

# South London Permaculture

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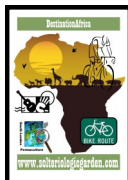
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## News from the mews

Welcome back Merlyn even though the bastards never threw you a party

Well, this should be a catch-up bumper issue just to let you know what is in the pipeline with SLP. Not least the 'unexpected' return of the editor from his trip to The Gambia, a mere 5,500km of tarmac for much of the way from my home farm in Catalonia and through 5 African countries. Passing through the Atlas mountains and then onto the Sahara, before experiencing illness and finally hitting West Africa where I ran an Introduction to Permaculture, the journey was much more of an experience than previous long-distance rides including the Near East and the UK. A summary of my adventure is included in this issue but the full blog with wonderful videos and photos can be seen on my Facebook community page ['8DestinationAfrica8'](#). In the end I raised about £1,100 towards 4 organizations including SLP with the hope that any further funds can support potential future projects. Some of these would include setting up a volunteer exchange platform between Africa and Europe with a view to bringing over the Berber women of Morocco. Other possible projects would involve introducing alternative crops to Spain and Europe, for instance trialing Argan, Moringa and Cashew. The greatest disappointment was the lack of funds having entered the Gambia with absolutely nothing. My hosts likewise hadn't the means to show me the sites, although I still had the bicycle which I donated to Home Farm, and so I mulled away in a corner recovering from some sort of psychological affliction. Catalonia though, welcomed me, and I realized then that I loved this country. No sooner on arriving did I install

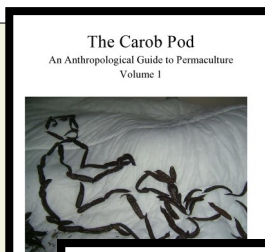


*Guilt is an interesting phenomenon, it all starts with turning a blind eye, continues with inventing memories, and ends up with physical violence.*



The first and second volumes of a 3-part series available at the Market. See also the new journal format.

**Trust and Honour**



The **Abolicao Trust** received £250 towards their cost of teaching capoeira to young black kids in Africa. As part of one of the joys of being part of a club we get free entry into festivals to teach beginners. At the London Country Fair we picked a lovely spot up by the main arena and attracted a large circle of admirers. After the presentation of the cheque and photo shoot I got out the home/made elderflower champagne which went up in a cloud of fizz. **EcoGambia**, my hosts, received some of the funds, about £200, while I resided among them in Serrekunda, and went towards managing the weekend course in permaculture with the desire to hold back some of the monies so that I can return to run a Permaculture Design course in collaboration with other teachers from Europe. In fact, I will be heading over this winter to read the landscape after the summer rains transform the place into a lush green environment. I have yet to broach an arrangement with the **Botanical Gardens** in Barcelona. It is probably in my interest to donate towards the 'friends' group who could make better use of it, but I am in talk with the director who advises me on the requirements of introducing various species into the country. Kelly Smeets from **My Farm** kindly donated a seed press which I am eagerly waiting to use. Having now a selection of moringa seeds I will plant them on my farm in Catalonia as a viable drought/tolerant crop in the future. Since Josep Montserrat ushered me in the direction of eco/products, especially in line with my ambitions to produce honey, soaps, skin creams, teas and dried fruits, my trip to Africa should include a workshop on how they manufacture these products themselves. Other beneficiaries are in the pipeline.

two bee hives with the view of finishing the giant cistern. Volunteers should apply from September onwards.

## Come to Catalonia

Volunteer opportunities for one or two members

to help work the land in a beautiful part of Spain. Access to the sea and neighbouring towns, and a shared caravan. Self-catering but many benefits include trips to regional mountainous and valley beauty spots, as well as direct rail services to Valencia, Tarragona and Barcelona. Cycling is also a must in this country. The project is the beginnings of an eco-settlement illustrated in the above books. The first phase building the large cistern and developing the polytunnel has already progressed. Other learning experiences include dry-stone walling, eco-build, walking and mountaineering, olive and carob cultivation, and fruit and vegetable production. The main period of farming is between October and March. Only companions are sort and must be of a spiritual disposition. Please contact the editor for further details or see our website [www.solterlogigarden.com](http://www.solterlogigarden.com)

AVAILABLE at **WELLBEING** in SYDENHAM, **SMBS FOODS** in EAST DULWICH, **FOREST HILL SUPERMARKET** in FOREST HILL ROAD, **THE LARDER** in LADYWELL, **GET JUICED** in TOOTING INDOOR MARKET, and **ALKALINE JUICE** in BRIXTON HILL. Please contact me to retail at reduced prices. Free advertising.



## Africa was more than a bicycle ride. It was about establishing my sovereignty



Before I set out on this journey I had a vision of Africa of tall trees, wild animals on the distant horizon, and a very indigenous tribal look to the country. I understood that cities would be different and that tourism would be one of the main money makers for the particular countries I wanted to see.

As a self-proclaimed indigene I knew I could relate to its people. I left the political and fiscal life of London knowing that I would have to return to a legal dispute between myself and the housing association to whom I haven't paid rent to for two years; London has now become a temporary home where I live for little more than 3 months in the year to earn my money and get on with being a liberated individual. I have called myself a Freeman in the past, with all its political associations, but I am preferring the title of a non-legal being. Having just returned to London to take up my bastion nothing had changed on the home front; the flat was un-

touched and there was a pile of letters on the floor from bailiffs, financial institutions, utility companies, business flyers, and all the rest; I binned the lot. London—the great financial capital of the world.

The last time I was here I disputed Redcorn Ltd. on Common Law grounds for having clamped my 1980 Austin Allegro and within 2 days towed it back to a pound where they would scrap it within a week. I had just brought it back from Spain where slowly I was restoring it since the rubber-injected body had preserved it, and having done 2 rebuilds on the engine in which I learnt my mechanics I knew I had a car for life. It is just the right size to carry a few hundred litres of olive oil, a couple of hessian sacks of carob pods, and with a roof rack I managed to stick two lawn mowers on the top on its return trip to Spain. Admittedly the contents are worth more than the car, but only in financial terms. It is true, there was no road tax, nor MOT, since you can't get one without the other, but I was insured. So I called up my mates at Rodney garages where I was mentored in mechanics and thought I had booked an MOT. This was not the case though because I didn't speak to the boss. When I went to my own garage someone had parked across the driveway, and so I couldn't take it off-road and decided to head home, offload my oil and park up around the corner in Boveney Road. The car is registered under my title Augustus Caesar Merlyn Peter. For a piece of motoring history 36 years old in which one values the old, there are 200 of these cars still on the road. So I bit my tongue and paid the £200 to remove it from the pound whilst threatening them with a NOUICOR—a Notice of Understanding and Intent and Claim of Right (see later). They knew about Common Law because they admired me for trying, and also because they are bailiffs. I would in good time present them with such a notice which asserted the threat of my own bailiffs if they did not refund me, but first I had to get the car back, and my good friend lent me the money because I was skint. Soon after that I got a £170 fine from DVLA for which I responded with a letter asserting my non-legal status. I didn't pay it, like so many others; I don't pay taxes nor fines, a totally unjust

imposition upon a poor man with a spiritual disposition who earns little more than £3-4,000 per year and earns his respect from the local community for being good-natured.

Having paid for the car to get it back on the road I was left with a few hundred pounds to venture to Africa with once the work dried up, and so I drove the car back to Spain as soon as possible where it will remain for the rest of its life—I deny the UK a little piece of memorabilia for the lack of respect it should have for old things. If that isn't bad enough even the Allegro International Club based here in Britain needed a kick up the arse when I threatened them to refund me years of membership fees after they admitted to not running a proper spares service—the reason why most people join in order to get their cars back on the road. Because of me they have now greatly improved, but without a word of thanks considering that I had a genuine case. In Spain I don't need road tax.

Luckily, I had bought the bicycle already to make my journey to The Gambia. Practically nobody had sponsored me and in fact I was met with adversity by many individuals who bemoaned my intentions to travel. I put it to them in one of my blogs that if a member of your family or close social circle is raising money for charity by putting his livelihood and life at possible risk, doesn't he warrant immediate support? Many people who promised support never sponsored me in the end. But then when I was about to leave Mauritania, ill with diarrhoea and just a few hundred kilometres from my destination, I suddenly got a flurry of online applications. I remember noting in one of my blogs that it was just as if they had had a meeting in London and decided that in spite of the lack of moral support for the rest of the journey let's pay him some money now. As for those who did sponsor me from the beginning, well I can only hope that they will be friends for life. As I say, I am a good-natured person who thinks and writes with his pen when criticising society, not my penis. So that when I recently returned to London to witness the referendum to leave the EU and to see the political landscape in turmoil I was jumping head over heels. Of course here in London, the great financial centre of the world, they were calling for another referendum—a bunch of sad losers. If I recall, the referendum for Scottish independence was just as close, and I distinctly remember the gloaters then harping on about their political success and knocking true heroes like Andy Murray for texting a little pro-independence support (see previous newsletters). Truly, the country is divided between the working class and the bureaucrats, but this was a vote about democracy, how we value and acknowledge it, and why we need to politically reform the country. I couldn't give a damn which way the vote went—I don't vote for anything or anybody because I am a non-legal entity. But I did have admiration for David Cameron for stepping down because he knows what it means to be a true leader.

It brings on the subject of sport and the failure of the English football team. Has nobody made the clear psychological relationship between the national football team and politics? England flunked at the European cup because they had just voted out of the EU and were hated by most of the other countries where the people, comprised of millions of immigrants, withdrew their moral support. Can't people see that what makes for luck, what brings success, is a psychological pedestal that raises one above another. Politics is an infighting game that ideally wants to balance out widespread opinion so as to create an infrastructure to suit the majority. Any great leader can spot weakness, that is their forte. Cameron stepped down



because he realised, albeit unconsciously, that rather than a weak country the UK was “strongly” divided. It is capable of running its own show, only time will tell, but the result of the referendum indicates that the people hold the true solution. The paradox of this viewpoint, and I am full of them, is that a leader is not required in such a “strong” situation; rather only when the country is weak. Hence the reshuffle in politics across the spectrum. So we can look at Leicester City FC, Wales, Northern Ireland and the Republic, Iceland and a few others possibly. I am afraid to say that France’s eagerness at pushing the political procedures through after the vote to leave might have given the football team a new lease of life as now that psychological ‘immigrant’ population looked to *new* frontiers, but pre-destination takes its course and the Portuguese result was a spiritual victory for the masses. Colonial countries lived off the social and spiritual capital of the ‘undeveloped’ world for centuries but now politics has hit a brick wall as materialistic gains are levelled, and the slower-moving environmental wave begins to subsume economic stability. I have always said, that the materialistic drive to production will have to remove the human race off the planet but it has yet to pack its bags.

The rise of nationalism is, undoubtedly, a recurring pattern that I have noticed in the Roman model. Imperialism puts economics and control first. But the whole Roman model was decentralised. Forget Rome, the rest of the empire ran itself and different rules for different cultures were the mainstay. It was not democratic politically, nor economically, only religiously. Rules were for the masses, which the elites duly ignored. It was right-wing in as much as it was a proto-form of what we call fascism. The social ladder, based upon honour and shame, required a patronage so that you went up and down according to who you knew. Is it really that much different to today?

Americanism is a form of nationalism, but it too, outside of its geological boundaries, imposes a fascistic mindset upon the rest of the world. That is how it runs other economies, through the corporate trade of arms and raw commodities that subjugate lesser technologised economies. Exactly Roman in structure. Is the rise in English nationalism fascistic? I should think so. The Italians (Etruscans among others) were always at loggerheads with the Senate because of unequal rights. The UK as such is not London (Rome) - the financial capital of the world. But it is strong as I say, like the Roman empire. All you have to do is look at the greater world to see the greater picture—it still has its Commonwealth trade links.

When I cycled to north and west Africa I needed to go to Volubilis, the furthest south city of the Roman empire near the modern Moroccan town of Moulay Idris. It survived until about 200AD and was then abandoned at the height of the Roman empire because of the economic stress it put on Mauritania. Over hundreds of years it was taken over by the indigenous Berber culture and slowly fell into ruin. The empire maintained its frontier closer to the sea through its trading capabilities. In synonymy, modern-day Morocco is incredibly rich. Don’t believe what people might be telling you. The poor get looked after and, experts in trade over thousands of years, they are the African interface to Europe. They build cities along their Atlantic coast just like the rest of Europe did. Only they are closer to the ‘undeveloped’ countries than Europe is. In fact, their internationally unrecognized occupation of Western Sahara is solely to protect the phosphor mines. When I was there the political hyperbole fudged the threat of extremism from their antagonistic partners the Algerians because the real issue is wealth and materialism per se.

Morocco is losing its religion, just like the Western nations did. But it is not a phenomenon across the whole of Morocco, just where there is a lot more materialism in the western tourist regions; places that accept the euro instead of the derham. Likewise, travelling further south corruption is prevalent in such developed city ports like Dakar in Senegal. In fact once you enter black Africa one tends to notice the evacuation of religiosity, and it is barely noticeable the Muslim majority. Undoubtedly, the most devout were the poorest, the Mauritians, the Saharawi, the true Moroccan, who took me in and ensured I completed my journey on one and a half euros a day expenditure. I was one of them. And I became ill only as I was leaving the desert of Mauritania and entering the capital Nouadchott. There I met the generosity of a Belgic man who worked for an oil exploration company. Overly fed from his hotel tab, the dysentery(?) set in. My psychological defences lowered, I missed my turning and had to engage the mafia on the Senegalese frontier at Rosso. There they work in cooperation with the frontier guards, as do the fake police who cannot produce any ID, and my normal ability to transcend and pre-empt such social encounters failed me. I hit the maelstrom and the disease of Mammon's culture. But I dream of lions and my demeanour overawed them, even scared them. Why, they had followed me for thousands of kilometres across Morocco and Mauritania, polite, accommodating, diplomatic, generous, open, and generally lovely people, but the authorities in Senegal opened up a fury inside me. I dealt with 400km of sand storms, but that wasn't preparation enough to avoid this decadence. Do you know what it is like when an angry athletic bearded traveller looks down upon you with all the blessing of God to get me to my destination in The Gambia? One is food for lions. So despite the beautiful small Guinean musicians who looked after me in St. Louise, the fly-infested docks were too much of a reminder as I haggled the prices down from one vendor to another.

There is a beauty here of sorts, a dynamic of people, a hot-pot of cultures mixing, maybe the visual stimulation after one leaves behind all the plastic crap that litters the outskirts of cities and towns, tonnes of shit piling high that nomadic goats rummage through. You don't know the people until you meet them; what a cultural shock it must be when they come to Europe, their distinct post-colonial logic. They call you from a distance and pretend recognition, only to want to sell you something or offer their services. 'Two-bob', the child's favourite word, means 'give me money white man'. That's why I am indigenous, that's why I am not white. That's why I am sovereign, because I am poor. MerlynX

My capoeira group at the Lambeth Country Fair.

The cheque presented here was for £250 to go towards the Abolicao Trust in their work teaching young kids in Africa. Some of the monies will go towards making return trips and establishing a permaculture group. Meanwhile I continue to develop the far in Catalonia with the hope of setting up an exchange system.

<https://goo.gl/photos/cWXeLvw5Uk2ctTSA>



# What's my beef? Food Politics & Community in Brixton

By Virginia Nimarkoh

Every week, I recycle numerous items of junk mail for veg box schemes, meat box schemes, take-away delivery services, restaurants, street food events, supermarkets special offers and so on. Is it just me, or are we eating more?

Various salespeople have come to my door offering deals on the latest veg box, meat box or recipe box scheme. If you haven't had the honour yet, these schemes pre-select the best ingredients for you and deliver it straight to your door; some even provide pre-measured ingredients and recipes for a week's worth of meals.

One salesman, selling a meat box scheme, told me a heart-warming story about how they source the highest quality, organic, meat and fish direct from the farmer/fisherman. It's all about provenance and traceability, and costing just £40 for the smallest box. To me, that's a lot of money.

"The thing is", I explain, "I go to Mash & Sons fishmongers at Brixton Arches; they get their fish from Billingsgate." I've bought from them as long as I've lived in Brixton and they're lovely people who know their stuff. I doubt I'm going to have that kind of relationship with the salesman's delivery people.

Obviously, I am not his target customer, mainly because I'm not particularly wealthy. I also prefer to choose my produce in person. I've got my own recipe books or I look online. I like to use my local street markets, supermarkets and independent shops. I know the traders in the markets and the staff in the supermarkets and shops.

Many people will have had to deal with these kinds of salespeople. The thing is, I live in Coldharbour Ward in Lambeth. It is epicentre of a foodie explosion with many fashionable new eateries emerging around Brixton Village, Pop Brixton, Market Row and so on. The area is firmly on the map as a food tourism destination. At the same time, Coldharbour Ward is the most deprived ward in the borough. So, this emphasis on food as a leisure activity, and the relentless stream of food-related junk mail and flogging of food box schemes, feels more than a bit unsavoury.

At the time of writing, Mash & Sons fishmongers have just been evicted from their shop in Brixton Arches after 85 years. Network Rail's planning application to refurbish the iconic railway arches received over 900 objections. 30,000 signed a petition to for them to offer their tenants affordable stepped rent increases, ensuring they could return following the works completion. The campaign has been unsuccessful. Like many people, I am sad and angry at the demise of Brixton Arches. If another coffee shop, gourmet burger joint or champagne parlour opens on the site, I'll be even more sad and angry. The irony is that businesses like Mash & Sons were an example of how to successfully run a sustainable, profitable, local enterprise over decades. The opposite of the 'pop-up' business model consumers are being sold as exciting and novel.

It's hard to overstate what the loss of Brixton Arches current traders will mean to the local community. Unfortunately, it's a familiar story across the capital.

I don't have an answer for the wave of gentrification sweeping London. I'll have to sit it out along with everyone else. And, for the record, I enjoy a nice meal out as much as anyone. But, surely we can each, in our own small way, resist the incessant marketing designed to part us with our cash and spend it on over-priced food. We can rediscover the joy of cooking and eating at home with our friends and family! We can support our local independent shops and markets! We can teach our young people to cook simple, inexpensive, wholesome food! We can teach them how to shop for food! Let's not outsource these basic life skills to companies that charge us a premium for the privilege. And we need to support our local shops that are the heart of our communities. Mash & Sons are gone. Long Live Mash & Sons!

**GOODNESS  
COCONUT JAM**

190ml

With raw cacao

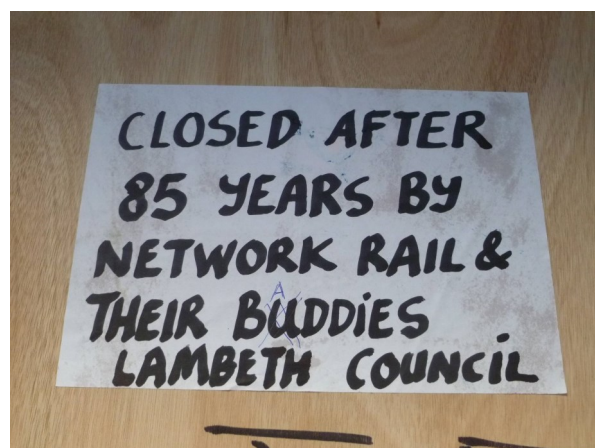
**MADE IN BRIXTON**

**100% NATURALLY  
SWEETENED**

**WITH DATES**

Free from dairy, soya,  
gluten and refined sugar

**CERTIFIED organic**







THE BIG HANNA is a salvage operation that Oasis Wildlife Garden has kindly found some space to house. The hope is, that after a service SLP can work with both Evelyn Community Gardens who donated the ugly machine, and Oasis to set up a local enterprise collecting organic food waste. The official literature from Tony Team states:

- Environmentally friendly peat free compost in 6-10 weeks
- On-site composting means less vehicle visits and a lower carbon footprint
- Cleaner, lighter bins, reduced odours & less potential for vermin
- Saves on cost of collection & landfill tax • You get back 10% of what you put in

- Low energy consumption & maintenance costs

- Constructed in durable stainless steel • 5 sizes, from 75 kilo's to 2,400 kilo's of food waste per week

- ♦ A good educational tool for schools, colleges & prisons

(<http://www.tonyteam.co.uk/products/food-waste/food-waste-composter/>)

Anyone willing to partner up on this enterprise in Brixton and Stockwell should contact the editor at:



## An old man is like an old car, if you look after them they only moan a bit more

In my current stream of thought for maintaining my sovereignty I've had a number of debacles over the years concerning my car. Enduring a chronic problem with the exhaust and throttle, once I got going I cruised all the way through France, even picking up a BLaBLaCar passenger en route. Having



ing said that, these car-share opportunities are not perfected services. For instance, they calculate times of arrival based on modern engines and motorway use. I missed one pick-up after almost killing myself on the road to arrive 6 hours late, instead of enjoying the 'comfort' of a noisy car that I am renovating. On another occasion I returned with a volunteer only to miss the ferry whilst the gear changer dropped out and left us stranded in Portsmouth on a wet rainy night in 4 lanes of heavy traffic. On the advice of a fellow passenger I quickly got under it and inserted another home-made pin to keep it together. We moved off just as the police were arriving. Having returned it to London for the last time in the last days of its insurance, I felt confident enough to get it through its MOT. Fully loaded with olive oil and carobs I arrived to find someone had parked in front of my garage, so without tax, I parked around the corner, and waited... I was waiting to take it to a garage for an MOT but the boss, an old friend, said that it wasn't properly booked in because I spoke to his colleagues off-handedly. Within a day I got clamped, but not realizing so because they never send any info through the door, within 24 hours it was gone.... down the pound. My mate bailed me out because eI had no money but I still had to MOT it to get it back to Spain with much needed tools and equipment. It just scraped through although I eventually replaced a CV joint and gaiters on the steering rack. The question is: Is the car worth more than the £200 value of the fine? It is if you can repair it yourself. It is my hobby, and an education. When I found out that DVLA wanted to pin another £175 fine on the vehicle I stuck up my two fingers and binned the letter. I kindly told them that the car was registered under no legal entity: Augustus Caesar Merlyn Peter, and that applied to Redcorn also (see below) who duly received a NOUICOR from me. Effectively bailiffs apply the same law in order to remove your vehicle from the road. They were even appreciative of my attempts and have obviously dealt with my kind before.

My condition exacerbates as I continue to claim my own sovereignty. On one level there is an immense freedom from fear of parking on yellow lines, from bailiffs coming round your door and breaking in to remove your goods, and of course the sense that you are truly a human being and not a corporate entity treated as a number in a system that doesn't differentiate between individual idiosyncrasies and certainly doesn't believe in spiritual pre-destination. It is, quite simply, a system of control created from a de-spiritualized environment for the de-spiritualized. And as most of you are de-spiritualized it is no wonder you fear the unknown. Let that be a lesson to you, that fear of God is an invention of men of letters, the *Pharisees* of the West. You should have nothing to fear of God, let alone your own death. Take a look at yourselves and see how you die slowly in a corporate model that takes away your real identity as a human being; your plastic images and dependence on money.

NOTICE of Understanding and Intent and Claim of Right  
Dated 16<sup>th</sup> October 2015

**Issued to:**  
Redcorn Ltd.  
Denver Industrial Estate  
Ferry Lane North  
Rainham  
London RM13 9DD

'Lawful' and 'legal' do not have the same meaning; The **Common Law** (lawful) is the law of the land. It is the law that we know in our hearts. It is applicable to every living soul, not influenced by acts or statutes, enshrining the long standing rights, freedoms and duties of human beings, including the rights to life, liberty, property and use thereof, privacy, peace, the ability to travel freely without harassment or intimidation. The obligations and duties of those living under common law are to ensure that one does not infringe or allow others to infringe upon those inalienable rights and freedoms. You can violate the **Common Law** (act unlawfully) by harming another, damaging or stealing their property or using fraud in your contracts. A **peace officer**, and indeed any human being can, and has a duty to uphold common law. Those upholding common law have a power invested in them by the whole community. They enjoy limited liability, meaning they can use force and be protected by their 'juris-diction' or *oath-spoken*, an oath that they have sworn to uphold the Common Law. Anyone will always be bound by Common Law.

**Statutory Law** (legal) includes all acts of parliament, by-laws (inc. fines, licenses, regulations etc). It is corporate law. A statute is defined as, "*A legislated rule of a society that is given the force of law by the consent of the governed*". As a human being, you are not bound by Acts or Statutes unless you consent. One acting as a policy enforcement officer, otherwise known as a **police officer** attempts to enforce statutory legislation against "persons". All acts act upon the "person". Lawfully one must first give consent. One can do this by agreeing that they are a "person". One can do this in a number of ways, for instance, by giving the name and date of birth of one's person or agreeing that they are a person (Mr/Mrs) without clearly distinguishing between the two. This is known as 'proof of person' and allows them to enforce statutes. When an individual is enforcing statutes, they are employed by a private corporation, with no limited liability. That individual is directly accountable for their actions and can be prosecuted for common law violations.

Let me state firstly that I am not acting in "person", as a corporate body. I am Augustus Caesar Merlyn Peter, a human being exercising my sovereign rights. This includes the application of the Common Law as distinct from Statutory Law or corporate law. I do not consent to being governed under the legal system and as such have not "contracted" with either yourselves or any other legal corporate entity concerning the matter of the clamping and removal of my vehicle, registration number JGW 893V. I am Merlyn Peter, an identity I choose to represent as my true human self and not one given to me at birth. When you address me it is in this capacity that you must proceed. To uphold the Common Law and to be protected by one's 'oath-spoken' or 'juris-diction', a power invested by the community, you should give clear evidence of your conviction here.

Now, in clarification of the outstanding issue, the said vehicle was parked at the corner of Boveney Road, Forest Hill SE23 waiting for delivery to a garage, Rodneys, also based in Forest Hill, in order to fulfil its MOT. Having just returned from France and Spain the current MOT and Road Tax had expired overseas and the vehicle was declared SORN (off road). In regards to my rights to travel freely and without harassment, and towards my duty to uphold the common law, I hereby declare that the seizure of my vehicle is a violation of this law. Not only have the said company retained my vehicle without permission from the registered owner but they have inhibited the livelihood of the keeper, myself by name of Merlyn Peter. In the process you have also seized the property held within the boot of the car regarding produce from Spain and tools necessary to continue my work and make a living.

Under legislative law you would be correct in your terms of contract if the said vehicle was entrusted to a legal entity. If you can show me that I have used my legal status in entrusting to me a legal duty to transport a once fully-functional item of personal property then we may do away with the formalities as we will be in agreement. In my communications I am offering you the opportunity to make peace, and you need to make amends for the return of the vehicle and all its contents for which we can both agree. In quote of my oath-spoken agreement to uphold the Common Law and as an 'Officer of the Peace' you would violate these terms in the destruction or damage of my property for which you take responsibility. I am giving you one week exactly from the date of this Notice to fulfil your oath-spoken jurisdiction and return a 'contract' of peace in final settlement for the loss of funds, if any, accrued due to the return of the vehicle and/or the true replacement value of the said item if it is in any way damaged/lost. Failure to do so will incur my bailiffs paying a visit to your lawful offices, the address given, and removing items estimated in equal value to the said conditions. Additional charges will be calculated in paying the costs of transportation, mileage, bailiff rates, storage of confiscated items, and additional sundries to be fully calculated after the event has occurred such as unforeseen circumstances. All items will be held in storage until further notice.

Signed  
Merlyn Peter

I hereby witness the serving of this Notice by the above signatory which in no way is an indication for the conformity or agreement of its content.

Witness (1).....  
Witness (2).....  
Witness (3).....



# SONG FOR A DYING MAN

If ever I knew you it is now old man Truth  
Your shrunken posture dries like a loosely hanging fruit  
Still lingering on an arching twig precarious in your stance  
Peering down at the chasm between your heels and the last dance

You think to hang in there like a fleshly ripened pear  
If only to be picked by your most noble dashing mare  
She would carry you away on horseback to Elysium  
And place you in a bowl made of gold and platinum

Ring it will when struck like a distant peeling bell  
When only time will tell how long that sound will dwell  
Cradled in the Earth's most precious gifts of circling ore  
To reveal within omniscience whilst stripping you to the core

Time to die, no time to lie, no time to buy or cry  
No regrets, don't reflect, prepare for the ultimate trial

Everything you valued is thrown to the maelstrom  
Sucking into an infinite void every last atom  
There is no more substance to carry you yonder  
Only form to continue an imaginative venture

Your weighty shoulders once proud now huddled in the diminishing light  
The airy sky and its convecting heat occlude you its almighty sight  
Your gravity spent on one final descent from the tree of life  
As sure as a pear under Death's stare you vanish in the swish of His scythe

Old man Truth you came and went not before your time  
You contorted into many shapes and still lost your mind  
The very blackness from which you appeared is now the hole you crave  
Where peace and nothingness and quietude welcomes you into its grave

Time to die, no time to lie, no time to buy or cry  
No regrets, don't reflect, prepare for the ultimate trial

Available for advertising. Contact SLP and discuss your requirements



## South London Permaculture

We have a number of fruit trees for sale, including family types in which trees bear more than one type of fruit. A few trees should be available all year round at discounted prices for members.

## South London Permaculture



We also run apple days and grafting workshops and have an authentic Italian wine/apple press and scrapper. Please contact us to book in advance.

See the website under 'market' for a full list of plants available.

Tel: 07530 223360



### SLP: WHO ARE WE?

South London Permaculture was formed in 2003 as a voluntary organization. We run as a not-for-profit business enterprise. Although we apply a minimalist attitude to development we have engaged in a number of projects for both adults and children. These include a children's mobile yurt classroom entitled Re-LEAF (learning, entertainment, art, and food), a woodland allotment community project, guerrilla gardening, full & introductory permaculture design courses, horticultural courses, teacher training, facilitation, consultancy, and a membership scheme. To register your interest and support us please become a member. Our business address is:

South London Permaculture

PO Box 24991, Forest Hill, London SE23 3YT

0753 0223360

Merlyn Peter (Hon) Chair

"Our constitution is rooted in the indigenous understanding of sustainability."

## 2014 Courses, events & further contacts

### Membership offers

- ♦ Free DVD or copy of new journal
- ♦ Regular email bulletins on courses and events around the UK
- ♦ A collectable design portfolio
- ♦ Discounts on courses run by SLP and associated partners
- ♦ Limited library resources
- ♦ Volunteer and paid opportunities at festivals and other events
- ♦ Workdays and private tuition
- ♦ 3 newsletters per year
- ♦ Reduced prices on plants, and freebies

### Brighton Permaculture Trust

Introduction to Permaculture  
10-11 September 2016, 19-20 November 2016

Permaculture Design Course  
8 October - 11 December 2016 (12 weekend days)

Permaculture in the Pub (PIP)  
8 September 2016

Apple Day Brighton  
2 October 2016 Self-building an Earthship  
14-16 October 2016

Planning and Planting a Small Orchard  
26 November 2016

Fruit Tree Planting Workshop  
27 November 2016

Introduction to Photovoltaics  
17 September 2016

Wood fuel and home heating  
18 September 2016

Building with Rammed Earth and Chalk  
8-9 October 2016

[www.brightonpermaculture.org.uk](http://www.brightonpermaculture.org.uk)

† 0774 618 5927

St. Luke's Hub  
Free Community Party and Barbecue  
25a Wincott Street, Kennington SE11 4NT  
Saturday 10 September 1-4pm

To place an advert or an article please call Merlyn on 0753 022 3360

[info@southlondonpermaculture.com](mailto:info@southlondonpermaculture.com)

### Come to Catalonia

October to April (book to confirm)  
† 0753 0223360 / +34676119555 (Oct-May)  
e: [eight.merlyn@virgin.net](mailto:eight.merlyn@virgin.net)  
[www.soteriologicgarden.com](http://www.soteriologicgarden.com)

### FoodCycle Peckham

Every Saturday 5.30 - 7pm

Join FoodCycle Peckham for free, nutritious and friendly meals at All Saints Church Blenheim Grove, Peckham, SE15

### Virginia Nimarkoh

Community Food Coordinator  
St. Luke's Hub, West London Mission  
25a Wincott Street, London SE11 4NT  
t: 020 7735 5802

m: 07539 690 334

e: [virginia.nimarkoh@wlm.org.uk](mailto:virginia.nimarkoh@wlm.org.uk)

Brockwell Bake Harvest

Harvest processing

Sunday 18th September, Brixton Windmill - volunteers needed  
<http://www.brixtonwindmill.org/whats-on?item=154>

### Sign-up/Renewal form

### Members sign up Price

- |   |       |
|---|-------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Individual Membership  | £6    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family membership (2 adults, 2 kids)                             | £8    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Group Membership (3 copies of newsletter)                        | £10   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Membership renewal   | £2    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SLP Journal (single copy issue .....                             | £3    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SLP Journal (subscription -3 copies)                             | £9    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Book - The Carob Pod: An Anthropological Guide to Permaculture   | £9    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bum Bum Carob Pods, off the tree (1kg sample)                    | £5    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bum Bum Olive Oil Virgin, organic & cold pressed (250ml sample.) | £4.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> P & P (For bulky orders above £8)                                | £7.50 |

Nb. Above prices

assume membership

Subtotal:

Donation:

Total:

### Method of Payment

☐ Cheque (payable to South London Permaculture)

☐ Cash (in person only)

Name

Address

Email

Phone

Signature

Add additional info here:

South London



Permaculture

### Free offer

This is a limited offer only available to new members. Membership applications will receive either a free copy of the journal or a DVD entitled 'The World of Permaculture'. The short documentary highlights 3 projects: Ragman's Lane Farm, Naturewise and Soteriologic Garden. Please indicate in the additional notes box opposite.

THESIS title: 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?  
By Merlyn Peter

Bounded p165 £9 (members)

Go to Market for more products available online

## South London Permaculture

PO Box 24991  
Forest Hill  
London  
SE23 3YT

Phone: 07530 223360

Web: [www.southlondonpermaculture.com](http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com)

E-mail: [info@southlondonpermaculture.com](mailto:info@southlondonpermaculture.com)