

# CAMP EDEN

How we have re-created  
our paradise



Olaf Art Ananda

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**How we have re-created our paradise.**

from Olaf Art Ananda

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# Foreword

First of all, this is a NO-BUDGET-Project. Please excuse my English. I did not find an editor and English is not my mother tongue, so there might be a few mistakes and my grammar might not be the best.

If you don't like to read books with failures, then it's might not be for you. Give it to someone else instead of complaining. Complaining does not help you and it does not help me.

But if you find this book kind of valuable, then I invite you to create a recession at Amazon and leave a few stars for the rating, that helps other people to find my book and it helps me to survive and wright more book.

When I transformed myself back into a human being 5 years ago after a burnout, I discovered what was so unnatural about me. I tended to want to change the world. Yoga and Tantra have helped me clean up my inner life and not always blaming it for anything outside.

Today I think I have found myself and know that we are able to recreate paradise for ourselves. I even had the luck to learn this in the middle of Berlin, which, however, was linked to a relationship with a great woman. You know, pink glasses, hormones and stuff.

Today, however, I know that we can create our paradise independently of things in the outside, because we project these things outward.

"As inside, so outside," is one of the hermetic laws. However, if we are unable to project a paradise in a city, then we have no choice but to move to the country. We also have the opportunity to invite exactly those people who, just like us, have awakened and want to live in and from nature.

This book will reach the very people who have already undergone their transformation "BackToHuman" and those with whom this kind of enlightenment is imminent.

Feel invited to take a short trip to paradise together with me. It does not matter whether you want to live exactly as I describe it or not. For me it is important that I motivate you to think about how paradise might look like for you personally.

We are all creators and able to create the world for ourselves, as we would like. But I can also understand it if you want to stay in the city to reach even more people to help them get out of the system.

I've been wanting to go away for a long time, but Berlin was captivating me. We were drumming in the Mauerpark together with people from all over the world. There was just the demo "Friday for Future", in which 270.000 people were on the streets to protect Pachamama (mother earth). But I also got to know people whom I would like to take to paradise.

Currently I am on my trip to Portugal, sitting in a library in Bern (Switzerland), translating this book to the english language.

# A normal day in paradies



A warm sunbeam shining through the window in our tiny house lights up my eyelids as I wake up in the morning. "Nice," I think, "That's how I like being woken up." After stretching myself, I smell the wonderful taste of freshly baked bread and coffee. I hear sounds from the kitchen and see who is working so early. "Good morning my darling", I say, after I discovered my soul-mate.

"Slept well?", she replies. "Would ya like some coffee and freshly baked bread?"

"Of course", I say. She was still as beautiful as the first day when I saw her for the first time. And that is already many, many years ago.

"Felix and Dora come this afternoon, they want to get some advice from you because they came across problems with the energy supply in their camp."

"Okay", I say, "then I'm going to the beach this morning, a little bit kite-surfing. I can hear the wind, that means we have enough wind."

Felix and Dora are our two twins. Just 16 years old and already building a community that they simply call "Camp". Actually Johanna, my soul-mate, whom I call "Jo" for short, could not have any more children at the age of 48, since she had been in her menopause for a long time. However, as she regularly practiced yoga and brachmacharia, her menstrual period was paused at the age of 45 and so we were led by the nose from the universe and we were given two additional wonderful children.

"Oh darling, I'll sleep with Lisa tonight", I say carefully, questioningly.

"Oh, I think that's great of you, that you take care of Lisa. She has come a bit short in recent months, as John is currently helping out in Madagascar. But do not spend yourself so much! Otherwise there will be less for me.", she laughs.

"Can you please pick up the dining table from Sven, when you come back from the beach", says Johanna.

Sven takes care of the woodwork in our community and our table had to be treated a bit.

"Please try the berries, which I harvested yesterday, my own breed."

Here in Portugal in the Algarve we have a community garden, where everyone can take something if needed. It is growing enough for everyone there. To be precise, we have 5 gardens here. Here in our community are living about 45 people. I do not know for sure, as some of them also like to travel to meet other communities and we also have some guests doing the same thing.

We also grow our vegetables and bread for ourselves here. We also keep animals here, not to eat them, of course, but because we appreciate their closeness. They just walk around, free. We do not have fences. And if an animal runs away, then because it has found a similar animal to mate elsewhere. So its OK.

"You certainly want to try the new kite that Bärbel sewed for you."

"Yes", I reply, "She wanted to have the new material we got from the weaving shop tested. It will be used later for the new tepee."

Yes, we live here partly in tepees, yurts and smaller, self-built wooden houses. So living is much more fun than in the block of flats where we were crammed together like cattle.

Such a teepee or a yurt also have a huge advantage. You can just take them with you when you move. Johanna and me are living in a wooden container,

or rather in two containers, which are connected with each other. It's nice to take a shower in our house each day without wasting water, because we have got a plant purification, which cleans the water to be used again and again. We replace the evaporated water with rainwater. The water is also heated from the sun.



And so I spent the morning at the sea and Johanna was busy in the garden to cross new varieties of fruit with each other.

"Hello Daddy, let me hug ya."

"Hi, you are becoming a real woman."

"Daddy, please, I was born that way already. I have to be nothing.", replies Dora. "You're right again", I remembered.

"And you Daddy apparently not getting older."

I smirk, "Well you know that every 7 years our cells completely renew. Hey, how are you supposed to age?"

"You always with your superficial medical knowledge", Dora replied.



"How do you know the word medical?", I want to know from Dora.

"Oh, I met a man at the camp whom they call the 'medicine man' and he told me about the past when people still needed medicine and doctors."

"Haha, that was a long time ago", I remember.

"Hi Daddy, I should tell you from Mama, that there will be a food circle right now, if you have not heard it. And hello, first of all.", says Felix when he came to meet me on the beach.

"Hi Litt ... um ... you grew up", I say.

"Yes," answered Felix, "I am now leading the construction of the camp together with my little sister."

"Yes, thats exactly what I meant. You have that certain ... I remember building my first camp back then, how glad I was to have found my way."

I started this first camp with the help of some rainbow brothers and sisters. The idea came to me at my first rainbow gathering in Angermünde, because I thought that instead of collecting money for the food circle, you could have grown the food because it was pure vegan. And that's exactly what we do in our camps today. Actually, it's a rainbow gatherings that last for several lunar cycles as we live here. And we grow our own food here. Unlike traditional gatherings, where you only stayed together from new moon to new moon and collected the money for your food in a hat called Magic Hat. If you still had work, you threw money in there after the food circle. At a food circle you sit in a circle around the fire and eat together. These gatherings have really inspired me and others to do something like that all year round. The philosophies of the UBUNTU movement from South Africa have shown us the way to accomplish this. Our camps are thus part of the UBUNTU movement, where there is no money, barter or trade. Everyone does what he or she is talented for. Another part comes from the rainbow family. According to a legend of the Hopi indians, a tribe of people from all over the world whose colors are as different as those of a rainbow to reconcile man and nature after human beings have almost destroyed the earth through wars and exploitation.

"Hey ya-ma yo wa-na he-ne yo, hey ma-ma yo wa-na he-ne yo", it sounds from the food circle, in which about 30 people dance in a circle around a fire. They sing an old song of the Lakota, also known as Siox. The meaning of this song is something like this:

"I bow to you, my brother / sister, because my hunger, to know my roots, is deep and old. I pray for our common ancestors, for the pain they share and



the wisdom they share. I bow to you and ask for forgiveness for any insult or disrespect and I ask that the beauty of this offer be in no way diminished and that instead our hearts and minds be opened by the same grace that allows us together be. May we learn where we all come from and how we got here and let us thank you for being right here and now. I have much to learn from you and thank you for sharing your truth with us."

After a minute of silence, the singing circle ends with an "OM" and everyone sits down to receive the food.

"Daddy, what I wanted to ask you ... we now use solar energy at the camp, wind energy and also the small tidal power plant we were able to put into operation thanks to your help. Since the solar collectors unfortunately no longer deliver enough power and as you know, you can not reorder any new panels, we had to take them back from the network. Do you have any idea how we can generate the missing energy?", Felix asks me while we wait for the serving.

"Well, I would first check if you really need that much energy. For example, would you be going to bed when it gets dark? I know you young people want to celebrate. Yes, I can understand that.", I laugh.

"Did you hear about the Abha coil?", I want to know. "The coil is a coil of copper wire in the shape of a torus, similar to the earth's magnetic field. With this coil you can increase the current tenfold. All you have to do is believe that it works and then it will work. There's some magic in it.", I joke.



"Thanks, I'll suggest it", Felix said.

"Look at the old Youtube archive, there was a video showing the production of the coil.", I add.

After everyone had finished eating, the Magic Hat, accompanied by handmade music, traditionally went around the circle to thank for the meal.

"Buenos Grandpa", a little girl said to me just as I was leaving the circle. "Grandpa, can you please tell us from the past, when the people were still slaves?"

"It's you, Puri. How are you mi curazon? "Puri is one of my many grandchildren. She is the daughter of Valentina and Patrick, my son.

"Puri, I have told you many, many times from the past, why do you want to hear it again? The time back then was very difficult for all of us, we almost destroyed Pacha Mama.", I say.

"I have told my new friends, from Guatemala and they do not believe people are capable of that. Oh please Grandpa, tell em.", Puri whined.

"All right", I replied, "come tomorrow morning to Sven in the workshop, then I'll tell you about it. Today Dora and Felix are here and I would like to spend some time with them as they have been away for so long."

After spending my afternoon nap in the hammock, I was awakened by a noise. It was the kids of Pepe, they hunted the dog through the settlement.

"Beautiful", I thought. "That's how I've always imagined life. Lots of time, lots of kids and a wonderful woman by my side." As soon as this thought was over, Jo already turned the corner.

"Hey Art, are you coming down to the beach with me, I just need your closeness and you know ...", Jo giggles. We go into the sea and swim together with the dolphins. Not only that I'm with the most beautiful person in the world, she is also a very, very passionate, goddess at her age. When we come back from the beach, it gets a bit dull.

"Let's go to the fire. I'll just get your guitar fast.", says Jo.

„We are like god created us. In the light in the love in the glory.“, they sing. I heard this song for the first time in Poland at the World Peace gathering. It touches me just as it did 20 years ago. I take my congas and play along. When I play my congas, I stop thinking. It's like shutting off my ego and letting the music flow through me. It feels like the congas are playing me. The drums are getting faster. Euphoric cries ring through night. Unclothed godlike creatures dance around the fire. I watch Jo kissing and caressing Erik, a friend from Denmark. It fills me with love when I watch them both. I would like to join them, but I am waved by Lisa. She lovingly strokes my hair and gives me a gentle kiss on the forehead.

"Thank you for being.", Lisa breathes. Passionate kisses cover my body until we disappear into Lisa's yurt and passionately love each other after enjoying a pipe. As the first rays of sunlight penetrate through a gap in the yurt, we both sink exhausted into the pillows.

"What a paradise life."

# How it all began



"Grandpa, can you please please tell us the story.", says Puri, after she had shaken me in my hammock to wake me from my afternoon nap.

"All right," I replied. "Let's go to Sven's workshop. I can show you something there."

"Hi Sven, may I use your workshop for a while to show the kids how we used to work in the past?", I ask Sven who immediately agreed.

"In the past, people used to work in workshops like this, depending on what job they had learned. Here, items such as cabinets, tables, chairs, toys and so on were made. The workshops used to be a lot bigger than this one. Hundreds of people were busy there and made things that were either useful or just put somewhere as ornaments. Earlier everyone had to work to afford food, rent for flats, cars, computers, and so on."

"Why did people have to pay for food and what is a rent?", asks a little boy from Guatemala.

"Well," I answered, "In the old days all the land belonged to other people who took it from us all. So we could not grow fruit and vegetables and had to buy it from the other people who owned the land."

The little boy asked, "Why did they take the land away from you?"

"Well, I can not tell you that. I only know when I was born that they already had the land. And there were laws, and when you entered someone else's country to pick an apple, for example, other people sometimes came with weapons and took us and locked us up because it was forbidden to do so."

"It was forbidden to eat?", the little boy wants to know.

"No, it was forbidden to take something away from other people," I answer.

"You wanted to know what rents are. There used to be houses on the land of other people. You could live in these houses, but you had to pay money for every month. And this was then called rent.", I explained.

"I've heard the word money before. What did that mean? ", another boy wants to know.

"Money was something people used to trade. Imagine you have an apple tree in the garden and your neighbor has a pear tree in the garden. Now you would like to eat a pear because eating only apples all the day does not make you very happy."

"Yes, if I want to eat a pear, then I just pick one," says the other little boy.

"You're right," I answered, "but that used to be different. As I said, it was forbidden to take anything from another. So you had to pay money for a pear. Of course you could have exchanged the pear for an apple, but if the person with the pears does not like to eat an apple at the moment, then he prefers to take the money and later buys an apple from it or he uses the money to pay his rent or something else. At that time almost everything cost money. The money was in form of paper and as coins. If you wanted to buy a pear, then you gave the so-called seller either enough coins or a paper banknote."

The children listened to my words as if I were just telling them a fairy tale. I can imagine that all this must be very strange and exciting for the children.

"Did everyone have apple trees so they could sell their apples?", a girl wants to know.

"No, I already said that the land belonged to the other people. You could have bought land yourself, but you needed a lot of money for that. In order to make money earlier, you had to go to work. Working meant we had to walk or drive from the morning before the sun came up to work, where we did things for the other people and then went back home when the sun went down."

"You want to hoax us," says one of the children.

"No, that was really the case back then. Admittedly not all people worked in workshops but were allowed to work outside in the sun. But that was not so nice, because you were dragging heavy things around and sweat quite a lot. Some of them were better off, they were allowed to give orders to others and tell them what they had to do, but in return they had to listen to such strange stories from other people for a long, long time, until they believed it. This was called studying earlier."

"My grandma once said that she was studying because she did not feel like working.", comes out of one of the guys. Everyone laughed.

"Yes, working was not really nice. But none of us knew anything else. When I got sick because I had worked so much, I realized that it could not go on like this. I remembered my childhood. Since we had 3 apple trees in our garden. When I was hungry, I picked an apple. At that time I realized that there can be a life without work and money, because eating apples was free for me."

"Do I have to work too?", asks a little girl.

"No," I told her, "but if you want that, then you can try it out. Not every job was bad. For example, there were people who helped others with their problems, which can be fun, or rather, it feels good to do so. There is, for example, the masseur, who was able to massage away the pain of many other people. There are still people who do that today. For example, I massage other people to make them feel better. But I do not see that as work. I also do not get any money for it, but I very much like to do it."

"You said people worked from morning to evening. Did they do that every day?"

"Yes, in some countries, people have worked every day. Even children of your age have done that. Where I came from we only worked 5 days a week. 8 hours each day. So we had a bit more free time and that's why we did not think it was that bad, otherwise we would have rebelled much earlier."

The bad thing was, every person had to somehow earn money to be able to afford food, rent, etc. And if you have not found a job. Then you had to take something away from other people, so you did not have to die. In addition, the government has created insecurity due to insecure jobs and last but not least, sanctioning social assistance because timid citizens are more controllable. That did not have much to do with democracy. And because everyone had to earn money, useless things have been made that no one needed. And for people to have bought the useless stuff, they kept talking to them and put up signs everywhere saying, "You have to buy my things, because without my things, you're a nobody." And many people have believed that at some point, because everyone has said, yes buy that. Over and over again. People even spent money on poison and inhaled or drank it, for example, as a smoke. Just because they have been told that everyone does that and that it's part of it."

"I think I can not sleep well tonight," says one of the girls.

"Yes," I said, "we better end today."



# The way to self-determination

"Grandpa", Puri spoke to me as we sat in the evening in the food circle, "Can you please tell us a story from back then? That was really exciting. Mauro, asked me to ask you what you did to be free again."

"Yeah, get the other kids and let's sit around the campfire", I tell Puri.

"What have you done so that you can grow your own food today, where did you get the land from?", the boy from Guatemala asks.

"Phew, that's a long story", I replied.

"Yes, please tell us, Grandpa", stammered Puri.

"Well, let's see how far we are coming. So then there were still borders. These are some kind of fences built around a country like Portugal for example. On the other side of the border was Spain. Guatemala also had such borders. At that time all people in Portugal were speaking Portuguese, while Spanish was spoken in Spain. This was a very similar language but it used other words for the same items. Spanish was also spoken in Guatemala. But in addition, 42 other languages and dialects were spoken in Guatemala, making it difficult to communicate with each other. We used to speak German in Germany and English in England. English is spoken all over the world these days. Only the indigenous people still speak the local language."

"Every country had a government. There were people who ruled over the respective country... they have determined what we are allowed to do and what not. We had to give the government money at that time so that they would settle everything for us. Many of us did not agree that they had to hand over half of their hard-earned money to the government because they believe the government did not spend the money on what was right. Of course, a few things made sense, at least as long as you still believed in the system. But many people no longer believed in this system because they felt exploited. And rightly so, compared to today. Today, we no longer have to give money to a government. We have no governments at all and we no longer have borders. It eventually became superfluous."

"Now I'll tell you how we did it.", I grinned.

"Well, start now", Puri stammered quite impatiently, probably knowing what is coming.

"We had such a code in Germany, that was called the Basic Law. A few years after the reunification of east and west Germany, we have made this a constitutional one, but only one article has been changed so that from now on laws can only be passed by referendum. "

"As a result of this small adjustment, we as humans regained control of all decisions in the country. First of all, we have eliminated unnecessary laws that have only been created to help big companies so that they can make more money. Then we successfully voted on a basic income. So that every person in Germany, whether poor or rich, whether black or white, got enough money every month to pay rent, food, drink, etc. With that, people could finally say NO, I do not work for this company anymore. As a result, the armaments industry was shut down first, because no one wanted to build more weapons because they were only used to kill other people and animals. "

"Great, great, GREAT", cheered the kiddies.

"Grandpa, that was a great story", Puri said enthusiastically.

"Wait, it goes on.", I suggest.

"We voted for a law that forbids us from killing living things. This means no more wars, no more killing animals and no mass animal husbandry anymore. Now there was no meat to eat, but people got used to it very quickly. That had the consequence that a whole industry died. Even in medicine fewer and fewer doctors were needed because hardly anyone got sick. No one has any more stress, or let's say, the bosses could no longer fumble around the employees because they would otherwise have just laid the work."

"That sounds great, I get goose bumps when you tell about it.", says Jo.

I had not noticed that she had joined us.

"Children, can you imagine what else has changed after we humans again had the scepter in our hands?", asks Jo.

"What happened to the land that belonged to the others?", asks a boy.

"The landowners were expropriated and each person was given a plot on which he could then grow food. Also, the companies were expropriated, who

owned residential buildings. One could only own a single apartment, companies were no longer allowed to own apartments, the other apartments were given to the homeless, refugees and people who wanted to live there. Rents have been completely abolished. Nobody had to pay rent. If one wanted to build a small house on his land, this was also allowed. At that time there were already these Tiny Houses. The law was changed so that these little houses could now have a foundation instead of a chassis. So you could build your own house yourself.", says Jo.

"Can you imagine what it means when such a thing has been successfully implemented in a country?", I ask.

"Yes", said one of the children, "The other countries want that too."

"Exactly", said Jo, "nearly all European countries, except for Switzerland, had a basic income within 5 years. In the US and South America, it was eventually introduced. In the end, even Switzerland had this income."

"Can you imagine what also has changed?", asks Jo.

"Hm, people had fun working again?", asks one of the children. "Yes, exactly", I replied, "everyone now did only what he enjoyed the most. We did not call it work anymore. Some have discovered the way to art. Others have taken time to help people find meaning in their lives."

"Your grandfather, is one of those people who was helped", joked Jo, "I gave him a lot of affection and showed him his place in life."

"Yes, Granny means the place next to her.", I joke, "Kidding ... your grandma showed me what my gifts are. Every person has some gifts and talents. Once he or she has found it then life flows. And Granny, so has her shamanic methods to sift through these gifts", I tell.

"Even work such as the removal of garbage or the cleaning of apartments and shops has made people fun again, because this work was paid very well, otherwise no one else would have done it. You also did not have to work 8 hours a day and certainly not 5 days a week because you actually had enough money to live on. Through the work one has earned something additional to live in prosperity."

"But if nobody worked anymore, where did all the stuff come from, like toys and food and TV", one of the guys wants to know.

"Well, for one thing, 80% of the work was already done by machines and on the other hand there were not so many people who did any advertising.

Some unnecessary things were not produced anymore, because nobody needed them anyway. And so it settled in slowly, that there was only productive work. Bureaucracy was slowly reduced. For example, there were no more employment offices and then the tax office slowly made no sense, because we abolished the income tax and only had the VAT to tax the machines."

"Did you make any wild parties back then, after which everything was so great?", one of the girls wants to know.

"We traditionally had a huge party every Sunday in the Mauerpark in Berlin and people from the other cities did the same. Yes", Jo replied.

"But, when did you completely abolish the money?", one of the fathers of the kids would like to know. He had joined us because he wanted to pick up his two little ones.

"The money ... yes ... that was a lengthy process.", I mention.

By saying, "We built Camp Eden back then and there we only used money to buy tools, salt, and some other important things we could not make ourselves. But then I will tell about it tomorrow. It's getting late and we want to do some music and dance. Talk to me about the topic again tomorrow. ", I finish the round.

# The abolition of money

Mike, the boy's father, had already asked me yesterday how we got rid of the money. I just met him when I came to get the wood.

"Hey Mike", I called to him, "if you want to come to me right away, then I can tell you the story of how we got rid of the money. I just have to bring that to the main fire for a short time." Mike nodded in affirmative.

"Nice, that you are all here again. Yesterday I mentioned that we hardly needed any more money ourselves. In the beginning, we used the basic income to pay off the mortgage for the camp. But since we all got together and grew our own food, it was quickly paid off. "

"What is a mortgage?", one of the girls wants to know.

"A mortgage is a contract that you conclude with a bank. Suppose you buy a plot of land for 16.000,- €, but have hardly any money itself. Then you go to the bank and take out a mortgage. The bank draws the sum of 16.000,- € simply with a reservation in their computer and book, at the same time, this amount to your account. With this amount you can then pay the property. Until you have paid it off completely, however, the property still belongs to the bank. Now you have to pay an amount of 150,- € every month for 10 years to the bank and the property belongs to you. If you have counted, then you will notice, that you have paid 18.000,- € back, that is because that the banks want interest and fees from you."

"What? They want to have money for something they once typed something in the computer? They did not even lend their own money.", grumbles one of the boys.

"Well, that's how it was then, so we wanted to get rid of the money and the machinations of the banksters," I say.

"When we paid off the property, we seldom needed money ourselves. Many other people followed our example and took their basic income to buy land and eventually became independent."

"Hardly anyone needed loans or mortgages after that. Only the greedy people took out loans to produce some scrap that no-one needed. When they realized that they could not sell the stuff anymore, they gave up. At some point nobody used money any more, so the banks have all closed. "

"What I personally liked the most is the fact that hardly anyone went to work. All humans have taken care of themselves. And since hardly anyone has made money, hardly anyone has paid taxes. And as the taxpayers money ran out, the government stopped working. The entire national borders were no longer guarded. At some point there were no borders. Everybody was allowed to travel anywhere."

Mike asks, "Tell me, what did you do if you wanted to buy a computer or a car?"

"Some things like computers and cars were not produced anymore, because we had enough of it on earth. Who needs new, faster computers every two years? Cars can be repaired, you do not always have to buy new ones. I lived in Denmark for a few years where the government levied 100% tax on introducing a new car. Since no cars were built in Denmark, the cars were repaired there. At that time there were a lot of fancy vintage cars around. "

"As far as the computers are concerned, we have replaced the most important programs with the open source movement, so that the big software giant could no longer make profit with their software. This meant that no new hardware was developed further. So no new processors were developed. No one had to install a new version of the operating system just because the hardware had changed. That's why even computers that were 20 years old were still usable. The laws also prevented things being manufactured that would wear out after a short time", I add.

"So to answer your question, we did not buy new things anymore. And so the production of these things was almost completely discontinued", I say. "It even went so far that no oil was produced and the coal was left in the ground. "

The oil and coal we owe to our children. They started striking on Fridays in 2018. Instead of going to school on Fridays, they went to the streets and protested against climate change. A year later, the adults also demonstrated. We have been on the streets for so long until the government has decided to immediately pass laws on alternative energy. Coal mining was banned from one day to the next and the petroleum we used for plastic and gasoline was given 300% penalty tax. Many drivers have been upset about it, but in the end they were all happy to be able to cycle through the cities without any cars. We replaced the plastic with hemp products. By the way, then also marijuana was legalized and alcohol has been prohibited ;-)

"I've heard people still live in Berlin, is that right?", Mike asks.

"Hehe, that's right", I answer. "There live a handful of people who run the museum there. The whole city was turned into a museum".

"One can once again experience capitalism and communism at the same time.", I grin, "For example, there is still a subway operated there. It was converted to solar power and drives automatically without a driver. There are also shops where you can shop. At least that is simulated. And on the east side you can see the opposite. There are also shops there, only they have no colorful advertising as in the west. There, people lined up mannequins in a row in front of a shop that was supposed to be a queue of people who wanted to buy bananas. By the time the wall was still in place, bananas were so rare that, if they existed, people lined up in the queue in front of the shop for hours. But I find it really funny that this was also staged on the west side. Only there, instead of bananas, there was the "new" iPhone. ", I laugh.

"What is iPhone?", a boy wants to know.



"The iPhone was a so-called smartphone, actually a telephone. But for a phone it really had a lot of features. It was a complete computer with a screen that you could touch if you wanted to start a program."

"The iPhone at that time was THE means of communication, you did not have to have any boring conversations with each other.", I joke.

"Fortunately, that does not exist anymore. I prefer to walk a few feet to someone to talk to.", Mike says.



# Camp Eden

"Hi Felix", I say as Felix approaches, "do you have a moment?"

"Of course", answers Felix.

"I would like to show you the camp. A lot has happened to us since you were away."

"You're welcome, I'll just let Dora know quickly, she had already asked for it", says Felix and leaves.

"A wonderful good morning I wish you daddy, come let me hug you.", says Dora.

"Hey, my heart"

"Felix says you want to show us the camp," says Dora.

"Yes, come with me."

We go a bit.

"Here on this place, the new tepee is to be built. We are currently testing a new substance. It should now be waterproof. The teepee will be 6 meters in diameter and will seat about 30 people."

"Here we have built a massage and tantra temple.", I point to the new dome, which consists of triangular parts and is covered with a tarp.

"If you want, you can learn the Prana-Flow-Massage from me later, I'll show it to Mike later and I think you both do not know it yet."

"Gladly", says Dora.

"When?", asks Felix.

"I would say, an hour after the food circle", I counter.

We continue to the wind turbine. "You know the windmill, right?"

"Jup", sounds Dora.

"We feed some old car batteries here. The power is actually only for our pump, with which we promote the water from the well. Have you already been in the bathroom?", I want to know.

"Nope," says Felix.

"Ah, nice", Erik tiled the bathroom for us, but see for yourself.

"The bathroom looks nice," says Dora.

"Yes", I answer ... and the great thing is, we use the water several times for showering and bathing, as it flows through a sewage treatment plant and then can be used again. The part that evaporates, we pump out of the well, "I tell.

"Come on, let's go to the field," I say.



"Look, rye as far as the eye can see. We make the bread we bake here in abundance and give it to our neighbors. They provide us with grapes, olives and walnuts.", I tell.

"Do you bring in the rye with your hand?", Felix wants to know.

"Yes, that's what the boys are doing. We told them that this work make them look better and impressed the girls."

"Did they fall for it.", Dora wants to know.

"Well, they are not stupid, but they still do it to do us a favor.", I grin, "and besides, there is always a Thanksgiving and then the boys and girls from the surrounding area Camps take part."

"Will you show us the wood workshop, please?", says Felix.

"Come on, let's see if Sven is here. Oh by the way, our teens live in this house over there. Here they can get a little sniff and shame, so they are not later sexually blocked."

"I noticed that here nobody is working as much as in our camp," says Dora.

"Yeah, sure", I reply, "you're just setting up your camp. We've been done with it for a few years now. The fruit and vegetables grow by themselves, the rye too, nobody is getting sick here anymore, we have got enough buildings to sleep in and what else should you work?"

"I see," says Dora, "the name Eden is no coincidence. You have created a paradise here."

# Participate

Did you like my vision of the Camp Eden and would you like to live like this someday?

With the help of this book, I'm looking for like-minded people with whom I manifest our common vision or with whom I can just talk about this topic. We do not have to wait until we all get a basic income, the money gets abolished and we get land provided, because there are still too many people sticking to their current lives with money and industrial products. I do not want to wait that long. Already we can implement this. I have just found a property in Portugal. 3.000 m<sup>2</sup> near the sea. There grow some fruits and nuts such as walnuts, apples, pears, figs, cherries, oranges and much more. The fruit can no longer be sold because it is too small for the European standard. Although you can not build a house there, yurts, tepees and tiny houses are supposedly allowed. The plot of land can be purchased for 16.000,- € plus fees.

Also in Denmark near my favorite kitesurfing spot there are cheap recreational plots. 5.000 m<sup>2</sup> for about 24.000,- € and there it has apple trees. For a community of 80 people, these properties are quite small, they are only meant to serve as an example to show what is possible. Then I know someone from a crystalland (Rainbow) in Colombia. They have 6 hectares of land there in the Andes. There costs one hectare about \$ 800. I do not know exactly in what currency, but I assume US dollars. The farther away from Babylon (that's what we call the rest of the world that still has capitalism), the cheaper the plot of land becomes.

Once you have found the right plot, then you could firstly pool your savings with other people with whom you would like to start the project and acquire the land in cash.

On the other hand one could possibly take up a mortgage for the plot. If you do not find a bank that gives you the money, I personally do not think it's really bad, because you do not depend on a bank, because you still have the opportunity to do crowd funding. For example, donors could be offered to lend a helping hand while setting up the camp, or they may spend some time rehearsing there. Or you give them some of the harvest, or or or...

The proceeds of this book will for the most part flow into this type of project. I would like to create a prototype of such a community.

If you are interested in joining in or participating or if you would like to contact me, do not be afraid to send me an email.

[artanidos@gmail.com](mailto:artanidos@gmail.com)

Please tell me the version of your paradise in a short email.

# Help appreciated

- I am writing open source software which everybody can use for free.
- I am writing books everybody can download for free as PDF.
- I am giving tantric massage workshops for free.
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If you feel that you like to help me to keep on doing that, I am accepting donations and any kind of help.

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If you have questions do not hesitate to contact me at [artanidos@gmail.com](mailto:artanidos@gmail.com). I will be happy to help you.

# About the Author



Olaf Art Ananda was born on the 20th of November in 1963. His star-sign is the scorpion and he was born in Hamburg.

After mastering secondary school he completed an apprenticeship as a machinist. Because this work does not fulfill him, he decided to learn software development and later he studied graphics design and human computer interaction design.

After more than 30 years of software development he finally worked for a bank in Switzerland.

This carrier was not without side effects so he was struggling with two burnout's.

2014 he left Switzerland and moved to Denmark. Since then he has not worked for profit anymore.

Now he is living in a mobile home writes open source software, gives tantric massages and workshops and writes books.