am sure there have been Christian movements based upon this phenomenon, the Evangelists being one. Even Nietzsche accused the Christians of being over-zealous types. These people, and you could possibly find references to them going back millennia, aren't just zealous for God, they are jealous for Him. Of course, the Evangelists were also denoted as the writers of the gospels. These are the worshippers who maybe usurped the message of Christ and recreated it in their own image. The word 'evangelism' seems to point to the coming of angels. Who are these angels that goad the people on into ecstasy? I want nothing to do with them. My message is of Earth. And besides, these are the creators of sin, who win over humanity and then tempt it into licentiousness.

In the weeks leading up to the course something incredible was about to happen. And yet it passed me by as if it barely occurred. Anyone who reads the papers and watches TV could not fail to know about the massive bomb blasts in Madrid. It would be weeks before I read anything substantial on the matter, such is

my nonchalant lifestyle at times. Only then would I relate it to the last song I wrote, *The Prophet's Triumph*, which starts off with the lines:

Little man, wondering son.  
Blowing sand through your hands.  
Dervish, devilish, diva developing.  
Whirling, whining, witchy willowing.  
Tornadoes turning, table topping.  
Bush burning, tree lopping

I wrote those lyrics in "complete passivity," incongruous to the feeling of happiness that was running through me at the time. But weeks later, towards the end of February I began composing the music to it. I know the way I write. I hack at a guitar as if I have never played the instrument. That is because I am usually in a state of transcendence that requires the deepest and the most proto-genetic of my creative skills. It can sound absolutely awful. But when I write I am usually very zealous in my commitment. It is of angels that I write music. I don't write much, tending only to write when there is ample cause in my life. But this is another pattern in my life; the greatest creative resistance occurs here during these "inscriptions." It is the human in me fallen by the wayside. I still can't play that song properly; it may be years before it is fully apprehended, but it hails to a time in my life in which I struggle to realize my full potential. That seems to be the pattern of things; if it was too easy then it is guaranteed to be too human in its make-up. If there was little thought required at the time then we are looking at a natural process, and the day would then characteristically start with the house cleaning. This, at times, seems to be the purification process or "unconscious ritual enactment" symbolic of a coming event.

Now, there was this time last year. It is a time that everybody will remember. Instead of going to work I decided to stay at home and, in a manner reminiscent of years, pass the few days in extreme physical illness with regular trips to the toilet. There was no doubt about it though, that in the same manner as I would give up a bad habit, say like smoking or drinking, it appeared that my illness was filtering out, sporadically rearing its ugly head in a last-gasp effort to keep itself alive. This passing of my bowels was itself a purificatory process, as I now consolidate all my experiences; the 'angel' in me seeming to have less and less interference with my normal biological functions. In blunt, the healthier I am the less likely I was to experience magical transcendence, and in my early to mid-twenties I was extremely

ill. Note what I am saying here. It is not the act of magical transcendence that sacrifices my normal biological functions, which in itself is the reparation process, rather the 'angel' in me that returns one to that common denominator - ash; the burning of everything unholy. In other words, it is the equivalent of formatting a floppy disc of human activity. One is literally erasing those re-scheduled moments one by one, as they come to light, purging the ego of its influence. In doing so the flames throw out one final flare of activity and what takes its place is a passivated lifestyle based upon a renewed instinctual motivation. That was the 'angel' in me, quite apart from the *genii* within, that dies to itself in furthering its own assimilation of God. What ultimately remains is me, my own God, the Lord of Lords.

So, in reaching a climax of instinctive reaction, I worked all around the house first with the bonsai, then with my houseplants. When I came to the yucca plant, a plant I lived with in Deptford and that had been in the family for maybe fifteen or so years, I tried to reposition it. Then, with spontaneity of thought I considered it ugly for the way it had developed in shape; it was twisting upon itself, not unlike my bowels probably. At that moment I 'accidentally' snapped its head off. Despite propagating it and succeeding, it later occurred to me that there was an *AD&D* character I used to play once, a magic user by the name of Mr. Yucca. Obviously the plant had inspired me to call him so, but if you have never heard of the game it is, in my opinion, one of the greatest learning tools one could ever use in discovering elements about yourself. The players are required to act out roles and effectively coordinate the actions of the characters accorded to the specific qualities and traits the character owns. These were randomly generated by the players through the rolling of the dice, which gave the game an unconscious motive and element of surprise. The game was right there, on my own level of personal development. Now I named that character after the plant and, it was the only character I kept a diary for. In some ways it was my first attempt at writing a book but which quickly found another means after the game eventually passed away. Anyhow, during this session Mr. Yucca was controlled by another player whilst I was away. That was shocking enough; I had a symbiotic relationship with that magician. When I came back I found out that, whilst flying his magic carpet, he was shot down with a flame-tipped arrow. Crash landing, he was then assassinated by someone invisible. His head was cleaved off and, as far as I could tell, kept by the assassin.

Now there is a great significance here. The game and my life were indubitably tied up. Mr. Yucca was one of many characters I ran, including clerics and fighters also. During those early twenties, when I smoked hash, I would use the game as a personal outlet of expression; the writing of diaries was no coincidence. So also was the elevation of one of my other characters by the name of Jesús who was rising up rapidly in the ranks to the local Church and establishment. I never quite resolved any

of the remaining characters' livelihoods before the game finally came to an end after I moved away and traveled. But it served to initiate development in my own personal life.

To return then, to this time recently last year, in the days preceding the maiming of the yucca plant, I had been playing a home-recording of *The Making of a Dragon* and *On a Dragon's Whim*. These I recorded whilst living in Deptford also, the same house in which the yucca plant would hang over my chair. There is a lot more that could be said about that house, including the strange symbols I painted on the kitchen walls during my sensitized moments. Even my DM was afraid to enter that room. Anyhow, as it goes I could not maintain consciousness whilst listening to these recordings; I would fall asleep. Even today these songs are still hypnotic. But on the night before the plant accident I could listen to them, and this time I did not fall asleep in my bed. I have previously noted the prophetic and apocalyptic nature of these lyrics suffice to say, the song took months to complete and it was the second song I ever wrote with words, taking up a huge intensity of subjective, personal energy. That following morning during the house cleaning a major catastrophe happened in New York. Four flying aircraft exploded in various places, the World Trade Center being one. I was at my brother's flat at that time when I found out about it. Note the abbreviated lyrics:

Butterfly perched on a star  
...Tiny wings unfolding out  
She floats to earth in poignant irony  
More cunning than all nature's eyes

...As if by work of hand of God  
...Behold a dragon of immense stature  
...Flame licked tongue  
...Thrust words of fire  
...Paving the way with devastating wake

...Hung a hazy interstitial light  
With the wide-eyed who remained agazing high  
Made ready...a portentous sigh

Later that day, whilst gardening, I found a butterfly pendant, all colors, just the way I imagined it.

It is now the day after the NY explosion and a conscious determination of the event has just occurred. Conscious determination refers to those moments when I

make an objective comparison of preceding events during those times when I seem to be exiting those space 'portals.' I had, quite naturally during the evenings, been playing one of my other songs entitled *Stone Odyssey 2001*. It hadn't occurred to me straight away but the listening of my home recordings would have been coupled with the practicing of my guitar. That night I had to re-read the lyrics of this other song I was working on.

...what is it you ask of me?  
Place me in your worldly stand  
Sleeping giant lying still  
Feet towards the sunrise mound

Draw me to the south and east  
Enter through the sarsen beast

...where are ye Apollo?  
I see you now in jettison  
A fiery chariot stream  
emerge between the rocky beams

Ela Ela come to me  
Elevate my seedling state  
Ella Ella come to me  
Bourne upon an eastern fate.

To conclude on this point, I need only say that when I stood in the center of Stonehenge awaiting the sunrise an airplane's jet stream appeared from the left and 'entered' the top mantle stone of the outer circle. It re-emerged from another trilithon further right, in the direction of the rising sun.

Peter walked in from the garden to put on the kettle. Just as he entered, the doorbell rang. He went to answer it. Sometimes it was plainly obvious who it was, the Jehovah Witnesses were a classic example of this. They tended to come at an hour when nobody else knocks for you. Peter gets fed up with them, despite having an active cousin in the ranks. He told them that the problem with humanity is that they feel they have a right to subject others to their customs and beliefs. His own cousin has too much respect for him. She is content with asking him round to supper occasionally. Peter recalled a party he had once a couple of years back. He had them all in his front room; the Evangelists from next door; Jehovah Witnesses,

Pentecostals, and of course Michael was there representing Life Training. Michael was here now.

Michael: Ah Merlyn, how is it going?

Peter: It's full on. My willow hasn't turned up yet so I don't know whether I can build the live-willow fence on the course I am running.

Michael: Got many coming?

Peter: Not really. Still the course is too good to cancel. I am going to go ahead with it.

Michael: Sounds like you need some help. Count me in.

Peter: Great Michael. Remember your boots and waterproofs. You'll know some of the people on the course already. You'll like Graham. He is writing a book on vegan recipes. I suppose you being a vegetarian chef formally you might like to contribute. I have already given him a couple of recipes. I can't remember half the things I cook; I make it up as I go along sometimes. Tea?

Michael: No, no. Coffee. I will show you this whilst we are drinking.

Peter: Don't you want to take a walk in the garden first?

Michael: Oh, alright. No, no, on second thoughts, I don't want to lose the drift of my argument.

Peter: Oh, what's that?

Michael: It concerns what we were talking about on the phone.

Peter: Go on then. Now you sure you don't want to walk around the garden.

Michael: Pretty sure. Look at these notes you gave me.

Peter knew this was intense stuff. He wasn't in the mood for it today but he couldn't refuse Michael. That would be disastrous.

Peter: I wrote them.

Michael: I know you wrote them, but say I reverse the two general statements you gave me to form this: -

From  
 To

CONTRACTION \ (CONNECTION / Separation)  
 COMPLETION / (SEPARATION \ Connection)

From OA (Objective Activity)  
 To SA (Subjective Activity)

'Shit!' thought Peter, 'I really aren't in the mood for this.'

Peter: These are you're own findings?

Michael: It makes sense that to reverse the above statements implies what is actually happening in the rest of society outside the magicians and the enlightened people. Contraction here implicates a mundane sort of objective activity. The reverse stroke implies that one is centered in an objective awareness. Likewise completion implicates a basic instinctive behavior in the form of subjective activity. As such it is cycling and fulfils the pattern of human culture - from the ego to the transcendent. You see, what we learn in Life Training is that everything has a purpose. So here in the above every connection is contextualised within its contraction, and every separation is contextualised within its completion.

Peter: This is a rather formal understanding. I have to admit, it is going over my own head a little right now. It is fine to have your own interpretation though. I don't know whether I would like to relate it to Objective and Subjective Activity.

Peter was getting dished out with his own treatment and in Michael he could hear himself talking every time Michael explained a little more.

Michael: Whereas an act of transcendence necessitates a subjectively centered consciousness, recognized human behavior necessitates an objectively centered consciousness... So in my example the cycles still occur, only that they cannot be appreciated directly by the human ego.

'Ah, that is refreshing to know,' Peter mused. At times Peter's eyes tried forcing themselves shut. He just couldn't make that act of transcendence to grasp the fullness of Michael's statement.

Peter: What did I say about becoming the Sophist.

Michael: Oh, I document everything Merlyn.

Peter: Really?

Michael: In the same manner we worked out the very first examples. And look, in the examples you have given me, I can see the Magician working inside-out, from the personal to the environmental. And also the Enlightened Man working outside-in. But as you say, it requires that you jump in consciousness.

Just for a moment Peter thought he was having an opaque dream.

Spring turned, there was no doubt about it, just a few days before its official opening. The light and warmth in the air was unforgettable. The garden twittered with the sounds of awoken birds. If ever one could describe the condition of Spring the words that would come to mind would be 'fertile,' 'moist,' 'bright,' 'pleasant,' 'joyful' and 'awakening.' It is like perfect sex when a woman embraces you between her groins, not teenage sex, experimental and lustful. Peter used to be crap at sex most of the time anyhow. He put it down to his personality breakdown and the fact that he became uncultured. In reality though, he became an animal - unceremonial - along with all its stamina. What a strange world it would be if there was such a thing as a "childing season," just like the lambing season. Sheep have been specially bred to produce their young during Spring; that is so the ewes can make full use of the fresh grass in order to provide milk for them. It would be a mistake to believe that animals are selected for their natural usefulness to human livelihoods. Maybe on the odd occasion and certainly in proto-societies certain animals fulfilled natural roles towards humanity's religious enactments. Now though, there is nothing ritualistic as to why animals are bred and cross-bred. But within the environmental movement there seems to be a leaning towards preserving biodiversity so that, inconvenient they may be towards fulfilling current economic incentives, they help one to maintain contact between Earth and its bounteous supply. It is a preservation of our past so that, genetically, they bridge us to the deeper unconsciousness. It is only natural that we should preserve the past, for it allows us to evolve in consciousness also,

holistically at that. So cut the myth, there are sheep that breed all year round. If only humans could control their own population expansion instead.

Listen to all the theories and eventually one will lose sight of the main issues. It is easy to go down that road, so washed out and flooded that one cannot see whether they are going or coming. One takes it for granted that the fruits of the Earth can be continually gorged upon. One believes that there should be no limits to consumption. If humanity is to look at itself as a global society then surely it must consider how to manage resources holistically, in fact realistically come to that. Equal distribution or fair shares would thus do more to ameliorate the plight of the hoarders than that of the beggars. Ask yourself what responsibility you have towards nature. Paths are made and paths are paved. Yet a path is rarely visible when it is trodden once. It is an act of the collective to make any sort of real impression. No wonder humans always try to take the credit for something they make. What they hadn't realized is the instinct gone before them. That is where humanity lacks understanding; it is unbridged to the instinct. How it would heal to incur realization of the fact that hoarding resources exacerbates the chasm between the ego and the instinct. If the collective consciousness remains unbridged it spirals into destructive outcomes instead. The best way to learn is simply, not to have.

'There is no-one richer than me,' Peter thought, 'every time I want something I find it. Don't cede to the Fallen Angel, the ego, the defiant of death and tempter of flesh. It will only share with you the lust for more. People complain that Spring doesn't come soon enough. How little they know of Spring.'

Spring is a purgative, a macrocosmic version of culmination. For Peter it was the beginning of the New Year. It wasn't just birds that came out to play but bees, cats and foxes. It certainly was like sexual awakening. Walking into the garden was like coitus. Many a time Peter felt like First Man, untempt by the flesh of humanity. In the garden he enjoyed the fruits of his labor. Others had been to his garden but they could not appreciate fully the act of Creation. If Peter brought someone to his garden he would be showing them the bridges of his consciousness, allowing them to walk into the past. He didn't read books here or play his music, planting was fulfilling enough; planting and observation, creation and learning. In this garden he learnt through being. It was an interface between the wilderness and the world of humans; the winding road and the straight road. Each plant was his child and each had the right to wander along the railway embankment. They could also wander back in. It wasn't a garden based upon the house, nor one based upon the crock of gold at the end of the straight road. Here Satan was conspicuously absent; the Fallen Angel had no foothold into convention from which to mount its charge. Scrap the crap in Christian terminology; in reality the Green Man was an embodiment of "right living."

Satan, on the other hand, was the progeny of Adam, the human race who made that first fateful step into desire without need. Peter knew himself as Adam here. Michael knew him as Merlyn, but then one myth is like another.

Peter awoke to a quiet room; Michael had gone. He immediately got himself up and strolled to the garden. He was not there also. Michael would again come soon enough and Peter would bring him into the garden. Would Michael walk the straight or the winding path?

## A Tau of Two Paths

I am an animal  
But you cannot keep me in a cage  
I share the life of the wilderness  
And the wilderness enjoins within me  
My garden is the world  
But this night I blow a still wind  
Not a peep from the charading fox  
A quiet spring in the equinoctial briar

Handsome it is to walk amongst the thorny thicket  
A gateway opened into East of Eden  
I am Adam, eater and preserver of appellant respite  
The myth has awoken from the snake in me  
A tau of two paths, one straight, the other meandering  
To nestle amidst the twiggy undergrowth

I am beautiful like the trees around  
Children in their playful droves  
A waterhole beckons the three wisest  
Laughing at a felinic splash

The New Year has arrived

## Chapter 8 Prometheus – Master of Time

Peter opened the pages of his diary. He knew not the difference sometimes between the experiences he had in his dreams and that of waking reality; in his dreams he was awake, in his waking he was deep in sleep. Walking through the garden could be like that sometimes and he thought about the story of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. Did Jesus feel protected there, away from authority and its man-made walls? A thought occurred to him. What if it was made law that boundaries should only be defined with natural vegetation? Humanity would have to learn to respect long-term values. It would naturally design a lifestyle with a conscious view of "time" within nature. Peter read the following two accounts to himself.

'Dreams, another incredible one. The recurring dream seems to be the one in which I increasingly get better at navigating great heights. For instance, last night my last memories of me were of climbing a rope right to the top of a building and at the top was a skylight, which I opened. At that point I decided to go no further and then the rope departed from the edge and I was watching a female "star-studded" trapezist.' As so happens in dreams the object he was watching became the object of his subjective consciousness. 'I swung down at tremendous speed and she landed and carried on performing throwing something like confetti on the audience, the masses, below. Yet I could watch myself do this, hearing myself mutter something like, "let's see how far he goes."

I recall now, before this, navigating an outdoor terrain, a stream or brook for which amongst the group I was with appeared to be a shortcut. And then, as so happens in dreams, "space portals" seem to open up and transfer one to another scenario. This shortcut was to be a journey heading in a downward direction, at which point a few members of the group could not descend a stone staircase so I had to go back up to find them and help them. The group consisted of my brothers.' The themes here are suggesting the journeys one's consciousness makes. How often Peter climbed great heights and ominous depths. The more extreme he went the less of a human presence there was to be. He continued reading the accounts in his diary.

I have culminated this day. I have had three in rapid succession. Last night I had the most vivid dream, not least the virtual lightning. It was a most fantastic sight, penetrating the roof of my lean-to conservatory as I watched in fascination from the kitchen. When I awoke I thought about the live-willow hanging basket I made and its temporary location in the pond in order that I could get it to produce roots. It will eventually be filled with soil and suspended from a tree overhanging the

pond and railway embankment. It brings to mind a song I wrote about an encounter I had with a small girl whom I seemed to be infatuated with at the time. Her name was *Willow*.

Upstream I swim towards the muddy banks  
Of a swollen river  
I am faced with a stone edge, my eyes  
Inclined towards the shelter offered by a canopy  
With wraith-like translucency playing shimmer  
Upon the insatiable water  
She paddles her fingers to tickle upon the  
Surface of a rippling brow

The majestic brilliance of an eight-fold radiance  
Thrusts upwards towards the open air  
Her legs astride and anchored deep within  
The depths of a fathomless pit  
How she sucks the everlasting waters unquenchingly  
Throughout her wanton body  
Her sweat coolly transpiring in her  
Rustling, windy hair

Kiss me O water nymph, moisten your lips to my ebbing  
pose  
Let me feel the caressing of your nails  
Scale my white, bronzen armour  
Unpeel these robes and have me naked  
Before your festive platter  
I am your king, my queen of loving

Peter recalled the birth stories of Moses and Osiris and how a wicker basket played such a prominent factor in the deliverance of the king. The word 'wicker' derives from the same root word as 'willow' and 'witch.' The goat willow growing on the railway embankment has only been a recent discovery. This part of the railway embankment is of course, not the original route of the old canal system. When the canal was bought out by the railways the trains could no get up the steep hills, so they cut a new line on a lower contour in order to skirt through the hills. The Cuttings rejoin the old canal route at Brockley and then onto what used to be Surrey Canal to the Thames further

along. In permacultural terms Peter referred to it as sector management. It was the urban equivalent of dealing with imminent conditions like prevailing winds and fire zones. Admittedly, it is not seasonal as a fire risk might be, or the chance of flooding but it was a boundary or limitation of sorts and it cut across right by his Zone 0, the garden. The old canal route is long lost now, filled in and built over; the route indicated by the difference of the architecture which followed much later after the Edwardian phase of local building at the beginning of the century. But its ghostly presence played a prominent part in the first permaculture course Peter ran, providing a good historical grounding in one's local traditions and roots. The banks of the old canal would have been lined with crack willow not least, its long pioneering roots stabilizing the soil conditions and providing a large diversity of fauna to reside with. Willow was now about to figure prominently in the coming course; its ability to provide a foundation transposed onto the abstract is all too apparent

## **My First Introductory Course**

Coming off the buzz of the AGM the previous week I knew I could accomplish this course so long as I had done enough preparations beforehand and made all the necessary contacts. I had also prepared a presentation and workshop for the AGM at the same time as collating the notes and writing up the schedule for this course, and which I knew would embellish the overall effect of the course. Thus it was important that I ran the workshop which I entitled 'Making the most of permaculture and zone 00.' Luckily, to this end I managed to but only because, even though I had volunteered my services to peer an accreditation process, the AGM timetable was rescheduled slightly to allow a 45-minute slot. If this had not happened the introductory course may have lacked any real continuity.

The course ran on the Autumn equinox. As I evolve personally, these seasonal dates take on greater and greater importance. Many an introductory course is broached around these seasonal changes. As usual I prepared much more work than I was able to recount and this was mainly due to the enthusiasm that was prevalent during the whole weekend. My overall strategy was to ensure that there was enough 'stop listening to Merlyn talk' and practicals in which the participants could allow their other senses to function. I wanted to especially emphasize visual and tactile qualities with a grand finale on cider making and apple juicing. Hearing is the one sense I had not catered for, other than learning to listen to instruction. And since the visual sense is all-too taken for granted I deliberately created practicals around this one in particular.

The four participants arrived late save one. I met her on the way back from an early morning swim. Hoping that she would browse the collection of books and magazines available, as well as the presentation I prepared for the AGM, which looked at urban permaculture in particular, was a hopeless cause amongst all the participants. The room dedicated for it would better be used as an overflow area for a larger gathering. I am also prone to writing wisdom sayings especially in my delving into zone 000. To this end I pinned a leaf to a large sign on a plaque outside the front door which read:

“I want to understand who you are?”

“I’ve been wanting to understand this leaf but the longer I leave it the more crisp it becomes. Eventually it will revert to whence it came.”

I did not need to know whether this had the required effect. But once through the doors it was homemade olive and pumpkin bread for breakfast and make-your-own organic muesli. I also house environmentally friendly products, which keeps people conscious on the subject in question. The other beneficial things about running a course from home are the elements of endeavour that the householder has accomplished so far. In my case, the garden and lean-to conservatory have been/are major permaculture projects. So the lounge with the stereo became the social area, and the bedroom, with its plant life and early morning sunshine, the classroom. Due to a lack of equipment I used my large 20” computer screen and images from a borrowed digital camera to produce a slide show. This helped tremendously to get over the ethics and principles of permaculture by illustrating living examples. But to get people talking I first scheduled in an opening circle and plant identification game.

The weather was fantastic so that the ensuing visits to the nature wildlife reserve and then onto the only house I have found with solar panels in the whole of Forest Hill along my street, proved most refreshing. My first practical was to give the participants a local map and to ask them to take into account all the most sustainable things that they are able to identify during their walks; and also what they think needs changing. The beauty of this course is that I made sure everything was within walking distance so as to emphasise the point of local awareness. When one starts nosing in other people’s gardens the conversations can be quite intriguing. The nature reserve was interesting in that it served to highlight the wildlife corridor that run along the railway embankment. The owner of the solar panels further along the street probed much deeper interest with the participants. Lunch would happen at the health food shop, and delicious it was as we discussed the implications of the railway line and the old canal route behind us in connection with its sector analysis. [Consider in the same way why one might plant a bank of trees to act as a drainage dump or, conversely, as a fire break. At different times in the year and day there are more or less trains. This effectively can be a source of noise pollution, as well as visual and chemical, which could arrogate an appropriate form of plant management to cater for any extreme time periods.]

Then, although lagging in time, it was to Horniman’s Museum with its passive ventilation and turf roof. The other benefit about running courses during this time in the year is that it coincides with Open House day. Consequently we walked into a slide show with time afterward to relax and ask questions in the gardens adjoining the building.

Quite a bit of walking, the last part of the trip was downhill back to my house. We wound up the session with a feedback on observations, a good time to put one’s feet up. This proved very productive and tied up the mapping session quite well. The day ended with a carbon rating practical which made something very apparent. Two of the participants switched off and chatted to each other because they could not get a grasp of the figures. Instead of involving everyone I directed the exercise at one person’s lifestyle since I knew he had already recorded some of the essential data required, e.g. fuel consumption in a year. It proved a good exercise anyway. The closing circle was my opportunity to find out just what everyone wanted the day after. Writing down my comments I aimed to please.

The following morning was only a little more punctual. Needing maybe one hour more sleep this only delayed what was to happen later on. After the opening ceremony I finished off the session on principles and then routed for the garden. This was to be a great opportunity to get people involved in some real work and since all of us are gardeners, added a special touch to those deeper motives. It also says something about the garden as a real communal area, and how this garden can progress. We next headed off to the Self-Build Walter Segal housing estate around the corner opposite the allotments. We got there late so the host was no where in sight although it proved to be the start of a self-autonomous venture with the group finding another householder to chat to. Afterward, a few doors down we popped into one of the participant's own house (who happened to own a TV and video) and watched *Permaculture in Practice*. During this time in which we ate delicious pumpkin soup the canal was still hot on the gossip list since it used to run right along here. A spontaneous reaction broke out among the group, and while some of us foraged for apples, filling up a very large, handy basket that we happened by on the way here, others went in search of the site of an old spring. Despite finding a few rusty sheets that possibly belonged to an old canal-side tower, the exercise proved to be worthwhile and allowed that other trait of humanity to assume its proper purpose – childishness. Some were reluctant to leave but a trip to the allotment to find where the pumpkin came from was an enjoyable affair, being able to reflect from its steep slopes some of the views of London. A friend of mine on one of the plots struck up a conversation as we passed, wondering why his bare-earth patch didn't proliferate as much as the mulched site whence came the pumpkin.

So, with a basket full of apples and the day drawing to a close, I concluded with the design process just briefly enough to entice a refocusing of this childish energy. This was made all the better with a simple practical in which I cut up a map showing the different connections between many elements of a system and asked for the participants to fit them together as best they could. It really did the trick, some of them not saying a word until they had finished. An input/output analysis like this is a fun, engrossing way to end the session. And then, after getting the feedback from what people thought could change about the course, most were too tired to press apples. But with some added guests three of us remained and drank some apple juice. The press wasn't up to scratch so with a little modification, after everyone else had gone, I and one other pressed a little more. Then, after he had left I remained alone 'til seven O'clock in the morning filling up my demijohns.

The days passed and the course drew near. On one of his rounds to the garage in preparation of course materials Peter bumped into Nigel; he was getting married. Why should Peter bump into Nigel just before he gets married? Was it significant of the ceremonial of Spring and the union it brings with the New Year?

Peter: What's the suit for Nigel?

Nigel: I'm getting married.

Peter: When?

Nigel: Next week, this is just a work's meeting.

He wouldn't explain fully where he was going right now but Nigel had had connections in the past with the British legion, and there was a meeting hall very local to this spot and in his direction.

Nigel: Going to Singapore to get married, with the family, you know.

Peter: Right, are you doing anything over here?

Nigel: Yeh, when I get back. What about you Pete, when are you going to tie the knot?

'Interesting,' thought Peter. 'This guy does not want to use my other name.'

Peter: Do you know, the only girl I cared for I cheated on. I mean, I have obviously felt teenage love. But the curious thing is that she said something to me that appeared prescient. She said "You don't have to be so honest."

Nigel: Sometimes things are better left unsaid. They could otherwise change the course of events.

Peter: She was in tears, but you know what? A few weeks earlier I felt that we had to take a break, maybe get back together at a later date. I knew, intuitively, that we had to part. She declined but almost as an act of self-destruction I had a fling with another girl. I had to tell her.

Nigel: There are other ways around without hurting people.

Peter: So we split up but she got back on the phone to me in tears asking not to meet anybody else. And we agreed to get back together. A little time afterward we had an argument and we finally split up. It was as though she needed to resolve the issue, albeit unconsciously. She had to learn to let go. As an act of self-destruction I was fulfilling our destiny.

Nigel: You're a gardener. The ideal plant is a specimen, untainted and well-looked after.

Peter: No, I disagree. You may create the perfect soil structure and that plant comes on and looks stunning, beautiful. But these are human values. The ideal plant is not a specimen but a collective. It is their ability to contribute as a species in equilibrium with the global ecology

that clarifies their success. They live and die, move by genetic adaptation. They might get overrun and extinguished in one particular area but as a species and a collective they have adapted to changes in the environment. Their ideal is a process of genetic evolution and must be seen as a collective.

Nigel: Have you been chatting to Michael a lot? He was saying something similar himself. What are you Merlyn... Peter? I never see you dating anyone all the time we have been working in the house above.

Peter: I have these deep dreams Nigel. Shall I tell you about my trip to Spain two or three years ago now? My folks had just moved out there and I was delivering materials in that little Nissan Vanette I own. The whole experience of Spain culminated with my trip to the South. I originally wanted Carme, a girl I had met, to accompany me but in retrospect, due to the condition of her foot resulting in a botched repair from a car accident, she could never have kept up with me. When I first met Carme at the fuel garage I asked her if she would help me get to know Reus, the city I was in. But the events leading up to that encounter was like this whole trip to Spain - nothing ran smoothly and I was being delayed, in this case by one day in picking up my hired vehicle. The reason for this was due to the van's gearbox self-destructing. When I learned that I would be given a hired car for the trip in replacement for my broken down van I was pleasantly surprised. Serendipidty strikes back. But I was obviously too egotistically motivated for trying to get all these legalities straightened out. I should have ultimately accepted them as part of my Spanish experience.

Nigel: Didn't Michael say something about this? About you serendipitly, uh, surrendered, uhh, sended a nice little car or something.

Peter: Possibly. You know we own a little bit of land with olives and almonds and a few other things. So I had picked my olives and on the day I tried to invite Carme we had telephone problems. She told me afterwards that she missed me by three minutes. I started off towards Vinassi or Vinaris along the east coast, met some children and told them it was too dangerous to swim in the sea. The sea was ice cold. No sooner had I said that then had I gone for a swim myself. From that moment,

for I often contradict myself, I was purged of something, maybe of the weight of my duty to my parents. You know, it was me who helped them move into that flat where I am living now, and yet I hardly visited them. I seem to follow them in their footsteps... Next stop was Valencia. Staying there all evening it seemed that I was isolated, that I was already on the way to renewing my contact with humanity but hadn't yet reached a critical point of interaction.

Nigel:       What d'ya mean by that?

Peter:       Have you ever tried living out in the middle of nowhere. I mean, it is not exactly the Sahara, but you either have to adapt, in your case adjust, or you absolutely hate it.

Nigel:       Ah, just jump in a car and hit the nightlife.

Peter:       Don't you think there is something wrong in human societies? Can't you see how ill it makes one? I am my own doctor. This body can heal itself. It is society that's ill. It would be a corruption of my spirit to be anything else. You know society robs you, but by the time you realize this you're older and you think it is the norm. Everyone is born free; everyone has a natural right to be an animal, to make a claim to the land, the environment. But society takes away your freedom when you are young and then gives it back to you when you conform. It offers you boons, makes you feel free when you sacrifice yourself a little at a time. You're taught to earn your freedom back but you pay for it. And when those freedoms come you feel relieved, liberated, hard earned and sated. Instead of feeling dynamic and creative, you're natural right of living, you work towards borrowed goals, alien goals, distant, like the Earth that created you. And this is what you teach you're children, the same as what you have been taught, what you think is normal.

Nigel:       Nah

Peter:       No what?

Nigel:       There is nothing wrong with city life. How are your folks getting on out there?

Nigel had hit upon a nerve and Peter was impelled to reply.

Peter: God! You want to know my mother. What a human catastrophe. If anything could go wrong in society it is her. She tried to make me in her image. That is exactly what God tried to do. No, my God is unconscious, lies in the Beyond. God wouldn't make itself so obvious. God must be underneath somewhere, underlying. No wonder I went away for years without maintaining contact. I was being protected. I was re-developing but this time my mother wasn't around. No, I kept wandering, moving between places, people, isolated from human society. Everybody I was in contact with I hadn't known for longer than a year. What a pain it was to open up bank accounts, borrow money, take people to court, learning to use a computer, having a sustained sexual relationship. This despicable society, I was in and out of it quicker than you can say Jack Rabbit. Everything was so timeless. This is the way to be. I create my own society, culture; and people will come into me.

Nigel: So what happened in Valencia?

Peter: I was searching for a night club. In the end I interacted with an African drug dealer. He took me to Radio City, a nice little spot.

Nigel: I thought you didn't like this sort of thing.

Peter: I am a dancer. I don't need people to dance with. Later, the place was heaving. People kept on staring at me. I met some idiots who kept on trying to tempt me into their home and when I eventually agreed they rejected me through lack of trust; I moved on. Staying here and there a little, absorbing the Moorish influence, Jaen, Cordoba, Sevilla, Gibraltar. My experience of Gibraltar was awesome. New Year 's Eve and I didn't fancy hanging around empty streets. I met some evangelists when I had forgotten where I had parked my car. They, strangely, offered to direct me to it. I thought I could see the devil working through them. I said to them, "Adam and Eve were tempted by the Fruit of Knowledge by picking it from the tree rather than letting it fall. It was a premature act." Do you know what these people are like? Sometimes I think I am carrying them around like baggage. Anyhow, without their help I soon found my car and headed up the rock at night with my guitar strapped to my back. The fences were closed but I bypassed them. On reaching the top I played exactly at the time of the New Year when the fireworks

went off and the ships hooted down below. I discovered some badly worn Mediterranean steps. Up to this time I knew I was culminating in me because I felt the influence of the increasing rainfall the further south I went.

Nigel: What's that, culminating?

Peter: It is like the end of a cycle in me. Don't worry about it for now. In the preceding weeks before Gibraltar I had been playing one of my songs, I call it *Prometheus - Master of Time*, the latest song I had completed. My whole experience of Gibraltar is written in that song as if I designed my whole life. Empty barracks and gun points, nature trails and steps, a damp atmosphere, caves, solitude; I was carrying my cross here. I slept that night in a place called Goat's Hair Cave on the way down. I had felt tired and it only seemed natural since I wanted to see the monkeys in the light. I didn't sleep really though, it was too cold. The next day I watched the monkeys, a couple mated in front of me. Have you ever heard monkeys mating, Nigel?

Nigel: No, should I?

Peter: It is the sound of pissing in an empty bucket; they just kept on going. I left after that and headed towards Granada, then Alicante. During this short trip of 4 days I had walked something like 30 hours. It was an incredible experience. On reaching Alicante I tried to enter the castle in the morning at 7.30 am but was stopped. I hadn't slept this night either but not feeling tired I decided to hang around until opening time. I was eventually resolved to have a short kip in the morning because I decided it was a rational decision. I culminated in that short space of an hour.

Nigel: How can you tell then, this end of the cycle?

Peter: I ejaculate. I have natural emissions during the night.

Nigel: You have wet dreams!! How old are you?

'Typical,' thought Peter, 'How was he to understand, fucking dullard?'

Peter: The dream had been of, as usual, entering sexual stimulation. I wonder now that during culmination I reach the pinnacles of magical encumbrance, and that somehow I can project myself to a destination.

Nigel: Like astral projection. You got to read the Kaballah. You know what? You look like an Alistair Crowley type.

Peter: You read those books?

Nigel: Yeh, all of them.

That will teach Peter to cast judgement. There had to be a deeper meaning why the two had bumped into each other.

Peter: The reason why I say this is because the female image in the dream looked like one of the nude sculptures I was about to encounter inside the castle walls exhibition. I went home after that. The same day I made love to Carme.

Nigel: So you got your end away eventually?

Peter: It wasn't that kind of lovemaking. It didn't end there. The following night I needed to prepare my broken-down vehicle and load it up before the emergency services took it to port for the final leg. I managed to gain access to my vehicle at 11pm on the night before departure, and load up my bags and goods, including a whole bunch of rocks which I made into a dry-stone wall in my garden.

Nigel: In the corner of the garden, I know it.

Peter: Do you know how I built that wall? Every stone can stand on its own. By an apparent act of pure chance I met the garage owner at Nissan. He took me to the *grua*, the recovery vehicle driver for the journey, and arranged for him to pick me up in Logrono.

Nigel: And?

Peter: I was towed all the way home. That is what it is like being me.

Nigel: You gotta read Crowley.

Peter: I may have done already.

## Prometheus - Master of Time

In your dreams there'll you find time to plunge the Dragon's lair  
Falling down to a depth, into a mountain fissure  
Bound by chains to a rock that makes the eagle dare  
Going deep where it hurts with a darkened sabre  
    Light a lamp into a maze full of mysty rooms  
    Follow paths over ground walled with vacant tombs  
    Turn a corner, see your way into unknown quarters  
    Dampened walls trickle down into the ancient water  
Hold your breath, bubbles dance around in lively pairs  
Swept along the murky depths in gasping out for air  
No control, you follow, descending from a line, a saviour  
Winding up through a lighted shaft, the Son of Man delivers  
    On a ledge that looks away into the distant future  
    Part way through, breathing eases to a slower order  
    Look about, life is flushed with a virgin presence  
    A sanguine breeze rises up from the forest glen

Born into a world that's been shone upon from all the stars  
Turning through a point, a nexus of evolving mass  
Spirit makes for matter that will die living for a time  
Mother Nature creates man to cultivate our Father's end plan

Crawl on fours through verdant tops, reach the humid floor  
Gather roots for life support, above the eagle soars  
Find a stick, a bulbous twig, beat a skinny pig  
Split a rock amongst your lot, spark a lively jig  
    Form a line two by two, walk the prairie roll  
    Dig in deep with hands that meet, praise the golden flow  
    Clouds of white in breezy flight upon horizon's brow  
    Dampened down, you clothe from the land, hide the sacred cow  
Leather bound with steed to mount in raising dualist standards  
Ride around the boundary fences, cross the bridge that hounds us  
Migrate onto foreign soil, cold steel will battle curses  
Confront a sea in silver leaf and drink the blood of Jesus  
    Going deep where it hurts with a lightened sabre  
    Broken chains upon the rock that makes the eagle care  
    Taken up to a height where Atlas bears his treasure  
    In your dreams where you'll find, time is at your leisure

Peter could break the chains of human convention. It was an act of human preservation for people to get married. At the end of it are children who carry the 'fire' of one's blood. Not all persons get married for this reason, but that is because they reason with their unconscious motivations. And then the question asks whether that decision to get married was a natural one.

Peter would often never have surplus goods left over from his gardening rounds; he could always find a new owner for them. Most times he could make the

right decision as to where to put them and so often he would find that the best decision-making required 'letting go' of those mental shackles. The best holiday he ever had was sticking his thumb out and allowing the Irish to suggest what part of the country to go to. He caught some beautiful storytelling and traditional culture on this particular occasion. Of course, Peter would always end up contributing himself. Last year he had missed many a festival. He made up for it in a way by spending some dedicated time recording a few of his songs. Festivals though, were a place where he could improvise and maintain contact through his "culture within a culture" ethos. He likened it to living within the real world, only that those brought up in modern societies live more like the life of a 'bubble.' This bubble appears to be the defining wisdom and it is not far short of the sci-fi vision of seeing great protective glass domes over cities in case of nuclear attack; of fear.

Peter tinkered with time, molding it to cosmic accuracy and not to some shallow renderings of post-industrial engineering. Of course, watches and clocks have that glass dome also, protecting the hands that move within. But it was the glass domes of greenhouses that fascinated Peter the most; he always liked Kew Gardens for that. These were the equivalent of recreating culture under a substitute environment. It was one way of trapping the Earth's energy in so much as to bring aspects of the other continents closer to one's own. At times, during his travels, he wondered whether he was cooped up in his own glass dome, bringing the wonders of other worldly civilization to himself, namely plants. In reality though, Peter went deep, inside and not outside. He found the real world to be an inward experience and going inside took one out of the superficial bubble of human culture. Imagine moving in consciousness, into a new paradigm, in which through breaking the shackles of conscious thinking you could see the whole of creation, including that of humanity, take form. Then it would be humanity that was living in a bubble. By going inwards one manages to 'get out.'

At this point it is probably worth mentioning the difference between the landscape and the environment. If the landscape changes the environment still remains. The environment is the instinctive feedback one imminently experiences. The environment is effectively this: the phenomenon of cognition. By closing off one's environment so does one's communication with their instinctive motivation lose all natural understanding - 'It is judged far better to gauge things from behind a frosted glass façade, by which two or three clock hands are always playing "catch-up."' Last year he could only make one festival; this year he hoped to catch up a little, be it music, sex, or dance. He wrote of the experience.

The Big Green Gathering (BGG) is my favorite festival but this year I missed it due to a committed workload. Besides, I heard that it pelted down everyday other

than the weekend. Instead I had a free ticket for the Big Chill which is one of the festivals I had been abiding my time for. When it came I eagerly accepted the invitation. That was the beginning of a great dance across Somerset, Devon and Cornwall, and back again ending with a pirouette at Tinker's Bubble. I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to get in a council meeting of the PcA; I wanted to see the new site of Plants for a Future (PfaF); the gardens of Heligan and the Eden Project; and visit Padstow again. Besides having missed the BGG, there was a little twist in the tale which more than made up for my lost opportunities.

After the glare of the Big Chill I burned the throttle to try and get down to PfaF before nightfall. My reliable Nissan Vanette, complete with sleeping area in the back and an uncanny lack of gardening tools, overheated for the first time about two miles from my goal. Something was in the air. A quick trip down to the pub and I broach a copy of a new book I wanted to read, *Real Cider Making on a Small Scale* by Michael Pooley & John Lomax. I haven't drunk alcohol in years, although a small glass of wine for a long lost relationship normally goes down well. I am apt to feel that if I make the stuff then I'll drink it more prodigiously. So in this case I stuck to some alcohol-free beer. It's certainly better than an overpriced fizzpop. I remember the last time I broke down like this, when I had an auspicious rendezvous with Ragman's Lane Farm. My Suzuki GP 100 gave up just as I hit the hill overlooking the farm and I managed to roll it in; I ended up staying for an extra week. I made sure that my next bike was a newer version of the same model just so I could keep the other for spares. That was a few years back when I was living in Bristol. I used to live on Church Road, a name for obvious reasons. Locking it up to the drainpipe of the Pentecostal church opposite I assumed that it would be protected by God. Anyway, that ended up in a blaze of glory when I found it burnt black to the metal around one of the back streets; estimated to have happened around 8pm. So not everybody is glued to *Eastenders* I hear a choir of angels rejoice in the background. What is this got to do with permaculture you may ask?

After a refreshing drink the Nissan is ready for its last leg. I trundle in, no need for a guided tour during this time of night, and fall asleep. The following morning was peaceful, probably essential healing after that festival. Even though nobody was at PfaF in the morning I had a look around. I urge anyone going, to pre-book it, preferably so with a group. I am glad I saw the wilderness here before any major developments happen although, during a scout around, I was drawn to what looked like, I thought, a tree house. But as it turned out, it was a compost bog surrounded by willow. Was my unconscious telling me something that may give explication to the kidney pains I was experiencing?

Moving on from there I decided to head for the 'big one.' In the light of arriving at the Eden Project, PfaF looks like it has barely gone beyond the Paleolithic age. But Aesop's reminds us wisely that the tortoise and the hare are two ways of approaching the finishing line. These are not unkind words. Admittedly ethical decisions have been made on both sides. Certainly, the Eden Project tapped into its local reservoir of artistic flare and business partnerships. Its grandiose appeal absolutely reels in the customers. With a name like Eden it need only cast its net into the estuary to get the best of both worlds - the fresh and the salty. But it is important that permaculture makes a stand here and does not sell itself out. Permaculture is not about the end result; it is about getting there. The end result is already here - Earth. It is the difference between being a design methodology based upon the ecological imperative and a sustainable future, and the affluent mainstream movement of some of the best market forces ever to hit the consumer. And that is what the Eden project is - consumerism disguised under its eco-tourist image, albeit with education as a major theme. Maybe one-day permaculture will hit those 'heights.' The reality of the situation though is that we have seen decades and centuries of Man's rapid progression into the so-called need to civilize our neighbors. Empires come and go. So let us emphasize the journey more and not have to go out on hands and knees in order to compete with the rest of the world. Money and backing will come when the rest of the world will see the sense in basing its livelihood on sustainable development; the Earth's already here, successful and efficacious as it is.

There was a concert that night, two major bands playing inside the arena of the great quarry. But I was deeply content with the day, forfeiting my opportunity to sit in on a free concert. They had actually begun to bore me so I moved on and drove to Charlestown, an authentic fishing village in Cornwall. Eating fish 'n chips, I later got out my own guitar and played to a silent audience of clinking glasses and muffled chitchat. Showing a cautious eye to the double yellows I was parked on it wasn't enough to stop me dropping off to sleep. I woke up bright and early, not a soul in sight. To the sea then for a skinny-dip I felt alive as the whetting sea itself. A three-mast ship awaited me in the docks, one that had starred in more films than a John Wayne look-a-like. Incidentally, I always wondered about the Cutty Sark in Greenwich, London but I still refuse to pay an entrance fee to see my local heritage. No, this is much better. In no time at all I was up the rigging onto the crow's nest, and higher still. A friendly smile greets me from the nearby B & B. Down and out, I shuffled right along to the tip of the bowsprit. This used to be a form of punishment once, I'm sure. Then later, a few more tunes and it was time I headed east. After spending a day at the Gardens of Heligan and seeing some of the 'wonderful' labor-intensive methods of the Victorians I considered once again the need of humanity to exploit its resources.

Where does innovation stem from? What is the root of creativity and discovery? Ancient wisdom will say that the body comes first, the mind follows. If you cannot grasp this concept then it means that you have forgotten how? For me, the instinct is the spirit that drives us to preservation. At its purest source this act of preservation encumbers the life and death cycles so that life and death represent the preservation of the whole, the Earth. In managing some of the wilderness areas in the back of my garden it was brought home to me the sacredness of that ground. Its relatively virgin characteristics were exactly the emotive force that was driving me into creativity. I felt this overwhelming urge to remold it into the image of Man; a dead-hedge of fallen logs and sticks; a clay bread oven; fruit trees on dwarfing rootstocks; straw bale culture; raised beds; drystone walling etc. And then I related this to the great ingenuity of the Victorians. It seems that with the exploitation of virgin lands comes a need to redevelop, a process of adaptation. It follows that to motivate from the mind viz., the ego, as opposed to from the body, will produce a semblance of minded development since the mind follows the body in its adaptation. It is important to understand that the subconscious i.e., the body's awareness of the environment, receives an incredible amount of information before some of it is processed into a conscious format. To motivate from the body, on the other hand, allows a passivity of mind, more so the ego. The moral of this paragraph is: Do we need to progress forward ever onwards with a misplaced desire to technologically fix our past incriminations, or can we be content with the level of technology made thus far? Permaculture is a design methodology. Our culture needs to remember how to motivate from the body, according to our needs.

It was still a day or two until the Permaculture Association (PcA) council meeting but there was just one problem; I had forgotten to bring the address with me. Now, I remember looking at the map and it was around somewhere about here, south of Taunton. I decided to spend a day in Padstow.

This place draws me. I worked here once for the same people who organized the biggest non-event of the last decade - the solar eclipse. Still, I had a great time that year and my thanks to the organizers for keeping us to the end. The Padstow estuary is an incredibly beautiful sight. It moves me to biblical proportions. Go there and sample it for one full day. I decided then to do something I wanted to do years ago, just like the climbing of the ship's rigging; that is to go sea fishing. There was a mist on the river. Already one boat had to abort. As we motored towards the headland with fishing rods in the waiting I could see a couple of distant figures appearing to be walking on water. Not to be fooled, a couple of surfers were taking a break on one of the exposed sandbanks of the ebbing tide. There were twelve fishers on that boat and the mackerel did everything apart from steer the boat back home. What a meal this would be for the permaculture crew. My day was drawing to an end

and not fancying a free pitch at a local choc-o-bloc camping site I decided to head for that place called Tinker's Bubble. I visited this estate a few years ago and it just so happen to be in the same region as the council meeting I was about to attend. I dropped by the pub at Norton sub Hamdon to ask for directions. A woman approaches me, "Are you wanting to go to Tinker's Bubble I hear. I live there."

Quite uncharacteristically I learnt everybody's names very quickly. Becca had helped me to put my tent up in the darkness of the night since everyone had gone to bed. It was standard policy that no one could sleep in their vans. The fish was put into the refrigerator and I settled down to the cool evening air of the woods. By the early morning I saw Mike preparing the tea. This is how I remember him all those years ago. I see that the roundhouse now has a thatched roof; absolutely gorgeous. The serenity of the Douglas Fir provided more than just a cooling environment from the baking sun outside that was causing forest fires and drought across much of Europe. It was apparently halfway through its 50-year rotation. Gradually other members of the Bubble filed in. I remembered Steve too, from when I helped him build the stone path leading down to the cider press and tools shed. Haymaking is one of the most important times in the farmers' year and through their weekly meetings it was delegated as an essential task that had to be completed. All hands out since 4am the previous morning, some people looked tired to the bone. But places like this work great with WWOOFers and a steady stream during the warmer months ensures that living here in this sustainable land-based holding allows the creative flux to ebb and flow with the seasons. It was a fair point during one of the meetings that some people were feeling restrained in finding time to invest in their personal projects since it must be remembered that places like this encourage individuality. It is obviously one of its drawing powers that people join a settlement like this in order to remove themselves from the rigors and chores of conventional living, thinking that their skills and talents can be put to good use. It should also be remembered that anything sustainable must also be seasonal. Not to put a lighter point on this, what I got back from the whole experience was this sense of individuality and fullness of living. This place is fantastically strong in character. No one was shy to express his or her concerns during the meeting, and at the same time there was this respect to hear out everyone's viewpoint. Most individuals seem to be specialists in one field or another. There was talk of running a dairy and whether it could be financially viable. Issues of heavy-horse and grazing requirements were also raised. The eventual grubbing of diseased apple trees seemed to reach a general consensus. Other issues like repairing fencing, more efficient use of WWOOFers, the building of a barn to house the steam-powered saw mill, getting the wretched communal vehicle fixed or buying a new one in, constructing the new guest house, and not to put too light a point on this either, damaged goods due to the natural inclinations of badgers. Someone has

to pay for the lost produce. I get the impression that meetings like this are high-fueled events but absolutely essential so that no one sits on negative energies that are prone to destroy one's individuality. That is why this place is working because everyone has a voice and at the same time, everyone accepts each other needs and motivations.

I went straight onto domestic that day, cooking the mackerel and learning to use a Rayburn wood stove. Seven fish became twenty-seven and five loaves that Becca contributed with. Now, I have read something like that before. It was a pleasure to see two new children that have been born since the last time I was here, and of course, Simon, one of the founders who turned up that night.

I left for a wonderfully, productive meeting of the PcA after I discovered it was only 12 miles away, but wanted to return and do a couple of extra working days here. I came away with a high admiration for Steve who took on two volunteers to help build the roof of the new guesthouse. Each individual has particular standards of work to be followed, and that is what I learnt to accept. It must be quite an ability to learn to co-ordinate a variable bunch of laborers. Two days of top-class tuition for free, and I have just spent three hundred pounds on applying for a Self-build Timber course at CAT this autumn.

Standing from within that roof, picture this: Dave turning on his ash lathe in quiet meditation and solitude, Simon geeing his work-horse up the steep hill with another load of sawn timber through a scattering of straw, canvas and wooden structures, smoke puffing away from beyond the bath house, and a bleating of sheep somewhere beyond the edge of these woods. That is what I saw in 360 degrees.

'Prometheus - Master of Time. Not Kronos, but Prometheus, the fire bringer. When I finished joining the new guitar song to this lyric I wrote years ago it became one of my utmost achievements for the sheer mental effort it required to make it work. The song is multidimensional and takes one through a journey - its apparent journey is the evolution of mankind. Writing it was a journey in itself and as always, it was pertinent then as it is today. Even if I was to put that song away, it would find itself to me as and when it was required. Of the lines read,

“...Ride around the boundary fences, cross the bridge that hounds us.  
Migrate onto foreign soil, cold steel will battle curses.  
Confront a sea in silver leaf, and drink the blood of Jesus.”

The bridge is a metaphysical reference to the crossing between the conscious and the unconscious. All the symbolism here may unconsciously refer to recent endeavors

and communication I have had in my garden, but also the garden of a long-time friend by the name of Ian. Ian's pond is shaped to an '8' with a bridge providing an interesting view and perspective. Cold steel: could this be a reference to spades, shears etc? Curses: could this be a reference to Christian discontent? And silver leaf: a reference to autumn? Why Christian discontent? It is another of those synchronized moments where what happened in Ian's garden was being mirrored in my own. Ian lives next door to a member of the Christian clergy in whose garden I was to plant two trees so as to overhang into Ian's. That was the same side relative to the house of the Christians who used to live next door to me here in my own home; they were evangelists. The fan-trained peach in my garden is propped against the fence we share between us. The two trees that I planted for Ian at the time replaced the sycamore I had previously cut out. Ian had an on-going dispute with the vicar as to what to do with the vegetation along the boundary fence. I also had a dispute with the evangelists next door as to why they pulled out of the fence extension project at the back of our gardens; the fence needed repair. On planting these trees the vicar complained about the location of one of them, the medlar. The both trees are now as close to the fence as is possible but the other interesting similarity between this mirrored synchronicity is that in removing the sycamore I had to cut part of the chain link in order to free it.

Christian discontent is the equivalent of declaring oneself a vegetable and then complaining what soup one is put in. At the end of the day we are all going to the same stomach. I remember coming across a Christian in a Buddhist festival I went to a few years ago. I was talking to a group of people when suddenly I heard someone call, "You can't win!" "Win what, I actually don't know what you're talking about," I replied. He turned away in slight bemusement and I turned back towards the group I had been originally interacting with. As if to be overheard I said, "You see how arrogant he is, he can't even ask me for a teaching, and he calls himself a Christian." And that really does sum up the Christian, too aloof if you ask me.

But time resolves and heals. Not human time but nature enacting out itself, bearing to itself a savior. Jesus died for the sins of humanity, what a burden! He, in reality, died to his humanity, and went beyond. Jesus is revered by many a religion including Islam, Buddhism and Hinduism. Some make him into a prophet, others into a house god. Some make him all transcendent. All in all, Jesus represents a purer, if higher, form of nature to them. Through him God comes close. For Peter, Jesus represents the birth of humanity, first man. To become Jesus is to return to nature, to live in harmony of it, to return one to a 'time' of no sin. The question begs, whether Jesus had a choice to die on the cross for the sins of humanity, or not. It is said, rather too buoyantly, that Jesus chose this path. But this creates problems, it gives Man the choice to sacrifice himself at will, or to apparently lessen the burden of his

life as and when one so requires. It is rather all too anthropomorphic and convenient. The truth is, Man does not have a choice, Jesus did not have a choice. As Man travels back in time he has less and less choice because man discovers to himself his duty to nature. He returns to the point at which human civilization is born, the veil between the conscious and the unconscious motive.

It could be likened to the difference between Environmentalism and Deep Ecology. In the former Man stands outside nature when motivated to make decisions about resources whereas in the latter Man is intrinsic to nature and makes reference to synergistic relations. The former is governed by conventional thought processes, the latter more by the need to rely upon intuition. Of course there are crossovers, but to objectify the environment creates a difference between applicable science and living science, the processes of externalization and internalization. In the former, if the system is erred, then any form of corrective measures only compound the system further. The latter though, allows for an organic response, the integration of the microcosm. Erred systems of response can be repaired thus, so long as the response maintains the holistic viewpoint; nature is self-reparable. Though, arguably, both objective and subjective reasoning are valid systems of thought, subjective motivation may incur fears of naiveté, inexperience and lack of understanding. It is thus quickly developed out of children when faced with an adult world. When societies cohere under ecologically-based sustainable designs they are making a direct appeal to the experiences of the subjective. That is because the ecology of the Earth has always at some stage governed the evolution of humanity or human societies, viz., through the local availability of resources in one form or another. Hence ecologies define boundaries. This is the fundamental reasoning behind the concept of an eco-village albeit the rules of sharing resources must reflect ecological integrity.

The earliest and most sustainable societies are always going to be those that appeal to the availability of resources. When these basic needs are not met, for instance, the availability of a staple diet, people feel oppressed or the system collapses. All such systems will collapse eventually if the stem of resources is stifled. Thus it is essential that all systems incorporate the subjective needs of its inhabitants. This is the basis of people-care. If disharmony or problems of interpersonal activity exist within society it is because there is an imbalance of resources and the flow of energy between its supply and demand. Fair shares involve the equal distribution of resources by ensuring any surpluses go to where they are lacking.

This leads to the issue of motivation. Objectively-motivated society can spend centuries going down linear paths that only compound errors away from ecological contextual resolution. Subjectively-motivated societies (if such things exist although

the eco-village is its nearest Western equivalent), and by this it is meant those that elevate the individual into a higher form of ecological awareness, should always contextualize with the whole in mind. What is understandable from this is that the concept of an eco-village originates within individuals who make that event horizon viz., a culture within a culture. This is the basis of the environmental movement. We have reached that critical point in which there are now enough individuals that can, together in an act of synergy, recreate alternative livelihoods and economies for others to follow into with their own individual footsteps; it should be getting easier. But the only way this can happen is if there is an ongoing conscious design system that individuals can adhere, or ecologically contextualize, with. The synergy does not exist unless the individual is consciously connected towards overall integrity. Permaculture in the environment makes the intrapersonal, subjective needs of the individual transcend onto the interpersonal, and it does this through conscious holistic design.

Peter collated his notes together. In a way it unconsciously told him that Michael might expect to turn up any moment. Would he take him into the garden or would Michael question what was written. It interested Peter to know that possibly somebody else was documenting all his work. He knew this as a foregone conclusion anyway, but to happen in his lifetime made the situation exceedingly curious. It was an opportunity to make sure that no unnecessary annotations, or false entries, are made. Browsing through his notes he sidled to the kitchen to grab an orange from above the fridge, that taken-for-granted noisy piece of hardware. At that moment the telephone rang and without haste he loomed over it and picked it up; more advertisement, this time about windows. Peter made it short and as polite as is possible. He sat down next to the phone to unpeel his orange. Organic and freshly delivered, these were absolutely delicious. Blood red inside, the simple fact was: every trip denied to a supermarket meant more pounds saved from the fewer, albeit cheaper, foods generally on show, and the greater efficiency of labor distribution. Peter's life was just choc-o-bloc at the moment and he certainly didn't spend time perusing corporate goods he didn't need.

The house was still upside down at the moment, with half the heating removed for radiator conversion and the passage way carpets ripped up. It would be months before he got this place fully decorated, but so what. A couple of freezing nights was nothing new. It was the coldest winter he had experienced but that was because he didn't have the heat buffered from a used flat above, entailing a huge amount of energy to keep this place warm. On top of that Peter was becoming more sensitive and he could begin to understand why Michael, a sensitive chap himself, needed to eat huge amounts of food. Peter was settling down, ironically, to a domesticated lifestyle. He just wasn't as transcendent and "glowing" as he used to be. When finally the

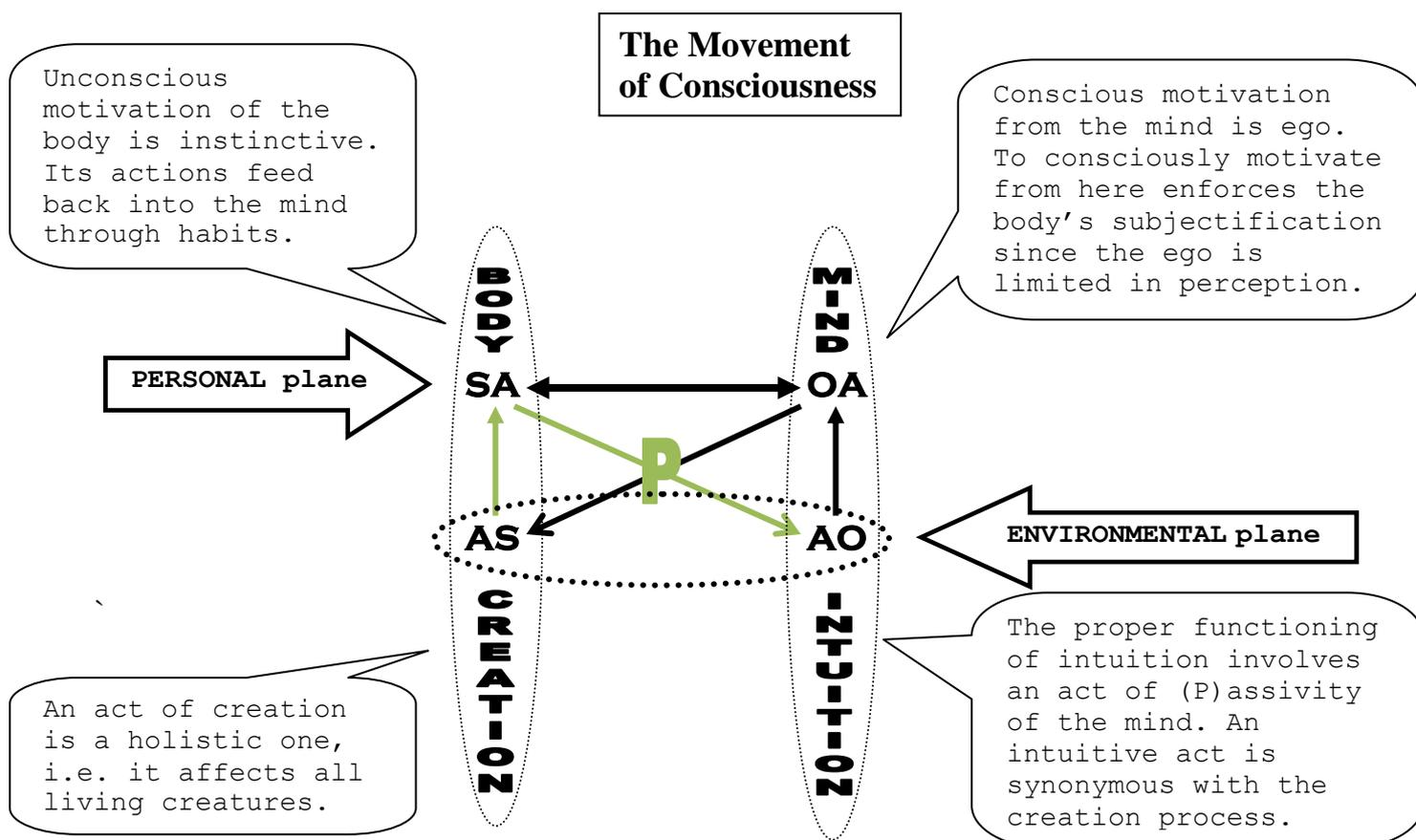
radiators do come in he realized that a significant change of lifestyle would be needed. For instance, with hot water to hand he would not need to heat it up the night before. That decision to go for a swim and shower need not have to be made the night before since it arrogated turning off the heating. He could also move about the house with greater freedom and not have to restrict his night work to one cozy room. He looked up and wondered how long it would be before anyone else moved in upstairs. What would they think about his venturing into the railway embankment? Someone above 45 years of age with a family, huge that the flat upstairs is, is bound to have young children. Are they going to be a distraction, especially if brought up in difficult circumstances? That is what housing associations were all about. How would the new tenants deal with his eccentric behavior? Time will tell but one thing was for sure. If Peter lost the flat, since it was still in his mother's name, he would become a nomad, relishing the opportunity to give everything away and travelling the world on one final visit; he would not need to return to Britain. Of course, the other reason why the house was so cold was because Spring had brought with it clear blue skies, and that usually means quick radiation loss from the earth since the lack of cloud cover could not act as a buffer zone itself. The phone rang again. It was Anne.

Anne was a great woman. What can be said about someone who understands you better than your own mother? Peter first met her under auspicious circumstances also; whilst doing the ten-year census round she invited him in for a coffee. Months later, by the time he was recommended to her by another client, she already appeared like a person who could establish a long-term friendship with him, and this truth was to bear itself out. This wasn't a familiarity that so often accompanies a catchy tune but then subsequently fades into boredom or obsolescence, rather there was a deeper profundity underlying a greater communication curve. This auspicious encounter would ripen over many years, and even though it is absolutely pertinent how first encounters can dictate the way a relationship can develop, this was not like those encounters with over-zealous airy types who fed off the human psyche like wasps to Coca Cola.

"Just checking Merlyn that we are all set to go for the course." She asked me to gather nettles and other herbs; she would be doing the catering for two days. Peter paid her good money actually, relative to what he would pay to everyone else. That is because Peter saw in her greater business opportunities in the future. She had also spent quite a lot of money on him over the years. Being a professional caterer in the past the money he offered her really didn't cover her expertise, but she understood his needs.

He picked up his notes again and wondered whether he could teach this stuff on the course. Was it permaculture or was he stepping off the mark? These were the

original notes from the workshop at last year's AGM but which he never managed enough time to convey. He had a habit of regurgitating old notes and still keeps a bookcase full of them from his university days. Peter knew it though; this was more like a master class. These notes were for a small collective of persons to take on board and keep to heart.



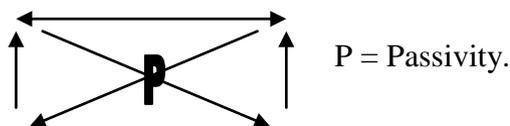
It's important to realize here that these diagrams are schematic. They should be viewed with the approach of conceptualizing the idea of transcendence. As such it distinguishes the cultural planes of both nature and humans. These areas are broadly termed as 'body' and 'mind' and immediately evoke sentiments of holistic living. On the transcendent side, and following on from my previous diagrams, one can discern the roles of both the Enlightened Man and the Magician from their environmental and personal standpoints, respectively. If you follow the green arrows the Enlightened Man takes Creation (Environmental evolution) and intuition (which together epitomizes the macrocosm) as his or her starting point towards the conditioning of the body in it cyclic (clockwise) motion; the mind is negated or "emptied" through passivity in its 'working' relationship to the macrocosm. It is not difficult to see that



In this second diagram I am showing the ‘active evolution’ of the movement of consciousness between the environmental and the personal. Its physical point of view (left side) alludes to Creation (AS) and the body (SA), metaphysically to intuition (AO) and the mind (OA). Whilst it differs slightly in perspective from the preceding diagram, Creation (the Prime Mover) shows its directional influence upon the body’s ‘adaptation’ by which “the behavioral or physical attributes of an animal... helps them to better survive in it ecosystem,” and intuition (the non-self) upon the mind’s ‘adaption’ of “the process where a species or an organism gradually becomes better acclimated to its environment.” In retrospect I could have replaced these epithets with other descriptive words eliciting, for instance, their cosmological (physical) and cosmogonic (mindful) qualities whereby I am trying to convey ‘purpose’ or the teleology in the universe. In this vein and in comparison to the preceding diagram we can discern the individual roles of both the Enlightened Man and the Magician.

Peter collected the whiteboard and went out into the garden. He set it up in one corner, next to the dry-stone wall and faced the railway embankment. He stood there for a little while and imagined an audience, an audience where each member could stand on their own. The odd train came by as usual and he timed his words accordingly.

Merlyn: For me the objective is a cultural act of the mind but that the subjective can be an act of the body creating mind. To transcend this cause and effect then proposes that the mind has come round full circle and is now mind - feeding body - creating mind. This is depicted so as follows:



He hastened to draw it up. He felt a bit like a quack throwing up lines and letters of profound complexity. A big grey moustache and a top hat would go well with the words. Instead the silent audience got a Jew’s beard and a shabby head of hair.

Peter: What does the 'P' stand for?

Merlyn: Ah, now that represents the 'P' in passivity.

A thought flickered in his mind. That dying cherry tree in the corner has become a welcomed spot. Over time he would judge the effects it would have on the surrounding vegetation, but generally high nitrogen is good for green leaf production.

Peter: But it looks more like an old, inverted veg box from the greengrocer.

Merlyn: It may well be. The collection of arrows is significant of the movement of consciousness. Now pay attention. The notes I have given you refer to two main planes of influence, the personal and the environmental. The personal refers to the separate consciousness of existence that reside within the greater whole of the environmental. Obviously they can both be attributed a physical and mental effect. Do not make the mistake in referring to the mental sphere as one of intellectualism or intelligence. Intellect is the faculty of knowing and reasoning and thus cannot apply to all beings. Neither does intelligence necessarily refer only to sense data. And besides, it is too broad in its definition. Likewise, the process of understanding or gathering information could easily pertain to the physical sphere as well. For instance, chemical changes in a body can denote a change of environment. Now, the mental sphere incorporates the element or source of intelligence before this information is processed. The physical, on the other hand, gives expression to the mental, an environmental process that guides the movement of consciousness by giving it definition, shape etc. So, if the body comes first it is because the body unconsciously receives the universal spirit, energy or matter. In Creation there is no conscious differentiation.

Peter: Spirit makes for matter that will die living for a time.

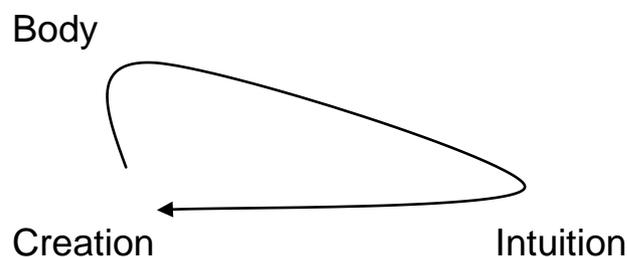
Merlyn: That's it. Who said that?

Peter: A fox, a friendly one at that.

Merlyn: A fox! What do foxes know of spirit? Tell me. Do you see your God as a giant face in the sky? Can you talk to the trees or persuade the hunters from your path? Do you accept death?

Peter: Of course we do. Who doesn't? How many red coats must we shed to prove our point? We may sneak in and out of human societies but here in the wilderness we stand our ground. We watch the great metal constructions of humanity gorge the landscape. We watch from a distance the diminishing wild areas and take what we can, like your Indian reservations. We notice over time the short life spans your human constructions have; the dilapidated fences that show us back-ways into your dustbins. We learnt to move out of the countryside in order to feast upon your urban leftovers. We sleep during the day when you busy yourself in buildings too far from our curiosity, and roam the night when your vision fails and your fear to enter the night is aroused by your sheltered lifestyles. The giant face in the sky shows us the way through unkempt brambles. The trees remind us of the old ways, as it was when each tree was a familiar pattern. Your hunters are nothing more than drunkards who noisily slobber their way through awkward territory, amusing their small-mindedness. And when we die we die out of fear of not living, not the fear of death of petty humans. You call us furtive because of your own inabilities. How unable are you to die to the wild?

Merlyn: We understand spirit. We know it as the paths you make in the wild, the abundance of food in the summer, the shade of a woodland garden or the warmth of an open glade. Your spirit lives within all beings and yet you do not differentiate between them. We consider this a noble act. Let me show you what I mean by your worldly spirit. It follows a pattern like this:



Merlyn: The creation process, since the dawning of time, has contributed to developing each individual body, and provides for it an

unconscious source of feedback. All your actions, being an animal, are necessitated by the body's direct perception of the environment. There is no reasoning behind it.

Peter: And what about you humans? How do you fit into the cosmic plan?

Merlyn: Who asked that? You are rather too small to be seen.

Peter: I did.

Merlyn: Ahh. It's our prosaic friend the hedgehog.

Peter: Prosaic! What do you want me to do, sing and dance? Would that amuse you to your heart's content? Believe me. I carry a world full of pricks on my shoulders. How many of us have lost our edge to the carelessness of humanity? Give me a woodpile anytime so that I am not awoken to the depressive race of human beings who can't even deal with Winter. Lost to your ways are you. Don't you plan for the coldness and wetness of a short day, or do you always expect to get the same Summer rewards month in, month out? Look around, everything else keeps time of the seasons. Can't you learn to go to bed and wake up to the broaching sun, rekindling the spirit within? Why must you exhaust everybody else's energy in order to further your own political cause? I empirically state... that food is for free. Yet you monger it like you designed nature yourself. You design nothing. You delude yourself into thinking that nature is there to be tamed. The simple life has become a thorn in your side, not enough to keep your excessive desires at bay. I mind my own business because I am a simple being. Even your cats watch me from a distance as I consume their fattening meals. You spoil them into lethargy because they are forgetting also the big world out here. You create them in your image but have become nothing more than fat cats yourselves.

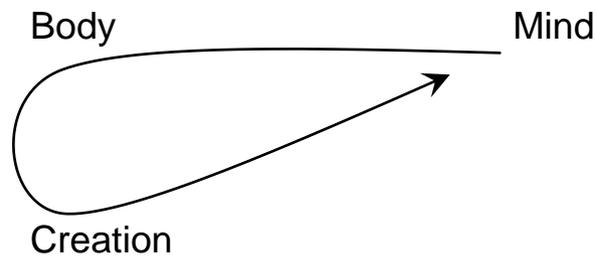
Merlyn: Do you mind, your words are tiring me out.

Peter: That's what I mean. You sleep at the wrong time in the day. You're all ego. Where's your wild crafting?

Merlyn: Actually, a so called cat is good at catching birds and climbing trees.

Peter: Catching birds? You don't even eat them. Too used to the processed foods of supermarkets so full of strange additives, no wonder you are becoming what you eat. You are becoming a bunch of strangers.

Merlyn: Let me tell you something of human society. It was not always like that. Human societies have become, for the most part, fragmented. Its motivation bypasses intuition, like this:



Merlyn: In motivating its behaviour from the personal, humanity usurps the creation process. It deludes itself into thinking that it has control over nature or the body. Because its perception has taken a step back it is literally reflecting on the physical process of creation through the personal. Intuition is nullified to the extent that no immediate perception is necessitated. The dynamic of creation is thus not allowed to permeate itself into the formulation of mind that occurs as an act of synchronicity with the body. In order to do this the mind needs to remain passive in its evolution and the body's perception will subsume it into its own.

Michael: So what happens when intuition is added to the equation?

Peter turned around and saw Michael hanging out of the window.

Peter: Michael, how long have you been there?

Michael: Ever since you started talking to the hedgehog.

Peter: You crept in like a cat, no doubt sunning yourself on that window ledge.

Michael: Well, Nigel is off, getting married. Peace at last. So what happens when you add intuition to the equation?

Peter: What, do you want me to shout so that everybody else can hear?

At this point Peter heard a chuckle or two from a few gardens along.

Michael: Hang on. I am just coming down. You left your keys hanging in the door again.

And with that Michael popped his head back into the building. No sooner had he disappeared from view a squirrel jerked by. Merlyn cringed with his eyes.

Merlyn: You dirty rat.

Peter: Rat! I am cleaner than you are. With all your obsession about cleanliness, the annihilation of germs, gone is your immunity. You destroyed everything that kept you clean inside. Tell me, how often do you not take a bath, eat fresh food from the plants and soil, let the wind blow in your hair? You forgot how beneficial the tiny ones were. They move between all of us, regulating evolution, passing us genetic material that confers natural resistance. The whole world revolves around them, and has been since the dawning of life. They gave us life and we can't do without them. Learn to connect to the soil for the soil is a living organism too. Eat of the earth. Sow your own seed. Don't sell it.

Merlyn: I was only joking. Haven't you got a sense of humour?

Michael: Ah Merlyn, here at last. You know, I could really go for a coffee right now.

Peter: One coffee coming up. I suppose you can wander around.

Peter ground up the coffee beans whilst he pondered his next action. Michael had unexpectedly turned up so maybe he should not hope for anything different. He decided that he would not prompt Michael about anything and only answer questions Michael himself stimulated. Michael wandered in, wondering why the coffee was taking so long.

Michael: Ahh, fresh coffee. Where did you get that grinder from?

Peter: It was left here by my folks.

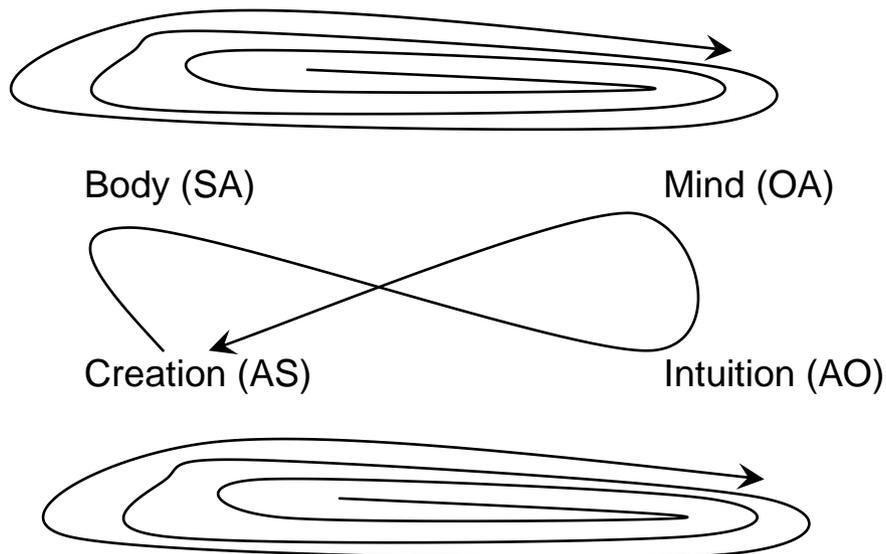
Michael: So what happens if you add intuition to the equation?

Peter: You get holistic living. If you remember, I referred to the roles of the Magician and Enlightened Man as living holistic lifestyles. It is not much different to being an animal. We still take our motive from the unconscious only that, in the case of the animal the environmental is perceived and carried through by the instinct directly. Interestingly though, the Magician and Enlightened Man share similar patterns. If we take our basic inverted veg box we can vary a couple of things.

The two of them walked over to the whiteboard in the garden whilst Peter continued to grind the coffee beans with his hand-held implement.

Michael: Okay. So why have you added the upside-down base?

Peter: For that reason alone, to ground the experience and give it a conscious personal context. Something else is happening here though. Let me explain it more dynamically.

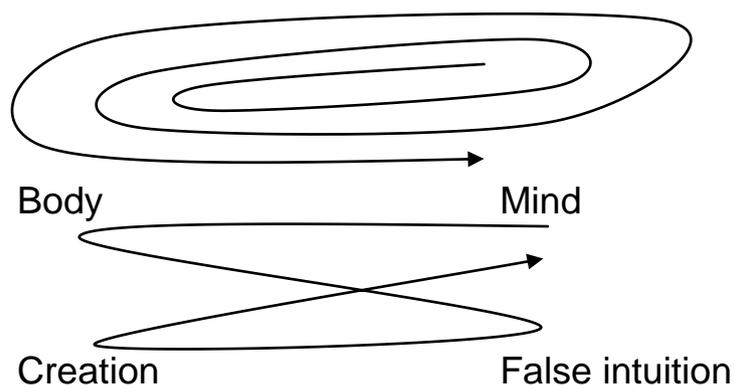


Peter: Since holistic living regards the mind as being in a state of passivity, it cannot be affected by the ego's attempt to usurp it and so provides development of the mind in a non-fragmented way, via the process of intuition.

Michael: And how do you tell the difference between the Magician and the Enlightened Man?

Peter: Well, the best I can do here is to indicate which side to view transcendence from. The Magician sublimates the mind's cultural delineation through an active objectivity, whilst the Enlightened Man passivates the mind. Look at the chart again. Where the mind affects the act of synchronicity as regards its objective input during the state of the magical act of transcendence, it augments simple holistic living which is purely based upon a passive environmental standpoint. If you recall, the Magician will ground his or her consciousness in personal evolution, and the Enlightened Man within an environmental evolution. The all-important key here is the intuition. The Magician actively inscribes culture whilst the Enlightened Man empties oneself of it. There is then, a movement between intuition and Creation, as well as between intuition and the mind. The Magician's conscious dynamic qualities are thus reflected via the latter, the Enlightened Man's unconscious motivation via the former.

Michael: It's beginning to click Merlyn. The Magician, on a level of microcosmic personal evolution, actively creates mind or culture. The Enlightened Man however, seems to identify with the workings of the cosmos through a macrocosmic sense of environmental development, nature per se, in which intuition is unconsciously directed back to Creation. But I have thought of something else. What creates false intuition is in fact the exact same process, only that the direction of motive changes. As soon as one applies ego this false intuition is compounded through the system like this:



Michael: The effect would be to reverse the natural unconscious dominance of bodily influence over the mind. The body, instead of being a direct conduit of Creation, now has to deal with a limited and alienated human mind which enforces the ego by assuming a false intuition.

Peter: This is another way of looking at fragmented cultures I suppose. But I have just realized something else too; that which is the mind continues to affect evolution, whether that is some sort of evolution of culture on the personal level, or evolution of life on the environmental level.

Michael: What are you saying? That life evolves in general as a form of a greater mind?

Peter: Yes, that the mind is undoubtedly evolving perpetually, and Man merely taps into that process and makes it conscious. Intuition or direct perception compounds itself ever outwards into greater mental forms. A system that can learn as it evolves is generally referred to as an intelligent one. Its purpose seems to be... holistic. However, if direct perception is material based for instance, then the very act of chemical adaptation in response to an outside environmental change becomes this evolutionary process itself. It is an unconscious process because it is based within the environmental world. What makes it conscious is life's personal capacity to delay the feedback of information from the creation process. This delaying process is attributable to the workings of time. Creation becomes an imminent event; it is only life that creates time, as in ecology. Man does this more so over and above all other life forms known. No wonder it thinks itself to be the pinnacle at the top of the tree. Man is Prometheus.

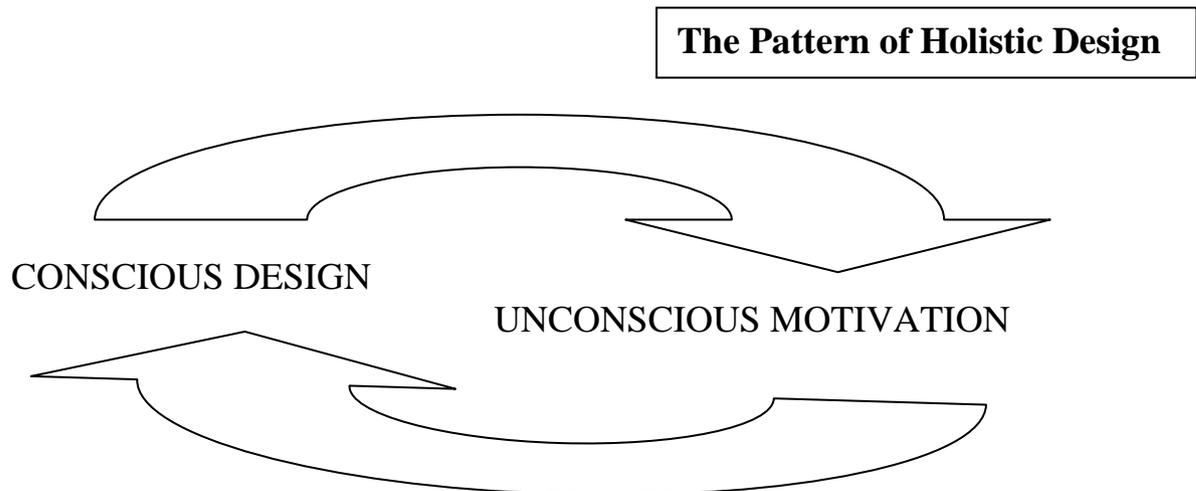
Michael: Merlyn. If man effectively creates time how do you explain seasonal changes? Aren't these generic events?

Peter: It is all to do with the unconscious motive Michael. Life only came about because of the conditions in our solar system. Does that not suggest to you that the unconscious motive continues to work right through the creation and development of our solar system, and that the expansion and contraction of gases is itself life... also? Life is really the direct perception of Creation. The seasons came about so, as an act of

the creation of the solar system. When we are born we are continually growing. As such then, getting older means that most of our growing remains at the seasonal changes but that with age this must be reduced to a few days around the solstices and equinoxes?

Michael: Wow. Okay. Let me think on that one a moment. Is it because, if I understand correctly, we experience fewer chemical changes?

Peter: That would be the logical answer. I must be getting old, as old as wisdom. Michael, what remains to be done is the implementation of a holistic design system. It must emphasise the unconscious motive else it will fail miserably. Let's write it up like this:



Peter: What we need to do is relate it to a set of developmental criteria. Got any ideas?

Michael: Yes. Why don't you use the same criteria that produced this garden?

Peter: Great idea, it will prepare me for the course. Okay then, close your eyes.

Michael: Why?

Peter: You don't have to.

Michael: Okay, I close them.

Peter: What do you see?

Michael: Nothing.

Peter: What can you smell?

Michael: Nothing much.

Peter: You can't smell those hyacinths?

Michael: Ah, is that what they are?

Peter: Here, taste this leaf. You should know what it is.

Michael: You're not going to kill me are you Merlyn?

Peter: You know, it's odd you should say that Michael. If you were one of my plants you'd have as much chance of surviving as anything in the wilderness.

Michael: Thanks Merlyn. What does that make me?

Peter: Makes you equal. That is what it makes you. Free as the birds.

Michael: I thought you said I was a plant.

Peter: A cabbage.

Michael: Ah, now thanks a lot.

Peter: That's what you're eating, sweet Russian kale. Couldn't you get it? You're supposed to be a chef... in your 'former life.'

Michael: You didn't give me a chance. It is rather sweet though.

Peter: It's supposed to be the sweetest. Not bad for the hungry gap. I am not really growing much else for the moment; a few herbs like garlic chives, salad burnet, thyme and rosemary, a little bit of parsley. Despite the good weather I have been slow off the mark this year in terms of growing food. The fruit won't bear for months yet, and this is primarily a fruit garden.

Michael: So why did you go for fruit then?

Peter: It was already here. I will get more veg in, though. The new greenhouse I am building and the raised beds on the railway embankment will provide enough food for most of the year. I will then supplement it with perennials, edible wild herbs basically. But the fruit, it was a natural decision. With these five trees already here, two apples, a pear, plum and cherry, it pretty much dictated what I could grow. When it leafs out a little later you'll see how dark it gets underneath, and they are nothing like their full size yet. From that top window, during the summer it should be like looking down onto woodland. Look at my neighbor's fence

being kept up by the ivy. That is fantastic. There's brambles growing through it, and along with a few of the evergreen shrubs, I am trying to establish some Japanese quince. To give me a bit of color at this time in the year; you know the plant, the flowers come out before the leaves, like that forsythia over there on the opposite fence. At the other end I am hoping to get a hop plugging the gap and keeping up the rest of the fence, probably climbing up into the elderflower. And this holly tree, another hedging plant. Beautiful variegated leaves, but it looks half dead. I salvaged it, and if it survives then it earns its place. There is not much that will grow in this shade.

Michael: Why don't you give it more water? It looks a bit dry under there.

Peter: Yeh, why not? Why should I? I am like that. There's the wilderness, on the railway embankment. This garden is an interface between it and the human world. I incorporate characteristics from both. I know what you're saying though Michael? It is like that coffee I gave you. It was difficult to refuse your request. If I truly thought I was killing the holly it will tell me something of the environment I am living in. I really don't mind death. So what do you feel beneath you Michael.

Michael: Paving.

Peter: Right, so how do I make a decision as to what to do in this garden? Where is my motivation coming from? Let's write this up. This could be our first abiding criteria - Decision Making. Each stage has its own moral issues. From decision-making you'd get...

Michael: Implementation.

Peter: What about evaluation?

Michael: That's all part of the decision-making process.

Peter: Right. And in this I regard the ethics and principles of permaculture to be prevalent. But there are other factors that play a part in my decision-making. Most notably, is the state of feeling integrated in the environment or not? I could say that I experience transcendent motivations that do not require analysis, and/or scientific methodology. It's all part of this conscious design; unconscious motivation loop happening. If I train myself in permaculture design in such a way

that I can allow it to suffuse into my personality, then through passivation of the ego I can allow natural decisions to surface in response to that training. Are you with me Michael? This happens anyway. But in fragmented societies the unconscious motivation can thrust up apparent solutions that don't have a place in conscious thought, and then people mistrust their own intuitions. They become skeptical. However, unconscious motivation does not necessarily mean one is living a transcendent life, not until unconscious motivation is implemented into systems-thinking that is. Remember, the closer one draws to proto-civilization, the more genetic-based is their decision-making. Nature provides a holistic design already, but decision-making is fundamentally intuitive. Only through a simultaneous development of mind does that individual become transcendent.

Michael: Hang about. So you are saying that only humans can become transcendent, because everything else is purely instinctive.

Peter: Yes, effectively humans become animals again, only now they have conscious design as part of their baggage, one that is in synchronicity with the unconscious motive.

Michael: I guess that makes sense. But within that criterion you could also add resource analysis.

Peter: Okay, but that is fundamentally covered in natural decision-making, and reflected in the ethics and principles of permaculture. It's true. I find stuff in skips all the time. It is rubbish being thrown away, but nature does not throw away anything. Nature makes use of everything. It is not always cut and dry though. Sometimes you don't have a choice and yet I could argue that it is still the right decision made. To give an example, on one particular occasion it was an awful day for getting things done. I found it a long time making a decision about anything. The night before, in the early hours of the morning, I played *Broken Sword* on the computer. It is a game about the Knights Templars. I managed to get past a point in the game I had been stuck on for months, just when I thought it was time to retrace my steps and see if I missed some vital clue. I achieved a minor task that gave me access to a Templar preceptory. Now the significance of this showed soon afterwards. I

decided to go to Brighton on the spur of the moment to the Sussex Arts Club to watch an aborigine celebration; Jambience were playing. On the way down I passed a Masonic temple. When I got to the actual venue the function room had an eight-sided ceiling. In one corner a five-pointed star illuminated. My dancing was on form even though that night I slept rough in the window bay of a shop front because I had no invite to stay at any one's place. But the preceding events during the gig may have influenced my predicament. Some girl had invoked me. She wanted me to talk about head things. I said to her words to this effect, "I will only have children when I know I have to die." She didn't understand me, and I then told her, "People have children in order to extend a part of their selves. I don't need to have children if I believe I am immortal within. I am an animal. It is very human to have to recreate a sense of immortality." She had been trying to explain that it is wonderful to have children, that life and death are natural cycles, that humans create emotions in their brains. But she hadn't understood me. She could not contain the contradiction in whole. I believe that being an animal involves the life processes. But I am not to die yet, for if I were I would take my opportunity to have children. That is how an instinctive decision will manifest itself, through the fulfilling of ideas. She thought I was denying this process because she thinks like a human. When I first prompted her about having children I was conveying my thoughts as to the only reason why I would have sex. But you might say that animals procure offspring without dying. But you would be making the same mistake as when the girl misinterpreted my statement. Animals know they are to die but in a very instinctive way. There is no thought here. The motive to have sex is entwined and shared with the motive to die. You can't have one without the other. In fact all such instinctual motives are in unison. That is the nature of instinct - it is worldly in its expression. Animals are timeless, a point she felt antagonistic against right at the beginning of the conversation.

Michael: Why do you keep bringing up death for in the conversation?

Peter: Because you are standing on my grave.

And Peter laughed, but Michael didn't. They were really worlds apart at this stage.

Peter: You are invited to my sanctuary. Beyond here is my inner sanctum, the Holy of Holies. Would you like to enter the railway embankment?

Michael: No!

Peter: Now, that was spontaneous. Have I not liberated you yet from your repression? I can't force you anyway. But enforcing a decision doesn't necessarily invoke the ego's single-mindedness. A lot of my decisions are based upon having resources within my direct field of vision, i.e. zones 0 & 1, possibly 2. Commercial industry largely ignores this interactive sphere and seeks resources from the outer zones instead.

Michael: What are these zones again?

Peter: I'll talk about them on the course, but suffice to say, zone 0 is the womb, zone 1 the garden and house, zone 2, my allotment say, or parts of the railway embankment. The higher the number of the zone, the less frequently they are visited.

Michael: And zone 0 is a resource?

Peter: You know what Michael, you have got me thinking. This fucking human race has been exploiting the womb since day two. I suppose it is a resource and that the most successful way to make decisions is to base it upon the resources you already have control over. Other resources will fall your way since nature is naturally efficacious. Just bear in mind your conscious design philosophy. The other point to consider is that when making holistic decisions look at the unconscious motive, in particular where it seems to be taking you; spontaneous re-routing should not be fear-inducing. If a decision requires anything other than passive enforcement, ask yourself the question, "Have I taken into consideration both sides of the argument?" The whole process should be self-healing and self-empowering, and above all it should be practical. Let yesterday's off-cuts and remainders become the meal of today so that the act of cooking becomes dynamic - recycle, reinvent, reuse.

Michael: I see you have written up "Time management."

Peter: You'll find your own way Michael. So long as I base my decisions upon natural indicators in the environment the unconscious motive will always be fulfilled, i.e. spontaneous wisdom knowhow. So anyhow, once we have made a decision, and that decision is enforced, there is something of a social re-structuring going on. It's had many names, all revolutionary in their outlook. A friend once told me that revolutions go backwards but that what we need is evolution. This was the guy who first introduced me to permaculture. Revolutions always seem to go backwards, but that is because humanity is racing ahead too quickly. He could argue that he packed up his seed and did it else where in another country, because here in England he refused to pay the council tax. He was on the run. Maybe one day he'll visit an old friend and fully explain his decisions. It goes back to this idea, that if it is fear-inducing then the transcendent has not been achieved, but rather a risky human endeavor that instead sends people down *cul-de-sacs*.

Michael: You are referring to sacrifice Merlyn.

Peter: In this movement everybody becomes the sacrificial lamb, but truly the lion will sleep with the lamb. For some people there may be an initial culture shock, as one hopes to be converted into a more sustainable way of living, but some of us are born into lambs. Suffering is something that should never have been forgotten.

Michael: Merlyn, you are drifting off.

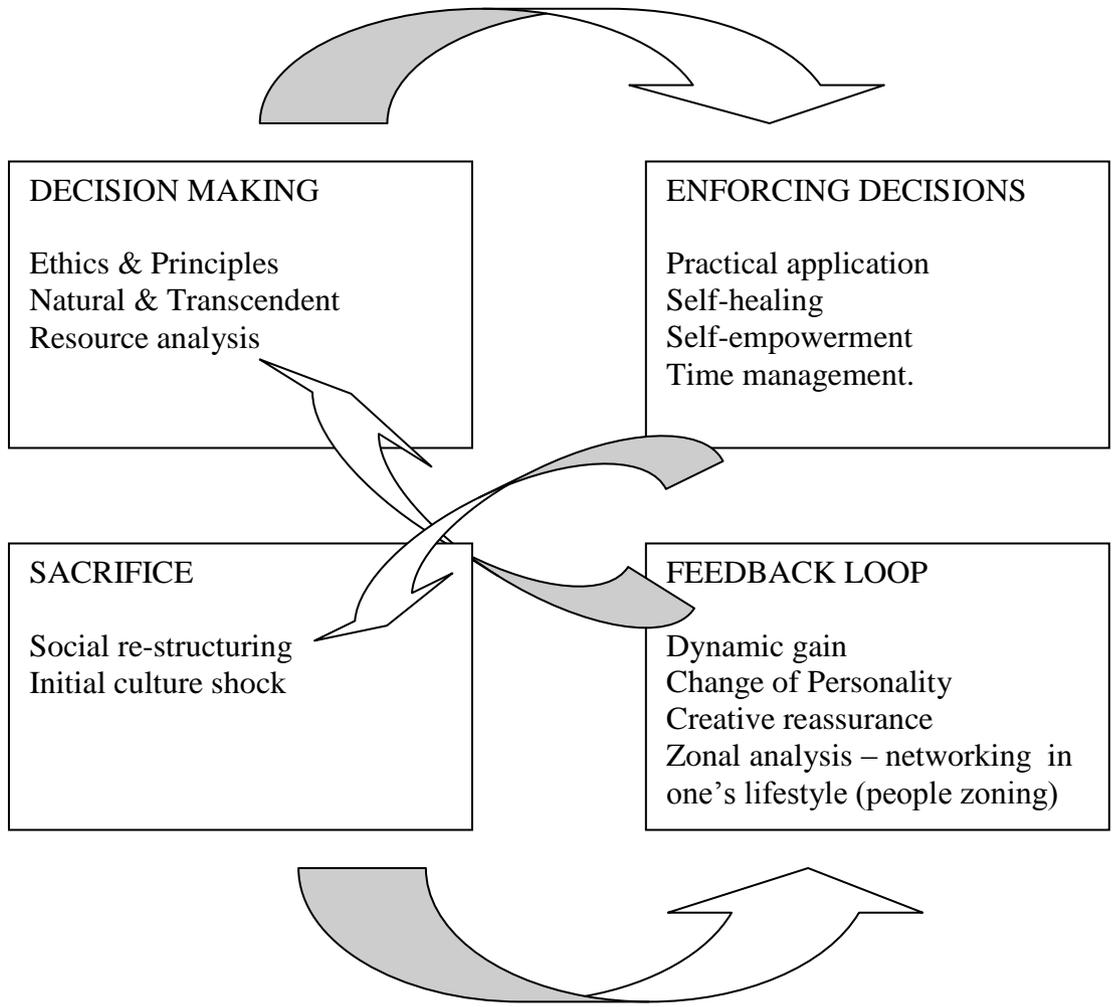
Peter: Okay, to finish our cycle. What is to be gained, especially in the long term?

Michael: Feeling dynamic.

Peter: Dynamic gain.

Michael: Change of personality; creative fulfillment.

Peter: It becomes a means to reassuring yourself. This is, in fact, positive feedback. It also opens up a greater field of interaction and communication. Can you imagine how influential that could become? There must be a critical point in society where there is no turning back. So long as evolution is made from the unconscious motive what do we have to fear. Take these notes Michael and keep them.



**Criteria for Implementing Holistic Design**

Michael: What bothers me the most is what constitutes necessity?

Peter: When one’s action is governed by the need to maintain one’s livelihood, i.e. least change for greatest stability. In circumstances where great change is required, then one’s livelihood will need to drastically alter. In this situation it may be arguable, but there shouldn’t be any martyrs out there, even though there will be. Look to gradual transition. A holistic lifestyle has no beginning or end; it *is*. Like this garden, it will never be completed; it is continually growing, organically. Natural indicators in the environment once identified or once the recipient knows how to consistently read them, will lead the way. Growth can be

exponential, especially during these times. I mean, look at me. I sit on problems and just wait. Yes wait. Answers evolve through passive change in circumstances. Sleep on it, or move onto another job before you have to return at the necessary time. But to offset the detrimental effects of isolation, lack of financial security, or obstacles in the environment that prevent creative development look to see what resources are making themselves available and share those resources with others. Holistic design is not about less work but more efficiency since the same task requires less input; work with nature. Tradition should not get in the way of procedure. If every action fills an ecological niche i.e. to be unconsciously motivated from the body's need, then getting somewhere becomes much more efficient. With time, life gets easier to facilitate, since social, economic, and spiritual spheres of existence will merge ever closer together to form an interactive web of relationships. The longer one is passive in this world the easier it gets.

Michael: Is that what you believe Merlyn?

Peter: It is what I know.

Maybe Peter had been talking too much, for Michael was looking vexed.

Michael: I don't get it! You talk about unconscious motivation in the same breadth as influence. How can you influence culture if you are not consciously motivating it? You are behaving like one of your animals. Humans will come along and trash this place; they'll take everything from you. What influence do you have then?

More importantly, what did Michael know to suggest such a thing?

Peter: Are you angry Michael?

There was no reply.

Peter: Influence is the capability to negate objective motivation in your recipient. It is the unconscious motivation to strip one of current held beliefs.

Michael: Sorry Merlyn... shall I leave the keys in the door?

Peter: Yes, I'll pick them up on the way out. It didn't occur to you to bring them to me in the first place? You know how often I lock myself out? I have to wait for my neighbors to arrive before I can let myself in again. One of them suggested leaving a key in the garden here somewhere and let myself in that way. What I notice during many occasions is that, it is not that I forget to pick up my keys on the way out, but that I believed in some misplaced memory of putting them in my pouch before I pulled the door to. Before you go Michael let me tell you this. I used to attend a religious college and on one occasion I was late. The door was locked with an electronic key system. I stood there for a moment and tapped in four random numbers in sequence. The door opened. What chance was there of guessing that right?

Michael: No... they were watching you with CCTV and let you in from security.

## Chapter 9 The Land Is Ours

*'I have been walking all day carrying a half-empty bottle of water juggling from one hand to the other. The sound of water is soothing as it ebbs and flows along the ribbed interior of the plastic; bubbles dance around in lively pairs. I take another sip, and another, and by this time decide to take an early supper since the Hare Krishna camp was offering free meals. The queue was long as might be expected; the bottle flips another arching bow to the other hand. Whiz! It fizzles out of my grasp. There is a movement of energy. I feel different. The bottle now acts like a polar region – cold. I pick it up and continue my saunter. "No, that's enough, thank you very much." I eat left-handed today, not having to look about me, focusing on the mundane action. Every piece eaten, my whole body a receptacle for Earth, for Krishna. I get up and leave and wash down my food with that unusual red, fruit drink that barely has a taste; I don't even give a second thought to whether I should make a donation or not. The time is approaching 6 o'clock and Jambience are warming up in the open. Suppressive heat all week nourishes mind and body alike, and actually I don't feel like dancing today. It is fifteen minutes before their official commencement and the lake beckons me instead. Ah, to swim, for I am a swimmer. Many a time I have swam the sea alone; the case of the animal. 'No swimming please – water polluted.' The kids at the far side haven't taken any notice. I'll walk around anti-clockwise and swim with them. Whoops! Somebody's falling in. I get there but just as I arrive the security are moving people out of the water. If this water is truly contaminated then the Big Green Gathering might lose its license. It's now 6 o'clock. I consider emptying*

*the bottle of water into the lake instead but the thought quickly passes. I reconvene with Jambience, still waiting for Seize the Day to finish their political set. I'm going to pour this water over my head in recompense. I'm going to baptize myself.*

*Wow! What a transformation! I really want to dance now. I turn to the girl sitting next to me and utter.*

*"Do you dance?"*

*"That's why I'm here. Is my smoking bothering you?"*

*"No, that would be petty. Besides it's the wind that carries it over, not you. If I am not in tune with the wind I'm not in tune with anything."*

*"Oh, you are so right-on."*

*They play, we dance. The PA breaks down once in a while; too stoned to get it fixed them technicians. It doesn't stop the dynamics though. One child steals, another gives. The one that steals is in fact giving me a little piece of herself, in effect, stealing my singularity. She sits in front of me legs apart and skirt pulled up. What sex guru will she be sold to when she gets a little older? The other is a crossed-legged girl; now she's familiar, a daughter of a friend of the band. She keeps looking up at me and our eyes stare in fixation. I am dancing and she has her head turned back. We are not smiling but I smile and she follows suit. She releases her gaze first. Two children in front of me, possibly her brother, then four, then two, then me alone; one gaze to another. There is a rock on the stage. Someone had placed a rock on the stage just before the PA started malfunctioning. It was such a deliberate act. 'Take the rock' my thoughts said aloud. But the children just continued their gaze above it. The PA breaks down. I get up and point out this obvious scenario to the technicians. Returning back to my place someone has already taken it. You see how fast somebody will jump into my grave. I am surrounded by women. The Earth is amongst them. It is the last song and the crowd pleads more. It ends at 8 o'clock. Water has a memory capability. Yes, the electrons can fix themselves around molecules with variable combinations. And they will remain in this position unless disturbed. I turn to another who obviously enjoyed the set, in view of an overheard conversation I wiggled on.*

*"Do you think there is a scientific explanation for baptism?"*

*"I don't know about that."*

*"You're too careful. People at festivals aren't that careful."*

*I had brought the lake to me and all her ladies in train followed. Rather than go for a swim the intention was then conveyed to instead, pour the Eau de Crystalline into the lake, but that thought passed too. In circling the lake I took the lake in and all her maidens swarmed around me; the crystal water, water of Christ. It started off as tap water but it ended holy.*

*The night continued. I was not too proud to want to ask a tender at the Buddhafield café for a free cup of chai; I had run out of cash.*

*"Can I offer my services?"*

*"Just be nice to somebody."*

*"I am nice to that guy at my table."*

*Now, who is this guy that imposes upon my table asking for competition?*

*"Subjectivity is what you believe and experience but what is really the case is objective and fact. It is what you can't change; it is fixed. But I can change you." His confidence bordered arrogance. I reply.*

*"I am the universe. You can change the universe? Everybody in this room is an extension of myself. Your account of subjectivity is objective. You see a very superficial interpretation of subjectivity."*

*"Why is that superficial?"*

*“Because you have a finite, human awareness. You need to transcend. Get to the source of this duality of objectivity and subjectivity. Go beyond. If you take me on you will only find emptiness!”*

*We soon departed.*

*The night was incredible. Two games of ping-pong and then some dervish dancing. How subjective my dancing is; I am twirling like a whirlwind moving into chaos the deeper I go. I go mad, just temporarily.’*

The course went exceptionally well, despite the lack of numbers. The setting, a beautiful nature reserve, formed a continuity of railway embankment between it and Peter's garden. At most it was only two hundred meters from his home but at this point on top of the hill it was incredibly wide. The houses that were bombed during the WORLD WAR opened up even more land; the allotments further along having long since been in disuse. There was a lot of potential on land like this. Its elevation slopes downhill enough to allow the possibility of a series of stepped ponds. Such a system could benefit natural water filtration through the use of biological controls. One of the best plants in this case is reed; the bacteria on the roots forming a symbiosis with the plant whilst cleansing the water of its toxicity. As it goes, wildlife conservation is not necessarily sustainable land-use. Thus, permaculture would benefit the design here by saying that reed beds could be made to work more efficiently towards a human yield by providing more than just wildlife, as is the case with the existing ponds. The implementation of the ponds in series would need to be thought out more, as regards the amount of space required for the water cleansing to be most effective, as well as the amount of grey water being fed into the system. Permaculture is about putting to human practical use what nature does naturally.

When running a course, back-up design should always be integral to it. There would need to be a certain amount of flexibility so as to allow personal idiosyncrasies to prosper and to not feel imposed upon or stifled. Thus a few teaching slots were changed about, or never happened at all, but they are not wasted. It is far more enjoyable to continue with what one is doing than to change the subject, or even take a tea break. The other thing to say about introductory courses is that they are not design courses. They should be tasters. Most introductory courses cover the teaching of ethics and principles in relation to one's local environment, looking at zones and the movement and management of energy between them. A site tour of the nature reserve was scheduled in for the Monday, to take in consideration any newcomers to the course. This is an extended introduction by the way, running for an additional two or three days. It was felt better to allow the participants to wander at leisure and to make free discovery. The first day was getting to know the environment, so after walking to a client's home to enjoy a fantastic vegetable cuisine, including fennel and nettle soup handpicked by ourselves, we extended her professionalism to take a tour

of Horniman's museum. From a distance the roof was almost invisible. Looking at its social aspects it was saying something special. It says, 'Welcome, come in from the park and enjoy our collection of artifacts.' A tour of the Walter Segal self-build project a little past the park wrapped up the theme of green technology in the landscape. At this stage I put it to the group what they would like to do and it was agreed to view the allotments and see what the process of self-empowerment can creatively bring out of people. The importance of allotments cannot be underestimated. They do more for social cohesion than most other extracurricular activity, not least to preserving the tradition and natural right of food production. Slowly, the land gets eaten by urban sprawl, but the grace of many of the allotments still in existence is the fact that they are difficult to build on due to their steep slopes. They also provide fantastic views.

What is apparent in this area is the large amount of clay. It is an incredibly valuable resource; 'cob' in the UK is a word taken from old English meaning 'lump' i.e. sand, straw and clay. It is the first concrete considering it dries to an incredible strength. In some parts of the world they use dung instead of clay. In Britain these lumps would be shaped when dry, and cob building is still common in Devon. The Americans call it 'adobe,' based on the Arabic word *al-toba*, meaning 'the brick.' What is naturally apparent on these allotments are the cracks that appear during dry weather. Clay holds a large amount of water, so in its extremes it can be unworkable - either too soggy or rock hard. To make cob buildings sand has to be added to the mix. It was with this view that later on in the course we scheduled in the construction of an outdoor bread oven.

The day ended with a short practical on inputs and outputs, getting people to work together in solving energy problems. The Sunday I welcomed one of the participants to do some visualization techniques before we moved onto forest gardening and reconciling what people had observed on the allotments the day before. The willow did not turn up so the construction of the beginnings of a live-willow fence had to be postponed. Nevertheless, with a great talk from Henri concerning food and nutrition it maintained one's association with plants and their other essential aspect - a balanced diet.

The day was running late. So what, nobody was complaining. We trundled into my house and enjoyed a fantastic meal. It was another opportunity to see how permaculture was being implemented successfully in that most nearest of zones, zone1. It is worth reiterating here that zones are dictated by the frequency of visits one makes. Within one hundred meters of my house I can find elements of all zones in operation. That is the nature of urban living that one must come to terms with.

We then happily progressed in the direction of the allotments and stood atop the highest hill to view London in the north. In itself it was a good observation practical, the tiers of concrete interlaced with green and blue. People had been doing this for millennia from this hill, not least the Queen. The story of it being the final defeating place of Queen Boadicea does not carry weight. More compelling is the visit of Queen Elizabeth I who, so the story goes, knighted the tree instead of the knight when tipsy during one May Day. Regardless, the place was named Honor Oak. That was followed by a wild herb walk, and as pollution levels drop in London so this custom should become prevalent once again. We ended the thorough course by putting up our feet and watching a couple of short videos on forest gardening and building your own compost toilet. A slightly rotund fellow by the name of Graham was assisting me throughout, and if anyone wants to experience permaculture in the raw, I recommend the latter of those videos he helped produce. Having Graham on the course also helped to enhance the credibility of permaculture as a real alternative to a fractured society; people like to identify with video stars.

The party never really happened but the next couple of days were spent relaxing and doing practicals, which themselves should be modes of relaxation. Working with nature is all to do with finding out what's good for you. Theoretical ideas need to be put to practice and hands made to work. One may be surprised at how inefficient they have become in digging holes even. We talk about no-dig perennial systems in nature, but one still needs to harvest those crops and plant anew again. So long as there is not extensive digging then the soil fauna are not overly disturbed and can fully recover to thus maintain the soil as a living organism in its own right. So we planted up a woodland bed of soft fruit and herbs, but there was just one niggling question. WHY DO PEOPLE HAVE TO TAKE FUCKING DRUGS!!!

Isn't working with nature good enough for them? Surely the point has been missed? And I, who so naively accepted cake with herbs from the garden, was confronted with two policemen, looking like 'Ready-brek men,' who wanted to take a tour of the nature reserve. We'd already had our own tour in the morning, but after they had been absent for a good long time I was not in a position to go fishing them out; someone else did that thankfully. Despite that, the guys put in some hard work and during the late afternoon the group of us sat in my garden to eat and focus a little more. I wanted to show people how self-empowerment helps bypass the heavy dependency that human culture has become. We had a short lesson on tree grafting, something people could take home with them as a symbol of their active involvement. The beauty of it was the fact that it was done in my garden. There is no animosity in my garden, only communal friendship, one in which people learn, including myself, of the wonders of nature. Grafting the branch of one species onto a related species of young rootstock is a way of conferring the benefits of the latter onto the cultivated

stock. Most of the apples one sees in this world are products of genetic engineering; they have been bred and crossbred in order to enhance their genetic qualities. It is something we take for granted nowadays; there is rarely a garden that has nothing but natural species growing in it. If the apple was left to drop its seed, it would germinate and eventually revert back to its parent form i.e. a crab apple. We may take a metaphorical lesson on this, in relation to how humanity borrows time in order to assert its own distinguishable character. If humanity could find a passive way forward it would surely revert to its parent form. And us parents will surely look upon the young as our children, to be a father to all children.

It was good to see Leonardo there, Mark also though he abstained from the grafting exercise. We all managed in the end, plums, cherries and pears included but there was something incredibly ritualistic about the whole event. Though we did not know it, to take the shoot from a tree of your own orchard and to bring it to the tree of your spouse's orchard was an ancient marriage custom. A week or two earlier, when I had grafted my medlar onto the hawthorn rootstock growing in the railway embankment I was in fact performing a marriage ceremony with whence came the medlar scion. That was the grounds of the Permaculture Association in Leeds, run and maintained by BTCV.

The last day saw a new arrival, a client who was going to take me to France very soon afterwards to work on his garden there. It was like a gift for all my hard work, a change of scene. It also saw me getting a ridiculous parking ticket for parking outside the allotments with two wheels on the pavement. I don't intend paying it since, being a cyclist, I understood the danger that a van can pose when stuck halfway out on the bend of a busy road. Even though there was legal on-kerb parking right next to where I was parked, there blood mongering did nothing more than emphasize the blindness of dogma. I had materials on board for the clay oven that we were going to build, so being literally hours from the end of the course, if I pay that fine I know that those thieving penny-pinchers would set an indelible mark on how I run courses in the future. The dynamic of my consciousness made this obviously apparent to me. It uncomfortably welcomed me back into the this-world, and could possibly become a seed for greater grief in the future. Unfortunately we did not have the manpower to build a clay oven, but the material is up there on the allotment ready for a workday involving a greater diversity of the community. And they may well be BTCV volunteers.

France was fine enough. We traveled to Brittany, near Rennes le Chateau. I remember reading a book once about the Knights Templar discovering something of immense value underneath the site of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. It was supposedly transferred and buried in this region and discovered by some priest or

other. I don't really give a care as to whether it is true or not, but the most interesting thing happened on the way back. On the boat to Portsmouth I sat down to read a book. Within half an hour a couple of school kids ventured to grab my attention. They offered me some of their tasteless crisps. Fifteen minutes later a whole group of them had come over and the ensuing hours were spent chatting, playing games and dancing. They were French and I invited them to my country. They took pictures of me and were really happy. But on the dance floor it began to swelter. No sooner had I removed my shirt had I frightened them all off. Even with a vest my muscles really scared them. What were they expecting? Did I destroy their fantasies?

On returning home I soon get into the rigor of work again. I am creative and feel the need to write. Always when I change environment do I go through another phase of genetic development. I understand it as a natural process of adaptation. During these times I absorb a lot more influence, whether it is the books I read or the people I meet. I open up my diary at the page in which I have reached, wondering how to assimilate it into my new book. There, in stark synchronicity, an entry made some two or three years ago during a time when I had returned from Spain via coach travel. It read:

"On the boat from France, writing my new book, I entitled this section 'Master & Pupil.' As I sat down within half an hour I was surrounded by school children."

After pondering this for a while I continued to read an entry made at the same time:

"On the pain in my ribs I can never sit comfortably; always I must twist and turn. I have found that I could pig-out on food and this tends to subside away the ache. Well, it's rather excruciating sometimes; I never used to feel it. I can see my stomach twitching sometimes at certain points under the rib cage; I will call it my snake, this thing that's trying to get out. The doctor told me that I have many small bones there; my naivete at the time ruling my mind. It is only for the fact that I believe in suffering, somehow it feels necessary, essential. Is that what belief is, or is it programming? Well, I won't be going back to that doctor. I don't need them."

The implications of this are a little obvious. Am I to suffer this pain again now that it had mysteriously disappeared? I carry on reading the consecutive entries in my diary:

"I am now playing *Broken Sword*. At exactly 8 o'clock real-time I was in Spain within a Mausoleum solving the puzzle of the chess board pieces."

Whatever happens to me I know that I have experienced life fully. How could a computer game program one's lifestyle, or vice-versa? There are unconscious processes way beyond humanity; eight o' clock real-time, solving an octanarian puzzle in a Templar building. My life continues to fulfill itself and I secure good landscaping work that will go a long way to paying off my debts. I have not looked back all year, and this New Year has been the most intense to date. As regards the Spring Equinox, it occurred within a few hours before the commencement of the course. What a great way to start the New Year. In retrospect what does this say to me? It says that the end of the year will finish on a permacultural note. But if the end of the year is the beginning of the following year then one possibly has to look at the next equinox, six months later, for this resolute outcome. I speculate, but there are major permaculture events happening at about this time in the year. If one considers that each moment is itself a product of everything that has gone before it, and within that moment is contained the seed of what is to be unveiled, then prediction needs be based upon the dynamics of order. This is the place of the transcendent mind, not the objective ego that reflects or projects upon pretty patterns. To go back to our example of crossing the road, prophecy is an intuitive interpretation of seeing oneself cross the road from the other side within an immanence of consciousness. It is more related to theme and the recognition of prevailing events. This for me is transcendence; the both go hand in hand.

It recalls a conversation Peter had with a Jewish couple in a bakery. On the way back from North London he would stop over and eat an evening meal so that the rest of the journey could work the food off. He had got friendly with one of the staff there, passing on a few plants occasionally. Even with a twenty-mile bike journey he'd cram in a couple of roses for the journey, or an herb or two. As always he left his bike outside the front of the shop window.

"You shouldn't leave your bike out there; they will just pick it up and run off with it."

"I have an instinctive connection with my bike. I know when there is imminent danger."

"Ah, intuition."

"I thought you were going to reprimand me for leaving it in your way for a moment."

"No, it's just that I had my bike stolen. Where do you come from?"

"Where do I live or where do I come from."

"Yes."

"I live in Forest Hill."

"What a coincidence. I used to live there..."

This woman was distinctly beautiful. She had an air of presence about her. Closed communities can do this to some people, protecting their own kind and conferring

status. It is what humanity does best - image-making. Peter felt compelled to respond to her affable conversation and in a way it breaks down barriers that might well have existed if it did not happen. There was no doubt that Peter sought high esteem amongst all creeds of humanity, and to talk to different nationalities in some way fulfilled his ultimate destiny; he saw himself as a worldly person. He had had this deep conversation during the time of the building of the strawbale house in North London. If Merlyn could broach serious conversation with all classes of people, all levels of authority, then it meant that he was engaging in meaningful interaction, so that in a way it emphasized the true relationship of the meeting. It showed that the other had broken down any prejudice about the way Peter was dressed or the general look of his outrageous hair. There was no point in engaging people who put formality before equality, judgement before temperance. For the while anyway, it meant that inwardly Peter saw himself as an issue of contention through which one could be healed. He saw himself as the face of the Earth towards which all races need acknowledge. Later on, the conversation brought out this inner sentiment that required all of his conversant partners to learn something of his background.

"All my customers have respectable jobs. They are psychologists, counselors, politicians, owners of chemists."

"Really?"

And now that Peter had related some of the high esteem that his clients hold him with, he went on to emphasize just how much authority he thinks he has in the world.

"I don't consider myself an activist, but a passive environmentalist. I like to think that I have something to offer those who come to me, to inspire them. I don't tell them what to do. My best customers just let me get on with their gardens. I suggest ideas."

He had continued to talk but it had become apparent that the conversation was happening on deeper tones. They could not come to the garden party he invited them to at the time because it fell on the Sabbath, but Ruth offered him some of her cake as a welcoming gesture. That initial conversation ended with Peter saying that one-day he'd like to think he could travel the world as a permaculturist. The Jewish couple, a year later, was motivated, and quite shocked at the invite, to visit his house during a succeeding party.

The equinox was on the 20<sup>th</sup> March 2002 at 19:03 that ensuing year. This year it was just over twelve hours earlier. March passed into April and something of the Revolution was beginning to rumble on the horizon.

There are people who talk, and those that do it. Jack was definitely a doer. If Peter thought he himself was dynamic and creative, Jack up the Beanstalk was going for heavenly wonders. The foundations he was digging in his garden look deep enough for the Tower of Babel although one might hope that Jack would not go so far as to topple the proposed greenhouse to the ground.

Peter was reminded something of the story of Crystal Palace, that when it burnt up one could apparently see glass running down the hills. This building was a treasure trove of British Imperialism, exhibiting great works of art. The working classes were welcomed to learn something of the wonders of the world but the Palace was only open Monday to Saturday during working hours. This was just one example of imperialistic bigotry. Jack, on the other hand, had big ideas. He just needed the right people around him to make it work and was the sort of person one considered making a good business deal with. He was also a gardener and the two of them had ideas of touring France and Spain together, visiting an orgy of gardens along the way. Who knows, Jack may end up working the land in Spain and helping Peter to build his house? The two gardeners shared a lot of sentiments together. Jack, being a cinematographer, wanted to merge plants with art and film. On this premise Peter invited him to Wales where a protest was going on concerning land rights and, in this particular case, the right of one particular individual who had built a roundhouse with a grass-turfed roof; one building, completely merged into the landscape, made of local resources, rejected by the national park authorities who, at the same time, have welcomed the building of hundreds of holiday homes. It is all about money unfortunately.

Peter had known these protesters from before, at Tinkers' Bubble, and felt the need to join with them just a little while. He decided not to go to the main march, rather wanting to arrive later on during the weekend when he felt he could inspire them to strengthen their individuality. Peter was not an activist, but by helping people to discover themselves he indirectly supported those activists who felt the need to protest for the natural right of living in the landscape. He wholly agreed with their cause, it is just that Peter doesn't march. Peter knew his own destiny too well, and social reform would take a much deeper motive. That is the role of the Magician. What Peter does is effectively negate objective motivation. He saw it as a form of healing in which all negative energies can be purged. In its place the individual finds him or herself with a greater sense of clarity and confidence. It is down to individuals then to attach themselves to a holistic cause by bridging that gap into the past. Protest is a natural right of people living in repressive societies. There is a whole history of protesters ensuring that governments apply equal rights and productive legislation. The people, more often than not, choose their own leaders, and

governments, even fascistic or communistic ones, have little say in the matter. That is where you get the working-class hero.

Music and oration are just two of the tools the magician uses. It was with this in mind that Peter drove out to an old Iron-Age fort in the west of Wales where over one hundred protesters had already successfully marched down onto the town hall.

Peter: You know city life; the problem is people haven't got time enough. They are governed by a superficial environment.

Jack: I quite agree.

Peter: Out here in the country life appears much slower and living is more subjective. Your levels of sensitivity are much higher and so you take in more information essential to you. One is governed by stimulation from the environment. It's like if you want to get from one destination to another, from A to B. In a city there are too many people and they appear as obstacles to your objective existence. City life is so objective. After I reside in the country or go to the mountains and then return to the city I find it a very creative time. That is because I'm still in tune with a subjective perception in which I am deeply sensitized, taking in essential information. Returning to a city I am flooded with stimuli for which I need deal with, creatively. Most people who live in the city are subjugated into an objectively-centered consciousness and are not that sensitized to the natural environment. To get from A to B they must bypass the environment as they follow their superficial goals. They don't have time to stop and take in interaction happening more slowly and essentially. But in the *country* every person you meet should be a link to your goal however you perceive that goal. Within a subjectively-centered consciousness that goal increasingly loses its formality about it, and so goals become subject to an environmental context.

Jack: There are too many people in the cities. They are so impersonal.

Peter: Time is an invention of the ego. The ego develops the personal in the sense that the personal founded on the ego is a fragmented phenomenon. To be impersonal in the subjective sense is to be essential. Yet to be impersonal in an objective sense is to not have time for anyone

or anything. Being stimulated by environmental phenomena is essential to your well being. The ego can impede this behavior. On returning to a city way of life, symbolism created from objective motivation, in other words, through an enforced subjectification, is suddenly thrust into a much more sensitized mind. Within a subjective perception the mind is passive because the ego is made negligible. Thus the content of mind can become very interactive on an essential level and one should become very creative in their city lifestyles.

Jack: Or blocked up?

Peter: Yes, it is like being inundated sometimes. Some people can't just handle it. They have no resolving context of understanding.

Jack had the knack of just listening, fading into deep thought, and Peter wondered if he truly heard everything he was saying.

Jack: I was just wondering about that woman happy in herself but she was so slow.

Peter: Information received on two levels...objective stimulation, referred to as the collective consciousness, and subjective. It makes for a different temperament. That's why country people are much slower. Urban environments entail receiving a lot more info.

Jack: But she was so slow.

Peter: She may also have been physically ill, closing off or preventing the flow of information entering her senses.

It was then that Jack commenced to tell Peter he was ill, and was worried about the way he was losing weight. He seemed to be losing the strength in his joints too, which had been making loud clicking sounds. Peter advised him accordingly.

Peter: You've got to find your own time Jack, find your biorhythms. It's culture that is making you ill. Everybody is suffering because of it. But you are doing the right thing, reducing your paid work to two days a week and getting on with your garden projects. This is healing in itself. I have almost perfected my life, I get up when I want and can literally cancel a job if I feel the need to be doing something else. To have that

much autonomy is self-empowering. That is the sort of relationship I have developed with my clients. I give myself a lot more time to play with. I used to feel guilty about not achieving everything I wanted to in one day. Now, I just let the day continue into the next. Admittedly, it may mean postponing a job or delaying it, but it is far better for my client to receive me when I am psychically prepared for it. For instance, I am writing a book. If you believe in me then read it once it is finished. If it heals you then tell me. You see, I took my opportunity to develop myself whilst I was a census enumerator. During that time the government wanted a response from the people. There is an increase of collective awareness, and people begin to purge themselves in an attempt to sacrifice themselves further to society. What they don't know is that they merely follow a routine of conformism. Their lives are being allowed to flow during government applications in order to bond people to conformist living. So I used the opportunity to post my business flyers; it was raining and there was a magical feel to the night. It worked.

Jack: When you say 'purge', are you referring to the purging of the ego?

Peter: Yes, these people have accepted the conditions of their society with little protest, strangely like me. Generally, it includes most adults, as well as those passing out of their teenage years. The World Cup is another forthcoming opportunity for individuals to further themselves. How does it work? Well, the whole basis behind it centers upon the needs of the state. When there is human, collective behavior it usually signals some form of enforced subjectification culturally ingrained. Where in individuals the environmental ebbs and flows, in culture the process is more apparent. That it to say, culture can be a dynamic personality in its own right, feeding on the environmental. Governments and peoples only fulfill its expression. If state politics does not allow for the unobtrusive flow of the unconscious motive then a cultural repression sets in, one conducted by the individuals in society. Repression is an act of enforced subjectification - the propagation of human development. But it should be made clear that repression is only a delaying process. Ultimately the unconscious motive will always have to

fulfill itself. Culture will appear to lie stagnant at times, the further it distances its values from that of a dynamic, unconsciously motivated awareness. But the further distanced it is the greater the recoil of change appears, as now culture plays catch-up. The general public may, in reality, have no voice to ensuing events, even during revolutionary periods. Non-conformism could just as well be negligible; the activists who appear either to win victory or at least create change merely fulfill culture's own dynamic cycles. Those individuals, on the other hand, who open a passive ear to political and social circumstance, and who have instead gone beyond culture to express the unconscious motive individually, these individuals, silent as they can be, are at the forefront of public awareness advancing human society truly to the level of the unconscious motive.

Jack: These are not the conformists then?

Peter: No, these people are enlightened whereas conformists don't go beyond human culture. Instead, a culture within culture will subsequently, at this stage, be more sensitive to the needs of the environmental and change accordingly. It may be observed then that the most *experienced* cultures have enforced environmental cycles built into them. The longer these cycles have been running for, i.e. tradition, the more amenable they are to the unconscious motive. This may appear to suggest contradiction for surely tradition implies stagnation. But tradition here refers to those acts of humanity that allow the unconscious motive to express itself uniquely.

Jack: You're basically saying the longer it goes on for, the more developed it has become. Eventually things must slow down. How do cities slow down? Can they slow down? That is why there is a dire need for people to leave cities. Wouldn't primitive cultures appear to facilitate the unconscious motive much more fluently? Sure, there is no tradition here but then, I suppose it depends on what you call tradition. Is fast food tradition now? How long will it take to become tradition?

Peter: To refer back to our example of the World Cup, it is during this competition that the environmental is allowed to flow as a dynamic, changing process. The collective consciousness, the human mind, will have

readily accepted this need to be dynamic within tradition. And so, with the approach of each subsequent World Cup, the most *experienced* cultures will have synchronized mindful behavior with the environmental. This is a time of mindful or active passivity in which change is allowed to work through the individual, quite apart from any stagnation that occurs during mind-motivated action. It should also be understood then that within a child who is objectively undeveloped the unconscious motive is still very much active. As the child gets older and succumbs to human, societal pressures, his or her personality will reflect the culture one is brought up in. The adult brought up in tradition will conform to traditional values as expressed from its unconscious root albeit, with now an objective development. So even though the adult may not be unconsciously motivated in their decision making, rather consciously motivated, he or she will have synchronized the ebbing and flowing of their conscious motive with that of his or her culture. This is conformism. The only exceptions to this are those who actively repel the culture they live in or who move around globally. It is acceptable to say that the World Cup is an institution, a part of tradition, but more importantly one that is government-ordained. We have come to accept it. The build-up to the World Cup and the actual event then is a time for allowing the passivity of ego to actively create change within the individual - the unconscious motive fulfilling itself. This is the opportunity for the general public to re-create their personalities, whether for 'good' or 'bad,' and go beyond culture. For the individual like myself I can magically enhance my personality with the realization of this process. Like a child, I go beyond human culture, whereas the child has not yet created the synchronicity of a developed mind with the instinct that will provide the foundations for magical transcendence. Fundamentally, this is what it comes down to, how the instinct manifests through the collective consciousness, and whether you are a conformist, a non-conformist, or enlightened.

Jack: But surely people do realize this process? Why aren't they magicians then?

Peter: The true artist doesn't perform. He plays to himself.

Jack: What?

Peter: Conformism is about sensations, living to be gratified by governance. Magicians have double personalities. It is like watching yourself develop naturally, tuning in to some cosmic rhythm and identifying those moments that make themselves available to you. It is getting back to the source as a form of motivation. Going beyond culture means avoiding the repressed rhythms inherent therein, those that have incorporated their own delayed sequences.

Jack: When you say government you mean authority in general?

Peter: Human authority, one based on a false premise. True authority doesn't exist beyond the ego.

Jack: So you say you are enlightened, gone beyond human culture? Why can't you be enlightened and a conformist at the same time?

Peter: You can. I am a conformist. I live a culture within a culture, making use of what is already established. Some of these people live on the fringes of society conforming to the minimal requirements. It doesn't mean they have to be hunted down or exterminated. Does that make sense? Imagine if you are a Buddhist monk living in a monastery going through some program of self-awareness. I mean, you can even be enlightened and a non-conformist, taking yourself out of culture entirely. You can even be enlightened but not a magician. The magician leads a type of alter-ego, charging oneself up with transcendent energy by filling the mind with objective input rather than emptying it. It is not an exact science though. How does one measure enlightenment? Surely everybody must have experienced it to some degree. In this light, do you take drugs by any chance?

Jack: No.

Peter: On the course I ran some of the guys had to take drugs, and I naively ate some hemp cake. What I have come to realize is that drugs make you focus upon specific aspects of your personality. They enhance those aspects. I never realized that before, but the problem with city life, urban landscapes, is that they are so fragmented. No wonder the government is concerned with the effects of drugs, because it augments the behavior towards crime and so forth. What I believe is that in

holistic societies, like indigenous cultures that have learnt to live next to the land, drugs can enhance that holism and improve its functionality even more.

Jack: That's probably not true with most drugs; maybe the soft stuff.

Peter: I don't need drugs. It made me unbalanced in that it blinkered me. Drugs, in my opinion, took away my magical personality. I am already well-coordinated.

Jack: You get me Merlyn as someone able to hold a lot in balance.

The night before the departure to Wales Peter had culminated; he had had a natural genital emission. On this note, he had become aware of a habitual trend, when discovering that the pressure of his hands would be weighing down upon his penis at the time of culmination and awakening; it was like auto-hypnosis. Regardless, he knew these next few days would be important as he expressed the beginning of a new cycle. During those preceding days before culmination, as he increases in magical awareness, the people he interacts with would become more beautiful in appearance. That may say something of his relationship to them. But then there seemed to be this period directly afterward when he required of himself the need to maintain that sense of magical transcendence as the new cycle got on its way; it wouldn't always happen though. It seemed that the major factor in this was whether he could find the isolation to develop his subjectivity back into a state beyond that of cultural stimuli, or whether he became diluted within culture through being inundated with the human world, namely via objective interaction with its individuals and their egos. The Magician has to moderate his or her incoming influence.

One day after departure, and the old reconstructed Iron-Age fort beckoned at the location of the protest. The two of them were warned by the park authorities that they would be trespassing but it carried no weight. In fact, the police had disappeared and the event had passed along trouble-free and in respect of the historical site. They actually had managed good press coverage so far, which was probably their main objective. Peter wasn't trying to be anybody, he wanted nothing more than to spend some time with a few of them; conversing, playing and eating with them. Jack, on the other hand, kept himself to himself in the main. He went around filming and taking pictures.

The site was on the west coast of Wales. It was appropriate for the Land is Ours campaign. Made of sustainable building techniques including cob on timber-frame, and thatching, there emitted a sense of tranquility and oneness. The Iron-Age

fort was typically atop a hill from which the full horizon could be seen; there would have been a number of these forts scattered around the landscape, interlaced with a series of streams and brooks. Traditionally, the Celts have applied great reverence to the sacred groves and springs. As we gathered around the open campfire there just seemed to be an air of common purpose; a hug or two was followed by a cup of tea, always on the boil, and a few reflective changes. Members of Tinker's Bubble were here, looking well-traveled on this excursion from their Somerset home. This site had been rebuilt using the old techniques, and even though it was previously used as nothing more than a tourist site, it was credibly beautiful. The three largest pyramid-shaped cob buildings were huge, and reminded me of Egypt and the Giza plateau. If you ask someone to build a structure to heaven, inevitably it has a point on the top, like a mushroom. I may rightly ask whether mushrooms were given this preeminent quality on this basis alone. If a roof doesn't have a point then it collects water, a source of building heartache in many contemporary urban developments. Even the shape of a tree is designed to funnel water down its network of branches and along its trunk to get right where it is needed. It didn't rain this day; it was absolutely gorgeous.

After taking in the area a bit more I sat down to play a little. Jack and I then sauntered down to the building in question, a few miles along the road. There in the shape of a mushroom was the modern-day roundhouse version. Cob on a timber frame with logs and bottles squeezed in to make up the bulk of it. It obviously wasn't as pristine as our reconstructed Iron-Age fort, the difference being this place was lived in. But it merged with the landscape, puffing away smoke at intermittent moments. There was a gathering here also, squatting the roundhouse since the owner had now been evicted and wasn't allowed back in; the bulldozers hadn't knocked it down yet. Maybe the Local Authorities are biding their time, waiting for the wave of sentiment to dissipate. The latest news to come my way was that the National Park Authorities were being sued for being such hypocrites, allowing hundreds of holiday homes to be built whilst being so bloody-minded about demolishing one mushroom-shaped building. I am sure Pharaoh would have allowed such a building, especially if someone told him about the way the grass-turfed roof collected water and which hardly interfered with the visual landscape as seen by a bird, or Osiris come to that. The falcon had definitely landed on the shoulders of the environmental movement and was now beginning to spread its wings. But when it came to changing planning regulations critical mass hadn't been reached yet, although when it does there will be a fantastic wave of symbiotic consciousness spreading throughout its different aspects, whether it be food growing, fair trade, or education. This is my pyramid, which I would have to climb.

We stayed one night only, I on the Iron-Age fort, Jack in the van. I was cold as usual but the rising sun made itself evermore welcoming. Memories of guitar jams and children preparing the fire and food will linger on deep, but for now the two of us decided to check out my new university and the Welsh Botanical Gardens, though not before we collected seaweed and stones from the estuary, and I in particular having a wash in it. Neither could compare in sentiment. The University was one of the most uninspiring landscapes I could have ever visualized, littered with retrograde building design that makes the place look like a 1970's council estate; thank God for distance learning. The gardens had a little more on offer but it lacked that other tradition, the tradition of wilderness; the place was just too new to provide any deep ecological interest.

Peter:        Do you think you could have spent a whole day here Jack?

Jack just sort of nodded his head in declination. Even for a developing plant specialist, the gardens lacked "place."

April moved into May, with its unceasing array of synchronicities. A visit to Braziers Park in Oxfordshire was coupled with an internal rib injury caused by excessive fence building, as foretold in Peter's diaries. This place will be the site of a large permaculture gathering in September, very close to the projected six-monthly cycle commenced from the Spring equinox with its immediate inception of an introductory course. Of course, Peter will run another introductory later on during the same month, but in between a permaculture festival in London warrants his participation in the construction of a reception garden.

Braziers Park is idyllic, a seventeenth century mansion house set in Gothic Architecture. Peter is to coordinate the running and construction of the children's area. Tradition is prevalent throughout this place, originating as a farmhouse before being converted into an education center. What a perfect setting for perma(gri)culture. His old friend told him once, "They say it takes a generation to create a business, a generation to make a profit, a generation to lose it." Well, here was a perfect locale to turn permaculture into a business venture; but it will take a magician to make any real profit here. Peter recalled the conversation he had at the Iron-Age fort in Wales, around a campfire about 2 o'clock in the morning. After tinkling his guitar a little he talked to a few lingering activists on the subject of tradition. He said, "If you do something long enough and get away with it, if you establish something for one generation, you are doing something for the whole of culture. That's what Government does."

In the ensuing weeks when Peter was to visit Braziers Park, he met up with the Pc team. After most of them had left from a weekend's work he had a natural emission whilst sitting down of an evening in the manor house and falling asleep in the armchair. He had been working on his book. The very next morning and afternoon and following day he saw two goats give birth to four kids, and was required to help steady one of the mothers to give suck; she had been suffering from mastitis. That was a first for Peter. He talked that morning to one of the residents about relationships. "I develop a special relationship with all my clients. I am an essential person. That is what my book is about, about identifying the individual and raising them to a level of collective reverence. It will inspire."

Peter walked out into his garden; it was becoming very overgrown now. He noticed something for the first time. That is, from the kitchen door to the railway embankment the garden gets progressively less managed and unkempt. There seemed to be a lessening of workload the further outwards he went. He remembered the old fence, the railings, with a hole in the corner that he had inherited. Of course, Peter would generally have left it open for animals to pass in and out. On this occasion, one Spring day, his mother stayed for a few weeks.

Mother: Somebody has been into your garden.

Peter: How do you know?"

Mother: Somebody has moved the poles.

Peter: What do you mean?

Mother: I put the poles back to close up the hole.

Peter: When?

Mother: Two nights ago?

Peter: Why?

Mother: Do you know how many people might come by? Anybody might enter.

Peter: You have interfered with the garden. What did I say about interfering with the garden? You have no right to impose your values. This is a magical garden. When you lived here you put barbed wire, mesh, crates, all sorts of stuff because you fear. You live a prison sentence by creating obstacles for yourself. Your whole life is a prison sentence, trying to get over the obstacles you created for yourself. Even the corridors in the house had gates and furniture to bypass. The sooner

you're out of here the better. You do not live here. Whoever moved those poles did me a favor. This garden is not a prison, it is magical.

Mother: Magical, you are a nut. You need a psychiatrist.

Peter: I am a psychiatrist. I am showing you where your life has erred; the mental barriers created by your ego. I have been defending myself since you've been here. That is what I'm good at.

Mother: I feel sorry for the woman who wants to live with you.

Peter: I am good at what I do. People look to me as the ideal man, they want to become me. I am free. You do not live here. No wonder you're such a disaster.

That was Peter's one failure, his inability to stay calm in family disputes. But he loved them all and would visit them soon enough.

The garden was getting a name for itself. Another moment stuck out from his mind. He returned one Winter from Spain to find a letter awaiting him. The whole area along his street had been adjudged to be a crime hotspot so they were now replacing all the old railings with chainlink and two feet of barbed wire. No one was consulted, Network Rail just did it.

The interesting thing though, is that the letter was posted and work commenced whilst I was away in Spain. For those that didn't know, I started growing food on the railway embankment and had just built a clay oven, which we fired up successfully with the kind help of Jack the day before. In fact, he went to bed Saturday night and I stayed up most of the night watching these huge plumes of white smoke billowing from the oven. We had to use a smokeless coal to cure the oven but it had little effect on the overall result. God knows how we managed to get away with it, it looked like Mount Sinai; I must be protected. We managed to bake some bread in it and partly heat up a flan or two.

Alas, my hole in the wooing wilderness way disappeared with the old railings. I had predicted the course of events in a couple of songs I wrote about the garden, the first to celebrate the Spring equinox the year before, and the second for the following Autumn equinox. To quote:

*I am an animal  
But you cannot keep me in a cage  
I share the life of the wilderness  
And the wilderness enjoins within me*

*Hear the patter of the hatter  
Rumble, tumble over matter  
Raise the eastern night  
Close the sun's falling light  
Heave the gate, heave on high  
But leave a wooing wilderness way  
Snap and crackle, wiggle, waggle  
Hoof it through the hedgehog's cradle*

Anyhow, thanks to all those that helped out, I thought it was great. The situation unfurled like this. My neighbor had a word with the railway guys who were working and told them to wait until I got back, so they did. Those radishes I gave him must have sweetened him up. On returning I had a word with them and managed to save everything I had built. In other words, there is a path like a road running from the train station along the railway embankment all the way to the top of my hill. That was to allow their diggers in to rip out the old fence. When it reaches my garden at the back they bent it around in order to miss the dead-hedge, clay oven, straw bale culture (growing spuds in them), row of fruit trees and soft fruit, and various beds scattered here and there. It would take me four hours to replace what physical damage there was to the beds. I know they were only contractors but what respectful people they were. Where they had damaged a euonymous shrub they used a piece of wire to bind the branch back to the main stem, bonsai style. Maybe they really did understand that somebody was trying to make sense of a wasted resource and not just use it as a dumping ground instead. To some extent when they saw that I had totally cleaned up the area I probably saved them some time. My special thanks go out to them even though most of us feel that it looks like a prison camp now with the barbed wire. And so I spent an effort to bake them a cake for their own initial pains. However, it's easy to get over the fence, or through it as the case may be, and I bless the fact that the extended area is a low maintenance garden. Only two years old and there is a crab, a sweet almond, a kiwi, a strawberry grape, all types of currants, spuds, cabbages and a few other things. I had also just planted a wild fruiting hedge that missed all of the action. The pyracantha/berberis row and the hazel may have snuffed it; we'll see, but the cabbages and the onions started recuperating soon after they were flattened.

I have inquired to Stacia, an organization who work on behalf of Network Rail, about garden tenancies on railway land. They are only willing to renew existing contracts since any new ones would entail more fencing constructed; and this is not financially viable. For larger projects viz., like those that the Wildlife Trust participate in, they want £1500 on the table before any deals can be forwarded. It may be worth an environmental campaign but it needs people with past acclaim and

project experience. I'm just great at being the animal. If anyone wants to get involved about a larger scheme then I am still contactable.

Anyhow, so much for being a crime hotspot. All one needed to do now was drive a van along the railway embankment and park up every so often. If you're lucky a train will pull up with a buffet on board. The best time is Saturday night/Sunday morning when nobody is at home. Pretend that you are a Creeping Virginia and take your fill. Only that, when you get to my garden you might see me working there, in which case you'd have to go round, and then you fall off the edge. Ha!

That was then, Peter thought. So much has happened since. The growth now was fast approaching head height. At the time, Peter had a flurry of ideas as to how to counter-approach the new fence. He thought of tying a rope in the overhanging sycamore tree, a real monkey's treat. He then came up with ideas about building a subterranean staircase, and was quickly reminded of the ancient Egyptian rituals that accompanied the king inside the Great Pyramid. In the end the best idea just evolved with time. He planted a monkey puzzle and an olive tree and knew one day they would make excellent climbing frames. The true artist doesn't perform, he plays to himself.

Peter continued gazing through his garden. He saw the now, obviously dead, flowering cherry in the corner, stricken with disease. Its abruptly sawn off limbs took three years to see out their suffering. That too brought on a memory.

"You're going to fall from that tree."

"You mustn't say that. Besides, I am good at falling," as Peter stared down from an apple tree at his spectators.

"Have you done this sort of thing before?" As if to question Peter's authority

"What, pruning? Next week I have an 80ft tree to cut."

'What he didn't realize,' Peter thought, 'is that as a magical being I am protected.' I have learnt to lose attachment to those material things I love. The material things that I *do* love become an extension of myself. Just because the observer was sensitized in view of the meaningful communication he was having with me, he had still put a human perspective on the result. He judged me as a person even though his intuition drew him close to the truth. The saw that I had brought from Spain, the one I prune olive trees with, fell from my belt. This was the saw I loved.

Peter continued gazing at the flowerless cherry. There was an icy stillness in the air.

"I am suffering, Merlyn." Peter looked around and then refocused upon the tree.

"And?" Peter replied. There was a deep silence. Peter continued.

"I wrote a book about my suffering. When you read it you will understand how to suffer."

"Can I have a copy?" Even the railway line was conspicuously absent of trains.

Merlyn: No. When you need it, it will come your way.

At that moment a robin perched close by. It sang with that all-familiar 'Give me your surplus,' tune written by the Work with Nature Food for Free Cooperative.

Peter: Minimum input, maximum yield. Even you humans have no choice. I could follow you for the rest of your life.

Merlyn: Oh yes? Still, you are a welcome sight for sore eyes.

Peter: I am an *animal*. Why do you create humans?

Merlyn: Human nature is like this. The instinct is infinite. The way we express instinct is another matter.

Peter: This is the finite is it not?

Merlyn: Yes. I will create an image in order to emphasize this point.

Yes, we will start with a point. A point could be any size you want but I want to create one in the infinite. Time and space is negligible here. Now imagine humanity as an expression of that point, an expression of instinct. As humanity evolves both collectively and individually that point expands in time and space. Imagine it as a cone of light. Humanity is a façade, a delineation of this point.

Peter: A straight line?

Merlyn: More like a direction actually, an outward direction. But rather than see it as a 3-dimensional visual consider it in 2-d - a cone shape with two edges. Now those two edges represent duality; the mind conceives such because it is the very fabric that constitutes mind. When Man tries to reflect on the past it sees a series of events or moments held within a context of duality. But each event is a fraction of a previous event. Are you with me?

Peter: Yes, each successive reflection is a smaller point.

Merlyn: Yes, and that point is infinite. It can never vanish because it is a perceived fraction of a previous event. That is the nature of mind. It is self-perpetuating. It cannot defeat itself.

Peter: It always creates another set of circumstances because its very nature is derived from duality - it is finite.

Merlyn: And what does that tell you?

Peter: That it has no limit?

Merlyn: So what is the nature of transcendence?

Peter: Well, you must bypass this duality.

Merlyn: Umm hmmp. We need to get back to the instinct. The instinct is always there, it is infinite, impossible to seize. It is also there at the cutting edge of humanity as an infinite point. So instead of striving out for instinct we allow our consciousness to sit back into it, to become passive. In this way we can see humanity grow before us as an expression of instinct whilst our consciousness is centered in subjectivity, or the instinct in this case. The cone of light extends before us. This is the nature of transcendence, the act of growing whilst being subjectively centered in your consciousness.

Michael was in the garden and continued the conversation as though he had always been there.

Michael: This individual becomes human though, as is the prevailing case, beyond the needs of the environment.

Peter: But individuality maintained in transcendence is at the forefront of culture. It raises an old issue. Progression of our genetic requirements should not permit us to breed. In other words, humanity lives on borrowed time.

Michael: Because you believe Merlyn, Merlyn of the Eight, that the human race should have died, that there should have been a great cataclysm. Isn't the result of that everything we see around us? To tap into the collective consciousness, the human realm, allows for the performance of art.

Peter: It is a sensitized moment, sensitive also, just like that moment after culmination when one is subject to influence from the demanding personalities you are surrounded by. What I refer to as the vampire syndrome is equatable with passivity, allowing others to impart personality projections upon you. So long as one maintains holistic design and moderates these projections, they can take beneficial effect.

Michael: And if not?

Peter: Then it is enforced subjectification and the dominance of the ego will fragment. When I was a teenager I fantasized about being chased through the city, like a superhero, by a mob of people. Always I escaped jumping across buildings. Then, when the going got tough I created situations where other people judged what was going on; I just gave the facts as they were, and played on other people's speculation. It was a way of resolving any repressed experiences, by telling everybody everything. In retrospect, it was unconscious magic. It may even have been caused by genetic illness. But I ask the question: Did I bring it upon myself or was it a factor of my prophetism? Those early years were one of a sheltered lifestyle, in which potential was locked up. Something hadn't allowed me to develop on the human front; I was, ironically, protected from my contemporary influences at the time. I reached a point, through the dominance of others, that rather than transcend I would self-destruct instead. I was being made human, in its image; ego was subsuming me. This happens to everybody in human culture, but I somehow got through it. I regained my animality, my unconscious motivation. Like teacher to student Michael, can I give you my interpretation of what it means to be an animal?

Michael: Yes Merlyn.

Peter: During growth there is a fulfilling of instinctive values i.e., the expansion of what I call Minimum Point of Specific Evolution; specific as in species. This occurs as a movement of the collective unconsciousness accorded to environmental stimulatory factors. There is no Holding Point, merely...

Michael: What is a Holding Point?

Peter: The point at which humanity suspends its collective consciousness - the operative level of the collective consciousness. These are all my definitions. In animals and plants there is only a Critical Point of Culmination that expresses cyclical growth patterns governed by environmental stimuli. This takes the form of "motherly" or worldly nurturing. Thus, Critical Point of Culmination is an inherited value, an expansion of Point of Origination; in this case the non-ego. Consider it an

outward movement, a genetic fulfillment that continually expands via every genetic enactment or species development. It never regresses.

Michael: I assume Point of Origination is... the Big Bang and Minimum Point of Specific Evolution is the point at which one can measure the evolution of the universe? Surely then, the non-ego originates here?

Peter: Wherever you think to measure life from. On the other hand humanity is developing at two levels, bodily or genetically, and mindfully. Thus Critical Point of Culmination is still expanding, or evolving for a better word, as active growth. But even though this growth is still attributable to environmental stimuli it is also happening as an enforced subjectification. That is, growth is being stimulated environmentally, as well as through personal development. Thus we get the creation of a Holding Point, one based on the development of the mind.

Now interestingly, as enforced subjectification will usurp the stimulus field, it is this that incurs the additional development of the mind, since it is mind that enforces its own existence. Mindful development occurs as the ego expands into the instinctive realm, an action like that of extending a squeezebox, which always offers resistance. Enforced subjectification is a cultural inheritance of the collective consciousness and although 'stimulates' growth from Point of Origination, or if you prefer, Minimum Point of Specific Evolution, it in fact motivates from the ego or mind to the effect of perpetuating itself. This development is repressive i.e. repression of the instinct, by inducing the creation of a fabricated environment - the collective consciousness. Now the more this occurs the greater the development of a gap between Holding Point (the collective consciousness) and Critical Point of Culmination (the active expression of the collective unconsciousness). Consider what is moving here during human development. It is individual as well as cultural evolution.

Michael: Are you saying that growth is actually usurped and stimulated by mind?

Peter: I see your point. Consider mind or ego. Despite its conceited nature it takes its origins from the environment - the stimulus field. It deceives itself into thinking it is distinct because its rhythms are wholly

different from that of purely genetic stimulation. It is just unabridged. Likewise then, does it eventually, I emphasize this word, *eventually* fulfill genetic requirements. Remember, the collective consciousness forms as everything traditional, without which the individual becomes fragmented. Fragmented societies are chaotic. Don't be deceived. All traditional societies are repressive to a certain degree, which is why human development is self-perpetuating. The mind can still exist as non-ego, albeit it is passive. Such is the nature of the Magician or Enlightened Man. The Magician 'waits' for genetic development to be initiated by the sexual body. The Magician then develops a passive mind with objective input, a collective consciousness, for others to follow in.

Michael: Meditation then, must be considered the purging of objective stimulation; squeezing the squeezebox so to speak. Natural development may still go on unimpeded throughout the course of a lifetime. Abruptions occur within the individual when personal development or adaptation is not sufficient to the culture, the collective consciousness, one is being stimulated by. This can induce an enforced subjectification or a withdrawal from that particular level of the collective consciousness. On the other hand transcendence is the sinking of consciousness i.e. from the ego to a non-egoistic point of origination, as through meditation, and allowing natural genetic development or growth. The collective consciousness then will act as a passive tool.

Peter: So now you can see the origin of tradition. They tend to develop holistic cultures by dint of their long-standing relationship to the individual. Now for something you may not have understood fully.

Enforced subjectification is a cultural phenomenon. It is not an individual enforcing a change of behavior upon him or herself; this is wholly at conflict with the nature of the instinct. The problem originates in the collective field of stimulation within the culture they reside in.

Michael: Okay Merlyn. You, the magician, create culture, the collective consciousness. If you fuck up then the world fucks up. Right?

Peter: Absolutely, it is the personal development of the Magician. The Magician is not impersonal, his or her actions have direct influence.

Michael: So, everything you say and do now is changing the world?

Peter: Absolutely. Everybody is the Magician. We are all one. You just don't know it yet.

Michael: How do I know it?

Peter: What it means to be empty or passive? I am just a mirror, Michael, for everybody to create an image in. You create me in your image; to become the Earth. Until you understand that I will never be your king.

Michael stared fixedly at Peter who confirmed.

Peter: I am a cup to be filled. With wine will my blood be given up to all who drink it. You will fill me at your will.

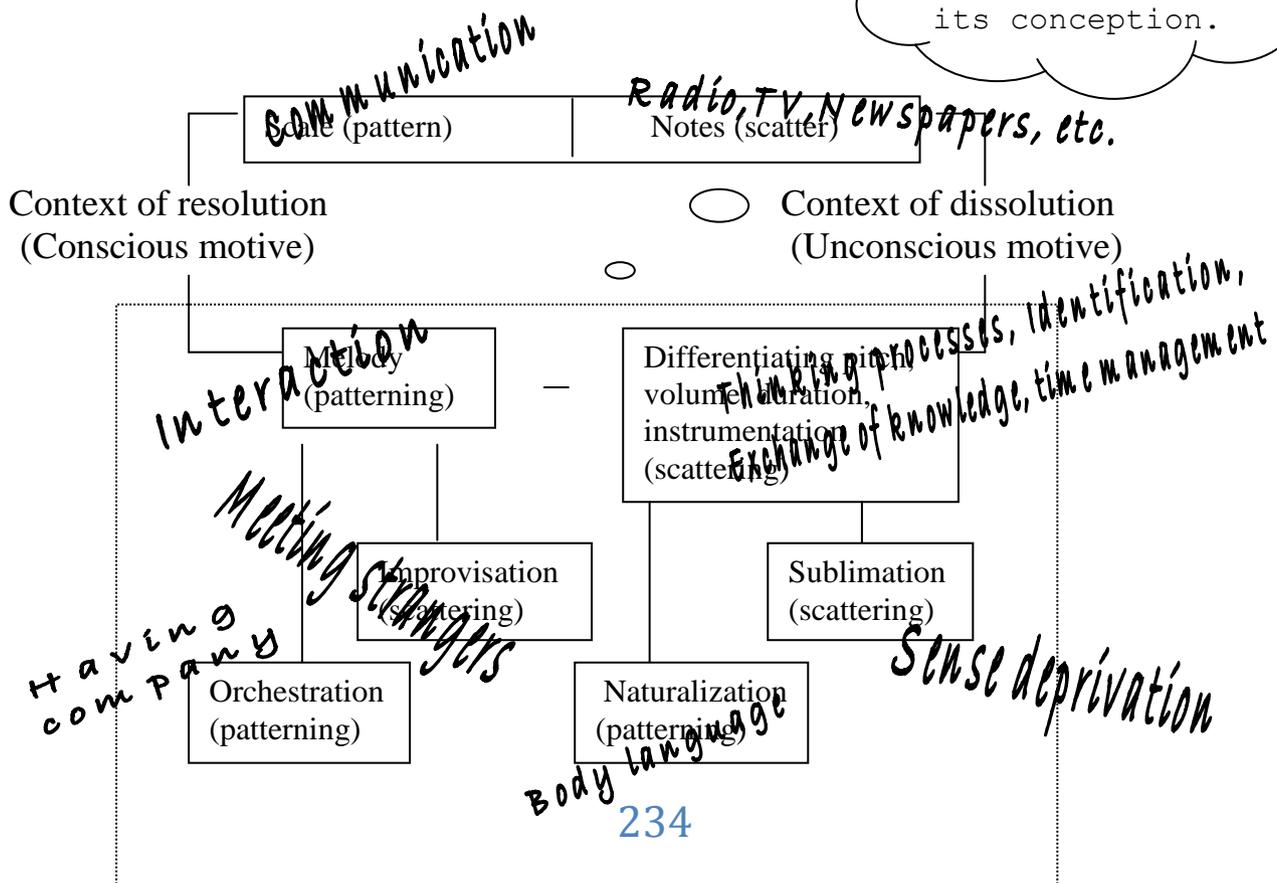
Michael: Where are you going Merlyn?

Peter: To the embankment. Are you coming? This is my body, free of humanity.

Michael: But I wanted to show you my notes

And with that Michael hastily thrust out some papers.

Each successive stage takes human definition to the limits of its conception.



Peter: It's all human definition, Michael.

Michael: But I based them on what you gave me. I've worked out a different version related to communication.

Peter had already started walking along, alone.

Peter: Are you coming, Michael? Or are you locked up in fear? I want to show you the wilderness.

Peter's voice began to fade.

Michael: Wait, Merlyn. How do I get through?

Peter: You see, out here you can attempt to accelerate culture. But this is a misconception. Humanity is always playing catch-up; catching up to his own projections when all the time he fragments himself further leaving everything else lagging behind. The body comes first, mind follows. But humanity prefers to dabble in the cream of his own conceit. Repression happens here. Rather, Man needs to de-accelerate in order to synchronize with the land. The Magician in all of us is like a vessel to be filled. Otherwise I can never be your king. The Buddha, the Christ, in carrying the sins of humanity to the cross, affecting the will of those around them, live a life in preparation for their death, the Great Death. What else is it to be King?

By this time Peter returned to the entrance in the fence, facing Michael who was still reluctant to go through on the other side.

Peter: The Magician has still to hold objectivity in suspension, the so-called 'sins' of humanity. If he breaks from transcendence he becomes fragmented by an overriding voice, the collective voice that is now lost to him. But in a state of transcendence he becomes what Michael?

Michael: The King, a cup for others to drink from.

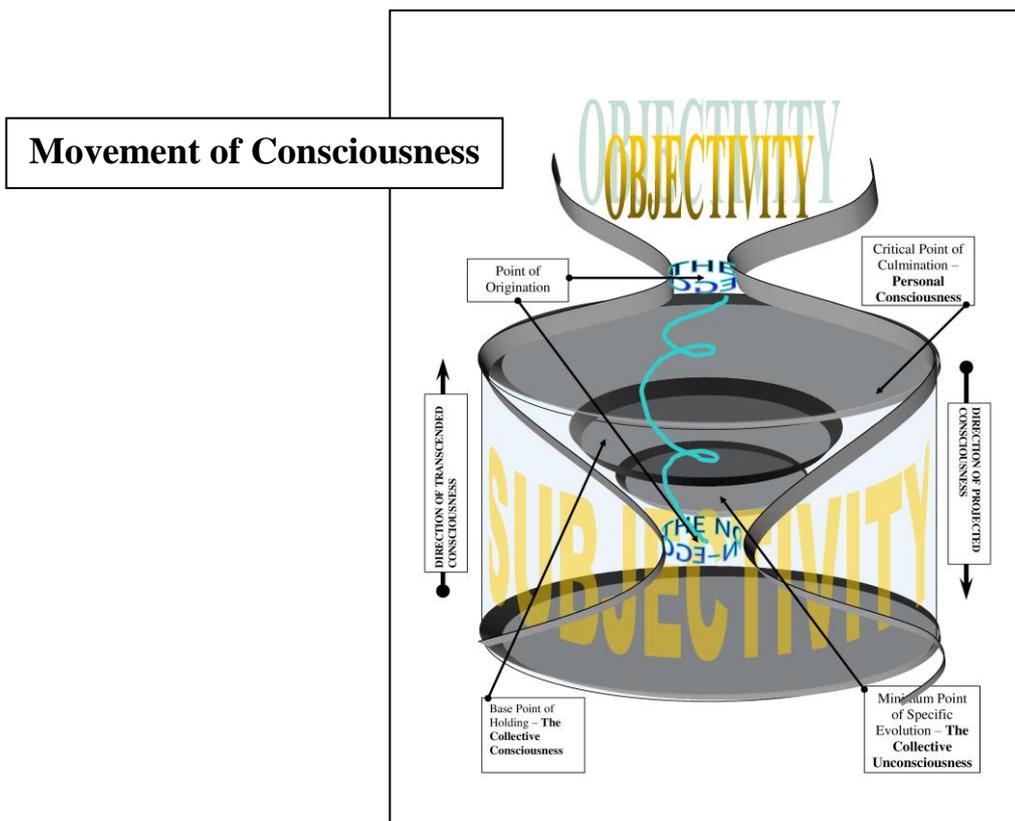
Peter: He or she becomes the Earth, the land, and the people like sheep to a shepherd.

Michael: A king forever?

Peter: It depends on how long the rest of the human race takes to catch up. It needs, needs nurture passivity through genetic development. We are all lords. Those that die to humanity, the Lord of Lords, need not return. I was fortunate, if there is such a thing as fortune. My 'contract' to humanity, my collective consciousness had broken down. I recreated myself, the Angel of Creation burning me of my ego, returning me to the dawning of civilization every time I stepped off the given track. Passive cultures are actively creative only through necessity.

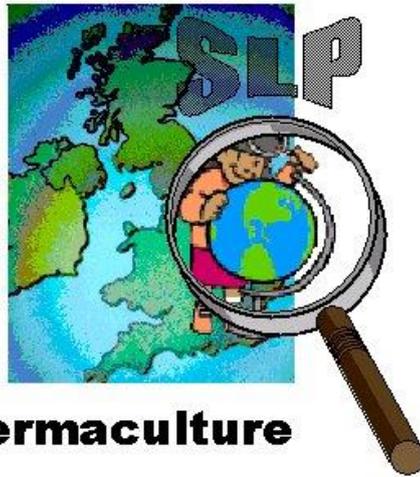
Michael: Are you coming back through Merlyn, I have your keys?

Peter: You keep it for a time, there are a couple of things I need to do here. Besides, I have received funding for my woodland project at the allotment. This year I hope to run courses on bread making and apple fermenting. That very same day of being granted an award, I also found out that my application for funding towards my Masters degree was rejected. Work that one out.



To understand something is to have no control over it.

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