



# A GLIMPSE FROM THE BRINK

by Gerald Taylor

Some fool likened the MardiGrass to a boxing bout with the 15th MG being the final round, which of course it isn't. In this instance the fight is not nearly over and, even if the cops have admitted defeat, the petrochemilitary complex will never give up the fight, so keep your boxer shorts ironed.

The Nimbin MardiGrass is a truly community based event that even the straighter members of the community share a secret delight in, and with good reason. No other community can boast a more colourful, peaceful and entertaining celebration, a celebration of our difference. No other community has the ability to absorb so many strangers into its tribe with such apparent ease and good grace. And that too is something we lose sight of here in Nimbin Kingdom: for all our disarray, we as a community are getting it pretty much right.

Although the event is grass roots community, a small, dedicated bunch are responsible for, well, just about everything. Mayor Baldenstoned is the lynch-pin of course, conducting everything like the ringmaster he's become. Michael is backed by Salty, herding a small flock of computers corralled in the basement. From this flock Salty and Paris and Jamie milked the essential oils and MardiGrass juices needed to keep the hemp flame burning. Andy (love god) Kavasilas sorts out the bureaucrats from the industrial estate, Lismore, telling them where to put the toilets and tents and where to shove their DA. He also organised some bands, paying particularly attention to female bands. Bad, bad Andy, next time I choose.

Money to fund the event comes from many community businesses, with clearly the majority coming from the Hemp Embassy, but it should be mentioned many others consistently and generously donate. You can see by the ads in Heathen's program; Happy High



Heidi & Paul

Herbs, Susukka, Bringabong, Funfruits, Motdangs, Happy Coach, The Oasis, Gourmet Genie, Rainbow Power, and the Hemp Bar. No doubt many others give in many ways, like Stewart's water and the Butcher's sausages for the volunteers. These business owners see the MardiGrass as their celebration too, as it is. As Dave from Bringabong said to me, "The more I put in one end the more comes out the other, Zen business principles 101."

Something that has always interested me regarding community generosity is the much smaller list of businesses that don't contribute, obvious by their omission in the program. Businesses that make an absolute fortune off the back of MardiGrass and give absolutely nothing or little back, need to know they are missing out on a lot of magic good karma! But what would I know? I failed Zen business principles 101.

But that's all show-pony stuff anyway, the people making money and the people making fun, clamoring and carping for their day in the sun.

The real backbone and key to our strangely successful community, and all its

interesting fruits, are our volunteers. At Mardi Grass, volunteers carry and paint and clear and clean, they man and woman places as only men and women can. They are a magic thing.

But that's just Mardi Grass. For the other 340-odd days of the year, people such as Jude who fed the volunteers and Elspeth who paints everything that stays still long enough, Gail who organises anyone who stands still long enough, and the Hemp Embassy vertebrae, Chicken George, Cassie, Ian, Donna, Mac, Blossom and Vanessa, who give themselves tirelessly to the community and in doing so their lives are charged like a clear sky on solar panels. I'd like to mention Bob Tissot in that incomplete list too but then I'd have to mention everyone who works at Nim-FM, and all the artists and musicians that make our life so colourful and beautiful, and I just can't be buggered. You know who you are anyway, you are community and I have to say you're a very groovy thing.

Glimpsing backwards I see a very fine celebration has been held in our village in which thousands of people came and joined with us as honorary members of our tribe. I see a community that, for all its diversity, works as a close and trusting unit for the common good.

The portents are there, they promise a year in which our tribe will prosper and one in which we can bask in our well-earned reputation of peace, love and good humour. Because of this reputation, the tourists will keep coming and leaving their bounty, so will the pilgrims in search of the alternative way. Come to think of it, we couldn't have scripted a better scenario if we'd written it ourselves. Hey! maybe we did.



Ben & Brad



Traffic control

## See ya, MardiGraSS oo7

by Max Stone

See ya MardiGraSS oo7, go now and take your place in history as the next best ever MardiGraSS, 15 of you now in the history books, 15 amazing demonstrations of commitment to do the impossible against overwhelming odds; change the way a planet thinks about one plant in particular and all plants in general as a matter of urgency. This was the most environmentally focused of all the MardiGrii and the most international. The weather, often a conversation of much importance before and during a MardiGraSS amongst the M.O.B this year all the yakking was *only* about how this was **definitely** the hottest and driest MardiGraSS on record.

Police? Yep they came, seemed like every member of the Richmond Area Command came to visit at

one time or another, arrests were made almost entirely from amongst the poly drug abusers, the official result was 107 arrests out of over well over 15,000 POTential arrests, resulting in 50 charges, 62 cannabis cautions or yellow cards as we call them and 4.2 Kilograms of cannabis was seized. Can you believe it 4.20 Kilos? Surely it is a sign that the police are getting into the 420 thing and some of them at least, are on our side and perhaps they will now help us lobby the N.S.W Government for change.

Anyway, the bottom line was that **definitely less** than 1% of the MardiGraSS bungled their way across the line of irresponsibility and that **definitely more** than 99% passed the responsibility test enforced by the police! Proof yet again of the power of pot for peace.

For more, go to <www.nimbinaustralia.com/acrlm>

### Pot Art Tattoos a big hit

We had to leave a space for Space, and his enterprise, Hemp Lore Australia. He showed great organisational skills to co-ordinate the second Pot Art tattoo competition and show as a MardiGrass event. Local entrant Red (pictured right), who picked up a couple of prizes, said, "It took him two years to do it, but he did it. The Nimbin Pot Art Tattoo competition is now recognised by the Professional Tattooists Association of Australia (PTAA), and is on their calendar. Full credit to him, and he did a great job."

The competition awarded prizes in 13 categories, with the show featuring rock band The Antibodies. Next year's show is eagerly anticipated.



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