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How volunteer schemes for young travellers are a two-edge sword

I've had to make this another bumper issue since it has been so long since the last one. I am now permanently dwelling in Spain balancing on a knife edge the means to production with available resources. One of my early experiences of volunteers travelling through has shown me how privileged and possibly spoilt are Europeans. Inside you will find a letter addressed to various organisation and individuals showing a feasible solution to poor farmers and peasants who never get the opportunity to travel the world but may end up being one of the unfortunate migrants who meet perilous outcomes in their attempt to follow a false dream. Those that do make it onto the European soil quickly succumb to exploitation and unconscious racism, and this has been my problem meeting ex-patriots who only see the scheme as exploitative of human labour. Even the local Catalans are wary in the wake of the Independence fiasco. My best advice was to go to the town hall and get insurance. Yet Volunteering is a far cry from the sub-culture of low-paid, often seedy environments of urban life as compared to farm life and the meaningful skills that they could exchange with their own continent. I was insulted by a handful of people who tried to put it down instantly, accusing me of slavery. How ironic that the buck doesn't stop when the pound starts to lose ground.

Compare this to the German volunteer who stayed for just one night and who I treated so graciously. You can read the contents at the back of this newsletter. Ironical too, as a student of cultural studies we talked about the sub-culture of racism that exists. But how about privilege? [Workaway](#) is a great scheme but I cannot emphasize more the need to discriminate against young travellers who pin up all types of traits including, it seems, their sexy figures. Yet when it comes to real work you'll probably end up doing less yourself and paying more expenses. I have since changed my tact and only ask for self-caterers who are supposed to work 12-15 hours a week; that is what the website recommends. This is adequate for me to keep things watered and teach them enough about permaculture. They will take you for a ride otherwise more often than not. My advice is: get them to work. They are more likely to appreciate the experience at the end of it. I have nothing against using it as a date-line even if Workaway wouldn't admit to the point.

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.

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.solteriologicgarden.com

If someone is stepping on your toes, and then tells you that you are wearing the wrong shoes, you'll know for certain that he is a bigot



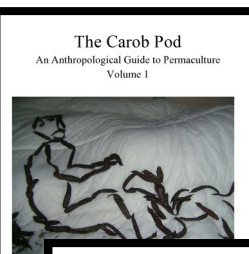
Nathalie Vin, featured in the last edition, is here presenting a fantastic paella she masterfully cooked on bio-char produced on the farm

MEAN-WHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

It looks like it is going to be a good year for olives. There is a mass of flower due to the very poor season most of us had last year. For this reason, as a factor of climate change which I still believe to be natural phenomena, the trees had a rest but put on an energy bank during the winter when it rained heavily and most growth is under the soil. Since December though, there has barely been a good soaking as the small pocket in which we live is a microclimate in spite of there being heavy downpours 6km down the road. Needless to say, it should be better than last year and volunteers are welcome in the cropping season during early November. I have two seats going in my van at the end of October travelling from Portsmouth as almost to want to naturally avoid the Brexit chaos.

If I warrant any experience then I would say that the bees also suffered for lack of cloud cover and the subsequent cold nights. I learn every week from them and prefer the life in nature than having to go back to Shitty City Bang Bang. I started building the base of the dry-composting toilet from recycled joists off my brother's renovated house whilst my father built the roof on what is going to be his lock-up garage, and now I am chopping down pine trees and debarking them to dry out. When I am in this mood I am unstoppable. Hard work but REAL WORK.

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



Merlyn Peter, M.A.



Dominoes

I'm giving this newsletter an international theme, hence I talk about the life on the farm including some of my methods I employ there. This includes technologies both social and economic, maybe inspired by Peter

Marshall's tome *A History of Anarchism*, which is a thorough good read. Concepts of equality, freedom, liberty, justice and so on continually define the writings of its protagonists, me included, albeit I would add metaphysics to the equation.

I had my dad's neighbour's around recently to indulge in *calçots*, a Catalan tradition in which we grill-burn fat leek-size spring onions and then peel them by pinching the end off like a sock that leaves a clear caramelised section of stem to dip into a basil tomato salsa which is absolutely delicious. They were patting me on the back for the idyllic lifestyle I've crafted here but it is more sinister than that. I say my dad's neighbours because my mother does not trust them. Unfortunately there is a downside to this life which I need to take an objective view upon if the future is going to be anything like I hope it will be.

Stuff goes missing; my mother accuses my father of moving things around and inculcating the neighbours who supposedly have some sort of criminal background. Certainly I have been at the wrong end of this too and all the time my meticulous mother is losing her wits over it. She's also getting up later and later as depression sets in. The hatred between my parents is all too apparent as it spills out into gossip and spiteful conversations everywhere they go. This coupled with my mum's compulsive and obsessive behaviour strips the old man of every cent he has who I now believe, like my mother, has a little stash somewhere saved for a rainy day. As regards my stepdad he may be anticipating the day he may have to move out as the constant ear-bashing he gets is also threading his nerves. Not the holistic permaculture environment I'd like to see in the future even if I have my own caravan but extreme in the least. I do have a responsibility to both of them as well as to the land, and the solution (as I always think I know such are my inherent abilities to see the future) is simpler than you think. That is, I must ask my stepfather to move out for a month and take a holiday just to see whether my mother improves. She may suddenly appreciate him more for his capacity as an eighty-year old who just wants to retire quietly.

It is no lie that if he is up to anything then other members of my family would know. Being out here has been a creative paradise, as problems present themselves to me on all levels. The extreme upbringing right from day 1 has made me what I am. After a 10-year wait here I eventually got back into my green woodworking due to the loss of some of my specialist tools back then, and 10 years ago my stepfather didn't want me here doing *my thing*, the same thing I created in London, running permaculture projects. Since then, the tables have turned a bit though. I've written about much of this antagonism and even now I pen most of my life story in another chapter of my recent book, or an addendum to it, going deep into the sexual cycle and the psychological phenomenon that my social lifestyle has arrogated. It's a rough old ride but my creative genius always finds a solution. The big question is: Why aren't other people sharing in it?

When I returned recently I checked over my hives. I'd lost another colony which brought a gasp to me as it was the 4th time my National-style hive had been rejected. Here in Spain they use Langstroth and Layens. In similar circumstances the same National hives failed in my London garden also, on Devonshire Road; I'd go away and return to find that the bees had all died. It was sad to open up the hive and see the tail-end of its food reserves being eaten by robber bees whilst a few dead young bees littered the floor which must have been their last stand. Either some capricious spirit planned the next move or it is outright criminality. My father had told me he had seen a swarm at the back of the land hanging off one of the trees. Only yesterday our neighbour, whom I'd asked to look over a few things, told me that they didn't know I also had bees in this location since I keep two

batches which makes for good beekeeping in order to prevent disease spreading. They also have different microclimates affecting different flight times, thus the availability of resources. Certainly where I kept the National was much colder, and this time I had put an open-mesh floor in it; it probably contributed to why the colony grew so slowly as six months previous it was a thriving swarm-catch.

Bees don't live longer than a year, only the queen does, and she should have laid eggs before the arrival of winter to replace the foraging bees that will die out during the Autumn months. These wintering bees don't leave the nest—they are all-important for keeping it warm, but they obviously need stores to survive on. It appears though, that the colony swarmed instead, around early October when I returned from cycling the Camino de Santiago. In my knowledge they wouldn't swarm at this time in the year, too close to Winter, unless it was Sudden Hive Death (SHD) in which the queen is mercilessly left alone. But on this particular day, for just a couple of hours at most, my stepfather noticed the swarm hanging at the back of the land where he never goes, and if he does it is once in a lifetime when I have pleaded with him to water my trees when I am receiving the weather updates from abroad. In this case I was in Mallorca where massive floods were sweeping the Catalanian island. It obviously had rained because my young trees were all surviving with the exception of one loss. So, is it a capricious spirit or is the old man trying to be clever?

The food tunnel, what I call the Ark, used to suffer the same fate. Either the irrigation used to be turned off when I wasn't there or the feed tanks were magically filled just before I arrived; it doesn't take long to empty them even on a drip. The solution: I need my own social group, which is what I have been working towards, but why do my volunteers also go schizo? Why do all the friendly people I know in my local towns never come round, including the loyal beekeeper friends? Do I smell bad or something? It is like being sent to Coventry or ex-communicated by my social circles, exactly what happened in London. Who are these capricious criminals? Does it explain why technology including the cars, pumps, generators and so on, always go wrong?

I've lost keys in my caravan that magically turn up months later usually on my next return trip, in the place where I left them and checked umpteen times. I wish my bees would return like this also although I think I have to wait for nature to provide the answer. Recently my second set of van keys went missing, they also contained my only London garage key on it. What a pain this caused as it is a specialist key that requires the original to be recut. I scoured the caravan and eventually left without it. Whilst in London I asked my father to check again all the same places. No luck. They couldn't recut it on my landlord's copy; three times it wouldn't work. On returning they were there among the wallets in the normal place where I keep them. The nuts and bolts of the story is always one of context. I can't expect everything to go my way. But if I change my context of understanding then I realize that it was an opportunity to change the locks since the previous shared tenant had a falling out with me and things were tampered with in the garage even if he completely denied it. This included loosening the nuts off the front wheel on my bike. You have to imagine that my garage is on the steepest hill in London. As I say, you either love me or hate me.

This may make interesting reading for some of you. I used to frequent a client and visit his family who got very friendly with me. He went cold on me and without explanation turned his back on me. This type of schizophrenic behaviour is increasing in my life. Whilst commenting that he couldn't put down my newsletter because it was like a soap, he succoured British citizenship for his Chinese wife in this fragile pre-Brexit environment, yet I know she would have been incapable of succeeding the general knowledge exam as another French friend of mine who applied for the same citizenship showed me the questions of past exams. Even I failed them. Forgive my arrogance, but don't try and pull the wool over my eyes. If people are avoiding me here in Catalonia then it is an

extension of the British cult that has followed me around everywhere. I write as a witness, and I need you as my martyrs, either by default or voluntary.

To add a note here, it has never amused me to see my health and my mother's compromised. Why do I reach perfect form only during travels and when I prepare my own meals? Is my mother's food being doped that I have inadvertently eaten from the fridge or is she the culprit, a phantom key-snatcher who believes the whole world is out to get her. Whatever, she is now suffering with her own come-uppance, an crooked, ageing woman who has lost her pride in the sorrowful environment of negativity that she shrouds herself in. I don't know who to protect here.

My old man doesn't travel or visit the relatives. I need him to take a holiday in order to see if my 80-year old mother can improve and regain her wits. He told me the other day that he had lost 50Euros from a pot in his bedroom. It was money he owed me. He knows my mother snoops around so why keep it there since she insistently complains that he never buys her anything? It is always about money, as her pension is much smaller than his. Sure, he has a responsibility towards her but he is always skint too from her shopping and veterinary demands. She is just about to spend 180Euros to fix two mobile phones she doesn't know how to use. Economics are hardly their strong point. The more likely scenario is, whether true or not, the old man was trying to play me off against her.

I cannot help see that their schizophrenic-like behaviour is prevalent in the whole of society. My latest writings explore dysfunctional relationships and go into female unconsciousness and depth psychology as I lift the lid on a string of failed relationships. Reading Emma Jung's account on *anima* and *animus* is still even now valid as it was then. It is one of those books in which I say, 'Yes, I totally agree, thanks Emma'. Contentious as it may be I explore paedophilia and sexual licentiousness relevant as it is to urban cosmopolitan centres with its global influence; anyone who is sane in the world is the exception. I think it is a psychosis permeating modern cultures, the psychological stress is Mother Nature toiling the apocalyptic bells. You need to get wise folks because things are going to start dropping like dominoes. 'Dominoes' - interesting word that.

My project here in Spain is growing. It is interesting how it falls under the title 'Solterilogic Garden' which is a universal term I transferred from my permaculture projects in South London. It is the sister-work of South London Permaculture dealing with the spiritual side of my life. Working within the creative sphere of natural impulses it certainly reflects Emma Jung's understanding of the feminine side of my personality. When this is balanced with the conscious rationale aspect of the male then the intuitive, unconscious side becomes a wellspring of creative genius. It has always been like that with me because much of my life has been in celibacy. Not an intentional celibacy because I have always opened myself up to the possibility that a female would fill the role of my 'sister-work'. I've come close to discovering that person but in reality their own projections on me wear off and urban mentalities in general appear too schizophrenic to be able to deal with the level of stimulus that my personality provides. Many of them suffer from an inferiority complex. Hence I tend to draw older women or children closer to me. It's the same since ages gone of all celibate individuals. Abstention from all sexual behaviour, hence the name 'soltero' meaning 'single', must then needs a creative field to play within, and for me this has been the farm and the permaculture I implement there. It is my *anima*, my collective unconsciousness looking for expression. But it is my soul, the collective consciousness, that welcomes others to join me. The long-term vision that

Can an evolved soul take this creative energy and bring its accumulative patterned forces outside of the city and into the countryside? The king and the land are one.

wasn't grasped by my parents is no failure of mine. They now suffer from their infirmities and lack of companionship although this is more my mother than my father who always seems to have another agenda on the go, whilst he appears in a state of continual repair like his tools. I have other plans in the pipeline though.

Inside is a letter addressed to potential business partners to espouse my international volunteer exchange ideas. Bringing say, African farmers here to experience European rural life is a winner in my eyes. It stops the disillusionment of fake materialistic culture and provides a real solution to the immigration problem. Rather than escapees the idea is to nurture cultural ideologues who could take valuable experiences back and impart them to their own cultures. As a double-edge sword it selects for those who can encourage social enterprise in their own country. Wrought with red tape we will see how difficult it will be to progress, but already the scheme has met resentment here with the English expatriates living in Catalonia who see immigrants as a scourge of Britain. Probably escaping from their economic turmoil the last thing they want to see are successful immigrants. It's always the biggest mouths that shout first, but I'm talking about a handful of persons which is quite acceptable, whilst I pay minimal attention to them.

So this brings me back to the UK again and the whole Brexit question everyone is immersed within. I felt disgusted to be called British, hence I haven't renewed my passport which I don't need anyway to cross borders. The date has simply expired yet it is still a form of ID even if I used up the last 2 days of van insurance in a last-gasp effort to avoid all the Yellow-vest protests in France as dysfunctional centralised economics takes its toil. I think enough has been said about Brexit to know that too much self-interest is at stake as politicians vie for power and status, whilst the referendum vote is set to become a piece of legislative trash as the Remainers ensure that the goal posts are continually moved. It never really seems to be about what the people wanted, even if that viewpoint has changed. Fuck politics!

Politics is not the pinnacle of human achievement, so why not look beyond it?

If that wasn't enough it seems also that the alternative counter-culture wanted to vomit me out of the UK. My Christmas dinner with Eleanor Wilson of Passing Clouds was at a vegan restaurant in Soho called Vantra London. The guest was Clive de Carle doing a road show on 'The art of never being sick again' explaining how to use mineral supplements to get the body to heal itself. It was during his Q&A that I asked why I generally only get ill when I overeat, explaining maybe why travelling or preparing one's own meals through such extremes as worldwide travel through deserts and mountains keeps me in good form. Only when I come back to rest do I seem to spoil my bio-chemistry, as previously referred to. Does my spiritual life arrogate the need to surround myself with loving positive people who give food lovingly without trying to poison me? Having eaten a feast myself I saw the speaker afterward flat out on the bench having a deep sleep. I soon followed just as lethargy set in. There was only about 20 persons there, the dynamic of a once-thriving grassroots enterprise gone. He never really answered my question as I referred to the vampire bats whose gut bacteria assimilate the minerals needed since a 99% diet of blood does not provide the nutrition otherwise. But it's a fair point to say that much about health requires one's collective consciousness to discriminate who will share in your energy and should exclude diseased minds rather than diseased bodies.

I looked around. Not many people were eating at all. And I came out the following day so ill that it must have been acute food poisoning. I have never taken so long to recover in living memory as of when I cycled across the Sahara into Senegal through sheer will-power and very close to

death. Everything I subsequently ate went out as liquid. I'd asked Eleanor if anybody else became ill, but she also avoided the main issue and said the food didn't look fresh. I never saw her eat but the possibility of subterfuge by corporate bodies is very high. I said to Eleanor that in her political protestations to building developers she had made enemies during her energetic defence of Passing Clouds losing its venue. She is also a pro-anti-pharmaceutical activist and a brilliant mind. I gave her my final farewell and a gift of a poncho for all the years she had sheltered me. Long live Passing Clouds.

To conclude on this point, no matter what side we take, as with Brexit we must always uphold our strong leaders, like Eleanor Wilson. In a Facebook post I asserted the following:

Who wants to be British? Really, a bunch of ponces flouting democracy and not giving a real thought to those who voted to leave. Check: wasn't the system in place to represent the people and not a bunch of ponces? Check: has anyone considered what the betrayed leavers are going to do in response? Check: what was the system in place to allow the UK into the EU? Are there laws to overturn this decision also stating it's undesirability? Check: wasn't the Scottish independent vote just as close? Check: shouldn't the country be supporting its strong leaders and not a bunch of ponces? Check to see if your MP is flouting democracy. Check: does anybody really know what they are voting for even at a general election? We don't need politicians, just a real education.

I continue to read around the history of anarchism and especially the scientist and national geographer Kropotkin who espoused the idea of mutual aid as the main driver of evolution. Corporations between members of a species, indeed at times between different species, ensured success towards the preservation of the young and weak. In fact he attributed around 75% of interaction as an unconscious mutual factor. I viewed a line of Cyprus trees on my land forming a wind belt. Planted under all the same conditions of wind and rain and sun I watched them grow over 3 years. Some are nearly 3 meters tall, others no more than a meter. The question is: How can equality exist if each tree has different genetic tendencies? It is true that beneath the surface the bedrock and depth of soil may prove a defining factor in the success of each individual tree. Some species like firs have known evolved traits where they share resources to their young through root mycorrhizal. These symbiotic relationships may not have been known to Kropotkin at the end of the 19th century. Nevertheless, he believed human society was a natural phenomenon. I don't, yet we make the same observations and word our language differently. Opposed to the synthetic construction of the State, I take his point further and in fact claim that humanity is alien. In this I distinguish between evolution and development because of man's apartness in conscious will. As, in say fir trees, leaders do exist, but only through the success of individuals in society to make resources available to the weak and young. Else a leader concept would be self-negating, which Kropotkin agrees with here. But this is elitism per se. How can equality exist truly?

There can only be equality in unconscious determination, but not in reality, and morality in conscious determination. As in Goethe's Faust will or power is superseded by deed, word and meaning. This is the whole basis of the Greek *logos*. But as I say, what is truly equal is the collective unconscious motive, what Emma Jung referred to as the *anima* and *animus* of human existence. Understanding and interpretation only come to the forefront after one is open to their unconsciousness, and this is spiritual. It is the Spirit that maintains our foothold in what is natural. Yet we must balance this unconscious with the conscious otherwise we get what Carl Jung described as inflated souls. This is the illness of the mind. It is the alien trying to come to terms with the natural. Alien because it doesn't really nurture the weak and the poor but alternatively encourages exploitation and disparity with those better-off. This is a materialistic issue, the root of egoism.

DULWICH Home-SCHOOLERS HAVE A FUN DAY WITH SOUTH LONDON Permaculture

Corr...what a day. I had so much fun with the kids that what really surprised me is when I got a proper wage at the end. You know, these people aren't rich. We decided to cancel it the week before for lack of notice. So after they advertised it there was a horde who came down, and it gave Emma ample time to organise some freshly-baked food too. Well, the special thanks goes out to Richard Simpson at *Cummin Up* who laid on the transport and 10 crates of apples that were being thrown away from Lewisham Shopping Centre. Of course he has a thriving branch there, and like so many of us who are wheeling and dealing his extended family includes anyone with an ability to spot a deal. I was supposed to give him a load of juice but for what I could salvage from this mush was drunk by all the kids. That's a lesson well learnt; old apples fallen off the back of a lorry (literally) are 'hard' to extract from. Richard, of course, sponsors my beekeeping in Spain. I think patience is key here.



As soon as we arrived we were needed. Someone had broken down and was stuck in the mud so Richard had to pull him out. He is a devout Christian who helps anybody out blessing everyone who needs it. I guess that is why we are attracted to each other, we are both God people and deeply spiritual. His family were all brought up in a church and even though I don't consider myself a Christian I still follow the principles of brotherly and sisterly love. He doesn't need to support me, he has enough on his plate already. But our relationship gets stronger through community and honesty.

When I arrived to the base of the Dulwich home-schoolers I knew what to expect: kids of different ages being overseen by their parents. Some of the older ones were huddled around androids, as per usual. But slowly I had to identify the leaders who were advertently girls, simply because they pay more attention and like to organise things. More parents came later but I had more than enough on my plate to get on with. Things turned out so well that I can't imagine not coming back next year. The best time is around September/October when there is a greater selection of apples and pears. Not only that, I don't encourage buying apples to press but to use just the wasted windfall from the back of your garden or your friend's. Everybody appreciates a free clean-up.



A good juice is made from a selection of juicy apples, or from select varieties. My preference though goes to pears (perry as opposed to cider). It is such an unsung hero and neglected fruit that one is bound to find them on railway lines, old orchards, allotments and general waste land. And if you have a surplus of juice, cider is one of the easiest drinks to make. The yeast required for fermentation is naturally found on the skin of the ap-



ple and is abundant. A good cider is made up of one third eating apples (sweetness), one third cooking apples (acidity) and one third wild or crab apples (bitterness). After three months you will get a good cider if you have followed the fermentation process correctly through. You can of course find a good cider apple and for this it is worth travelling to abandoned orchards and farms on a day out in the country. There are about 200 common varieties probably; maybe the most famous being a Kingston Black which provides Thorntons cider.



So after we done all the technical stuff it was time to have some real fun. It's amazing how blatantly obvious are the different degrees of skill between the children. Some use their hands, others their head. Acting like an uncle to these kids I let them get away with things that go against the rules. So in this case I minimised the rules when it was time to stretch our legs. The laughter I had seeing the smallest sail away up the field with an apple in his mouth whilst others splashed their heads in the water during apple bobbing was everything I desired of this event. As a prize I had one small bottle

of olive oil to give away, having been a bad year when the last time I did this I had a number of bottles which all sold out. I asked the children to put an apple on their head, and the one who could reach the furthest would win the prize. When one of the boys used a half flat apple and strolled over the line I declared him the winner. He was accused by a girl of cheating but I had to quietly put my arm around her and assert that there were no rules and that we were all children. Having explained that adults make rules and sometimes they get it all wrong she cried. What fun. Special thanks again to Richard for collecting all the equipment.



The equipment above is available for community, festival and private hire. I recommend using my personal services if you have not attempted this before. I'm good fun. There is a downloadable form on our [News](#) page.

Hire Costs

For each day of setting up: £50 (un-hired)

For each day of hired employment: £120 (£60 charities and Not-for-profit Organisations)

For each subsequent day of machine hire: £25

Delivery/Collection: £120 per day (un-hired)

For every mile of delivery: additionally £0.50p outside the M25

Holding deposit: £50 (paid in advance included in hire fees)

Insurance to total loss deposit: £350 (un-cashed - not applicable if SLP are hired to man the equipment)

HOME Education

BY Emma KENDALL

Foreword...

Merlyn has asked if I could write a little for his newsletter after he ran an apple-pressing session for some children from our large and quickly expanding home-educating community. And what a great day it was too, Merlyn was awesome and spent all day engaging the children with the juicing.

Before I begin, I must impress on the reader that I write only from my own family's perspective, and do not speak for any other Home-Educating (HE), or Educating otherwise, family, as not any one family does it in the same way. Here is a slice of our average week which will hopefully give you some insight into our philosophy.

Starting at the weekend, my partner and I work on Farmers markets for an organic baker. These markets are communities in their own right and both are held in lovely surroundings. One in a local museum's grounds, the other in a school playground(!) Other traders also regularly bring their children who either help on the stall or play... they are the Saturday market gang.

These market days we include as part of their education. Molly (10) enjoys serving the customers, practising her maths and she has fantastic customer service skills. She is looking forward to becoming a Bread Fairy (running her own stall) once she is old enough. I have just recently trained and recruited two marvellously competent and enthusiastic 14-year-old ladies from the HE community.

My son Bo (7) enjoys donning the rubber gloves at the market, helping to arrange and label the loaves. He especially enjoys the officialdom of the stock sheet marking. However, he doesn't enjoy the customer relations, or welcome the fact that they all think him very cute... which he is... You see, beneath his adorable, small freckled features there is an administrator, who wishes to be taken very seriously. Because of the philosophies I have been exposed to in community life, I strive to remember to allow the children to be themselves and not let my social conditioning inform my behaviour towards them. For example, if Bo chooses not to engage with somebody, like a customer, I no longer try to change that for fear that the adult might think him rude. I simply smile at the customer and am pleasant myself.

"You can't make your kids do anything. All you can do is make them wish they had. And then, they will make you wish you hadn't made them wish they had." (Marshall B. Rosenberg)

I guess it's really only been the last few years that I am managing to not pressure my children based on the expectations of others. Of course, we have boundaries, for us it's to try to be kind and respectful to others. But asking a child to do something they really do not want to do, to the point of anxiety I mean, I am managing to no longer feel pressured to enforce.

Another good example of this is the way Molly holds her pen. Molly didn't begin her formal classes till she wanted to at age 9, though we would attend social and exploration classes/groups several times a week. It appears that 9 is when she was ready. English is taught by Iris, a magnificent tutor who has been teaching some 20 odd years in a well reputed local high school prior to teaching HE. Molly is an artist, and this is what she mainly spends her time doing, drawing, playing piano (self-taught) and writing stories and songs. Now Molly had never wanted to hold her pen 'correctly' when we first began to write ABC, as she had learnt to draw first, her own way. I would intermittently encourage her to try the other way, but was always met with a firm "No". Come the 2nd week of teaching Molly, Iris came to me with her concerns, explaining she was worried Molly may not be a fast and efficient enough writer to keep up during exams. I explained I was happy for her to encourage Molly to hold the pen differently. I was very curious to see how it would all pan out. Handwriting homework appeared, not compulsory, Molly briefly attempted and didn't complete. Two weeks later Molly learnt how to make a feather quill, I cannot recall why, self-led I believe.

She used this handcrafted



pen to write for a couple of weeks for all her studies, and she was holding it the 'proper' way. As soon as I mentioned that she was holding the quill conventionally, she never used it again and returned to her preferred unusual technique.

Molly continues to thrive in her English lessons and I regularly receive an excited report from Iris on Molly's capability, especially story writing, and she continues to hold her pen in her extraordinary fashion.

So back to our week. Mondays are at home usually, catching up with the chores and homework for Tuesday.

Tuesdays at 9.30 we arrive in a beautiful green forest and hillside at the scout ground group that has been running for approx. 22 years.

The lessons available for children ages 6-16 are English taught by the wonderful teacher I have already mentioned, Iris. She has been teaching and supporting HE teens through their GCSE's (Lit. & Lan.) since the group began. The other classes available are Maths and Science. The classes never have more than 8 students and are organised by ability not age. Maths and English have their own classroom but Tom, the wonderful scientist (former chemist) engages in all sorts of experiments and kinaesthetic explorations within the main hall with parents on the other side chatting, knitting, working with babies/toddlers babbling and playing around. Sometimes I manage to stop chatting with the others and sit quietly observing the pleasant hustle and bustle of this room. Looking over to see Molly fully immersed in Science doing something brilliant, her roller skates still on beneath the desk.

Bo began his classes age 6, a very inquisitive and self-led learner. He mostly spends his free time at home researching historic figures, monsters and making mini biographies with pictures. But mostly Bo needs to run, jump, climb trees and fight with his friends. This is what most of the children his age need.

"In our culture today, parents and other adults over protect children from possible dangers in play. We seriously underestimate children's ability to take care of themselves and make good judgments. In this respect, we differ not just from hunter-gatherer cultures, but from all traditional cultures which children played freely. Our underestimation becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy-by depriving children of freedom, we deprive them of the opportunities they need to learn how to take control of their own behaviour and emotions." (Peter Gray, 'Free we learn')

Previously on Wednesdays the children were attending animation and coding classes that reached a natural conclusion. We have since joined a HE swimming class, and we have a good after-swim with our friends. After lunch Molly and her friend come home with me for focused maths study, and Bo goes home with the other family for some serious play study.

Thursdays are kept free for play dates and trips. Last week a HE parent organised a trip to a Roman amphitheatre in Guildhall and the Museum of London. The session was led by an archaeologist, who really enjoyed the time with us all and it's good to witness the good impression made by our happy, inquisitive kids. A perspective I'm sure Merlyn would concur with. (*Ed: Most certainly, the best I've seen!*)

Fridays the children meet their friends at a play project in a local adventure playground; an eclectic group of kids and parents, with climbing, campfires and arts and crafts. This group prompts me to write about the diversity of our community... Atheist, Muslim, Hindu, Jewish, Christian, Mindfulness; vegan, carnivores, vegetarians, gluten-free, sugar-free and some with major food intolerances that could not be cared for in the school; (*Ed: High five!*) men, women, same sex marriages, grandparents and au pairs; bike riders, roller bladers and car drivers; Spanish, Italian, British all-sorts, French, New Zealand, Maori, Mongolian, Chinese, Irish and Turkish and more.

This diversity I wish to shout from the highest mountain...

"Come, come everybody see what we are doing, see us and our children growing and learning and playing together, every week!"

It IS possible to live together, integrate together. Of course, there are challenges, all the time, but that's how we grow and develop, together.

Another point I would like to reiterate is how this journey is MY education too, and how lucky I am to be around my family and community so much. This life choice is how Lee and I believe we can best contribute to this most wondrous planet, by raising compassionate, freethinking, happy individuals at a time when the world needs us most.

This first article on Home Education I dedicate to my oldest son Harvey 24, whose experiences in and out of various schools really has informed our family choices. That is another story, watch this space...

Making a cob oven part 2

LAYERING. This is the sculpturing stage. At this point various designs can be incorporated. To strengthen the mixture a bulking agent is used. Normally this is hay or straw, whichever is cheaper. Anything fibrous actually can be substituted, from pine needles to horse hair. Slap on this layer with lots of fun, before the first layer dries out. At no point should the walls or ceiling be compromised—put more rather than less to between 3 and 6 in. thick. Make sure it is nice and soggy when applying it. Likewise it should sit pretty under gravity. In my original boar oven the head eventually cracked and I had to remould it. This was simply a case of rewetting it and applying it to a damp facade. It worked even better as the mixture was strengthened even more producing a super cob.



The final layer is the finish, and like the first, should not have any added material unless it is finely chopped. Where a sharp sand or a beach sand was used during the sculpturing stage, here we are creating a fine texture and revert back to a softer mason's sand. Carving knives and tampers are allowed. But before the oven is left to dry naturally the door will need to be cut out if it hasn't been already at the beginning of the second layer. The sand mould will also need to be removed,.



THE DOOR. You can think about this way in advance and have a door specially built and moulded perfectly into your design during layering. But with a sharp knife a doorway can also be cut out of a sculpture. A door gets extremely hot, but one salvaged from a wood burner with a viewing window works wonders. Even better if it has a temperature reader. The other option is to use a large rock that won't splinter, or cut a door from wood, and preferably a deciduous hard wood like oak that will burn slowly. It should taper so as to fit like a plug. Bear in mind that you will need to pull it out and push it in with ease, so a handle of sorts is required. This can be simple





thumb and forefinger hole grips, a knob, or a protruding bolt. The height of the door needs to be 63% of the height of the ceiling, according to Kiko Denzer, in order to draw the smoke away through the top.



THE FLUE. This needs to be thought out in advance also. Look at the examples below. I use the flue here to draw smoke into a hot box, which has to be well-made. Here you can also proof your loaves **in advance** With Hanu-

man the monkey god I built a grill as a chimney hole. This loses vital heat if not closed during redundancy, but generally it can be doubled **up** as a hob to boil or heat liquid food of sorts. Generally a flue runs out of the back of the ceiling but in reality an oven can do without. The smoke will instead creep through the top of the door.

THE DECORATION. Kids just love this stage, and the more they get involved the more likely they are to want to learn how to bake. Try and use eco-friendly materials but more than likely anything that is not perishable. Bear in mind that the outside of the oven can develop hot spots accorded to how well the material has been mixed and the different levels of thickness.



BAKING. This is an art in itself and will probably require another article to explain the pros and cons (any contributors?) The thing to remember is this:

- We do not cook on an open fire (only pizza) but after firing the oven and letting it burn hot we remove the ash and any other material

left over.

- Cooking happens through convection, conduction, and radiation.
- You will require wet rags to create steam
- A selection of implements are also needed for handling the bread
- The initial burn should make 2 bakes and the bread needs to be spaced enough for expansion. It can be re-fired afterward
- Continue using the heat as it drops in temperature for other foods. These may include croissants, oatcakes, farinata, a type of thin unleavened pancake or crepe, Magdalenas, biscuits, and so on...



Traditional breads were made with a variety of flours including a percentage of rye. But experimenting with other relatively unknown ones is a must, for instance gram or chickpea flour, buckwheat and chia, oats, spelt, cous cous etc.



See the [real bread campaign](#) at Sustain.



I could not do justice to the mountain of possibilities here when learning to bake but some very important points need to be observed. Unless you are experienced, and some can use a wet finger to test the heat of the oven, it is imperative that you know the temperature. My first bread cooked so fast that after removing the blackened

crust it was quite edible. Some people have nut and gluten intolerance so it is important to use alternatives. Basically one should know the difference between, for instance, whole wheat flour and self-raising flours, semolina and pastry flours. See the [Cheat Sheet](#) for more information.

There has been a lot of talk about bread and its value as a carbohydrate. Much of the problem is due to the quality of the grain or bean. The bran or husk contains phytates which are considered an anti-nutrient because it binds up minerals in the digestive tract. Fermenting dough greatly reduces phytic acid and the concentration of phosphorous. See www.precisionnutrition.com

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Traveller's Spit



So... who wants to come? When the cycle meets the rugged mountains of Vancouver, a wind filling my guitar like a sail, carrying me to the vast lakes of Ontario. That's the plan, possibly my last great cycle ride to happen in 2020. Something about that number. Like a game of cricket, but I doubt it will be so short. No language barriers, no political barriers, just a game, like wolves to the wind.



I thought I was heading out to Poland this year with a group who invited me. We had this crazy idea, let's take a fold-up bike. Kicking off from Rome, camera in hand, it would be a Roman march. So Vaidas duly replied. 'Here, take this one, it's been down in the cellar for over a year. It will need a service'. I was a little ecstatic, just been given a second-hand bike for free. Oh no no no no! All of a sudden the guys at the Serpentine club were talking about 200k a day. 10 days, not my kind of journey. And they want me to take my guitar? Come on guys, I thought we planned for 3 weeks. I don't need to prove anything. Damn, that's one place I've always wanted to go. Into its wild woods. A last minute change of mind, and change of bike? Ummmmm.....

Problem is, I need to keep free. Sticking a girdle around me with a bit to the wind is a physical exercise, not a spiritual one. And I was so looking forward to the coach ride back!



BBQ Roast Snapper Fish *Jamaican-styli*

by Richard Simpson

Ingredients for stuffing

Spinach

Okra

Red Peppers

Onion

Thyme...



Method

- Descaled... gutted... stuffed with above freshly-obtained ingredients 'rustically' chopped
- Add scotch bonnet pepper finely chopped to stuffing
- Dress or marinade with lime or lemon, rubbed over fish inside and out
- Push into belly void
- Add a knob of butter or dairy-free on the outside
- Place 6 Jamaican water crackers on the fish to absorb juices
- Wrap in foil
- Bake on grill 15mins each side
- Add salt to taste

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INTERNA- BANOL

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
SUBJECT: VOLUNTEER EXCHANGE SYSTEM

In my cultural enterprises I invite cross-cultural volunteers to spend time on my farm taking the opportunity to learn about the Catalonian landscape and how I have utilised permaculture techniques to improve its methods of agriculture. These activities include dry-stone walling, bio-char production, organic horticulture, olive and carob production, eco-building, water conservation, fire prevention, arboriculture, and beekeeping. On-going building projects include a large 150,000ml cistern that will grow fish also, a food tunnel made from woven cane as a measure against the wind, and a small communal roundhouse to be built of straw and earth. I hope to expand on some of the micro-industries including producing products from plant species like almonds, olives and carobs. The thrust of the enterprise is to create an eco-community in the future whereby volunteers make annual visits in order to 'own' projects on the ground that they can learn from, and importantly to add input and skills that an international scheme could promote. As an experiment in sustainable lifestyles I have already achieved a number of successes including our highly sought-after organically-produced Extra Virgin cold-pressed olive oil. With the potential to create wax and honey products also and through the introduction of exotic species these are skills that could benefit poorer countries in their use of methods and equipment. I have already taken some of these skills to Africa and brought back knowledge concerning the use of moringa products like face and hand creams, soaps, teas, and food additives. Likewise using sustainable technologies like sun and wind harnessing, carbon sequestration, mulching, water and fertility entrapment, recycling and composting, and organic plant husbandry, require the need to observe the landscape as a whole.

I also invite my volunteers to share experiences around a campfire and to take day-trips out to the Catalonian countryside in order to engage the diversity and beauty of its land. These include popular mountaineering sites, natural wildlife sanctuaries and parks, the delta where rice is grown, trips to local industrial towns where cooperatives form the backbone of agricultural life, local festivals, and the occasional trip to the big city including excursions to ancient monuments. I

Register with South London Permaculture to earn the chance to volunteer at MyFarm, an NGO-run 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 500-600delasi per day (about 10-12euros) and provides 2 meals, lodging, and insurance. 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

South London Permaculture



encourage fitness and health through good eating and exercise. We are located only 6km from the nearest town and beach, and a 30 minute drive to the closest mountain offering further camping expeditions. Other recreational activities like fishing and hunting could also be explored. Our philosophy is egalitarian, spiritual and experimental so that the volunteer, no matter how long they spend time with us, will always take away something they have learnt or made. As such I encourage friendly dialogue no matter what religion, creed or mental disposition; although I strongly suggest that the participant is used to camping and preparing food outdoors.

Volunteers now are absolutely necessary to the success of the farm. However, in my experience it is very difficult to maintain any continuity working abroad. I believe that it would be easier to teach Africans new technologies outside their own countries and in others more developed, as I believe that is the case in many parts of the world, who can then take that experience back to their homelands and re-educate their own families and friends. This has the benefit of allowing language barriers to be transcended but also, more importantly, to give Africans a taste of Europe and to see how the economy works here without the need for pipe dreams.

From the outside it looks like a perfect marriage for developed and developing milieus, where the volunteer is also acculturated to a degree with the natural and social experience of foreign peoples, especially since many cannot travel due to economic or political restraints. Obviously such an enterprise as this is beneficial all round, but requires monitoring. I have a lot of experience of volunteers going back over 20 years whilst working on projects around the UK. The scheme also petitions financiers to sponsor individuals and pay for their travel and food expenses. Meanwhile some pocket money will be made available and a general good will to make all volunteers feel at home. A caravan will be made available on cold days, but with improved weather conditions dependant on the time of the year, a large tent will be installed.

What I seek then is an international cross-cultural exchange. I ask my volunteers to make a postal or online application saying something about their background and what they would like to achieve here. In light of the current political climate I welcome sponsored short-stays from developing countries in order to give a taste of real country life and how that would contribute to the on-going immigrant issues now prevalent in Europe. The scheme could eventually operate both ways, so that Europeans are encouraged to work on farms in Africa or Asia. These may be NGOs but the opportunity to get to know foreign families and maintain on-going communication is always welcome. My personal experience has shown this.

Please support our scheme with a donation to pay for the flights and living expenses including pocket money for one or two under-privileged persons to reside here for up to 6 months at a time. Contact me for further information. All correspondences will remain confidential. Not least you are encouraged to broach an on-going business rapport with me. More information can be found at www.solteriologicgarden.com

Regards,

Merlyn Peter
South London Permaculture

Comments to the Editor

Hello Merlion, it was and always is a joyous occasion to be in your company. You are one special character, with a special mission. It was great to visit your farm. You have only gained in our respect for you. It allowed us to also to imagine what living (as opposed to visiting) there entails. The harshness of the land, the heaviness of the rocks, the forever battle for water. Gaia gives on her terms. And takes. This is all manageable and you dance with Gaia like an artist. Just like you dance with life. Every moment is an opportunity to make a connection, do a barter, join the dots. Whether between people or things. Make the whole bigger than the sum of the parts. Literally make 1 cent travel twice around the earth. It is far from perfect but what matters is the process. Me and Nathalie love observing this process.

Your mom is a bitter angry empty vessel, and a destroyer. The battle with her must be becoming so much bigger than the battle with the other elements on the farm. No wonder you can not always stay there. Keep your physiological distance and stay strong...

Your mom does not have the faintest idea who you are. Not the foggiest. I had an extremely naïve dream of trying to enlighten them about you, to make them see at least a little glimpse of you but as soon as I met them I realised it would be a complete and utter waste of time... Thank god for your dad, who keeps a bit of an equilibrium and sanity in the house, but you can see the sadness on his face...

Moving on to lighter topics :)

My highlights:

- 1) Getting a better understanding of you.
- 2) Feeling the energy of the farm beyond the walls of the farm house. Your positive energy imparted and infused with the elements over many years.
- 3) Being surprised by how good we sounded playing together (with Emmie, and later without Emmie).
- 4) Watching that dude tapping to destination GOD. Ultimate vote of confidence.
- 5) Breaking the bread Easter Friday and teaching the boys about rituals and their significance.
- 6) Learning on your farm (scratching the surface).
- 7) Best paella I had in my life (Nathalie's aste piece aided by...see nuber 2 above...). (Ed: Yo Nathalie!)
- 8) Swimming in the rock pool.
- 9) Best sleep of the holiday so far was the night on your farm (see number 2 above)
- 10) Swimming in the cold water of Altafulla battling with rocks

after a couple of sprints.

11) Chinese hot water with Bovril :) (Ed: jejeje)

I do wonder if your focus on the process and the mission dont make you sometimes miss opportunities to make more/better use of technology, (for example better tools, or more scientific healthcare), to make things go smoother or faster. Sapiens who did not embrace fire 600k years ago are not around anymore. Technology is a means, not an end in itself. It is not bad per se. It depends on the intent of its utilisation. Why not become a technological naturalist? You appear quite dysfunctional at times!

... Talk soon

Ohh, that's a wonderful observance. I'm going to print it. It's funny how you always see to understand. Maybe you are my long-lost brother. I know Nathalie is my soul-sister. What she feels is how so any people feel towards my other. As you say, an absolute martyr. The heated battles of the past subside only on account of her aging. I just feel extremely sorry for her. I'm the only son who stuck it out. You can understand why I need to protect my volunteers; her seesaw attitude is psychically damaging. That German volunteer who accused me of negativity got the wrong end of the stick even though I gave her a whirl of a time. I know my other realises how vulnerable she is. I'm like the sprite left in the bottom of Pandora's box for her. Sad!

It's wonderful to hear that coming from people who know me. Many persons I have met tell me that I have this incredible energy. I think it is a valid assertion to make that much of the reception I receive is positive and from people who are open to me. I am always distrustful of mixed motives. This was brought to light by a recent volunteer from Germany whose flatmate I met in Barcelona exactly during that time when I am in my element. She called me, put on a becoming voice (even though she was always sweet) and asked to stay a couple of nights. I checked out her Facebook profile and saw that she was pretty. I made it clear that I would not treat her like a queen. Unfortunately I did in anticipation of her capacity to help me out on the last day when I most needed her. We got to know each other after she was apologetic for arriving late from the train station. But before this I responded to her claim that she nearly missed the train by informing her of the psychic energies that swirl around the farm. She was very curious. Having been late myself for having to wake up my mother and ask her where the gate keys were, (at 12pm) it was shock horror that nobody could find them because she has this habit of hiding keys and forgetting where they are. I had to lift the gate off to get the car out to pick up the volunteer! I thought the night would offer a perfect opportunity to broach the subject of psychic energy, and I continued on this saga of how often it happens on the farm, a hot topic of my recent books. Trying to run a farm with volunteers can be extremely taxing and confirms my view that they should pay for an education. Having had a maiden introduction into beekeeping fully suited up, seed-sowing and transplanting, outdoor cooking and initiation into a great Catalan tradition called Calçots; as well as a guide to the local festival, why not, a little live music thrown in too, I commenced the conversation and she seemed to get spooked up about it. That night she chose to sleep in the same caravan as me; it would have been a stretch to get the 3-man tent up. Nothing happened other than her period started the following morning. Totally unprepared she became vexed. I even found a couple of tampons for her. We took the dogs out for a walk even though she had no boots and had earlier expressed a desire to go walking in nature. I took her to another festival and promised her a fish meal my mother was preparing. Having then gone to the sea, taking a lovely walk along

Cont. back page



THE BIG HANNA: A COLLABORATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN OASIS CHILDREN'S VENTURE, EVELYN COMMUNITY GARDENS AND SOUTH LONDON PERMACULTURE

Things are progressing in Stockwell, albeit very slowly. When I stepped in to locate a new home for The Big Hanna things got very tight, as tight as that new chain purchased by ECG that myself and Angelo put onto the machine very recently. But Oasis took up the donation amid many blank refusals at the time, and the prospect scared them to an extent. And maybe this is the issue. Like a compost heap the whole project was put on fermentation until a process of *re-education* enlightened them to permit a small-scale version of the initial vision, which was to incorporate the waste of nearby residences whilst forming a partnership with local

authorities. Instead, the fear of smelly waste infiltrated by rats threatened to undermine the real benefits The Big Hanna could provide. The invention of a Swedish company, it has long been an international phenomenon that forms a worldwide community with outlets in Britain also. Getting spare parts though has not always been easy.

So it has been a while since I wrote that last article. In between Malcolm Cadman and Angelo have fitted a 3-phase electrical outlet for the machine which cost Oasis a whopping £1,300. There's no funding here, Malcolm paid £60 for the new chain



if only out of passion to see this lady live up to its full potential. David Ogwe, the coordinator at Oasis, combined the cost

with an intriguing new scheme called the Sensory Bus. He told me a short story about how their Leyland Daf van broke down one day on the road and it led to them receiving a £30,000 grant from a brewery company. Instead of retiring the old bus away they gave it a new lease of life. It now proudly sits next to the Big Hanna turning this

whole corner of the adventure playground into a state-of-the-art modern education centre. It works on introducing the passenger to various energies of the light spectrum giving them a sensory experience. *(Readers of my journal will know that I talk about EM Energy in relation to spiritual awareness.)*

Malcolm Cadman wrote, "The Big Hanna has a pre-heater for the air intake so that it is warmed when entering the machine (rather than cold air affecting the composting process higher temperature). Otherwise the composting process generates its own heat, as the material breaks down. The whole process, when fully operational takes 6 to 10 weeks (up to 70 days), with fresh organic material being added in every day. Regular output will then be produced. On the last visit, in March 2019, the control cabinet lock was replaced, the 240v external socket was replaced, a new drive chain restored, and the micro/reed switches were reactivated to a working condition. Later, we ended up stripping down the machine further, to inspect the interior of the main cylinder. There is still work to do, before we can get to a testing phase."

In due course SLP will also dig into its pockets to help build a roof over the top. A bit more TLC and David told me that he expects the machine to be up and running before another 6 months have passed. The T120 works using an Archimedes screw which receives fresh waste at the inlet point and turns out heated composted waste at the other end anything up to 300-500kg per week with the potential of serving 90-135 households. At first, in order to prevent vermin, the project will only receive fresh green waste and they were adamant about this.

Both Oasis and Evelyn Community Gardens are always looking for volunteers so check out the links below.

David Ogwe

Project Co-ordinator

Oasis Children's Venture

33 Priory Grove

Stockwell

London SW8 2PD

Tel: 020 7622 8756

david@oasisplay.org.uk

www.oasisplay.org.uk

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

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCzaQQvHQx7p2jQAp9D3JV6A>

<http://malcolmpepysforum.wix.com/john-evelyn-garden>

<http://www.pepys.community>



Cont. from page 17

the coast which she enjoyed, and swam, which she avoided because she had nothing, and so feeling dirty decided she wanted to go home. Unbelievable! She told me afterward that I gave the farm a negative atmosphere. That's the problem with volunteers, if you don't work them they take you for a ride. In the end my father helped me out with collecting the used manure from the festival site. This was a real positive; it seems to be drawing our relationship closer. There's a lot more to this sorry tale which will be elicited in my latest writings. All in all she couldn't understand that the negativity she experienced could only have been self-generated. It is caused by hidden agendas. MPX

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<input type="checkbox"/> Bum Bum Carob Pods, off the tree (1kg sample)	£5
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Nb. Above prices

assume membership

Subtotal:

Donation:

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Method of Payment

☐ Cheque (payable to South London Permaculture)

☐ Cash (in person only)

Name

Address

Email

Phone

Signature

Date

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."

South London



Permaculture

Add additional info here:

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