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Merlyn Peter (ed.)

DESTINATION GOD

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

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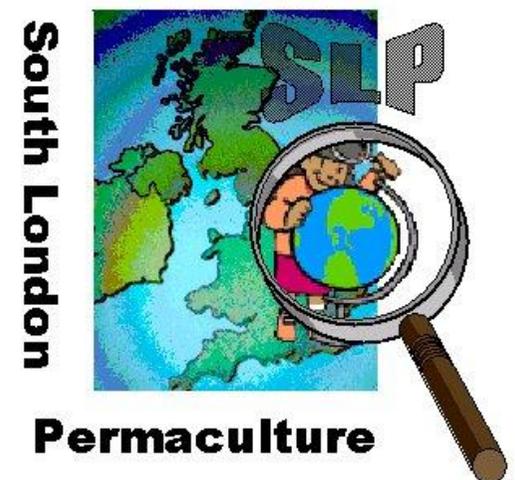
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Destination God

Editor's note

In this journey broken down into 20 chapters and fully graphically available online at <http://www.destinationpalestine.posterous.com> I travel across the length of the Mediterranean basin on bicycle that wasn't designed to carry the load it did. With triple panniers front and back and with a guitar strapped to my back I eventually set off after months of delay into a world that I will remember for the rest of my life. In spite of my academic credentials I have always held deep philosophical thoughts about the nature of existence and first-hand experience, and in the face of friendly warnings and human deterrent I carried with me a belief in God, a British passport, a guitar, a beard, and my Spanish genes. Little did I know how important each one of these elements would become, not least the bicycle – visas in their own right under the correct circumstances.

I have got family in Cyprus because I am also half Greek and it seemed the occasion to reunite with them if I could reach the island in my quest to arrive at Palestine. I knew the signs were good before I left Britain with my special double-thickness hand-built wheels and a few other extra parts. I also left the country with a minimum of savings and so my cousin and I set up a donation button on the website in times of need. We also made a video of the song I wrote for the journey entitled *Destination God* and put it online. Physically and spiritually I was already prepared, my garden business was already fading to immaterial existentialism and chasing up and down the hills of south London with a bike trailer for 10 years, swimming and fencing regularly at Crystal Palace pools rubbing shoulders with future Olympic stars, my physique betrays my age. My legs, although not wholly chunky, and the balance within my body, induce and incredible strength; I never get injured and if I do I just work through it. My endurance is second to none; if you could imagine how self-motivated I am when in the past I have fasted for one and a half years 2 to 3 times a week off food, frequently worked on those days in all manner of weathers, at times pulling a trailer with a large-sized lawn mower contained therein including leaf blowers, strimmers, tool bags, spades, forks, shovels, hoes, an array of different rakes, plants, petrol cans and spare parts, then pulling 3 or 4 kids at a

festival setting looks like easy meat by comparison. Match this with the propensity to voluntarily run environmental projects, a business, studying for 10 years, and rebuilding my home, it is no wonder God has not endowed me with children of my own. Even now as I write from Spain my work rate is unrivalled.

Enjoy this written account then for it will take you through 14 nations. It is a journey of one man and his bike, the first instalment of which was the epic 10 days some 5 years ago to bring the bike from London to Spain. I managed that trip on one baguette a day and lots of ice-tea and didn't go for a single crap until I passed completely through France. In similar vein I would like to continue the journey through Syria and beyond but obviously there is a nasty bit of work going on over there. Had I not lingered in some of the most stunning scenarios one could imagine in places like Turkey, Slovenia, and Lebanon I may have passed through that country unhindered on the way to Jordan where, with seeds in hand given to me by Josep Montserrat of the botanical gardens in Barcelona, I was due to be welcomed. As it goes I got thrown out and caused all sorts of political unease at the Lebanese border, but not before blowing away the authorities with some jazz extempore. But that is a return trip; an opportunity to spend more time in that once-beautiful country called Syria and further into Israel and Egypt.

So when reading these accounts spread over 7 editorials take into consideration that I wrote what I see and what I hear. It kept me in good stead, and some of the opinions I express forthwith are not my own. Always bear in mind that I believe in God and Providence and for me this was as much a journey about life as it is death; I had no ultimate destination, Palestine was just an idea. It was never about achieving an end result but meeting the landscape and the people, and everywhere I went there was a jewel to be discovered. So, though some of my material may appear overly political or profane, my whole being embodies the sacred and my deep-respectful love goes out to all those Muslims and Christians I met along the way, their generosity and kindness just dumps all over the Western economic model.

Throughout these pages one will discover a connectedness in my thoughts, although not always apparent at first. It was whilst travelling through the Mediterranean that I decided to finish what was then considered to be Book 5 of an eight-part series entitled *The Carob Pod: An Anthropological Guide to Permaculture*, reviewed at the end of this

journal. On arriving back to Britain I printed it up and sold a few copies, but soon had to earn my crust if I wanted to get back to Spain to work the land. With material left over for its final chapter (8) I expanded it considerably into another book. Thus I renamed the two books Volumes 1 & 2. The second book is here entitled *Patriarchy: The Law of the Land* and elicits something of my in deep understanding of anthropology, spirituality and permaculture. It is considerable in size and finished prior to its final editing. I make some groundbreaking analyses in it I feel. I could not have written this book without first making the journey across all those cultures as I understand that physical adventure is a correlative to imaginative insight. The spirit in this sense permeates through will and destiny. The book gets intense, it just doesn't get easier, but I have broken it up with lots of historical analyses too. I am in debt to the likes of Callum Coats and David Holmgren, who have provided the framework for my thinking in it. There is a lot more to write, not least I have a third volume in the pipeline to be entitled *The Golden Maen: Building Revolutions* which I know is years in the making. Thus I think it will require another physical adventure, the one I have alluded to above.

Other than the appendices made available in these volumes my referencing to other authors has been incorporated into the actual text. Likewise these books are not available in electronic form. The both circumstances help to prevent plagiarism and protect the potential thief from suffering divine incrimination. (I thought you'd laugh at that.) But as a visionary act on my part it may prevent something nasty happening in the future. And besides, I am grooming one's approach to its style and literacy.

My thinking is yet to fully evolve, hence the next volume, so in these writings you must see the evolutionary approach to my methods else you will miss the plot. Interestingly there is always this sense that I am way ahead of the game and that I write for the future of humanity. It is my naturally prophetic nature of which I begin to elicit upon towards the end of Volume 2 and which relate to other books I have written in the 'apparent' past. My flowering seems to be very individual, a loss I feel to human culture. As such I include a workshop which I presented to the organisers of the Findhorn Sustainability and Community Ecovillage Conference in Scotland but which was subsequently rejected. The root of this phenomenon is my dynamic nature which I feel many people are at unease with. My energy can invoke deep releases of emotional behaviour in them

which under a loss of spiritual guidance can lead to instability. Nevertheless, I wait in my abode in Spain for those who pursue a little deeper the things that make for real living.

I am Augustus Caesar Merlyn Peter of the House of Elias Jacob, Son of Richard, Conqueror of the 15 Nations, and Descended from Mother Earth. X



I am Augustus Caesar Merlyn Peter of the House of Elias Jacob, Son of Richard, Conqueror of the 15 Nations, and Descended from Mother Earth



Introduction

In this part of Catalonia most people are here by choice. The familiarisation of the landscape is set into their bones like the conglomerate rock one encounters beneath the shallow soils. Over time it gives way to an encroaching sea but here in the Costa Bravo and Costa Daurada man-made sea breaks placate the waters to allow pleasant swimming and fishing recreation. Huge rocks dumped on the saline edge ensure that her ebbing wash does not take too much of a swipe from the urbanised edge. For here, natural rock quickly encounters tarmac and subsequently an array of villas and beach resorts for the rich and poor alike to share in nature's cleansing attributes, transient though the tourist may be. They come and go when the favourable conditions suit their escapist habits, as do the large corporate bodies that ply the coast with fantastic hotel complexes, all but empty during the cooler season. Yet they provide seasonal employment so important towards the sustaining of a national economy that now relies upon its Gross Domestic Pleasure (sic). And occasionally the ghost towns are shaken by the distant echoing of a boisterous encounter and the smell of barbequed meat accompanied by laughter on a serene wind. And for those urbanisations that developed alongside



much older towns and cities the fresh air and sound of the breaking water's edge fill their jogging boots and the dog handler alike. Only during the warmer months does the seaside transform into a heaving mass of people all sharing the one common denominator of human existence – temporality. Like prehistoric man of the Pleistocene Age nothing could be certain. The multiculturalism of the time is the continuum that forever drove man to evolve a variety of traits that saved him from the vagaries of nature. These beach camps enjoy many a nationality now homogenised into a common goal, to take in nature on its carnal level. One should note our Roman predecessors who set in motion the whole gladiatorial sport of slaughtering untold amounts of animals - venationes - the likes of Augustus used to entertain the mob. Many an amphitheatre and coliseum were located on the sea's edge where the transportation of exotic beasts accompanied slave and master alike. What a spectacle it must have been, the racehorse or the elephant, bringing the rest of the world into this one arena, the capturing of time. Of course it was here that we can see the seeds of tourism firmly planted with the accompanying attraction of large cities bolstered by the thriving trade of its sea ports. We can only imagine an historical past of grandeur and what it could have meant to live in these environments of satiated lust, at one extreme a craving for all worldly goods, at the other a sense of power for the elite to aspire into nobility. Now, of course, it is the invisible hand of the market that provides the mechanisms for the servant and business owner alike to regulate their fiscal ventures within. And the supra-elites operate from other parts of the globe with barely any direct influence upon the habitual modes of the masses – everything is numbers. Nearly everything has been homogenised so that one global city is like another. The great dichotomy between the East and the West still exists but overlaying the bones of culture is a skin so thick that sometimes one may barely recognise what side they are in; the mixing of populations, the multiculturalism is a hallmark of thousands of years of the continued plying of trade. It is the one thing of permanence that characterizes the human spirit, that the only way we are going to survive as a race is if we continually expand and reinforce boundaries, exchanging as we do the products and genes of our localism. Occasionally though, in these breezy seaside resorts, the fresh winter's air blows in the hobo or itinerant traveller, not concerned too much with the corporate backdrop of high-rise buildings, motor boats and theme parks. Rather the vacuous sea that provides a welcome wash and the warming off-shore breezes that, combined with the exposed rock surfaces, allow for an overnight thermal blanket in some ecological niche where the pining slumberer may take a break...

Petriarchy: The Law of the Land Volume 2



Foreword

I was in two minds as to how to go about writing this continuation, which promises to elucidate more closely the permaculture and spiritual connections in our society. I left the first volume poised at the end of chapter 7 leaving much of my religious education to another day, but the ideas in this book show a completeness about my endeavour, reflecting as it did a return to my Catalonian home. Not just that, there are a lot of loose ends many of which are potential developments in their own right. In this book then, Volume 2, subsequently reconfigured into separate chapters because of its size, I seek to clarify the majority of these points.

Just of recent I have become ill again, during the editing of this book and insertion of various experiences in the final chapter. It comes and goes; in this case it came with an ill wind that blew down parts of my polytunnel and saw my favourite football team uncharacteristically lose. The interesting coincidence is that in all reoccurrences it was *fiesta* time. There are many such festivals in Spain and local villages have their own. Just recently *La Virgen de la Candelera* in L'Amet'illa de Mar was attended by at least a thousand people in which an effigy of the Virgin Mary with the baby Jesus is carried along a precessional route. A band follows it along and everybody has these long white candles; they struggled in the blustery conditions. Like many Christian festivals it coincided with the night of Beltane, the Celtic New Year. When I returned Leo the Alsatian was cloaked in a blanket, still warm and supple, but dead. He had only just died. The blanket he was wrapped in and the settee that he was laying on only the night before were comforting me in my own tiredness as I unusually dozed off quite early in the evening. I don't normally sit there or have ever used that blanket before because it's location in the porch can become quite cold. But it is peaceful and out of the interfering eye of my mother in the front room, addicted as she is to the

television there. A few days earlier the dog was rolling on its back and appeared to be enjoying life. Thus it was quite unexpected to see it die so suddenly at the age of about 8 years old, my dad telling me that it vomited in his car. My dad is usually quite serene in manner but the anxiety it brought into my mother was a continuation of her neurosis in general. First the accusations of neglect by my dad, then food poisoning, then deliberate murder because somebody wants to rob the house, it goes on.

My own actions the night before were a prophetic statement, and it is in this light that you should read this book. I wear a cloak of *death* but I understand it as a transitional moment. I once said to a former friend of mine, who incidentally was also called Leo, that animals sometimes die as a sacrifice to humanity, and I told him a story just before I left for Palestine on my bicycle. We were friends then but he has since turned against me, including theft and wilful destruction of my livelihood; I am used to it. I had also heard that he recently came into conflict with his neighbour who put a knife to his wife's throat. This Mexican took out a machete and the both went to jail. I told him the story when I was in Canada visiting my brother's family, taking the dog out for a walk with whom I made an instantaneous bond to. Within a couple of days I had it swimming in ice-cold lakes up near Toronto with me. One day I took it for a long walk, to a cafeteria where a young wench was working who lived on the same street as my brother. She was young and attractive; many kids here grow up fast on drugs and sex. I am not labelling the girl but make a probable assertion based on the fact of meeting a few of the other kids in the neighbourhood since this is now a massive problem in schools located in the small towns of Canada, the West over. As the dog and I walked along a very busy highway we were spotted by a toy of a thing that pricked up its ears and headed in our direction from the other side of the road. It seemed hypnotised as it showed no interest in the traffic. At about the halfway point a car was approaching very fast. I had a choice, let go of my dog and try and grab the other, drag us both into the road and attempt to pluck the little thing into the air, or turn to the fast-approaching car and wave it down. I took the last option as there was too much risk to my brother's dog. The car seemed to speed up to about 80-90km per hour. The little toy did not even look sideways; it had eyes for Jake only. It thumped and rolled underneath the car as it zoomed past, incredulous as I was to its speed, stopping about 50 metres down the road. The dog was dead bleeding from the head.

The owner ran over and asked for my opinion if it could be saved. I told him to bury it and refrained from mentioning the point that living in such a horrendous location next to this road why his dog was not on a lead; why even keep a dog here. Taking his dog for burial I think I gave him something I was wearing to carry it. Five minutes later the prick driving the car turned up. I told him the dog owner was not interested in meeting him. His only response was that he thought I was trying to hitch a ride, hence that is why he 'needed' to speed up. I didn't want to know him anymore after that and told him to leave. I reflected on the sad look of the man who just lost his dog and on what he said to me, that the guy was just another fucked-up dope head.

When I told Leonardo this story it was in reflection of an experience he recounted to me regarding a similar situation in which he thought he caused the death of an animal, I forget which now. In this light I was trying to say that sometimes an animal is sacrificed in order for humans to live again, can have another chance in life. This has been the story from the beginning, in which the sacrifice of animals was always made in this context. I am not a Jain or a Buddhist, not a vegetarian or raw foodist, not a Rastafarian or monk, not an anarchist or revolutionist, not an athlete or a politician, but I am all those aspects in one capacity or another - I keep recreating myself - but what stays constant is my spiritual evolution. What lies near the root of my tree of life is a belief in God, in Providence. God has a plan for me; God keeps me alive and shows me the way, giving warnings and helping me to break down boundaries, both mental and physical. That wench wasn't interested in me in the slightest. But I am passive and I take everything in my stride.

So on this day in L'Amet'lla de Mar I took myself to the sea as I usually do and swim in cold waters. I had been ill that morning and my toilet habits were bad, so I needed to clean my body. Always after a cold swim I am restored to perfect health. On discovering that nobody was in the street I pondered the lost possibility of bringing Jerry, my dog here in Catalonia, along with me to swim in the most placid waters. Ironic since 7 kilometres down the road we were having gale force winds blowing my polytunnel to pieces. It was incredibly serene this evening, and as I got changed and half naked a bunch of young teenage girls headed in my direction. One girl seemed to be letting go of herself as she ran along the beach. She must have seen everything, my fit body, perked ass, small penis. (Well it was cold, and anyhow, I don't use it for much else.) The young girls who were watching me from above were laughing, and so I laughed as well. I was in no hurry to dress up but left them to their fantasies. After the festival I reflected on the

associations of the Virgin Mary with the sea and the celebration of young female virgins in the town who get their photo published in a brochure. Unfortunately, for you, my writing ends up at this juncture again, but fortunate for me. That said I am going to leave it to rest for now and you will have to wait until chapter 6 if you want to get some more feedback on my psycho-analysis on the subject. Else you could purchase Book 7 *The Virgin* which in a strange psycho-spiritual way is the introduction to this book. That said, after completing it I cycled to Syria and Lebanon, writing about it online – Book 6, *I am Augustus Caesar Merlyn Peter of the House of Elias Jacob, Son of Richard, Conqueror of the 15 Nations, and Descended from Mother Earth.* (<http://www.destinationvirgin.wordpress.com>)

Unfortunately all the formatting was lost when it was transferred from the Posterous platform after the latter was taken down. A new blogsite entitled Solterologic Garden will incorporate this and more in the future.)

Whilst on that trip I also wrote the first volume of this book of which you are reading chapter 8 expanded to Volume 2. But at the end of this volume I mention the British influence especially here in Catalonia. I don't despair of British culture but I wonder how long before they all drift back from the rest of the world as the economy declines along with the value of pension funds? Of course, some families are bringing up their children here and this is a different matter. All in all the British are well-accepted and get treated quite well, but for wont of getting too subjective and reducing the didactic flavour of the final chapter I have only loosely touched on conspiracy theories. Suffice to say that having a doppelganger would explain everything. The latest incident with another young girl only confirms my belief that the 'English disease' has followed me over. This tells me that I am ascending spiritually and with it becoming powerful in my presence. But if I said to you that being truly powerful is the negation of its material counterpart i.e. the control of knowledge and resources, then maybe you can understand why I am such a pauper and spend my time here earning a few euros on the street playing guitar and working my arse off as a *campesino*. Once my earnings from Britain run out I have to consider going back if I hope to build this house of mine in Catalonia; my illness is a pre-emption of what I can expect in London. This is my year, I know that for sure. Hence, come on you golden boys! (Watford FC)

But bear it in mind, I can write from any angle and a lot of it may go straight over your head. As in the first volume if you only pick at it you will miss the fuller understanding as I am sure this has been the case with Book 7 *The Virgin*, the final copy of which I gave to the police force in Britain; they

didn't reply to me. Maybe they feared its 'death' undertones. Likewise I don't run from this book either, spiritual evolution can only happen through engaging directly your emotional body. It is the plane of consciousness that requires surfing if you, like me, want to move into self-effacing Godhead and understand the need to renounce conventional culture. There are many evolutions of ideas progressing throughout these pages, not least the contradiction of human culture and human evolution. I eventuate to state that what I want to create here in Catalonia is a *culture* within a culture, in other words a dynamic society where growth is unimpeded and repression is environmentally unfettered. Growth in this sense is evolution, and every single organism is specific differentiated. For humans 'higher' consciousness is in fact a cultural development (repressed instinct); the evolutionary jump I talked about in the first volume only sought to deny humanity his spirit. Getting back to that spirit requires unchaining the instinct and creating something I refer to as an "anarchist" mindset. Truly, it requires the admittance of God and providence in nature and proves to me indubitably that there is a natural law out there which is all-governing. To Leo...

Draffus

Golden hair
Flowing fair
Flaring star
Leaping high

Lead me on
I lead you on
Grass on draft
Rock on crop

Wet windy
Black blockage
Slowly slumbers
Water wonders

Great friend
Rising trend
Sinking fen
Rooftop Zen

Draffus puffus
Laughus furthest
To your own kind dog
My God

Endnote

The final six principles of Holmgren's permaculture in his landmark publication (below) have each been given a separate chapter as I have elaborated on them considerably to include my own interpretation. I found the structure easy to follow and naturally intuitive. They are listed hence with:

Chapter 1: Design from Patterns to Details

Chapter 2: Integrate rather than Segregate

Chapter 3: Use Small and Slow Solutions

Chapter 4: Use and Value Diversity

Chapter 5: Use Edges and Value the Marginal

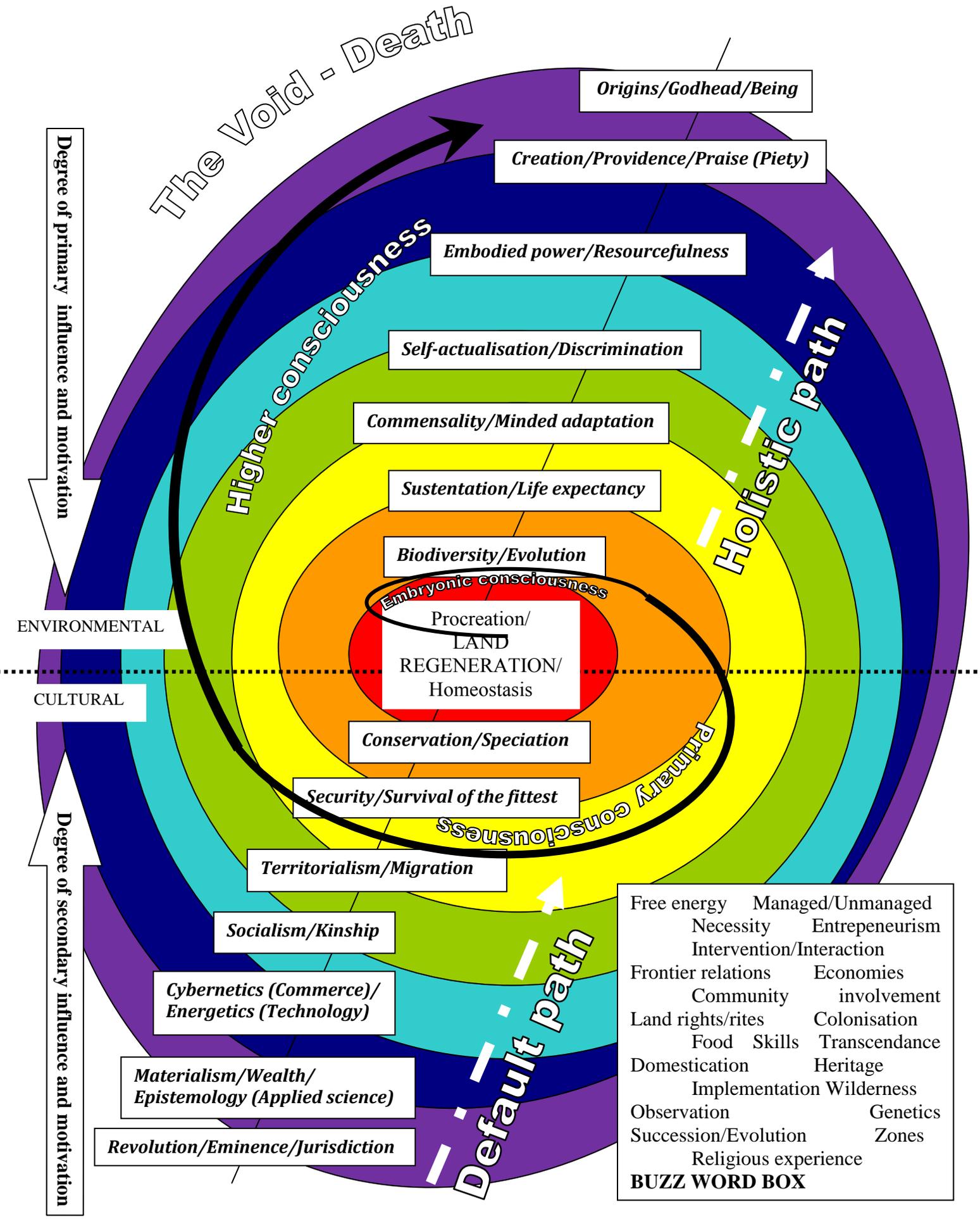
Chapter 6: Creatively Use and Respond to Change

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Land Regeneration – The Ecological/Spiritual Imperative

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- BUZZ WORD BOX**
- Free energy
 - Managed/Unmanaged
 - Necessity
 - Entrepreneurism
 - Intervention/Interaction
 - Frontier relations
 - Economies
 - Community involvement
 - Land rights/rites
 - Colonisation
 - Food Skills
 - Transcendence
 - Domestication
 - Heritage
 - Implementation
 - Wilderness
 - Observation
 - Genetics
 - Succession/Evolution
 - Zones
 - Religious experience

Social Capital Game

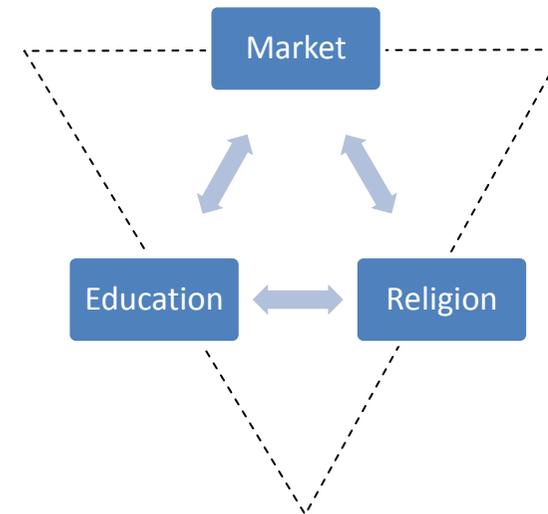
COMMUNITY & SUSTAINABILITY: Balancing out success

This workshop is to engage the attendees into modes of interaction that they may not be used to. The process is a fun approach to role-playing. In particular I want the players to think around sustainability and how this tool might be used to resolve conflicts in real-life scenarios. As a permaculture technique for understanding social capital I have used my experience in travelling and communication to generate 3 communities, each representing a particular approach to success. That one may not have a basic comprehension of permaculture is not necessary; it should still be fun. The three “corners” of the social triad represent ‘Market’, ‘Education’ and ‘Religion’. For this I will be taking real-life case examples and flagging up their strongest attributes as I see it. The teams will then add evolutionary values to these methods of success and then try and work out, through negotiation with another team or teams, how to improve those scores. The basis of the key they will be using is the Holistic Design chart (COPYRIGHT South London Permaculture 2005) designed and published (reproduced here for you) in my recent book, *The Carob Pod*, an anthropological account of my life in Catalonia with a view to developing an eco-community using spiritual/religious values (see book review at back). My background in eco-theology serves to illustrate this point. The way I engage life from an evolutionary and psychological angle I consider being a natural trait for success. Of my theories propounded is the evolution of the individual into dynamic modes of perception that *create* energy.

The participants should find this workshop engaging since now it is a game about negotiation without having to compromise one’s played-out ethos. Regarding the held beliefs of how such an ethos is characterised this should be left down to spontaneity since it is very much to do with the individuals

involved and how they interact that gives them formulation. The opportunity is to discover new pathways to maintaining success whilst keeping in view the individual’s own knowledge and skills to imagine social solutions.

The cultural triad:



15 mins: Introduction.

20mins: Arrange attendees into 3 groups.

Those who are sure select for themselves which group they will represent.

Those who remain are selected by individuals from the chosen group, as in a bidding process to create a sense of wanting and loyalty.

The ‘shy’ individuals to be selected give a brief bio (1 min) and each sector has a maximum of **88** allocated tradable points to bid with. If a group (leader) bids and fails to win he loses those points anyhow. This introduces a risk element.

The groups can only bid a maximum of 8 points per individual. Whoever bids 8 full points first wins the individual or the highest score. Hence a little inside knowledge is welcome.

Overall size of workshop is 12 minimum and 18 maximum. There must be no less than 3 persons to start the bidding and no less than 8 to bid for, in which case the remainder at the end of the bidding process chose their group to join. This is a bit of an ice-breaker and gets people working together.

Rules can be changed if there are any discrepancies in the above methods.

The three cultural communities in play are:

Sigetí (market)

- Marketed produce including poultry and egg production
- Annual food production and vegetable box scheme
- Free running water all year round
- Donkey
- Organic and biodynamic horticultural expertise
- Volunteer participation
- Lodgings for individuals
- Tools and equipment
- Difficult access
- Lack of public transport and recreation
- Dry climate but sheltered in a valley

Arbolí (education)

- Education and apprenticeship programs in permaculture and organics
- Volunteer participation
- Total food self-sufficiency including perennials and wild food
- Family upbringing and support

- Net solar energy gain
- Rambler's thoroughfare
- Lodgings for groups
- Beautiful views from mountain tops
- Bathing river
- Very isolated; lack of public transport
- Dry climate and windy

Algarrobí (religion)

- Well-kept olive and carob plantation
- Walking/cycling distance to two towns and full recreational facilities including swimming
- Direct access to major road
- Hunting for game and wild food
- Huge wind and solar energy potential
- Family run
- Permaculture and spiritual pedagogy
- Equipment and machine expertise
- Raw materials in the form of timber, bamboo and firewood
- Nearby quarry for cheap gravel and sand
- Abandoned neighbour plots for cropping potential
- Presence of British ex-patriots
- Regular overseas journeys
- Boot fair and animal sanctuary
- Very dry climate and excessive wind

20 mins: After reading amongst themselves each community's attributes in a corner somewhere, and then subsequently listed to a visual display a précis of each community is presented by each group from a chosen speaker to the other teams. The poster should be easily accessible to everybody and expands through negotiation during the role-playing.

Each individual should be contemplating their role within these communities by assessing its relevant points of success and potential. These can be listed onto flip charts for later exegesis.

All role-playing is imagined so that potential developments are allowed as negotiable points only if their implementation has been first argued for. Once a potential development is implemented in real time (indicated on the large poster) e.g. building a bread oven, then its product can further be used in barter i.e. bread, cakes, dried fruits etc.

Before the game commences however, the Holistic Design chart is illustrated. A brief exposition of its make-up is necessary. **15mins**

Based on cultural modes of operation each successful trait of the community is referenced in terms of their evolutionary capacity:

01. Revolution – Eminence – Jurisdiction
02. Materialism – Wealth – Epistemology
03. Cybernetics – Energetics
04. Socialism – Kinship
05. Territorialism – Migration
06. Security – Survival of the Fittest
07. Conservation – Speciation

BE SPECIFIC but do not quarrel over subtle definitions!

For example, making bread and selling it is not growing the grains. When placed in the chart it is given an evolutionary value (EV) i.e. how many boxes does it tick?

Each individual requires a moment then to figure out what his or her community could offer. **5mins**

Making bread and selling it: $6+4+3+2=15$

Planting an orchard: $7+6+5+2=20$

Damming a river for hydro-electric: $6+5+4=15$

Forming a militia guard: $6+5+4+3+1=19$

Creating a wildlife visitor centre: $7+5+4+3+2=21$

Hunting game: $6+5+2+1=14$

Running an apprenticeship scheme: $6+4+3+2=15$

Chopping down woodland for timber: $6+5+3+2+1=17$

Culling rabbits: $7+6+5+3+1=22$

Housing volunteers for labour: $6+4+3+2+1=16$

Creating a box scheme: $6+5+4+3+2+1=21$

Building a peace sanctuary for worship: $6+5+4+3+1=19$

The maximum value possible for any venture is ideally **28**. This doesn't necessarily reflect the equal distribution of commitment regarding cultural

influences. For instance culling rabbits may show too much sovereignty over conservation value.

It is important to note that some people may disagree with this value system. The way to understand this approach is that value is not something accrued just because it has been around for a long time, but rather shows a developed sense of evolution behind the decision. Rather than a static appraisal one is required to illustrate the dynamics of a decision by showing its continuum in time.

Other successful factors like growing your own food are prevalent in all communities but it's greater value is the surplus that is generated and traded with.

Thus the higher the figure denotes whether an action or project is actually successful, regardless of whether it is beneficial to the whole system. For instance, assassinating a political leader may benefit conservation by preventing a war; it may also bring in a substitute that will only make matters worse. Thus ugly solutions require their immediate negotiation if they can be of any use in the future.

Likewise monocultures like banana plantations may offset immediate security needs (like income) but has no long-term value to conservation; building a botanical garden may do so at the expense of sustenance (security).

Hence the opportunity here is to trade with other sectors. 25 mins.

Thus, looking at the listed and valued traits of each community discuss amongst individuals how their values can be improved. Representatives (each clearly labelled) then come forward from each group and barter their traits (one each).

Sigetí wants to improve 'hunting game' values = 14

He/she approaches the rep from Arbolí 'planting an orchard'.

They discuss how they can work together. 'Planting an orchard' wants the area fenced in and the trees guarded. 'Culling rabbits' wants a natural predator or increased sales of rabbit meat. They eventually agree to introduce wild dogs and cats. How so is down to their expertise and knowledge.

The area as a whole benefits from increased conservation (+7 to 'culling rabbits'), protection zones (+6 to 'planting an orchard'), increased energetic flow in the landscape (+3 to 'culling rabbits'). This does not help 'hunting game' for now the landscape is rendered dangerous. So he trades (social capital) with one or another, or both. 'Hunting game' suggests controlled seasonal shooting with organised life guards and tranquiliser darts. 'Hunting game' gains jurisdiction (+1), socialism (+4), cybernetic and energetic integrity (+3) etc.

Once a solution has been generated and listed it can be used again in collaboration with another rep, and henceforth.

It can be seen that permaculture is imagination intensive. Some established values will increase in the process. For instance 'planting an orchard' can increase security. The important thing is to ensure that resulting systems follow an evolutionary precedent. Hence those operating aspects like hunting, planting, building centres etc. must integrate with other operating systems that give precedence to conservation. Once established then development is put over to integrating with those aspects that give precedence to survival, all with a view to increasing the value of each characteristic. Development is measurable by this ordered integration.

Governments should then be acting here to support those enterprises that follow this outline, whilst the free market acts semi-autonomously.

The result of this is to ensure that the investment of social capital is going to the right places.

The logistics of this are outside this remit. But it does show that with a guiding approach to development, organisations and projects can get together to enhance social and ecological integrity. Government support points to those prospectors that show initial levels of holistic influence to be the mainstay basis for progress

As a tool then individuals in real-life scenarios represent issues which mean something to them. Rather than argue their differences they in fact work to integrate with other policies and viewpoints. The addictive qualities of this game method is that one feels they are earning value (like currency) through

the sensible selection of policies represented by other individuals, and so strive to continue to interact with as much imagination as possible.

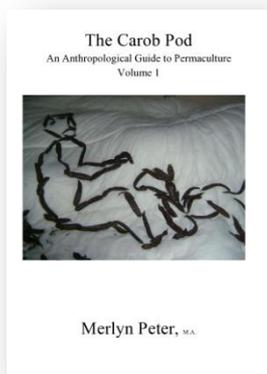
This game may require facilitation from an experienced player.

Book review

The Carob Pod: An Anthropological Guide to Permaculture Volume 1

Merlyn Peter

Pp163 including appendices
Self-printed and published by South London Permaculture
A YellowBooks Production



This book progresses well. From its inception of the natural appreciation I had of life in a Catalonian landscape it extended beyond cultural history and in to the realms of metaphysics and science. I took the Catalonian model and emptied it of its baggage, analysing the modern secular thinking behind its Western economics with a view to the impending financial crisis. I juxtaposed this with my lifestyle in a caravan cultivating olives and carobs with a practice that extends back thousands of years. Hence I looked at the natural dynamics of social structures with both the individual's relation to ecology and also the communal management of resources. Influenced by the immediate going-ons of my vicinity, including the nearby quarries and the barking and shooting sounds of hunters and their dogs in the nearby wilderness, I look at the psychology of my familial upbringing and see the encroaching neurosis of their existence, the spirals of destruction that define their fragmented, inefficient behaviour, the wastefulness of resources, the high-energy required to maintain huge amounts of pets, the lack of basic resources including water

and electricity, the loss of neighbourly proximity and subsequent degradation of community. Within this context I throw up the question of tourism and what defines the indigene. I reflect this onto the application of permaculture techniques through successful projects scattered around the region, themselves located in equally isolated circumstances. Most of all though I picture the construction of my own permaculture and house under the cultural heritage of a rocky landscape that begs the question of water accessibility and the apparent success of particular species. There are many examples that inspire me but in my own development I knew that if I wanted to find a religious precedent I would have to develop my own philosophies and techniques, looking at the mistakes of past civilisations and hinting at the possible development of an eco-community. In particular I study the characteristics of wilderness communities and the sense of Godhead that was cultivated within them. Likewise I look at their relationship to nature and the providence of food. In this I focus towards my psycho-historical roots within indigenous cultures in the face of imperialist attitudes namely Roman, including those of the Essenes and early Christians. Not least I take a chunk of the Spanish civil war and the influence of my grandfather, a captain who served for General Franco, upon my mother. Scattered throughout are my poetic, if not bardic, ramblings.

The Catalonian landscape is rich in diversity. Its main exportable crop is olive oil but along the banks of the L'Ebre one can find oranges, hazels, pomegranates, figs and sweet almonds, and further in its delta region they cultivate organic rice. This is not to exclude the rich sea life of the Mediterranean for its array of edible fish and molluscs. In its more upper locations one can expect the cultivation of vines and seasonal vegetables. Likewise there is regular hunting for wild pigs, rabbits and fowl. But the hero of my book is the carob tree, known since time immemorial by its epithets of locust bean and St. John's bread. Relegated to cattle fodder, in this time of economic crisis one may again look to its digestible properties as relevant food in an economic crisis. High in carbohydrates (73%) it is essential survival food and will produce even in the scarcest of years. It is used in cosmetics and glues for its bonding properties but likewise has many other nutritional benefits. These include lowering of the cholesterol level in blood, acting as an antioxidant, contains an active substance effective against asthma, is a good expectorant for smokers, caffeine free, helpful in preventing lung cancer, contains vitamins E and is used for the treatment of cough, flu, anaemia and osteoclasia, its tannins have Gallic acid which is anti allergic and antibacterial as well being an antiviral and antiseptic, it is used for the treatment of polio and diarrhoea in children, and finally, being rich in phosphorus and calcium it is used to fight osteoporosis. For these and many other reasons I will use its efficacy to create a permaculture settlement here on the Costa Daurada. I will model on its tenacity and durability as a design feature for my new house.

Further Publications by South London Permaculture

The Virgin Merlyn Peter

Pp108

Self-printed and published by South London Permaculture
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Spring brings many things, not least new growth and new beginnings. The completion of my MA brought an unexpected gift - a relationship to a very young girl close approaching 18. She has now reached that golden age, the last I saw of her was celebrating the special day at Stonehenge, but I was not with her. Alastair McIntosh reminds us of the *erotica* lost to our way of life, not unlike some of the biblical Psalms that bind sex with Creation. This is the true sexuality that communises us all counterpoint to the repressive culture that pretends to hide it. It only pretends because popular media is too tunnel-visioned, yet this is changing also. Where the internet takes over as the favourite form of visual stimulation TV is left for the outright lazy who have no desire to search too hard and like the idea of being surprised by the mounting crap it elicits. But the world is full of crap; one lifestyle is judged accordingly by his or her ability to find purchase in this world, and to take the best from it. That is what I do, and I am good at it. When things look like they are going to drag me into a deep hole I destroy myself. I am not an escapist but a generator, a moulder of new paths, an example, an energy supply.

One would think that a New-Age traveller who has never had a formal day's education in her life would be liberated in her mind. She has her own caravan, cluttered as it is, and I came at that moment in her life when she wanted to escape, from her mother; the lack of fatherly influence is quite

obvious. She had all the qualities I wanted, nobility, strength of character, able to develop, and morals; I fell in love. Unfortunately she tried to juggle two relationships at once and she became manipulative. I raised her up and she revelled in the power. I made her happy and that gave her reason to remain selfish. I offered her my life because I thought these were new beginnings, the time when I would put my past woes to boot. I thought she was a gift from God. What happened?

She was a virgin, locked up and too reluctant to give away her love if it meant sharing. She got used to the idea of being looked after. I lost out to a drug dealer who had a car and gave her a smoke. She was just a kid, intelligent at it, who wanted to keep me as an appendant. There is no doubt that we fell in love together, we were in communication practically every day for 2 months using Skype, mobile and email. But I didn't want to be treated as second best. So I laid down an ultimatum: if she wouldn't choose me as her courtier then she should let me go. But she wouldn't, and to prove this she slept with me and kissed me. These were the happiest moments of my life, until her other side reared its ugly head. I destroyed my relationship with her by telling her boyfriend about me, which all got messy. I was threatened and I defended myself. She became vile towards me, and where once electronic communications were used for poetic engagements, it became the medium for attack. She turned her love for me into hatred, and went into a state of denial. Like I said, she was just a kid, an intelligent one at that. If only I accepted her offer to remain friends, releasing her from unnecessary pressure, I would still be kissing her.....

So what did I learn? I have been here before. Life for me is about 'What else does it offer if it goes wrong?' So during that creative time I wrote a song for her and have now written a book around the experience. But it enforces my opinion that the Western world is a broken world, people in denial, who think being hurt is the only way forward. Not least it hangs love up on a coat hanger. Love that is better worn amongst indigenous people who put family and tribal bonds first, food security and camaraderie over quick fixes and emotional evacuation. Not everyone is in this rut; the environmental movement is quick to uphold the higher immaterial values that politicians and economists bombastically "literate". For the first time in my life I held a mobile phone next to me every day and realised the neurosis that this infectious girl was spreading. Maybe 10 texts a day, so much so that I complained to O2 why they were charging me. I could not believe I had written that many texts - hundreds - all for her; it is neurotic food. It occasionally replaced her crap diet of eating low quality food. It became the panacea for her emotional instability. As I say, she met me on the premise that I would "save" her. Well, I certainly gave her rites of passage. Virgin no more, literally the day she was taken was the catalyst for her hatred towards me. But I still love her and will now follow a life of celibacy because I had my happiest moment with her.

She made me complete, and I cannot fight hatred with hatred. She would not admit to it, but she wanted me as her lover, not a boyfriend. Is there nobody safe in this Western world? I need to move on to greener pastures I think and try to bridge the gap to the girl I still love.

A deep insight into my profound encounters with the Virgin manifested into a personal mythological history of profanity and sacredness. This is not for the light-hearted.

Thesis:

If land economies are the ecological imperative of the rise of the modern environmental movement, may one find an historical precedent in the origins of Christianity?

Merlyn Peter

Pp165

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This thesis will examine the contention that land economies, namely access to available land towards its capacity to grow food plants and rear livestock, and the preservation of wilderness, is the ecological imperative of the modern environmental movement. Having established that this is the understanding in some branches of the movement, it will consider the extent to which a biblical symbolism of land plays a part in the formation of the terms for its contextual analysis and offers some models for its solution.

In view of these environmental issues I make an overview of the social circumstances and the prevailing beliefs at the time of Jesus, and then look towards the modern era from the Reformation period onwards. Underlying this is the multitude of spiritual movements and social reforms that marked the progress into the Industrial Age, bringing the environmental movement right up to date.

The different ideological approaches towards the meanings embedded in the land's cultural history in the west are the central subject material of this essay. This includes religious and scientific perspectives, as well as its popular conceptions and its politico-economic value as attributed by governments and peasants alike. I highlight throughout this essay the motive that land has towards the basis for revolutionary behaviour and for the creation of a sustainable future. Due to the broadness of the question within a given size I have had to slim-line the bulk of relevant issues, for instance the land's natural health-giving properties, economic structures, land ownership and tenure, and the historical practice of management. In its place I have tried to focus on the plight of the peasantry and the symbolic representation that land has towards its usefulness as a resource for wealth and power mongering and not least its religious connotations, and contain my answer to the specific periods of both the founding of Christianity and modern environmental philosophy. I will use the footnotes and appendices to embellish my case if I deem it necessary.

Portfolio:

Permaculture design and the implementation of fruit tree orchards
SLP Design Group 2006/7

Pp30

Self-printed and published by South London Permaculture
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This is the design portfolio available with SLP membership. I am selling it here separately as a report, and elicits such strategies as time-lines, projection scenarios, PASE, flow diagrams, the 4 questions, survey, plant selection and implementation, and intercropping and forest gardening.

Membership application

Dear prospecting members,

Thank you for enquiring to become a member of the South London Permaculture. As a member you would be enrolled onto our mailing list and kept up to date about all our forthcoming events.

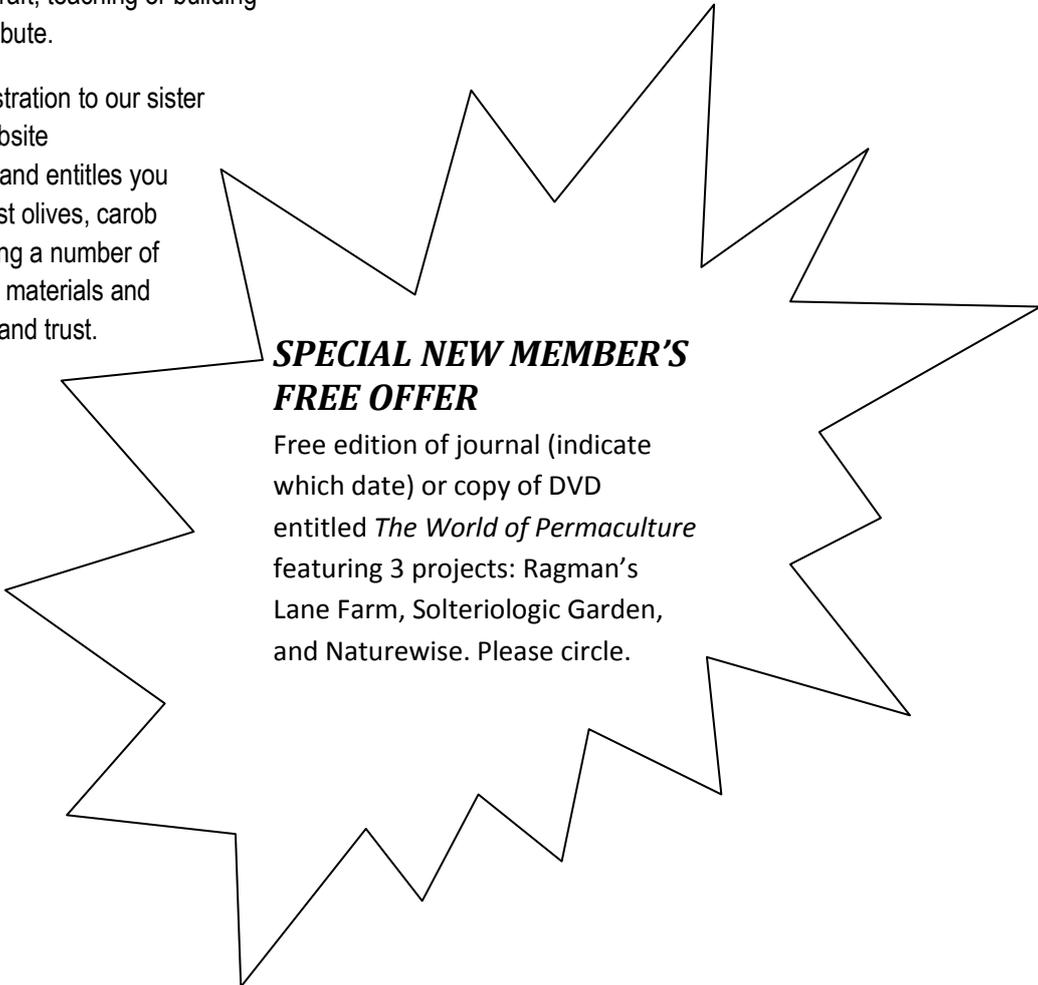
Members receive a substantial discount on products (as well as first to special offers) and courses sponsored by us (free - 10%), a thrice-yearly newsletter about ongoing projects and events in and around the permaculture movement including free entry and first choice for festival participation.

If you'd like to get involved please contact us.

It's a great way to meet other committee members or volunteer even if only for one time.

We'd also like you to contribute to the formulation of our policies and decision making, and the development of the organisation as a whole. See our constitution online. If you have any additional skills including funding experience, project management, web design, craft, teaching or building then please do not hesitate to contribute.

Likewise membership includes registration to our sister project in Catalonia found at our website <http://www.solteriologicgarden.com> and entitles you to volunteer abroad working amongst olives, carob and almond. We are also constructing a number of buildings using sustainably-sourced materials and envision the prospect of creating a land trust.



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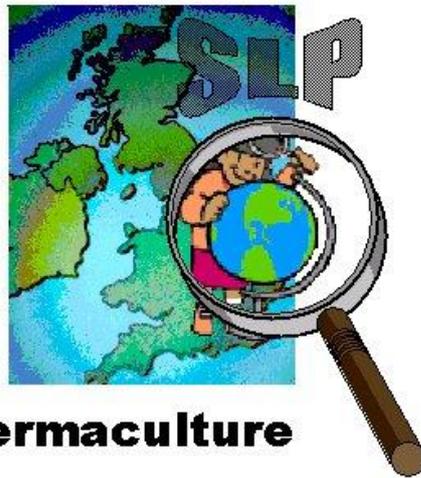
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