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News from the mews

Has anyone noticed the climate this year? Or are you really cold to it?

Yes, drought and forest fires in Spain, Portugal, and California. An Indian Summer in the UK. Huge increases in hurricane activity. Earthquakes! Mudslides! No wonder you've gone cold to it. It's been a year of disasters. Why should you care? You prefer dealing with home-grown political matters that you can read about everyday in the news.

Returning to the UK everything seems to be contaminated with Brexit. It's like a poisoned air. My good environmental friends quickly got me back into the political scene. **Ethical Consumer** were running a conference on lobbying at the Amnesty HQ in Shoreditch. I got the tail-end of it. As far as I heard there was no talk about restructuring the British landscape, decentralising economics, entrepreneurship, repopulating the countryside; the brain-dead audience devolved into Brexit. Truly, if you want change then be radical. Confront politics head-on. Do a 'Catalan'.

I was grateful for the free ticket. The free beer would have been better served at the beginning in order to lubricate people's minds. Ethical Consumer did lay on some good talks though, and they can't be blamed for an inept audience asking the same boring questions.

Luckily my host Theresa Webb, whose contributions can be read inside, escorted me down the road to a discussion on Asian Women's art by **SAWCC**. It was so intriguing. The content and historical narrative of the political climate that shaped their lives. And only today was I offered a free ticket for the **OM yoga** show and **MIND BODY SOUL Experience**. There was a lot of practical yoga and talks on the go. Free health food samples and drinks to try. Lots of alternative therapies and techniques to engage the brain into a lost golden age. This was much more positive and encouraging. Surely, the solutions to the world lie here. I really think we all need to find our own paths.

AVAILABLE at **WELLBEING** in SYDENHAM, **SMBS FOODS** in EAST DULWICH, **FOREST HILL SUPERMARKET** in FOREST HILL ROAD, **THE LARDER** in LADYWELL, and **ALKALINE JUICE** in BRIXTON HILL. Retailers please contact me to buy at trade prices. Free advertising.

On this note check the back page for the National Honey Show and RHS end-of-year Autumn bonanza. I'm going to both if anybody would like to accompany me.

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.solteriologicalarden.com



Culture is 'designed' to repel relationships in order that one can return like the prodigal son. This way it makes itself useful knowing all the while that the prodigal son has a lot more to offer than an empty pair of pockets. It wants to know what is Beyond.

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

A Bumper Edition



I should really have a Member's page. Opportunities to advertise here and to cooperate with the entrepreneurship they encourage is where SLP can give support. Don't hesitate to become a member. Nor contribute to the running of this organisation. I really would enjoy your support.

Look inside these pages for some tasty articles. A competition to devise a technological solution with bottles of Extra Virgin cold-pressed olive oil to give away. An international look to Africa again. On the farm in Spain I have pre-empted my desire to set up an inter-cultural volunteer exchange system by planting lots of seeds brought back from the last trip. These include drought-resistant cashews and moringas as SLP seeks to research and mitigate nutrition and disease incumbent in the changing climate.

One for the Road

This is the second time I am writing this editorial for the reason that quite extraordinarily it went missing from the pages of this newsletter. It is not the only thing that goes missing. My memory stick went missing and then 'miraculously' reappeared in the place where I thought I kept it. It is almost like a form of auto-hypnosis that does not allow me to find it. If it wasn't for the fact that I can translate body language I would say that I was going bonkers. Luckily I remember some important themes that I wrote about, including the loss of my flat in London, the loss of some of my trees in Catalonia, and the loss of my health every time I allow anybody to prepare my meals. Where to start then.

I don't want to dwell too long on any of the above subjects but if I start on the flat the question I could put to the housing association who had me legally thrown out is, 'Why was you so scared of the outcome?' Why did they have to bring in a top solicitor at the last moment to replace the one who gave me some good advice? I had no legal representation, nor was I offered any during the case, and if you readers can recall in the last newsletter I offered Helix housing Association a NOUICOR expressing my desire for them to admit to acting under duress. When the judge had asked me whether I wanted to appeal, and if so what were the grounds, I told him that they were acting under duress, but he refused the appeal. He gave me 3 weeks to commit another appeal to writing, which I did on the basis that I wanted a retrial. I explained that the judge's decision was insoluble, meaning that the monies he awarded the housing association for unpaid rents was effectively counter-rational as I was being thrown out and made homeless. How could I expect to pay, even if the judge said that the housing association have yet to issue an order to demand the lost rents, when my local business was being affected as it had in the main during the two and a half years when I was continuously being threatened by the housing association to get out. I had the brilliant foresight then to not pay any rent on the basis that the flat was condemned for asbestos, an issue that Helix wanted to hide. In fact, they even tried to blame me for the extra costs incurred when I had it removed myself in order to make the flat habitable again. And I doubt that I will ever see those household goods again. So after many months of delay and response by the understaffed courts, suffering also from government legal cuts as are the free legal centers, the right to appear before a judge at a final oral hearing was also denied, with the same reason that I had no basis to defend my case. I never heard from either the courts or the housing association again, nor their solicitors. In fact, the eerie silence is just like the response of my neighborhood who did nothing for me, other than the few loyal clients who gave me much-needed work, sometimes a room to sleep in, whilst I thoroughly enjoyed living out of the back of my LWB Renault Master.

On this last point, I wonder at the neighbours, the other clients, the lack of friends. The sense of jealousy and resentment that I invoke in people is to do with their own failures. Not least why I hadn't paid council tax for nearly 5 years when I argued in court, as a sovereign human being, why Lewisham Borough Council had wilfully destroyed my greenhouse at the local nature reserve on Devonshire Road; the council could not enforce council tax payment after that. How people, then,

subscribe to a ridiculous urban logic that enslaves them to materialism and a financial commitment that shackles them to their homes is a muted point that they prefer to hide. They feel comfortable in the knowledge that most of the other urbanites are also in the same position, and so they must be doing something right. They must have got ear of the fact that I stopped paying rent, bearing in mind that there were orders of repossession against me, but why should I pay? Where does my security come from? Certainly not from materialism. So when the judge asked me whether I had anything to say, I was overcome with a sense of destiny. Even with a strong written defence I said nothing. Really, the few days before the hearing I decided to issue that NOUICOR to Helix (see last newsletter), and so of a sudden I realised I had changed my fate. How could I now go ahead with a court decision when I was appealing to God as a human under my own sovereignty? I asked in that Notice for Helix to write off the debt bearing in mind that I was entitled to compensation. Well, after they threatened my ill parents whose names were on the tenancy agreement and the anxiety it caused regarding their health and their relationship to me simply on the basis that they would not support me, they never saw a penny of those lost rents. But they certainly were advocating the complete destruction of my material lifestyle.

It is a question of fear for the masses. How not to fall off the beaten track. When in front of the judge alone, I knew that there was nothing worth saving of my lifestyle there in London other than my presence, my voice and my traveller's rights. I didn't want the flat anymore, centered as it was in a community-starved environment. After all these years, sixteen, of building the garden and the furnishings, I knew that I had achieved everything I needed to. Having plumbed it with gas and water, stripping all the paint of the woodwork, built the kitchen, restored the rotting windows, built the garden, created a community which is all but dead now, well, what more can I give? I didn't want the sense that I had to return in order to maintain the rent payments. Yes, it was cheap for a 2-bedroom ground-floor flat with front and back garden. I was a great neighbour and ten-ant, repairing everything, trying to get the neighbors involved, offering the fruits of my garden, always inviting them around. I did not even lose the project, the mother of my permaculture work. That still remains on the wild railway line at the back, growing away, finding its own equilibrium - impermanence. Now that project, Solteriologic Garden, is even bigger here in Catalonia on a 3-hectare farm. Oh, how I relish travelling back to London but this time as a traveler.

Of an interesting note during one of my temporary stays there, earning my sole form of income from gardening, I came across a van with a sticker on it. Check this out, as not long after that my fate took another turn when I went to B&Q to buy a load of materials for a job I was starting for a client. Having taken my Renault Master LWB to the car park, instead of using 2 parking spaces, as it is very long, I used 4. This was on the basis that the carpark was half empty and that I needed a large turning arc. I came back, having paid about 150GBP in materials, to find a parking ticket on the windscreen. I didn't realise at first since it is not the first time I have totally ignored what is stuck on my wind-screen. I returned with my anger welling up, wondering what I was going to do to the parking attendant. So I pulled up in front of him and got out. I said, 'What right have you to stick a parking fine on my window?' It turned out that he worked for a FUCKING

private company not employed by B&Q. B&Q later told me that all I had to do was bring it back to them and they would nullify it. That is besides the point. I am on private land 'invited' to pay for goods. The attendant tried to explain to me that there was a sign showing that I had to use the parking spaces allocated, BUT it doesn't say how many. It makes no exception for oversized, even undersized, vehicles, only that you must be a customer at these premises, which I was. I tried to tell the attendant that what he was doing is illegal. A 10GBP fine many people pay because they don't want the hassle. Let's face it, they have just probably bought hundreds of pounds of materials and totally overspent. What does it matter a little bit more. Well, I stuck that fine back in his pocket and told him to not be so bloody-minded. (I recently checked a backlog of mail and the massively-increased fine went straight to the recycle bin.) But there is a real basis in what I am saying.



Having spotted those stickers on a work's van I had a friendly chat with the owner. He told me that he has never paid a parking fine, and he has had near 200! In fact, DVLA have black-listed him even to the extent that he gets compensation from them. He enforces his right as a sovereign human being and that to stick anything on his property is a violation of his property rights, viz., to remain in peace without molestation. I tried to get an interview from him and asked him to espouse the common man if he would allow me to publish it. He even agreed that many people fear the retribution; not finding

your 'much-loved and essential' vehicle on returning from the shops can be a materialistic nightmare, as I knew when they took my 1980 Austin Allegro which the pound was going to scrap. Unfortunately, you the reader will not see that interview as I think the whole idea dawned that to bring on him unwelcome pressure may just tip the stress point. I ask you, do you think that you really have to pay fines for parking and other offences when you can just as well issue your own Notices for the molestation that you have received and the anxiety that you have been put through? I never paid for anything after I realized years ago what it means to be in the System. Do the Council ever apologize when they withdraw a notice? No.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I came back from a very successful African vocation teaching and training permaculture students on farms knowing that my anxieties were solely to do with the intuition that my trees will have suffered in the drought and that my poor old Mum isn't able to water them. I left 20ltr containers on all of them, and she had done some of them. When I look at her condition now, severely worsened since, with her knees needing an operation, for an 80-year woman I have to admit that her superhuman genes are giving up the ghost. So had the sweet chestnut, the walnut, the established apricot and the fig. Really, I have to design another strategy, and I always welcome a volunteer to use my caravan and have a great holiday at the same time whilst I am away. My mother's mouth doesn't stop though, and any sense that there would be peace on my return was quickly washed out. My father though, who doesn't give a shit that I may be growing food for him to enjoy, somehow wants to see me fail. I think that is the resentment my mother brings upon him and I can't help believe that they would come closer together if only they could live

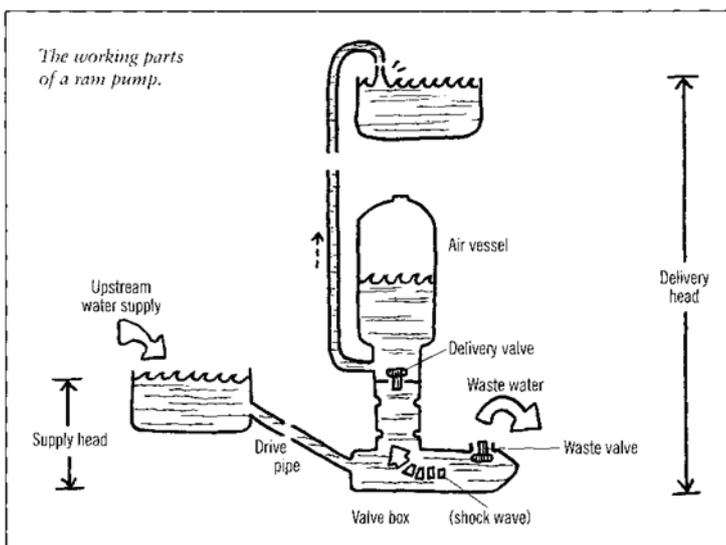
physically apart from one another. He is a different person when I am present, and seems to improve especially in matters of fixing things, but really, just a little bit of water here and there could be a good reason to chill out. Okay, so it makes me tweak the system, improve it, invest in it. It doesn't help when the irrigation system has been turned off altogether though. The food tunnel, aptly named the house of Cane and Able since it looks like an Ark that has found dry land, and is rather in the shape of a church also, is like a Wonder of the world. Going green and with better-installed pipework this time around, the whole structure woven in cane offsets the strong winds. My recent volunteers from London had a whale of a time in it, as I seek to enlarge their experience of life and take them on treks to the mountains and the coast. This is a package I am designing for the future, providing the working holiday makers mountaineering and hill trekking, swimming and fitness, festivities and local sight-seeing tours, permaculture activities like horticulture, charcoal production, dry-stone walling, beekeeping and craft. I have started, so although the website needs another revamp you can enquire now. It's camping, and you shit in the rocks. Well actually, even though volunteers are encouraged to "design" this community when they come here I want them to show initiative and implement their own projects. Ask yourself what you can contribute, and certainly you will have to pay 5GBP a day to go towards the one meal and extra costs of hiring my services. Let's see if I can get some feedback from my last volunteers in order that you can read it in this newsletter. Likewise, expect to purchase a tree and plant it in your honor when you arrive. I don't want dodgy characters. I am also trying to set up an international volunteer exchange system with Africa (see inside). This is the future, with the possibility of a Land Trust to further the exploits of everybody. In fact I have a piece of land up for sale. Look at my website for more details, www.solteriologicgarden.com.

But yes, should I blame my volunteers when the food gives me poisoning, or when my memory stick goes missing? I know God looks after me. There is a song I have written which you can find further in these pages. When I wrote that in Africa, entitled 'Return to the One' I thought I had lost it since the music began in the Gambia but not having been able to carry the guitar to Burundi meant that it was shelved. I practically forgot it and think that I must have rewritten it to an extent. It is so deeply spiritual, when on the day I wrote the lyrics a huge wind came and lifted the roof off a storehouse that landed on a blue van on the farm in Burundi. It was auspicious. I have no internet there. The following day I was told by a trainee that "yesterday" in Barcelona there were terrorist attacks. And the day after that I was hit by a car outside a bakery. Read the first line of the song, 'Stop me if you can dying people made of the sand'. When I play it I am still in my state of transcendence as the moment of creation is still with me. In the streets of Catalonia it runs for about 15 minutes long. Such said, in Cambrils of recent, a mother gave me a euro after I refused the infant boy from giving me the money instead. She laid it on this beautiful glossy, probably, magnolia leaf that had fallen perfectly in front of me. There it stayed, until some groat of a man with his partner who was quickly moving on, decided to try and take the money, right from under my nose. Unbelievable, in his fancy clothes and confident pose whilst I played the song. When I mentioned it, rather than put it back he just threw it on the floor. Bad luck. I know that this man will suffer a materialistic meltdown, and I don't have to be his witness. You cannot touch God's chosen with tainted hands.



Technology: A tickle of a trickle?

The image to the right shows a ram pump, something I consider to be a brilliant piece of human ingenuity. It has only one moving part, a valve that opens and shuts, and operates on the requirement of running water. Free from electronic gadgetry, which so often degrades faster than metal parts, it utilises the power inherent in water as would a trout when travelling upstream. The first time I saw one of these was at a beautiful project in Norton Sub Hamdon called Tinker's Bubble; it was raising water some 100ft from the river below day in, day out, at a minuscule incremental rate. Such technology in the right context could revolutionise the way people behave.



The power of water has always been taken for granted, as a remover of waste, as sustenance, as a washing medium, as a coolant, as a driver of turbines such as dammed water, or less extant on the continent in mills. I am not about to go on concerning the virtues of water, much less the politics that will fuel the wars in the future of scarcity, I am more concerned with how we view technology per se, and why I question the need for it.

We all know that technology can be used for good or bad. But how does the individual make that decision for him or herself? How do we know that technology is beneficial in the long-term when we only need to look at the history of human civilisation to see that fighting over resources has always been a game of cat and mouse motivating the need to increase technological supremacy. Having said that, many will agree that designing one's own technology is the creative out-let that each individual needs, to vindicate the sense of achievement and success that drives the human spirit. I have always said that humanity needs to be fulfilled, and that can only hap-pen through creating a spiritual lifestyle that simplifies our needs. On this note then, as individuals we should be redesigning our lives in line with technology that cultivates our spirituality. If, as the case often is, it does little more than make us dependant on inventions that we cannot repair ourselves, then this is more likely to conduce towards a materialistic lifestyle in which the creative urge is stifled. One need only look at the loss of craftsmanship or knowhow with modern inventions and compare that to the



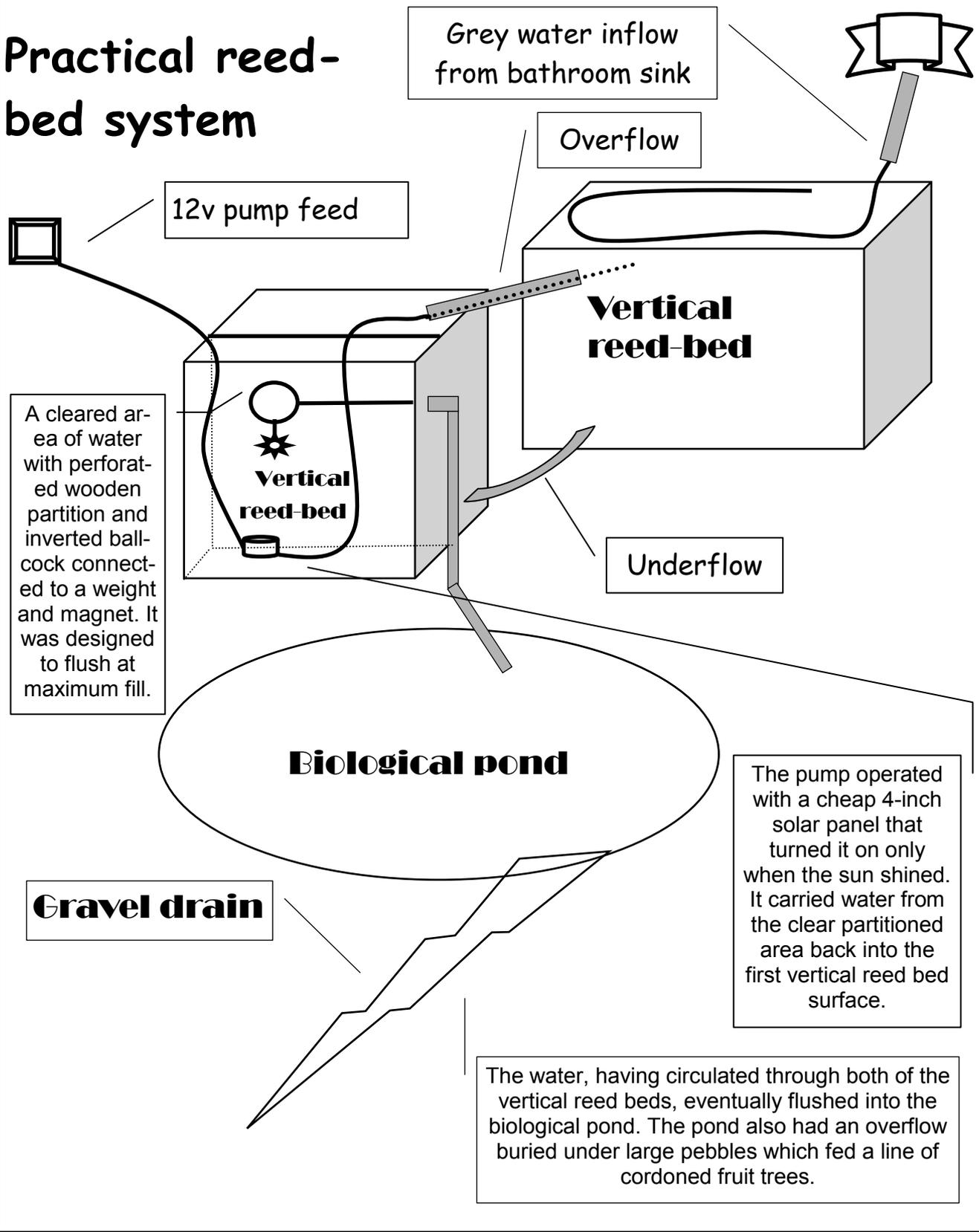
peasant of old who could rear animals, grow their own food, know how to cook, manipulate wood, metal, rock and water, repair anything that broke, understand basic mechanics, name hundreds of species of useful plants and animals in the environment, and raise a family of course. That for me is what it means to be indigenous, a spiritual interaction with the power of nature.

Whilst keeping with the element of water I want to introduce you, the reader, to some inventions that keep my mind actively buzzing, that when they work produced a sensation that conduces to make one feel like they have just given birth. Maybe this is how males biologically differ from females, in order to technologically enhance their own natural characteristics. On the next page is a diagram showing the design of a reed-bed water purification system that I built during the PDC course I ran in 2006 in South London. Above is a photo where you can observe the plumber and a student putting in the ballcock system into the partitioned area of clear water.



The first thing you may observe is that the first tank stood slightly proud of the second. The both were filled with first a deep layer of gravel, and then sand to allow the reeds (*Phragmites australis*) to grow and spread. The system failed on one level but succeeded on another. Firstly, it was only plumbed to receive the waste of one sink, the height of which was only just above that of the reed beds; I lived on the bottom floor. Consequently it blocked occasionally and much of the time the sink took a while to clear, leaving scum around the inside of the bowl. I also pissed in this sink as it was the perfect height. The grey water would then travel along the length of a thick hose pipe connected by a gadget called Free Water manufactured by Water Two. It consisted of a manual valve that opens the water either to the thick hose or to the main drain pipe. The rubber seal quickly degraded in this piece of technology, but that was probably more to do with slow dirty water hanging around waiting to feed out of the end of the hose. At this end, wrapped around the top of the first vertical reed bed, were a series of 6mm holes to ease the dirty water out over much of the surface area of the sand. The grey water would filter down through the sand and collect in the bottom until there was enough to continue to under-flow into the second reed-bed tank likewise filled first with gravel and then sand. All connections had filters to prevent blocking up. With time the builders sand gained an algae, important for the microorganisms that thrive on the roots of the reeds and do most of the active cleansing of the water. If there was an excess of water flushing from the sink then an overflow would also direct this surplus into the top of the second vertical reed-bed, where it percolated down. A time would come when there was enough water in the second reed-bed to activate the flushing system, but before that could happen, a small 12v pump would turn on every time the sun shined on it and pump the water back into the first vertical reed-bed through a micro-tube directed into and along the overflow pipe as a contraflow. This pump was located in the partitioned area of the second vertical reed-bed where the water was clear of debris. Likewise, since the partition was not water-tight I

Practical reed-bed system



could gauge how much water there was in the second tank by observing its level. The inverted ballcock floated on this. The whole system looked neat. Once the system got up and running I watched it behave with mixed impressions. The pump never came on enough, or it just didn't work. On a cloudy day there was

no circulation of water and hence the place could smell 'pissy'. The reeds, on the other hand, grew like the clappers and drank most of the water that was entering the system. So the level, due to occasional blockages as well as its consumption, was never really tested. When it did get up to flushing height I discovered a new problem.

The ballcock system should have been an ingenious piece of engineering. The idea is that when it is inverted, instead of preventing flow of water coming in, it rather opened the valve and should have flushed the water out through this same aperture until the ballcock dropped to a level where again it would close the valve - the exact reverse of a toilet system. The reason of its failure is a problem I am dealing with now in a new system I have devised for the irrigation of my plants in the food tunnel on my farm in Catalonia. Imagine, when the ballcock is at its lowest point, it is closed. Hence, as the water level rises so the inlet (now outlet) valve opens up, letting out water gradually, so it never actually flushes. But to address this issue I added a magnet to the float so that as the ballcock dropped to its lowest point and closed up, the magnet came in contact with a large and very heavy block of iron in the bottom of the partitioned area. In spite of the water level rising the magnet 'would not let go' and effectively kept the valve closed. That is, until the level got so high that the natural buoyancy of the ballcock pulled the magnet apart and, *hey presto*, the system flushed. The whole thing was tricky to set up, especially since I had to find a magnet with the 'right' attraction. Slime or algae also got in the way, and sometimes the heavy iron block would have moved. In the end I was content with just a system that slowly drained away through the outlet valve, which itself also slimed up and stuck, and see the water carry into the biological pond which fed a line of cordoned fruit trees.

The new problem I have to contend with is now the central focus of this article. At the end there is a competition with prizes to be won. Study the photos below and email me your observations. Generally the issue arose when a very good friend volunteered on my farm and thought to provide the solution. I was convinced my solution was correct, but he disagreed. I put it to a third party who said we were both defining the same result. I will let you decide that.



DISCRIPTION:

There are two tanks in the photo, the top tank feeds the irrigation using a simple battery-operated timer that comes on at dawn and dusk, and I can set the duration for anything up to 2 hours long each watering session. In order to maintain constant gravity-fed pressure for the irrigation so that water reaches the end of the pipes in the food tunnel the bot-tom tank feeds the top tanks every time the level drops down in the latter. The bottom tank is occasionally topped up by rain or manually in order to automatically supply a continuous source for the top tank. This is done with a pressure switch (photo) that activates a flow of water controlled by a ballcock in the top tank. If the ballcock is at maximum float then the top tank is full and the valve will be closed. This stops the pressure pump from pumping and so conserves the 12v battery

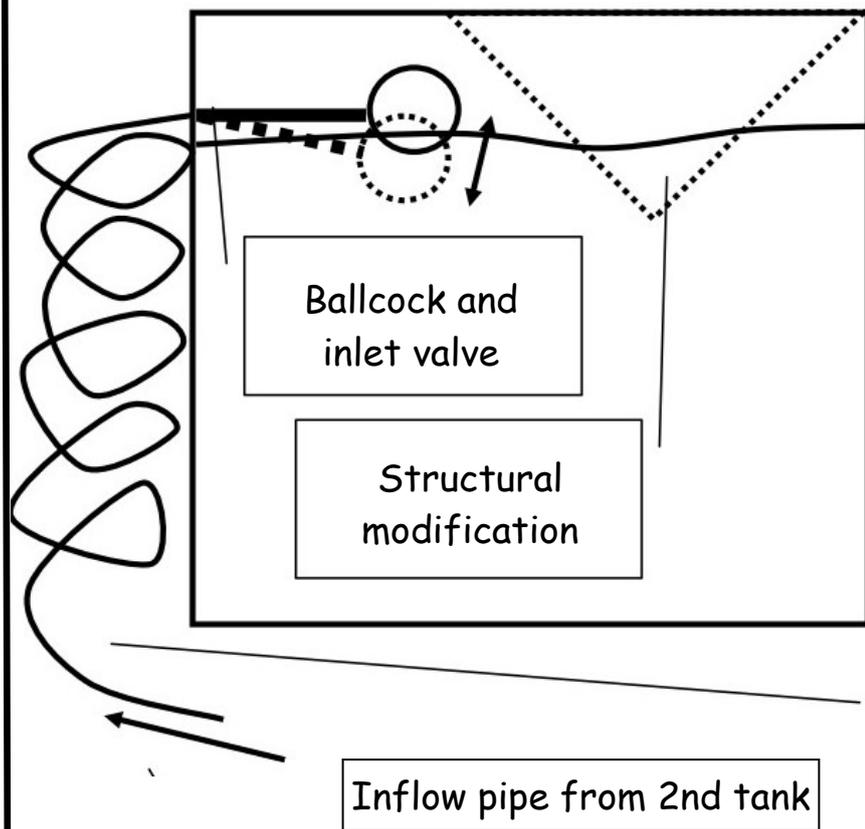
from draining away. In reality, as the ballcock rises the valve closes gradually and so the pressure pump ‘farts’ with less frequency the closer the ballcock draws towards maximum float point. This ‘farting’ can go on for a whole day. For this reason I named the system ‘the pig’. I think it takes about 2 days for it to completely disappear, meaning the water level in the top tank is at max. What’s most important is that the system works!

THE DILEMNA:

What I contested with my good friend was how the ‘farting’ can be prevented. We came up with a method each as we stretched our imaginations. Ideally, what I want is a peaceful farm, but since the 12v pressure switch is attached to a waterproof plastic housing unit the sound of it vibrates the plastic acoustically. Having said this, I realize now that I can check to hear if the system continues to work from a distance. It is music to my ears.

THE SOLUTIONS:

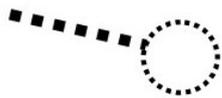
So, in our dialectic I presented my solution (1). A diagram would suffice to explain it clearly. The alteration that must be made is a modification on the top tank, shown as such in dotted lines. The new area indicated is a solid or waterproof inverted triangle. As the water rises so does the ballcock. Because now the area inside the tank is displaced, as the water level rises so it speeds up without any extra pressure or water entering the tank. As such the ‘farting’ can be eliminated in double-quick time although I am not one to calculate its mathematics. Because the tank is a sealed metal structure with only a large re-fill screw cap on the top the implications of trying to get inside and modify it are not worth the hassle, or the time.



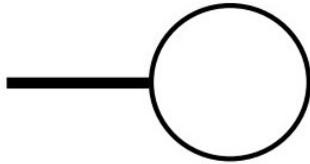
Water is fed from the bottom tank into this flexible pipe and operated by a pressure switch. As the water rises so does the ballcock until it reaches a maximum float point. The pipe is chosen particularly for its coiled nature in order to lessen its load.

For my colleague’s solution (2) there was variation in his answer. It consisted of making modifications in his ballcock or the length of the ballcock rod. A few diagrams should enforce this point.

All of the below examples can be mixed the purpose of which is to increase buoyancy in the float. Ultimately one can have a long, bent rod with a large decentralised ballcock on the end.



Existing ballcock and rod



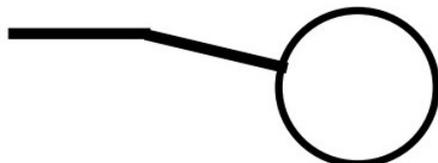
Enlarging the existing ballcock



Decentralising the ballcock



Lengthening the ballcock rod

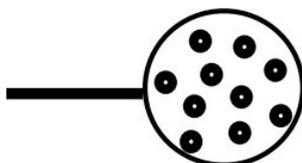


Bending the ballcock rod

The theory he explained is that the increment increases substantially when buoyancy also increases, in the effect of raising the ballcock higher above the water level quicker. But I argued that, having already a system that takes 2 days to find maximum float point, means that even if one increases buoyancy in the float the valve still has to gradually close off causing the same amount of ‘farting’ as the established system already has.

My father also fathomed an answer. (3) He said we had to lower the pressure point on the actual pump itself. Likewise I screwed my head around the idea again and came up with this:

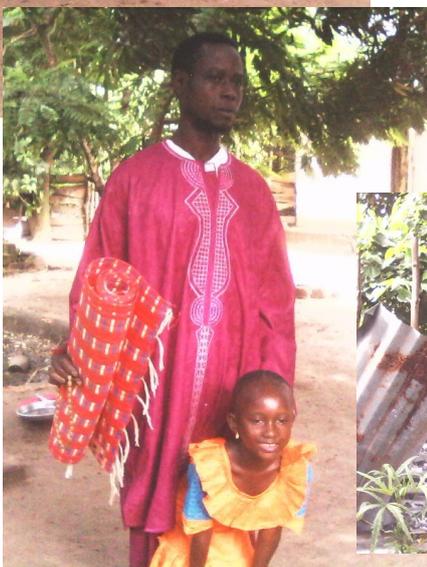
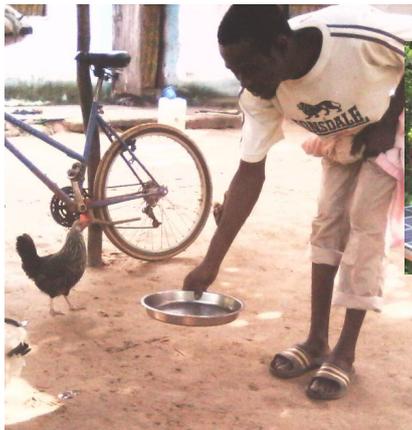
In this solution (4) the ballcock buoyancy can be altered by drilling lots of small holes in it. As the water level drops so the ballcock empties out and the tank starts to fill. On rising the ballcock slowly fills up



Perforating the ballcock

with water allowing it to sit deeper in the water table. This ensures that the pressure pump is at constant feed, offsetting any ‘farting’ that may occur.

WHICH OF THESE SOLUTIONS WILL WORK? Can YOU come up with your own. The best and wackiest replies will receive for free one bottle of our own BUM BUM 500ml Extra Virgin cold-pressed olive oil. Email: info@southlondonpermaculture.com



Return to the One

Stop me if you can
 dying people made of the sand
 I am carried on the ocean
 with a mouth of frothing séance
 Watch me reduce you to that moment
 when God gave you his hand
 And struck you on the shoulder
 to bequeath you a second chance
 You had one more life
 to redeem the falleness of First Man
 From whom you are so descended
 from the tip of his rampant lance
 Did not a dove so gracefully flutter your heart
 with a breath of fresh air?
 And remind you of the woesthat had gone before your stares

Your sight was frozen then from a world
 you couldn't see
 If only to hide from you the stains upon your wondrous tree
 Remember the time you passed beneath its tickling
 branches
 And the leaves that sprang your heels to uplifting
 dances
 Remember the rains that splashed your salty lips
 like pure sweetness
 And cleansed your sweaty groins as if to love you in
 the first instance
 You needn't take the fruit for God had succoured
 you eternal spirit
 You needn't toil the fields
 for your numbers were contained in his holy crypt

And there in your resurrection you knew not hunger or strife
 Each one to the Father beloved of the Christ's anointed life
 Your face was stroked
 with the warming caresses of sun-bleached hair
 That cradled your cheeks with clear receptive eyes
 sinking only to follow the sun's path
 And you laughed as if death was vacant
 in the horizon's golden bath
 Now your time has come to meet God's favourite son
 Who brings to you this message
 in vain hope you will return to the One

THE HOME FARM PROJECT PROFILE

AFRICA ORGANICS in the UK was established to raise money to assist people in remote African village communities to establish a permanent, sustainable and attractive lifestyle for both themselves and their great grand-children in their own village. We use state of the art technology and permaculture ideas from the West combined with traditional local skills and practices.

THE HOME FARM PROJECT in the Gambia helps the young men to resist the lure of the “Backway” route to Europe and becoming victims of dangerous people trafficking, by encouraging them to stay and develop their home country. Our specialist skills are in organic food production and permaculture techniques but we work with others who help integrate other necessary elements of village living. The continued presence and involvement of these young people will perpetuate and enhance rural village life and add to the resilience that will be required in the future.

Our present project activities are designed as follows:

- Through the HOME FARM PROJECT we train groups and individuals in sustainable methods of many types of organic food production. At Kunkoto Kunda, (Home Farm), with our Permaculture Training Garden and Visitor Centre, trainees (and visitors), can experience and learn the creative reality of a truly sustainable, self-reliant living system by design. We can then help them to implement similar systems in their own homes and villages as a lifestyle choice.
- With our limited means we are able, where necessary, to help make available the basic equipment and materials to enable them to build up this self-reliant and productive lifestyle. We also help them ensure that supplies of these materials will be available locally for future generations.
- We have also established SUSTAINABLE COMMUNITY GROUPS, (SUSTACOM), comprising of village people interested in taking responsibility for their own sustainable development. At their meetings we are able, through videos, discussions and presentations, to outline the current innumerable challenges and problems of life on this planet - especially in the West. We can then sensitize people to appreciate the variety of advantages they have in staying in their own home village in the Gambia.
- We introduce ideas for many attractive and sustainable additions to their domestic, social, educational and business activities to enhance life at village level.
- This will in turn help generate local food security even if the tourist industry, government policy or international aid programs change or cease.
- It will also help remote village people to be more resilient to the impact of climate change and economic crashes and counter the untenable business competition from big multi-nationals in the new global market place.
- Using our techniques, we help to avoid dependence on the global monopoly of seeds, (and thereby food), owned by large foreign GM Corporations and, by encouraging village land registration, prohibit valuable food-producing land being sold off to foreign investors or for other land grabbing interests.
- Overall it will sustain, develop and enhance life and independence in rural African villages today and in the future.

This model can be copied and replicated elsewhere in rural Africa.

We recognize that the poverty suffered by large numbers of Gambians in some more remote areas will exclude them from immediately enjoying the relative luxury of protecting their environment and other essential long-term schemes. The exploitation of their local surroundings, (for example the business of cutting their forests for firewood to sell), is the only method some people have in their village at present for their daily survival. This is degrading their local environment to the detriment of future generations.

We therefore help the poorest of them with the means to make a living through other more positive means. We do this by giving them an initial helping hand and providing them with donkeys to assist their farming output, small gardens to help their dry season income, beehives, chickens, small ruminants, etc. These poverty alleviation initiatives enable them to build up an alternative livelihood immediately and to eat and trade more responsibly and develop their village without destroying their environmental inheritance.

All this is in line with our overall policies of localization and long-term self-reliance.

Africa Organics Home Farm Website www.africaorganics.org

Proposal to set up an international volunteer exchange system

South London Permaculture is looking for partners who can help implement a cross-cultural volunteer system that benefits the individual in relation to their cultures, and for the exchange of commerce, knowledge, social salience, and friendship. It is based on a non-political philosophy of selfless giving that relegates financial incentives but promotes spiritual awareness. The founding idea is to create something more than an economic model. It is a philosophy of holistic design whereby the biological and ecological nature of sustainable systems provides the central motive to be able to create human systems. It is permaculture with the added emphasis of spiritual evolution. The founding stone is **procreation, land regeneration and homeostasis**, and in order of priority the proposal is to enhance the individual through the awareness of:

1. Biodiversity and evolution
2. Sustentation and life expectancy
3. Commensality and minded adaptation
4. Self-actualisation and discrimination
5. Embodied power and resourcefulness
6. Creation, providence and praise
7. Origins, Godhead and Being

The practical means are both explicit and implicit. This will be a program to develop the individual and show how the quality of life can be enhanced through environmental awareness and providence. Especially it will deal with underprivileged persons of any race, religion or sex to appreciate life simply and itinerantly. The goal is to see the individual able to transcend cultural norms and to provide for its furtherance innovation, technical ability, insight, and pedagogy towards its spiritual advancement. In the process the aspiration is to set up other international centres with the same aims.

- It is not a religious model, but spiritual.
- It will be a decentralised form of authority in which the individual is enhanced.
- It will depend on selfless giving and providence as enacted through the environment.

The above priorities are all fields in which society can be enhanced so that the individual can move in and out of culture through the experience of receiving different influences. There are existing models out there that purport to enhance cultural relations. In terms of permaculture I am proposing for its further development a spiritual arm.

Partners need to help flesh out the mechanisms in order to develop predominantly a self-organising system. In terms of promotion one must first look towards existing projects and groundwork that will facilitate this process. I am proposing that for future development my farm in Catalonia would become the principle initiator and hospital for volunteers, with an eye towards receiving more land for further regeneration and expansion. The system must contribute and improve the hosting nations own objectives. It must also work with governing authorities towards its surveillance and accountability, providing information exchange, dialogue, and planning possibilities.

Please contact SLP at info@southlondonpermaculture.com

Register with South London Permaculture to earn the chance to volunteer at MyFarm, a charity running a sustainable moringa and mango farm in The Gambia, West Africa.

Live in a wooden and earthen hut amongst mango, cashew, and moringa trees. Opportunities are seasonal and include learning to make moringa products including soaps, creams, lip balms, teas, and oils, as well as permaculture activities like bio-char production, beekeeping, organic fruit and vegetable husbandry, and micro and hydroponic gardening.

Long stays include excursions to the sea and fishing trips along the Banjul River. Volunteers are required to purchase their own flights and register with SLP supplying a short >1000-word CV including a bio, any relevant experiences you may be able to offer, dietary requirements, and date preferences. Please submit your application for consideration. Places are limited.

Overseas registration costs £12/15euros and entitles you to membership of SLP including additional benefits. Costs vary between 500-600dalasi per day (about 10-12euros) and provides 2 meals with lodging. Additional activities are self-funded. For more information send me an email to receive an information pack.



<http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com/markethome.html>

info@southlondonpermaculture.com

Food for Free! Nettles: good for our Autumnal health

By Theresa Webb

Autumnal seasonal changes may affect our energy levels and even our emotional balance. Suffering from low energy levels, stress, menstrual cramps\emotions and mental health worries may indicate a lack of iron, magnesium and calcium.

Nutritionally speaking, seasonal, fresh & wild foods provide us with the best source of vitamins and minerals. Luckily, these are available and growing naturally in our local areas. In particular Nettles! (*Urticae dioica*)

A good remedy is to use the tips (top 4 freshest & greenest leaves) and simmer in a pan of a little water, to make a tea; this is a multi-vitamin & mineral drink in itself!

For a further boost, blend the dark, iron-rich liquid together with the leaves (cooking in hot water softens the leaves) & add your favourite vegetables e.g.. sweet potato & onion plus any seasonings to form a soup.

To preserve the leaves and the seeds over Winter, nettle stems can be dried by hanging them upside-down in a warm dry place e.g.. a garden shed.

Autumn is the perfect time to use the protein enhanced Nettle seeds; as they hang down from the stems (they remind me of an old man's beard!) These look great sprinkled on to your soup (or any other dish too.)

To improve your health this Autumn & Winter, here are recipes to use Nettle leaves & seeds in a variety of ways.

WARNING

Always take good care to use a safe picking technique, to avoid skin irritation when collecting and picking stinging net-tles. Dock, plantain (*Plantago major*) & dandelion leaves can relieve the sting irritation by rubbing the leaf onto the skin. Alternatively wear gardening gloves or use a scarf or scissors to safely cut off & collect your nettle leaves!

Have a wonderfully wild & healing autumn!



Theresa Webb BA. Dip. NT is a qualified **Nutritional Therapist** (CNM London). She practices in Central and South London clinics and freelance across SE England. She has worked in the field for over 10 years as a Food Industry Consultant, Special-ist and in 2005 founded Kitchen Buddy Culinary School Classes to teach families and busy professionals the principles of sound nutrition, by exploring new ways to introduce whole food cookery, to create exciting menus for their individual life-styles.

Kitchen Buddy specialises in wheat and dairy free, no added-sugar meals, with class options: One to one private or group classes and workshops and retreats held by Theresa.

Her raw and vegan range of Organic and Fair-Trade health & lifestyle foods, includes Raw Chocolatier (75% Ecuadorian Ca-cao) which is designed to taste delicious, whilst being wheat-, gluten- & dairy-free. Suitable for diabetics, coeliacs and those with a lactose intolerance. Also, invite Theresa for private & public events.

Theresa is also a qualified Children's Yoga Teacher (Yoga Bugs) and Massage theory qualified (ITEC).

Wild Herb Pesto

Ingredients

2 Garlic Mustard Leaves (Jack-by-the-hedge) or Wild Garlic
1 handful fresh coriander or basil.
6 stems Chives
4 dsp Olive Oil
10g approx. 1 handful cashew nuts \ macadamia nuts
10g Pine Nuts

Method

Finely chop the herbs and nuts
Mix together with the oil
Serve on a bed of courgette spirals or spaghetti

Alternative options:

Add Garlic, Lemon or Lime juice
Substitute with Basil only for a standard Pesto.

Courgetti Spaghetti and Vegetable spirals

Equipment required: a Spiralizer. A potato peeler or grater are options for this though they yield different results and textures. These ribbons or noodles are ultra-quick to prepare, in under 5 mins, using a hand-held Saladacco machine. They have a similar texture and flavour to spaghetti; slightly slippery (juicy) and sweet, not at all bitter when ripe. They also offer an amazing yield per piece; serves 2-3 people.

Ingredients

1 Courgette - as straight as possible
A Sweet Potato
A section of Butternut Squash
A solid, wide Carrot

Method

1. Cut vegetable pieces into 2 inch lengths, with a parallel top and bottom.
2. Select a blade; either for strands or ribbons.
3. Place one end of vegetable onto the top plate, the other on to the small central spike and turn the lid clockwise to close.

Press handle down and turn firmly.

Serve with a 'bolognaise'-style tomato sauce or pesto dressing.

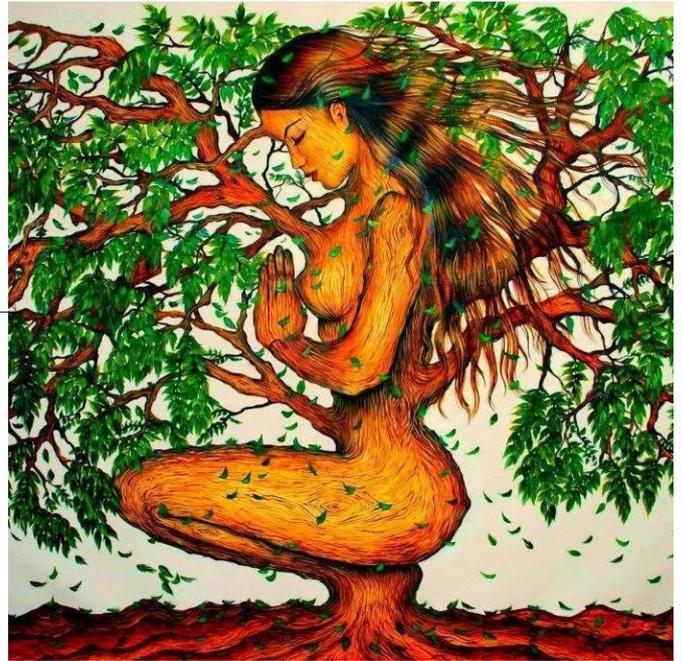
Thought-out Food



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Letters to the Editor



Matthias meets Merlyn

I just wanted to add that I am reading your journal and I think its brilliant. I am reading it on a small phone screen which is not a decent way to read anything, but your writing, it still holds my attention. It's a joy to read. Thank you.

Wild Woman

I am a wild womban
 I love to live
 With the essence of flow I love to eat food with my fingers
 It creates a feeling of free wildness within
 Letting go of programmed lady-like etiquette -ness for the
 girl magazines
 Feeling the food with each finger
 Creating energetic mudras for each mouthful
 No rules For the wild womban
 Tis nature and all those natural circadian rhythms I surrender
 to
 I bow to Pachamama and feel my humbleness and awe of the
 magnificence
 I love to feel my hair be blown wild in the wind
 Letting my hair down
 In the wildest untamed windswept tousled movements
 Forget the hairbrush, forget the shampoo and de-electric
 hair-dryer
 With my bindi signature Om
 A knowing-ness of what it feels like to be free from should
 and shouldn't
 Letting the layers peel away
 Learning to creATE nakedness in each moment
 Aho
 Womban = woman
 A word I created whilst accessing my womb energy, Susan
 Laing

SUFFER ME, O MY GOD...

I was wondering in what kind of mood are you writing those lines? Or what things happen to write those lines, or are these you daily life thoughts you translate on paper?

What emotion does the loss of the apartment in London gives you on the moment. Are you a man that reasons, keeps on fighting injustice or translates emotions in physical exhaustion? Or, or, and, you keep your faith, as your fb message indicates?

Suffer me, O my God, to draw nigh unto Thee, and to abide within the precincts of Thy court, for remoteness from Thee hath well-nigh consumed me. Cause me to rest under the shadow of the wings of Thy grace, for the flame of my separation from Thee hath melted my heart within me. Draw me nearer unto the river that is life indeed, for my soul burneth with thirst in its ceaseless search after Thee. My sighs, O my God, proclaim the bitterness of mine anguish, and the tears I shed attest my love for Thee.

I beseech Thee, by the praise wherewith Thou praisest Thyself and the glory wherewith Thou glorifiest Thine own Essence, to grant that we may be numbered among them that have recognized Thee and acknowledged Thy sovereignty in Thy days. Help us then to quaff, O my God, from the fingers of mercy the living waters of Thy loving-kindness, that we may utterly forget all else except Thee, and be occupied only with Thy Self. Powerful art Thou to do what Thou wilt. No God is there beside Thee, the Mighty, the Help in Peril, the Self-Subsisting.

Glorified be Thy name, O Thou Who art the King of all Kings!

Bahá'u'lláh

Cont. on back page

And, thanks for your recording. When I listened to it from the laptop it sounded so chaotic in my ear (dont think it was the cat), but when I put up a good headphone I received the music totally different. Maybe by writing this I find an answer to that question:

you translate your emotion into music.in where you can dismantle yourself so much depending on the listener ears. I wonder which instrument would fit me if I ever dared to express me with music?

KellyX



Markethome

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Now taking orders on moringa including teas, creams, soaps, and food additives

<http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com/>

[markethome.html](http://www.southlondonpermaculture.com/markethome.html)

Tel: 07530 223360

SLP



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, guerilla 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."

2017 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
- ◆ Free advertising
- ◆ Limited library resources
- ◆ Volunteer and paid opportunities at festivals and other events
- ◆ Workdays and private tuition
- ◆ 3 newsletters per year
- ◆ Reduced prices and freebies on plants, products, events and courses

Brighton Permaculture Trust

Introduction to Permaculture
25-26 November 2017

Planning and Planting a small orchard
25 November 2017

Fruit tree planting workshop
26 November 2017

Pruning old fruit trees
20-21 January 2018
www.brightonpermaculture.org.uk
t 0774 618 5927

FoodCycle Peckham
Every Saturday 5.30 - 7pm
Join FoodCycle Peckham for free, nutritious and friendly meals at All Saints Church Blenheim Grove, Peckham, SE15

Come to Catalonia
October to April (book to confirm)
t 0753 0223360 / +34692903300 (Oct-May)
e eight.merlyn@virgin.net
www.soterialogicgarden.com

Transition Town Brixton
Open workshops at the Remakery
Every Thursday 6-9pm
www.remakery.org

To place an advert or an article please call Merlyn on 0753 022 3360
info@southlondonpermaculture.com

Memorial Service: 50th Anniversary of the Hither Green Train Crash

The Community is invited to attend a small Memorial Service at Hither Green Station forecourt on Sunday, 5th Nov at 12.30pm.

This is to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Train Crash which occurred on the evening of Sunday 5 November 1967.

There will also be a full Memorial Service at St. Mildred's Church, Lee on 5th November 2017 at 3pm.

Venue address: St. Mildred's Church, St. Mildred's Road, Lee SE12 0RG

RHS London Autumn Garden Show

Wed 25th—Thu 26th 10-5pm
Late Tues 24th 6-9pm
Royal Horticultural Halls, St. Jame's Park/Pimlico
www.rhs.org.uk/londonshows

National Honey Show

Thu 26th—Sat 28th October
Sandown Park, Portsmouth Road
Esher, Surrey KT10 9RT

Sign-up/Renewal form

Members sign up for:

- | | 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 1-10.....) | £2.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SLP Journal (subscription -3 copies/year) | £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 XVirgin Olive Oil , 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 _____

Date _____



Add additional info here:

Free offer

This is an unconditional 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 dated 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)

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