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News from the mews

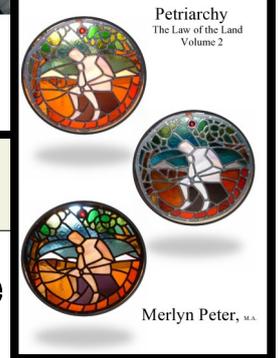
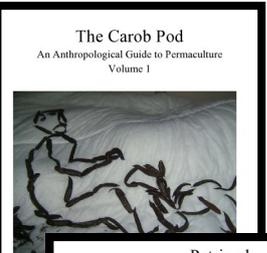
Volunteers and beers make for bees and knees in sunny Spain

We are dancing here in Catalonia, in figures of '8'. And I am not talking about millions of euros. Even though the British are selling up and going home because of the drop in value of the pound, opportunities remain for those who have business links. Cheap property, maybe even designed with English electrical components, cheap right-hand cars matriculated with Spanish number plates, and I just discovered a second-hand junk shop in my local town el Perelló that gratefully accept the memorabilia of a shrinking population. My business though, has been the installation of new hives, considerably cheaper than British and European styles like the Nationals and Langstroths, and with such a massive tradition here that goes back hundreds of years they are fully up to date with the science and industry. Likewise I have had the fantastic help of volunteers who looked after the farm whilst I returned to the UK to oversea another project that promises to blossom into sweet-smelling compost.



If you wander from the herd (instinct) you are likely to complain all the more (rationale/logic). It's the individual who makes his own politics for social change

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



Oiling the wheels : SLP out and about

Already I see the permaculture, the massively increased pollination of carob trees as I try to develop a new market in the UK for the powder (a very good substitute for milk in ground coffee as a naturally-high calcium and phosphor sweetener), and the late rains that produced a profusion of olive without olive fly and so promises to return a very high quality Extra Virgin oil. With the volunteers Josep and Irma came their knowledge in herbs and their dynamism, their music and my Spanish practice. Having reinforced the polytunnel by weaving the kitchen area into a dry and shady work area, we had found the time to crop the neighbour's almonds and quickly put to use the moringa press (the seeds of which are germinating this very moment as a future crop) donated from Africa. The oil retails at €40 a litre. Along with my bee products and the carob I hope to seriously expand by this time next year. If the coffee roasters are willing to keep donating spent hessian sacks that I want to use for building with, well who knows, I may also be selling carob coffee this time next year too. That's just permaculture.



Above: An olive oil tasting session at Forest Hill Supermarket. The delicious ciabatta was provided by Carlos at Ye Olde Bakery in Herne Hill, SE24

Below: The Big Hanna biodigester in transit to its new home at Oasis Venture Playground in gracious cooperation of Landlease Developments. Page 7



Come to Catalonia

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.

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.solterriologicgarden.com



Legality and frivolity: Whatever happened to the law of God?

In these times of change I had another waft of revelations or insights. I don't always have a pen to paper so I don't write them down, but I am content with the knowledge that wisdom is never lost, never spent, and that everybody is having these insights at some time in their lives. Even if I dream of

a great tune or song I feel no urgent necessity to capture it in space and time. That would be only too human.

I adapt to the changing times; everyone should, that is what brings on insight. I wrote once,

'If the earth moves I move with it.
Such is my permanence I merely extend from her womb.
Like a baby crying out for her mother,
I nestled amongst the forts of her bosom'

I also wrote once of the prophetic nature of all life on this planet entitled 'On the theory that death and suffering evolves all life forms' in my very first self-publication called *Being: The Evolution of Consciousness*. The idea is that we are all so intricately connected with the earth's organisms that through natural insight we receive signs and portents for the times ahead. In order to engage this level of awareness we must centre our consciousness on a very instinctive level through our primary receptors. That nature is a self-evident success story effectively informs all organisms on this planet to adapt to the oncoming changes. This is on the basis that the Earth is a global consciousness, and there is enough evidence of that put forward since time immemorial. Humans, however, base their survivalist capabilities on removing themselves from nature through technological innovation. Hence it looks for other planets to colonise. My hypothesis is that humanity survived extinction on this premise, and so started looking towards the stars.

With this context one can look at health. I try to explain my health on a metaphysical level, because that is the only way I can *believe* why I am suffering. To rationalise with this notion is to change the context of one's argument, and bring it onto a human survivalist level of interpretation i.e. outside nature and through self-gratification; humanity is very conceited to say the least. This is why it doesn't heed the environmental catastrophes that 'litter' our planet. Biologically, the human body is an environmental catastrophe. It is about time *you* realized this. Nature has been telling it to de-construct for thousands of years in the context of extinction. Quite apocalyptic don't you think?

So, should you centre your consciousness onto an instinctive level you would read the environment very well—it is prophetic. The holy life, or the religious experience, does just that. Let's not forget, Jesus was apocalyptic. It was a very *good* reason to execute him, he went against the whole of human convention to conquer nature. It was no Jew, nor Roman that condemned Jesus to the cross. It was human culture. That is why Jesus self-affirmed himself to be the Son of Man. Later this was theologically changed to read the Son of God. The apocalyptic writings understood this prophetic urge to be a child as to be rooted in the

Earth and nature; every child has a right to the Kingdom of God. But on another level of comprehension the Son of Man signifies the first man under God's law. So even though some Christians may consider this to mean the redemption of man from Adam—the fallen, anthropologically it refers to the general fall of man from the grace of God when he defied nature, and thus overpopulated the earth against its will many thousands of years ago. The Son of Man means literally 'the son of God as a pure race untainted by materialist ambitions'. This was once very Mosaic and Israelite in its application.

If you can understand this you can understand why there is extremism in religion. At one end you have a follower religion, at the other the prophetic experience. Materialism favours the follower's end, and this takes many forms including the technological subjugation of nature, more recently the Western Greco-Roman model. It also includes the over-population of the planet since humanity has lost many of its environmental cues for natural reproduction. If the collapse of empires isn't enough signage to inform humanity that its rationale approach to life is out of context with the Earth's needs, then the proliferation of disease *is*.

When an organism over-populates its ecological niche it throws itself out of kilt with the rest of nature, and so the unitary intelligence informs the organism that it is ill. This 'negotiation' between humanity and nature is so subtle that only a prophetic imagination can perceive it. Effectively, all organisms 'negotiate', and this is evolution. But to take away that perception is to be inhuman—the modern human being. With evolution is a spiritual awareness that leads the individual to change his or her ways, and behave accordingly. Thus every single organism on this planet is 'negotiating'. To be inhuman is to deny this *covenant*.

When the planet *suffers* populations naturally react, as if say there was global warming, or rising sea levels, or industrial pollution etc. The natural reaction of species is to find environmental solace. For humanity, we need to contract and minimize our impact upon the Earth. That is what is going to make us healthier. The signs are, that we will have to return to warmer climes in the tropics, as man has experienced over millions of years. The ice-ages ensured that many species returned to this 'green belt' around our planet. Species come and go. But humanity thought 'better' and thus began his technological revolution. For the religiously minded though, this is the Kingdom of God of theology, the apocalyptic vision. Extremism is trying to address this problem. Personally, my own subjective experiences tells me to leave Britain and work on the farm in Spain. That is where I am healthiest

Imagine then, this to be the only solution that will offset the psychological and physical malaise that infects Western nations. Immigration will be a key issue. Instead of conquering and colonising other nations through war as it has done in the past, if the West could put as much time and energy into the spiritual appropriation of sub- and tropical environments it would be working towards its apocalyptic vision to sustain a smaller global population. Instead it continues to do the opposite and puts huge resources in trying to leave the planet in dealing with an expanding population. When humanity eventually leaves the planet it will become another race, the vindication of *Homo sapiens technologicis*, whilst those remaining in the contracted model can live up to their *environmentalis* epithet. It follows that the biblical vision of a city in the sky may be no more than *Homo sapiens technologicis* looking towards the stars. But the essential human being must be rooted in the Earth.

Hand in hand with the development of technological man are the ‘men of letters’, or the politico-economic sphere. They deal with the politics of living on this planet against its natural will to sacrifice human ecology. Hence our prophetic forbears like Noah and Jesus all warned of this political obeisance, and flew in the face of human convention. They were men of the land, who lived among the means to sustenance, like Moses and Abraham. Our prophetic lineage will always warn us of man’s defiance against nature.

As for modern politics truly religious people wonder at the inefficaciousness of it all. The teetering between political prejudice achieves very little; it becomes a game of words. It is part of a materialist convention abstracted from the real issues of ‘living in the land’. Central to this is the creation of cities where the masses are collated and controlled. Here, outside nature everyone abides by conventional rules. That is the cost of renouncing your *environmentalis* state of being. Truly, a religious country is a ‘Galilee sown from one end to another’, the breeding ground for prophetic and holy wandering men. However, the Jews that survived the massacre of the Romans were the Pharisees, the men of letters who interpreted the Bible, and the Diaspora—an uprooted people. Between them they adapted to the new European conventions and became central to the economic needs of kings, queens and other rulers as the centuries unfolded. Their banking institutions played over the political sphere because they were good at abstraction. For centuries they lived in the shadow of a Greco-Roman empire that recorded its military triumphs and studied the art of war. Cities across the empire replaced wood with stone, and the cosmopolitan centres thrived as travellers and nomads plied their trade. The blood of the empire is such, that through immigration huge amounts of money changed hands, and the banking institutions got rich on it. The Diaspora had also allowed the new religion of Christianity to thrive as the synagogues allowed Jews to give voice to ‘aberrant’ philosophies including Christianity. But any religion that continues to thrive in commercial, capitalist centres has lost its origins, especially how the now Pauline Christianity superseded the Jesus groups of the apocalyptic era. As that literature disappeared so did the hope of a mass resurrection, and Hellenism likewise influenced the philosophical virtues of a growing movement that lost its shackles of a non-universalistic Judaism.

Undoubtedly, Rome would have looked for a universal religion to bind its empire, and Judaism would never become it. What lived on in the Jew is a capitalistic theory and the meaning of ownership and property. I personally am contending with these issues now, fighting against the owners of my flat to grant me a tenancy agreement after 14-16 years of living under my parents name. When I look at the concept of ownership I realize it is a means to possession for the biological right to have a niche that one can call home. Whether that is home to the dead or living is irrelevant. It is a higher level of evolution by which things are granted, or even conceded as the case may be, as is a piece of land for a burial, a house, or a food-garden. The biblical precedent of Abram’s wife Sarah is an anthropological milestone here; **cf. Zera, either “seed” or “heir”**. The local Hittite tribes sold over a piece of land for burial (**Gen. 23:4-6**) to show their respect for an evolved person. The niche that everyone warrants is ecological. Putting down a gravestone is a way of showing continuity with the past and establishing an evolved lineage. Passing on a house or property to your children confirms the Israelite tradition that evolution continues here. Even if the property is ‘possessed’ under different owners tenancy

agreements should protect that fundamental right to be able to live in peace and without molestation. That is why they should be held in perpetuity, and that the 'shorthold tenancy agreement' that came into power in the 1980's under the Thatcher Government destroyed hundreds of years of inheritance in a move that gave so much power to landlords to be able to evict tenants at a short notice, mainly one month, that the capitalist empire just got greedier in order that it could raise the rents at will. If you didn't pay you were out. Hence, we also now have the relatively fast destruction of a grassroots culture through the closure of clubs and the ramshackling of the poor to keep them off the streets in the new era of gentrification as properties are sold off for offices or luxury housing instead. Note that this is a phenomenon of an urban environment—the city—in which (d)evolution or development takes precedent.

This is one form of possession, another is to appropriate goods and carry them around if they can provide the anthropological right to travel freely. Especially also if they are the means to a livelihood. The whole Brexit argument will not affect me; I will continue to ply my trade across the British border; my olive oil production is a staple. I exercise my rights to travel to and from my birth land. The British officials certainly cannot refuse me entry, even without a passport. It is for them to prove that I don't have a home here, nor a livelihood. Ironically, these are the factors that are being denied me. Returning back to Spain or the continent is little trickier, and requires that I also have a home there, or a livelihood. They can refuse me entry at a border, but if I provide proof of residence as a means to a livelihood then this should suffice. At this stage in the Brexit vote I should be establishing my personal requirements with officialdom through negotiating an easy transit between the countries, else they will (d)evolve into using heavy-handed methods, as they have done with travellers. Likewise they are preventing many such travellers from making money on the street as the red tape at borders extends into the (d)evolved environment of cities. I don't doubt that the passport was once issued to negotiate this personal requirement, the meaning of which has been lost as bureaucratized cultures get paranoid with the threat of insurgents.

On a lawful level then, we should counter-culture this phenomenon by actively evolving the culture we live in, and I propose the creation of a Spiritual Courts to protect the rights of travellers and subsistence farmers. It may sound regressive but we live in an escalating-control zone that slowly (d)evolves the human into a machine, one that seeks lifeless planets that can be colonised with technological prowess. That is the right of the unhealthier *Homo sapiens technologis* who lives counter to nature, but as for *sapiens environmentalis*, to live a meek life without financial profit is our prerogative. These courts then, would acknowledge God, or Nature, as our 'Prime Minister', outside city politics, whereby the right to live is balanced with the right to die, in between of which we can access food and water nurtured by our own hands. This coupled with the right to travel freely in order to ply our trades are the negotiations we need to put in place now so that we establish natural law and evolve our spiritual selves with the comprehension and acceptance of the (d)evolved race around us. Our first step then, must surely be to rid ourselves of our legal status under statutory law that compromises our higher selves. This is no easy process, and in fact is a material sacrifice of sorts. Processes for the protection of the individual against antagonists need also be put in place, not least a leader that leads by example. *To be continued...*





Recipe for Natural Toothpaste by Irma Lyn

1. Make a concentrated (a little water with lots of plants) infusion
2. Leave the infusion to cool with the plants included
3. Filter out the plants
4. Mix in an earthenware or glass container the white clay and the concentrate of herbs until you obtain the required texture
5. Add 2 drops of tincture of propolis
6. Keep in small containers with lids
7. Use freely (no need to rinse—just swallow)
8. Alternatively, use as face paint (*Watch this space for almond oil recipes*)

Ingredients:

White clay (available in health-food shops)
Sage
Thyme
Mint
Tincture of propolis

The Inevitable Yearning

Your encroaching skin brings with it your sins,
like clouds scattered high blotting the universal sky
Infectious as you are you dampen my spiritual fire,
a rash upon my face you cease to go away

For I am the Earth who shines out in joyous mirth
I cater for your lows by oiling a heavenly rainbow
Strident tracks I trace for your uncommitting race,
endlessly searching in vain for that treasure in between

Don't chase me (for you will never catch me), cos for all your stealth
you are only following your shadowy self
No matter how tall you are (for you will never see me) or loud your calls,
you are running round in circles

To find a crock of gold you must ever be bold,
and loosen your hair to the wind's chilling care
Providing you with lips to the morning dew
And the sun basting your back in Autumn

Red in tooth and claw that survived the Winter's gore,
your bloody hands then gave rise to pastoral lands
The Spring turned to Summer with the beat of the parochial drummer,
who scrapped after the appeal of militant zeal

In time the territorial year turned over your global fear,
as mountain snowcaps melted into amorphous sea maps
Sweat and tears gave way to sunken roads without frontiers,
leading your emotions just where they belong, in the malaise of your throng

Comments to the Editor

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/brixtonfoodsurplusnetwork/>

Hello all - my friend Merlyn runs South London Permaculture and is working with Oasis Children's Venture in Stockwell to set up an new enterprise collecting organic food waste in Stockwell and Brixton.

He has a biodigester donated from Evelyn Community Gardens and is looking for potential partners. I'm inviting him to join the network. Anyone interested in getting involved can contact him at: info@southlondonpermaculture.com

Also, if there are any new surplus food ventures, let me know and I'll add them to the Lambeth Larder Community Map, it has a section on food surplus, or you can add them yourself.

lambethlarder.communitymaps.org.uk

Virginia Nimarkoh

<http://www.bbc.com/news/health-37848305?SThisFB>

How do we avoid the antibiotics apocalypse? - BBC News

"In 1950, a chance discovery in a laboratory showed that antibiotics make animals grow faster. Since then, farmers all over the world have pumped them into their animals, even after scientific studies proved that bacterial resistance could pass from animals to humans."

Ind Re Mik No-one realise how big this issue is!! It is more threatening than atomic bombs or other disasters we are bombarded in media! Still probiotics have some strength to fight superbugs, and keeping away

from hospitals helps too. 😊

Politics is better left to the dealers

Politics has rather taken a front seat at the moment with the same regurgitated bullshit you would have heard the Roman senate talk about two thousand years ago. Running a community project can also be a political act. I had one volunteer who eventually turned up at the perfect moment, but then what is the perfect moment? When is the right time to leave, or stay? It is really about adaptation, being flexible. Having travelled across from Portugal he decided that he had no more time to transport my wares to the UK, which was the arrangement we discussed months earlier. Needing to get to India, and then Brazil next year, having just toured Scandinavia, travellers can sometimes bring too much baggage, especially if it is self-centred and blinkered. His converted Volkswagen had just run out of ITV (road worthiness) and seemed to have a destiny all of its own. Money obviously wasn't his issue, but it was his excuse, even though I offered to put him up in London for free whilst I needed to earn hard cash. I was accused.

I have spent about two years in europe going from place to place, sometimes helping people in their projects, other times busking to make ends meet and also trying to build those bicycles and finish the campervan. I keep going to places where I dont have the conditions or

I don't know where to find the solutions or where I eventually get crossed or have to move on. I am carrying lots of materials and almost all the tools I need. What is missing at this stage is storage space, good vibration and someone handy (welding and carpentry) who can listen to make things happen. I am not too tight on a budget. I paid to get some labour to help me paint the van and it was great. Done quickly. Wish I could finish furniture as fast.

It would be great to finish these projects before moving on in life. I am well behind schedule.

Aware I am in the wrong place I did half of the packing today and hope to be ready to leave soon after the weekend. Do you think I can find solutions close to yours?



Recently on Facebook some of us discussed the American election and the mind-control processes used to popularize candidates. On a personal note I have seen courses run in India on these methods. When the issue of the futility of politics to organize coherent systems was raised it sparked a lively debate, as the comments themselves could be construed as political. My reply was quite succinct. It's a matter of individualism (rationale/logic) and social consciousness (instinct). Those who complain the most for change tend to be those individuals whose very movement from the herd creates the change. Effectively it is a means to empowerment over the masses as one individual after the next vies over the social ladder that will take them to the top of the pyramid. Politics is the language of materialism because it tries to deal with resource allocation and meeting basic needs: how to make most people happier. It is a phenomenon of the cities. However, Marx understood that if you take away that social hierarchy and the means to change the system by individuals moving away from the herd then everyone is much happier without the politics.

I replied to David in this vein:

Hi David, my comments may have been blunt but they were also straight to the point. When you came to Catalonia you immediately started talking about a service to take my wares back to London. I had, as you know, done you a favour by storing some of your equipment there and giving you the opportunity to stay and prepare for your next trip around Scandinavia. Even when I offered to pay my share of a ferry to cut out the mileage on your vehicle because you increasingly mentioned how the filtered vegetable oil may be affecting your engine, since you get this for free anyway, you raised the issue of money and the affordability of it all. So I suggested getting an extra paying passenger through Blablacar. On top of this I did my utmost to find the spare part for your vehicle on the suspension system, which I did, but you raised the issue of money again. You arrived just as your vehicle ended its ITV and needed a couple of weeks to get it up to standard. You also incessantly told me that you were behind schedule and that you needed to buy a flight to India. I said that a ticket would be cheaper from London rather than Barcelona. And then you raised the further point of needing to get to Brazil next year too. Obviously money isn't an issue with you, since when you accused me of insulting you by telling you that I felt you were using me, you went to the local village and decided to buy some scuba-diving equipment. You had also just had your van painted. I believe that your motive was to dump the vehicle on our land, for even the suggestion of allowing me to use it in your absence threw you in a maelstrom. You may be intelligent but you have no empathy or communal abilities which my project in Spain demands. I doubt your spirituality too. If it was not for the fact that you reminded me of a lost brother I may not have ever invited you to Catalonia. You gave me the impression that even your

Cont. on back page

Solteriologic Garden: The Temple to Gaia

As I fight for my London flat against the owners who want to reclaim it I cannot help think that there is a simultaneous development happening in Spain. We must remember that 270a Devonshire Road is the original Solteriologic Garden, a permaculture on my doorstep, which ultimately extended from the garden into my Zone 4—managed wilderness—on the railway embankment. It was a pleasure to come back and pick my first ripe figs; the particularly long summer in London benefitting the Mediterranean fruits. A poor year for peaches since the Spring rains brought on too much leaf curl, and likewise last year's bumper apple crop necessitated a rest this year. That other multi-climatic fruit, the plum, yet again rotted on the tree as there was no-one here to pick them. Still, I noticed also for the first time grapes that have survived the natural reclamation of the railway line by indigenous species like sycamores, nettles, cleavers, and brambles. It is always interesting to return to a project and to see what prevails after a lengthy period of abandonment. Much of the soft fruit, the black, red and white currants, the raspberries, have all but disappeared as neighbors now use the railway line to dump their garden waste into it. But the overgrowing canopies of the sycamore return with vengeance and this just as much contributes to their demise. Happily I espied a mulberry which I planted up about 5 years ago peering through the arching stems of roses and brambles; hazels likewise producing their first crop since planting, the sweet almond naturalizing itself amongst grasses, comfrey and nettle, as has the *akebia longifolium* on the fences but yet to produce a fruit, and the greatest success of all is the thornless loganberry which colonizes in all directions. But the singular most adept survivor is the myrtle which happily debates the foxes movements to and fro. As for the top fruit, in which less than 50% survived after Network Rail cut down the project, I took the opportunity a couple of years ago to re-graft on existing rootstocks that continued to grow despite the loss of a trunk. The apples varieties I introduced took off under the vigor of those roots. Unfortunately the Black Pear of Worcester transplanted from the garden where it thrived as a cordon was too damaged to bear the very clayey conditions. But... to return to my simultaneous project in Spain, the two peaches planted in commemoration of the Africa trip, one in London and the other on the day of departure in Catalonia, are both thriving, under 2 completely different environments. Grown on their own roots they obviously cope better in spite of their tendency to demand a lot of water. And this really is the brunt of my message here, using resilient species that have specific personalities to cope with greater extremes. A tree on its own roots will live twice as long as a grafted one, have a longer cropping period, but will also grow much larger. Nature is such, that in order to celebrate her joys fully there must be a vine that grows wild that will give in time. As a natural resource it is this theme that I take to Catalonia and build with whatever materials are to hand. What was once going to be my home is now the Temple to Gaia, a place to swim, meditate, and observe.

The temple is an idea that originated after musing over the foundations as it slowly went up. The slow construction rate is a factor of limited resources that I find myself with. But it has been beneficial, for had I accelerated the process by pouring concrete into



wooden moulds I would have lost the opportunity to shape the interior into an inverted 'egg' form. And this is the beauty of true permaculture, it mimics nature in its patterns and energy requirements. Water gathers naturally on parts of the land, wind is more turbulent in various corners, earth is much shallower on slopes, and fire is more threatening where it is driest. To ameliorate all these effects I would be stretching my imagination in constructing something that represents the conscious result of my observations as well as the gut feeling or instinctive motivation to go ahead with the idea. This is evolution, a spiritual

awakening. A temple should be in contact with the wilderness, and designed by it.

That includes a wilderness of the mind. My decision to uproot a row of cypress trees recently planted was a good and a bad decision. Planted to shelter the said structure from gusts of up to 150km/ph firstly, it was in the wrong alignment, having been dictated by aesthetics rather than practicality. I realigned them by 45° and shortened its length after a sustained period of Spring rain, but only one tree survived. However, it has been replanted and once established requires very little maintenance. It may be 10 years before they start to have a real effect.

The temple is nestled among pine trees, which provide a fire risk coming up from the adjacent dry-river bed. Hence to locate a 100,000ltr cistern in that corner of the land will be useful for firemen to access, as previous experience of a forest fire there has shown. The trees may ultimately provide the timber for the construction of the wooden temple above the cistern. Certainly the wood is off poor quality but if I had my ideal way I would plant the trees in situ and have a living structure, not unlike a tree-house. This may take 30 years to grow but in the meantime I could build the open-sided structure with imported materials. I even considered scaffolding poles. Nevertheless, the trees could grow in the meantime. Thus, once a pole framework is in place the mezzanine floor could go in, accessed via a spiral staircase that will also allow for a walkway on the roof. The point of the mezzanine floor is to allow solitude and contact with the elements towards meditation.

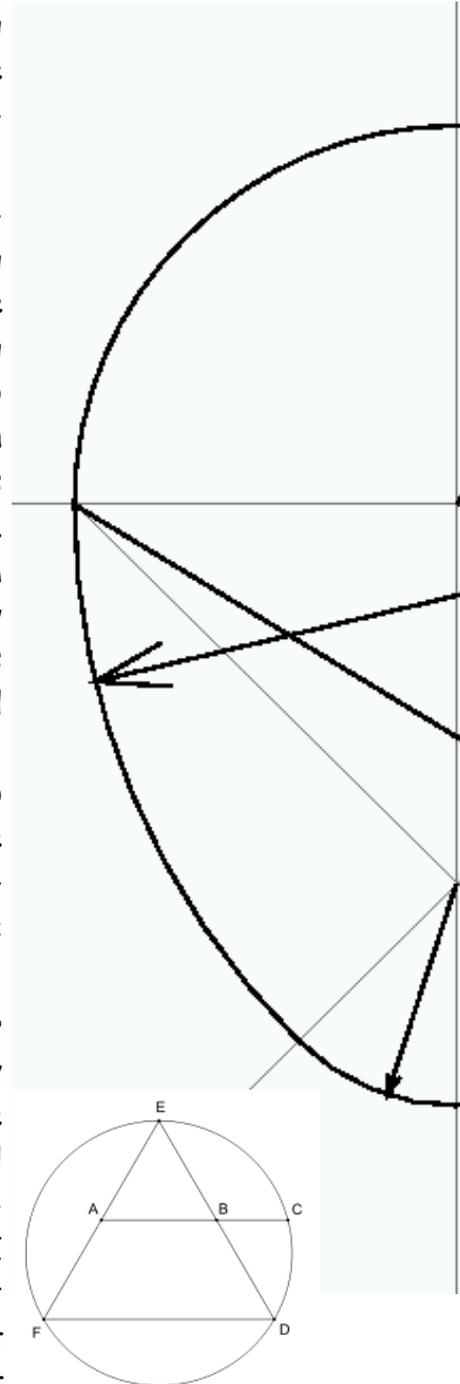
Hence it will become a diving platform too, the deep point being the end of an inverted egg form of the cistern. Such a structure is prone to fire, but also wind, so the openness of it will cater towards its stability.

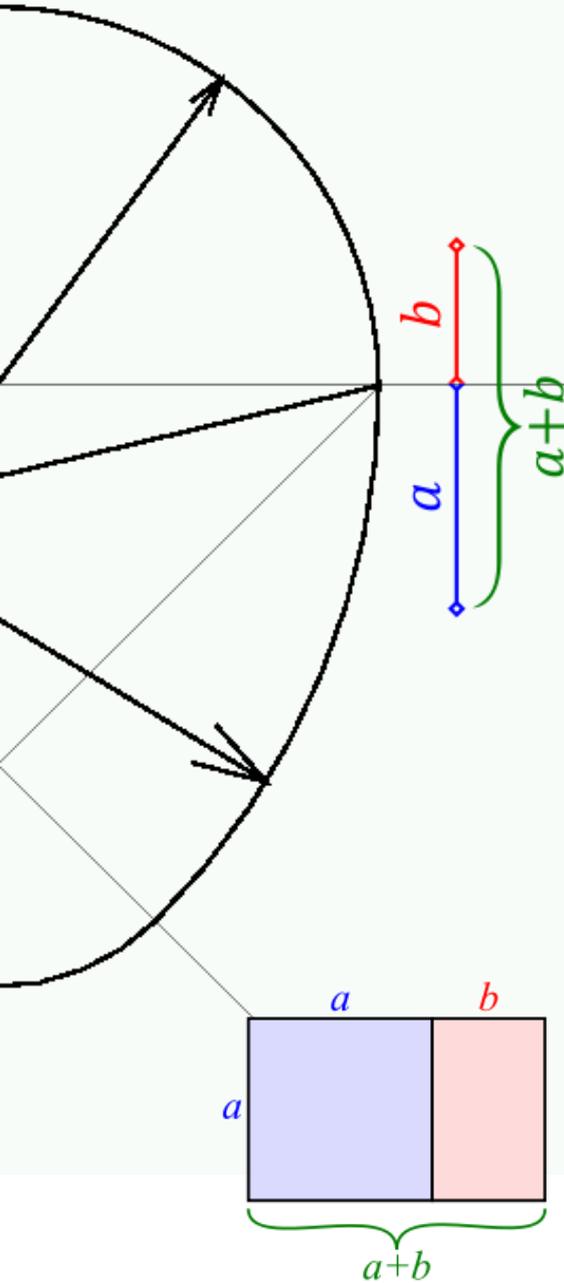
Every temple has a grand staircase and this will be no exception. This is where you use your wit to minimize costs. Being rather difficult to gauge how much concrete needed to in-fill the cavity wall constructed of two dry-stone walls and so allowing for a lot of permeation, I would need a mould made up ready to take any surplus, and that would be the staircase. I have been informed by many builders to pour the concrete in one mix, so as not to create cracks. My fear is that I will over-engineer this. With a concrete infill the total width of the wall at the bottom will be near 5ft, at the top about 3 and a half feet to allow planting with ornamentals and a walkway. I have seen cisterns twice the volume with less wall width. The beauty of this method is that it won't need wooden moulds, and from the outside it will integrate with the surrounding landscape. In order to speed up the construction I am now collecting spent hessian sacking to use as building blocks so that I can exploit the smaller rubble littered about the land. All in all a very good project for a sporadic flow of volunteers.

People often ask, 'Where are you going to get the water from?', and I reply, 'Well this is irrigation water, and I can buy that in.' Certainly in the early stages it will need filling as the construction of the roof to fit solar panels will have to wait until a framework is up. I did consider the whimsical possibility of fitting a tank to my bike, so that for every trip to the village I could fill up a 10ltr container. It would take a hundred trips just for 1000ltrs, about one year. However, a rain storm could collect 3,000ltr in a few hours. A stretched membrane could collect a lot more.

As an ecological pond the benefits to my bees would be tremendous, located right next to them. I could have geese too. Poles intertwined with rich-nectar plants reaching up to the roof and thus providing shade inwardly is a vision years down the line. As a protection against fire and wind, the naturally-sourced stone, wood and water will provide a haven for quiet repose, almost like a hidden garden. To have a tree-top view of the land is also biological in its implications. Instinctively I would be returning to a former level of conscious rehabilitation, perfect in its function as a meditation area.

The egg-shaped cistern is, of course, a very strong structure, and biological in its na-

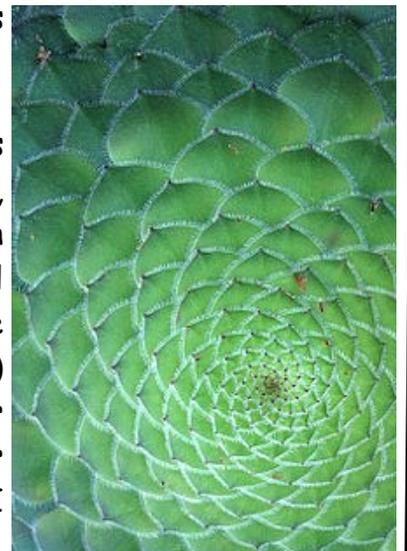




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ture. Yutaka Nishiyama mentioned in a paper ('The Mathematics of Egg Shape') that oval and pyriform shapes conduce to the evolutionary theory that when they roll they are likely to stop on slopes and return to their parents, like chickens, or auks and murrelets that lay eggs on rock shelves, providing success(ion) for particular species that don't make nests. Jolyon Trosciancko also pointed out in 'A simple tool for calculating egg shape, volume and surface area from digital images' that larger eggs conduce to greater survival capacity. Schauberger noted the natural shape of eggs for circulating water, negating areas of stagnant water through its involuting, spiraling movement. Preliminary sketches show that the water requires passing through an aperture at its point, something I really haven't thought about much. If anything, a sump could be constructed to suck the water through and piped up to a higher drop-point where the agitation of the water molecule breaks down pathogens. My concern here is that the pointed end would need to be perfectly formed, difficult to construct physically. Bear in mind also that my cistern will only occupy the volume below the horizontal axis, (see left) although saying that, an extended skin completing the shape of the egg could significantly increase surface area for rainwater collection (above the horizontal). Well actually it doesn't, because the same amount of water is falling onto the horizontal axis. It would just merely slow down the movement of water across the surface.

My last theme concerns the *Golden Mean*, a mathematically-impossible property of nature, an irrational number that intuitively defines beauty and proportion in nature. I haven't made any calculations yet but that horizontal axis looks very near to this golden section i.e. the ratio of the length of the larger section (below) to the smaller section (above) is equal to the ratio of the length of the whole (egg) to the larger section (below). And then of course, if I built a mezzanine floor above this then in relation to the overall height of the temple I would design it to follow the *Golden Mean*.



Cont. from page 7

own family are antagonistic towards you, I share this sentiment too, as did my brother. But you did the classical reaction when one feels guilt, guilt for changing your mind about refusing to take my stuff to London after I had waited 6 weeks for you. YOU RAN AWAY. You also accused me of insulting you and that you could not now trust my word— a typical witless comment. As I say, you surround yourself in a cloud of self-delusion. You are not a traveller despite hanging about in squats and traveller camps. YOU ARE A TOURIST! When you come to your senses and you review the facts you will realize that you are running after your own money. Come back to me then. MPX



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South London Permaculture

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