

ASTRO FORECASTS BY TINA MEWS

YOUR MONTHLY REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS

March



We have reached in the yearly cycle, Pisces, the last sign of the zodiac. The 'Two Fishes' is a dual sign like Gemini and Sagittarius and symbolizes the most difficult stage in human evolution, the transcendence of the Self. In Pisces the stakes are at the highest: we either win big or lose big. Pisceans are said to be creative, compassionate, impressionable and hard to understand; they are the mystics and visionaries but also known for their tendencies to escape when things become too overwhelming. They tend to create their own type of reality system as a consequence of their hypersensitivity.

Collectively, we are passing through the end phase of the Piscean Age. Over the last 2000 years our evolutionary goal was about learning to love impersonally, to care and feel compassion for those who do not belong to our family, tribe, nation, religion, etc. On the downside, we are looking back on centuries of exploitation and pollution of our planet and the suppression of those who think differently by greedy and power hungry ruling elites; many of them are coming in the line of fire right now. In the years to come, it will be increasingly harder to maintain a status quo based on denial of what is really happening, be it on a personal as well as collective level. Everybody is meant to birth a new consciousness that allows for expression of one's free will in respectful relationship with life and its processes, which affects every aspect of human existence.

On March 12, Uranus, the planetary force field symbolizing the need for change, rebellion and social reform enters impulsive and fiery Aries, the sign of new beginnings. What do we need to leave behind in order to bring in the next level of awareness? We can expect that the worldwide social unrests will continue or even escalate, because people all over the planet are feeling fed up with multinational companies and ineffective governments that keep them in place. Uranus will remain in Aries until 2019 and was last transiting through this sign 1927 - 1935, the years of the Great Depression, which preceded the rise of fascism. Let's hope that on a global level we do not have to experience the rise of 'false prophets' again and instead make a leap into greater freedom and truth.

Jupiter, the planetary field symbolising abundance and expansion, will move into opposition with Saturn, the planet of restriction and scarcity, in late March (29). We are warned to balance too much optimism with caution especially in financial matters. Mercury enters its 3-week retrograde phase on the last day of this month, urging for extra alertness in regards to signing contracts, travel plans and all kinds of communication. The Full Moon will be in Virgo on March 20, just one day before our Autumn Equinox (March 21). The Equinox Sun is in close conjunction with Uranus and in square with the Galactic Centre; let's anticipate that some cosmic gateways are opening, which could act as channels for sudden insights and out-of-the ordinary revelations.

Aries

Uranus, the cosmic awakener, enters your sun sign on March 12 (and will remain there for the next 7 years!). Make sure to make extra space for rest and relaxation, if your head is spinning too fast. Regard restrictions that others may put upon you and your plans as an invitation towards a more balanced approach.

Taurus

There could be lots of things happening behind the scenes right now and your sense of fair play might be challenged. Nevertheless, it is an excellent time for working on your vision. Clear up and release any old problems that might still be floating around, so that you can emerge with fresh energy at the equinox.

Gemini

Right now you could be dreaming up big schemes and your imagination might be running away with you. Decide which future goals are really worth pursuing and limit your choices to a manageable and realistic size.

Cancer

Sudden insights might lead to changes in your life direction and demand your full attention. Take this as an encouragement for expanding your horizons without becoming restless. Remember that your own inner centre is your best foundation.

Leo

At the moment, you might find yourself in battle with 'the inner beast' and quite touchy on a feeling level. Watch out for any emotionally charged reactions, if some of your views are challenged. Your interest in studying new subjects might expand at the Equinox. Just go for it!

Virgo

Too many cooks spoil the broth and too many details can distort the truth. Find a balance that works between trying to be of help to everybody and time spent in empty space and reflection. Going deeper is the key towards greater fulfillment and excitement.

Libra

In your encounters with others it is crucial not to take anything for granted right now. Uranus, the agency standing for freedom, individualism and change enters your relationship sector. You are asked to grow your wings of independence and to make your own decisions.

Scorpio

This could be a highly creative time for you, if you manage to let go of your need to have things perfect. Your soul is crying out for more freedom and is waiting for new impulses. Changes to your daily routine might be necessary.

Sagittarius

It is your time now to speak from a place of higher consciousness. Mystical sensitivity and retreat to the inner centre helps to recharge your batteries. Use the stimulating energies of the Equinox to redefine yourself and to approach life with a new kind of understanding.

Capricorn

Use the energies of the moment to pay particular attention to your inner voice. What are you telling yourself and how do you feel? You might now be able to release old patterns of the past. Be willing to encounter new ideas in your most personal world.

Aquarius

What do you value most in your life and how can you share this with the people in your immediate environment? Find a balance between giving and receiving while expanding your fields of interest. You could reach a more profound level of insight by cultivating mental flexibility.

Pisces

At the moment it is essential to find out what you really need and want. As said before, Pisces can win big or lose big. Centre in your heart and align with your path ahead. Use the cosmic vibes of the Full Moon (20 March) for meditating on your role as co-creator.

You can book in for Personal Readings. Contact me on 6689-7413, mobile 0457-903-957, email star-loom@hotmail.com or visit my web page <http://nimbin-starloom.com.au>

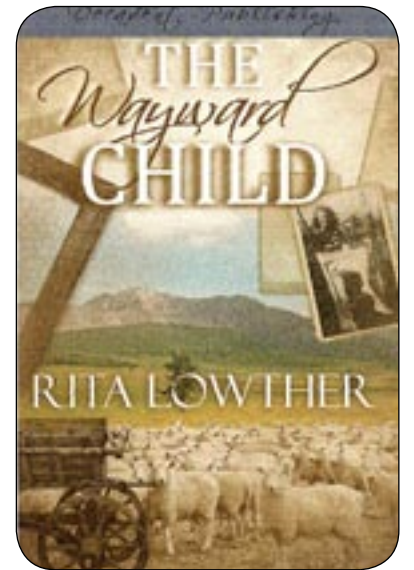
Astrology Classes: an 8-week course 'Soul Mates' Astrology and the Language of Relationships will start on 9th February, Lillifield Community Centre, 10am.

For more info and bookings, please contact me.

Astrology classes in Nimbin start on 17th February. Theme: Mapping of the Journey: The Astrological Houses; Thursdays 11am - 12.30pm. Please enrol with the Nimbin Open Learning on 6689-1477.

Child's eye view of wayward times

Book Review by Warwick Fry



It's not often that you get the unsullied memories of a child growing up in the Australian countryside during the years of the Second World War published raw and unvarnished over sixty years later.

This is the achievement of long term Nimbin resident, Rita Carter.

"A Wayward Child" begins with Rita's country girlhood in Tumut where her father worked as a guard at the open prison farm. It describes the traumatic effects of the Second World War years on her mind and on her family, and the harsh values that informed a generation that was emotionally and intellectually starved. Rita survived with those values. This is a testimony of how difficult it is for precocious children to try to grasp problems that adults have difficulty in grasping themselves - a situation not uncommon in the isolated communities of the Australian country.

She has a writer's eye for detail. Some of her descriptions are almost Dickensian. A writerly touch is apparent in the last sentence of a paragraph devoted to a magnificently detailed description of her grandfather and his clothing: "I think I liked him most for the way he dressed..."

We get these flashes of 'child's eye views' throughout the book, all the more poignant for being written over sixty years later. And the wealth of iconic Australiana (country meals, social settings) should be mined by any producer worth his salt, of an Australian period film.

And just when you think this is a catalogue of social country life, with schoolgirl tiffs and jealousies, Rita introduces her 'imaginary friend' Edna, and the narrative of the Odyssey across the Australian countryside, when her father is forced to seek work, first as a shearing supervisor, and then as a rabbit trapper.

Over all this is the background of the Second World War. It looms over Rita's childhood, it is the trauma she sees as being to blame for hardship that hard work and endurance could not prevent. The propaganda newsreels of the time had her running out of the theatres in a panic that the Japanese were on our doorstep, a constant state of childhood anxiety that voided her of any compassion at an accidental sight of Japanese prisoners during a visit to Sydney, and perhaps affords us a sympathetic glimpse of the roots of One Nation xenophobia.

It is a remarkable achievement by a remarkable, local, all Australian mature aged resident of Nimbin. As someone approaching mature age myself, I can only admire Rita's achievement.

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Film Review: Unknown

Reviewed by Stephen Wright

I could have been the 800th person to write a film review of *The King's Speech* this week, but I always figure that films glorifying the Queen Mother are worth side-stepping, at least for a little while. And *True Grit* had come and gone before anyone noticed, which is why this week you get the little known thriller, *Unknown*.

Liam Neeson seems to be re-inventing himself as hard case action hero these days. In *Unknown* he plays mild-mannered Dr Martin Harris visiting Berlin with his wife, Elizabeth for a bio-tech conference, where all manner of amazing but undisclosed things are to be announced. Not long after his arrival in Berlin, Harris is involved in a serious accident, knocked into a coma, and wakes up in hospital four days later. He remembers who he is, but his wife is nowhere to be found.

When Harris tracks her down she not only doesn't recognise him, but appears to have a new husband also

called Martin Harris, who has replaced him in every way, and knows everything he knows. In fact, everyone Neeson-Harris meets seems to believe the impostor is him. Before long, mysterious guys in black SUV's are following him around and everything starts to go seriously pear-shaped.

Thrillers are a reliable Hollywood genre. Thrillers set in Europe are always given



If he's not in it, who cares!

a bleached-out look, as if the Cold War were still happening and the cinematography were by John Le Carre. Thrillers are reliable because its hard to screw them up if you skip to the conventions: mysterious puzzles about identity, bad guys in black SUV's, car chases through narrow European streets, ex-Cold war spies, a hero who everyone thinks is crazy (except for one despised nobody), a few explosions, a couple of brutal hand-to-hand fights, and a plot that is usually outlined by the hero as, "This could be worth billions if it falls into the wrong hands."

Unknown ticks all these boxes, and really for my money is the kind of bog-standard film Hollywood tends to do best these days. Hollywood rom-coms are generally unspeakable, comedies even more so, sci-fi tends toward disaster-porn, but thrillers always seem to be satisfying in some way, even when and perhaps because, their plots are always so ridiculous and have as much resemblance to



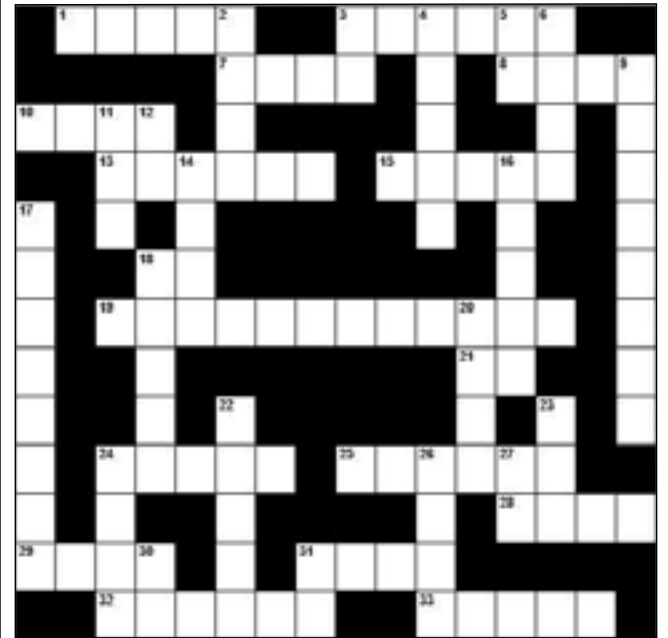
reality as George W. Bush's autobiography. Thrillers are probably as close to a cosmopolitan outlook as Hollywood gets. In *Unknown* we get English accents, German accents and what is supposed to be a Bosnian accent, all terribly exotic for Hollywood.

Unknown is oddly paced, but it hangs together pretty well, and has some genuinely edge-of-the-seat moments, and if you're over films about neurotic Royals or insane ballet dancers, you might want to check the harmless excitement that is *Unknown*.

Nimbin Crossword

2011-03

by 5ynic



Across

1. Largest NZ Tree
3. (and 15 across) Satellites of 5th planet
7. (Where you) buy things
8. Persistent idea? Mind virus
10. Roman dinnerwear
13. Still straight
15. See 3 across.
18. End of boxing match
19. Incredible
21. While
24. (And 31 across) absolutely certain? Definitely deceased
25. Given the job
28. The disease of kings? Joint inflammation due to uric acid
29. Petulant mood? (Child's?) reaction when denied
31. See 24 across.
32. Thomas A. Swift's Electrical Rifle (init.)
33. Drained of colour

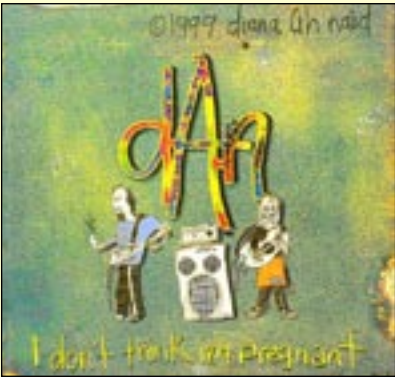
Down

2. Sea-girt land
3. Justice of the peace
4. Delivered by 22 down
5. Morning
6. Recent events
9. Events when bodies are occluded in the sky
11. Chewed but not swallowed
12. Article
14. Mistake? Breast
16. At the end of fingers and toes
17. Storms on the surface of the sun
18. Got on their knees
20. Refuse (a jump)
22. Legless reptile
23. Shakespearian fuss
24. River-bottom deposits
26. Carbonated drink
27. For example (init.)
30. Small Ford
31. Nintendo's handheld now in 3D!

Reviews from the Crypt

by Stephen Wright

I Don't Think I'm Pregnant: Diana Anaid (1999)



When you find a poem embedded in a song, you know that the song's writer is worth looking at twice. It's more than ten years since Diana Anaid's second album *I Don't Think I'm Pregnant*, the album where she successfully managed the transformation from wild guitar bashing bush-chick, to polished high-octane power-pop. It must have been hard grafting work, but the single from the album, 'Perfect Family', was a killer and has become one of those songs that everybody remembers but nobody knows.

*I thought that this was it for me
We'd have a house and a colour TV
We'll have a dog instead of a kid*

We'd be the perfect family.

It's the third line that does it, unsprings the rhyme and frees up the verse, and propels it to the final syllables where 'family' recapitulates a rhyme for the last words of the first line. Pretty schmick. Bob Dylan said he was pretty amazed when he came up with the rhymes "didn't you" and "kiddin' you" for 'Like A Rolling Stone', as well he might, and Diana can be well pleased with the chorus for 'Perfect Family'. Poets in rock and roll are few and far between, but if you can find a copy of *I Don't Think I'm Pregnant*, which has several gems, 'Perfect Family' alone makes it worth the price of admission.

Under the Volcano: Malcolm Lowry (1947)

Back in the days when you had to be a seriously heavy drug user or a chronic alcoholic to be considered a great writer, Malcolm Lowry out-drunk everybody.

These days when every writer seems to have a university degree but seems unable to write anything actually interesting, Lowry's books – which read exactly as if they were written by a hallucinating and demented drunk – show us that writing can be something subversive, something that gets under everybody's skin.

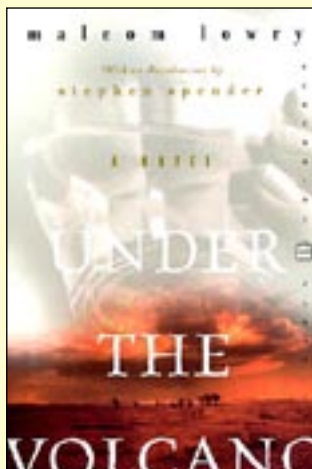
Set in Mexico on the Day of the Dead, *Under the Volcano* follows the last day of the destroyed alcoholic Geoffrey

Firmin, known as the Consul.

Nobody can stop the Consul destroying himself, and no-one really knows why he is so bent on ruin, but ruined he is and his death approaches in all its dingy ignominy.

Under the Volcano is a book that leaks all over its own pages, with ugly hallucinatory images – hideous pariah dogs feature prominently – interspersed with

moments of apparent peace and tranquillity. Lowry was of a generation where writers refused to be anything



but writers, no matter what the cost, and often the cost was terrible both to the writer, and to those around him or her.

We're more circumspect these days and less tolerant of the destructive artist, as perhaps we should be, but the idea of an artist who is utterly committed to the idea, to a different kind of visioning, that tries to make a kind of sense

of unthinkable things, is an idea whose time is perhaps over, but we could do well to re-examine.

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Mookxamitosis

by Brendan Hanley

BALI

The old man monkey sits beside the road
His family chattering... eating...
gazing at the woman
Her load balanced on her head
As she makes her way home

The clouds are low upon her mountain
The rain sprinkles her face and falls to earth
And gathers itself into rivulets
Then streams... then raging rivers
And waterfalls...

This water flows down through all the green miles of Bali
And in channel after channel soaks the terraced hills of rice
The coconut trees
Bananas
Rice... coconuts... bananas
At every turn
In every valley
On every hill... as far as the eye can see...

Green on green... palm on palm...
And rice on rice
Wide-eyed children sing out their "hellos"
And their wide-eyed parents join them
Fluoro-dyed chickens scurry out of the way of hurtling motorbikes
And whole families perched on two wheels
Chug to and fro
Seemingly endless
Like the water
They come and go

Fumes and honking horns attack the senses
Dogs stand mid-road... defying death
As death-defying Balinese fly by
Hideous skulls leer out of garish road signs
Warning someone of something
While beside the road they sell
Everything
To everyone

Temples are everywhere
Golden umbrellas like giant mushrooms
Grow out of stubbly rice fields
Giving silent thanks to the gods and demons
For sacks bursting with grain in stacks beside the road
Ready to be hauled away to feed these grateful people
Who cut and thresh and winnow this bounty

And the water flows by on its way to the sea
Through every paddy
Past every house
Down every lane



And in this everywhere gurgling gush
They bathe... swim... sit... wash
This water keeps it all alive
Possible

Timeless are these hills
These mountains... volcanoes...
waterfalls
Lakes and streams

Yet ...
Those hideous skulls on signs
We strangers do not understand
May well be warning these pretty people
Of their own demise

For every stream and fall and splash
Now carries the choking tokens of death
And deep in silent pool and aloft
On rushing rapid
Floats the outside world's gift to this innocent isle

Plastic bags and bottles... and foil now throttles
And rip-top, throw-away, unzipped skins of corporate crops
Float and gather and mount to mountainous might
Lever Brothers froth bubbles in virgin springs
And discarded rubber thongs float like dead feet
Amidst these bounteous paddies

The beaches bristle with poly flotsam and PET jetsam
Brown waves crash in tides of turds and carry-bag jellyfish
Tourists lie baking, sucking up the stench and staring at the filth
They paid a fortune in the making to come and see

Where once banana leaf would wrap exotic food
And when discarded... fall to rot and turn to soil for further crop
Now the permanent peel
Sits forever
Joined by more and more

This emerald jewel
This island of the gods
This crossroad of the world
Is sinking in junk that you and me and all of us combined
Come here and leave behind

My Mother is a Crazy Dog Lady



by Beau, as told to Caroline Ladewig

Jackson finds a home

Mumma C had been practicing her dog training with Jackson. He was starting to look like a very adoptable dog. He was also getting acupuncture and taking Chinese Herbs to help with his ADHD. He was actually very calm, which meant I didn't have to keep him entertained all day. Even I was impressed!

After three failed adoptions, Mumma C thought that Jackson would have a real chance at finding a forever home now that he was reasonably well trained and

calm. ARRГ were holding an adoption day so my mums were going to drop him down to Lismore for that before our holiday. We were going to spend the weekend at a beach house up at the Sunshine Coast for my mum's birthday.

Mumma C seemed a bit sad. She should have been excited about our holiday but she wasn't. I knew she had grown fond of Jackson so she was going to be sad to have to say goodbye. Mumma C knew that when we dropped him off at ARRГ she might not see him again.

Mumma C loves being a foster mum. People always ask her how she can say goodbye to all the dogs that she cares for. I know she loves all the dogs that come and stay but they always go to very good homes so that makes it easier to say goodbye. Without foster carers, all of these dogs wouldn't get a second chance.

Jackson had been with us for eight months so it was going

to be harder because Mumma C didn't want Jackson to be sad either. When we got to the ARRГ Mumma A said she'd take him in. I sat in the car and licked Mumma C's tears away and told her to be happy because we were going on a holiday.

Mumma A came back to the car and handed Mumma C some forms. Mumma C started crying even more. She said they were change of ownership forms. Jackson ran back out to the car and jumped on Mumma C's lap. He wasn't going anywhere. There went my peaceful weekend away with my mums!

Mumma C said it was the best birthday present of her life and finally Jackson had his forever home.

Animal Rights and Rescue Group is a registered charity formed in 1995, to help the unwanted, injured and neglected animals.

They are at 135 Three Chain Road Lismore, phone 6622-1881 or online: www.animalrights.org.au

Bundjalung Elders Q&A session

On Saturday 9th April, Bundjalung Elders will be chairing a Question and Answer Session in the Nimbin Town Hall.

There will be a Bush Tucker lunch from midday, followed by a discussion about the local Aboriginal way of life before the arrival of the white man.

In Elder Uncle Charles Moran's words, "A coming together as a gathering to discuss Aboriginal culture and its meanings."

Some of the areas of interest to be covered include annual festivals, sanctuaries, sacred sites, sites of significance, culture and beliefs.

Everyone is welcome to attend this rare chance to ask the questions you always wanted to of local Elders and an opportunity to clear up any confusions over language or culture.

Riesling - a much maligned moniker



Fruit of the Vine by Terry Beltrane

Throughout Australia's wine history 'Riesling' has been used to describe just about anything that's white wine regardless of grape variety, style or quality. Ironically, it's not just us, but also the world's wine drinkers, that have only recently recognised the unique style and quality of the 'real' Australian grown Riesling grapes/wine.

We used to call the true Riesling grape "Rhine Riesling" in deference to the Germanic origin of the variety and over decades have recognised that this noble variety demands cool/cold nights, preferably higher altitudes, and correspondingly, a long ripening period to give its best.

This unfashionable grape variety yields wine that begs the question 'How can something so delicate have so much flavour?' Riesling is a wine that Australian winemakers have known about for decades but marketing people have, for some obscure reason, not promoted. Perhaps it's to do with the 'fine edge' and crisp acidity that's

characteristic of the wine. Unlike some less acidic white wines that we drink when you're having a drink, like Verdelho or Chardonnay for example, Riesling is a wine best enjoyed with food. Think Calamari, pan fried Whiting with lemon and butter sauce, baked Snapper, or a bit of Ricotta and crusty bread with a light summer salad, and you have a very happy marriage. Mud Crabs, on the other hand, are better matched with Chardonnay or a Pinot Grigio.

There are a couple of places in Australia that are recognised domestically and internationally as being consistent in growing the grapes needed to make quality 'Riesling'. The best known examples are grown in limestone soils within the recognised micro climates of our Mediterranean grape growing regions. Pockets within the Clare Valley (which is actually a plateau) of South Australia, and the Eden Valley (really the hilltops of the Flinders Ranges abutting the south west of the Barossa Valley) are easily amongst the best.

The wines from the Clare Valley have a 'flinty' backbone of lively but fine acidity with flavours of lime/citrus and a touch of 'mineral' in youth that have the potential to age in the bottle for a decade or more. The wines from the Eden Valley are more floral and sweet smelling with hints of lavender/talc, also having propensity for development and longevity with good cellaring conditions. There are a couple of other regions that in optimal growing years

have come up with the goods - The Strathbogie Ranges and Grampian's in Victoria among them - and recently, individual vineyards around Canberra.

Getting back to the 'bottle ageing' bit. Riesling is one of the few white table wines (along with Semillon) that can develop with long term ageing in the bottle (up to 20 years) given correct cellaring conditions. The "young child" begins as a lean tightly structured athlete, all freshness and crispiness and as it develops over the years becomes more svelte, soft and seductive with honeysuckle/jasmine and orange peel nuanced flavours becoming a thing in your glass that screams "Drink Me and enjoy Mother Nature's gift to you!" How can this stuff come from grapes?

Unfortunately, it's difficult to get your hands on well-cellaried Rieslings because the people who take the time to do so usually drink them as, unlike red wines, aged Riesling does not demand a premium at auctions. But don't let this hold you back - just enjoy them young and fresh. Now is the time of year to enjoy Riesling, especially as generally they are lower in alcohol content (11-11.5%) than the majority of Australian wines, which makes them a little easier on our system in the hot weather.

Easy to get and not expensive? Try Leasingham Bin 7 Clare Valley Riesling, and Yalumba Pewsey Vale Eden Valley Riesling.

If anyone wants info on anything wine, feel free to contact me at terryb88@tpg.com.au

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facebook - Engineering failure

by Jay Stephens

Part 2

In this second article explaining why I'm giving Facebook the big switch-off, I want to cover the technical and design issues that I have problems with. People use Facebook in very individual ways, but however you use it, you will quickly discover that the 'filtering' tools it provides are minimal.

The first missing filter in Facebook is explicit control over each piece of data about yourself that gets uploaded. Contrast this with (for example) Google, which is basically one big filter, and is extremely explicit about personal data usage. In both cases, the client (the person paying) is the advertiser, not the end user.

The difference is, Google are open about this. Facebook are (increasingly) sneaky. They have in the past imported data from users' cellphones (without warning, and possibly including location data - definitely including your friends' phone numbers stored in your phone's address book). Millions of Facebook users suddenly found friends' details insecurely posted up on the web for others to steal, some of which may have been sold to third parties.

A setting was quickly introduced allowing you to stop sharing your phone address book... But how confident can you be that every last one of the FBriends whose cellphone address-books your details are in has opted out? If just one has not, then your details are up there on the web. More recently the same pattern has been repeated with photo-tagging; the top of your Facebook profile shows pictures which other people have tagged with your name. Want control over that? You'll have to dig deep in the settings.

The second missing filter in Facebook, is a simple way to control "who sees what". If you want to post a bucks-night photo for your mates to see, but which you'd rather your gran didn't, there is no easy way to do that (yes, it's technically doable - but about 99% of Facebookers only



post updates that everyone can see).

The conflict between allowing users to filter, and wringing profit from every part of a users' "social graph" is brought into focus when you look at the functions that have been buried

ever further in obscure menus and settings (notes visible to only some users being an excellent example), and functionality that has been entirely removed - administrators of Facebook pages and groups remember when it was easy to send messages, but now there are arcane rules and number limits, while ordinary users have found that even the threat of mass-mutiny doesn't stop the privacy settings becoming more arcane every time they are updated.

The third missing filter in Facebook, is the "in and out" filter for data that you have already uploaded. In terms of Out, the number of "Apps" and third-party websites that are able to share your Facebook login and trade your private data has exploded, meaning that users who accept Facebook's default settings are now tracked on most websites they visit.

In terms of In, Facebook provides no meaningful mechanism to search or gather together your lifestream. Want to look up something you posted 3 years ago? You can (maybe) get to it by downloading a compressed file and then searching that on your computer - but you have to jump through hoops. There are published, open standards for all these behaviours - and Facebook meets none of them.

My final problem with Facebook is not a "filtering" issue as such - it's linked to all the above, and is to do with the cultural approach that the company takes. Instead of embracing new rivals and collaborating with them to build new markets (the approach mostly taken by Twitter, Google and other web 2.0 companies) Facebook is like a walled garden, forcing users to be on one side of the wall or the other.

I know where I'm happier.



by Len Martin, Secretary Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc

Let us start with Sod's Law. Sod's Law is the darker, British version of Murphy's Law*, which describes how the essentially stochastic nature of the universe repeatedly stuffs up our plans. Thus it was for me and my carer for the first walk of 2011. We are baby sitting our son's dog. So, to be able to go on the walk, we had carefully organised for said dog to be with our daughter. The day dawned fine and warm. We woke early, but... Kay had a severe, sickening headache so we had to opt out. Now remember how, in last month's report, I rhapsodised how bush walking kept one healthy and fit. Sod's Law! The Great God Sod had been watching. And so we missed a delightful easy jaunt through coastal heath land and along Tallow Beach at Byron, led by our newest leader, Eleanor. Fortunately it was attended by our distinguished President Michael Smith, to whom I am grateful for this poetic and mildly mathematical account.

Spring flowers had faded to a memory in Arakwal National Park. This beach is an egg-laying site for turtles at night, but in the daylight brown-skinned young people display and amuse themselves on golden sands. We Nimbin visitors looked a dowdy sight in our ragged hats and too much sunscreen. The surf was clear and warm. Half a kilometre out the back, between the pods of dolphins, surfers had long runs amongst the breaks. If you dig the maths, the 8 of us left a total of 50,000 footprints on that beach, some barefoot, others in volleys. The 10 knot breeze kept us cool, as did a swim in the surf and Tallow Lagoon. We watched a goanna stalk a mob of silver gulls. An egret splashed in the shallows after poddy mullet. Fish darted about between the breakers. We were all indeed lucky to be in this famous centre of pleasure, on a superb day, in the best part of the best country in the world at a time when mankind peaked.

Yes, fortunate indeed for those who made it there, and the 11 of us who made it to our next outing, led by Michael. A fine day with forecast maximum of 35. First a short drive and relaxed saunter around Dorrobeebe Grass near Dunoon. This is a Connecting to Country site which has been set aside to commemorate the original Aboriginal inhabitants of the area and has rich interpretive signage. It is a knoll crowned with a small area of trees, but predominantly comprising open grassland dominated by Kangaroo Grass (*Themeda australis*), alas with many broad-leaved weeds - but still magnificent and hinting of its pre-settlement glory. And the views? Fantastic. Westwards over Koonorrigan, Bishop's Creek and Nimbin Rocks to a distant Mount Barney. Northwards a panorama of Border Ranges, Blue Knob, Sphinx, NightCaps and Mount Jerusalem. East to Byron and beyond. South into distant haze. I do believe that we spent much more time there than planned, such was the nature of the place, including 360° cool breezes.

Another short drive from the cool heights to the warm depths of the Terania Creek valley, where a short, slippery, muddy track through rainforest led to a spectacular waterfall and vibrant swimming hole - I kid you not - the amount of

water coming over had the whole place vibrating. Magic spot. Some skinny dipped in a calmer lower pool, most braved the turbulent waters below the falls. Some climbed up to view the placid waters above. We lunched in the cool shade before returning to Nimbin. Oh what treasures we have in the rainbow Region.

Dog-sitting kept us from Michael's mid-week walk to Goanna Headland and Dirrawong Reserve, Evans Head, but I went to Nimbin car-park at the agreed time to check for participants. Alas there was no one in the grey drizzle, and no one turned up to meet Michael at Goolmangar, or at Evan's Head. So, Michael did the walk alone! When I asked for a report he pointed out that it wasn't "an official walk" because Bushwalk Federation rules specify at least 3. Such are the joys attendant on being a responsible walks leader and President. Thank you Michael.

Walks Program for March

Saturday 12th March

Wooyung Beach

Leader Eleanor Edwards (6672-3894)

Grade 2, 2.5hr return. An after-noon wander through coastal scrub, Wooyung Nature Reserve, and stroll along the beach. Dinner on the beach followed by an optional visit to Natural Arch to view the waterfalls and glow worms - extra 1 hr drive each way, bring torch.

Meet 2pm Nimbin Car Park; 3.15pm Wooyung Caravan Park, corner Wooyung and Coast Rds, Wooyung.

Bring swimmers, sunglasses, water and dinner.

Wednesday 15th March

Lennox Head to Flat Rock Tent Park

Leader Michael Smith (6689-9291)

Grade 2, 4km one-way, 2.5hr. A stroll along beaches and headlands, north of Ballina.

Meet 9am Nimbin Car Park; 10.40am Pat Moreton Reserve lookout at southern end of Lennox Head. Bring swimmers, hat, sunglasses, water and lunch.

Sunday 27th March

Nila Nila, Mt Jerusalem National Park

Leader David Holston (6672-5071, after dark)

Grade 3, 4hr. Features - sand-stone formations and rainforest creek on upper tributaries of Doon Doon Creek in an old logged forest, using disused forest trails with easy off-track scrambling.

Meet 9am Nimbin Carpark; 9.45am intersection to Crams Farm on Commissioners Creek Rd
Bring lunch and water.

Website: <http://nimbinbushwalker.byethost7.com>

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Nimbin Garden Club Notes



by Gil Schilling

Bamboo Farm Impresses

The club's first visit of the year was to Pam Craven's garden and bamboo farm on Upper Tunttable Falls Road (pictured).

More than 25 members and guests took part in a tour of Pam's rambling, mature sub-tropical ornamental house garden set around a small dam containing water lilies and other aquatic species. Varied fruit and vegetable plantings were also much in evidence. However, the highlight for me



was the peace and serenity I experienced within the presence of Pam's giant stands of clumping bamboo – magnificent. The following afternoon

tea provided those present with the opportunity to catch up with others as well as to rummage through numerous plants on the well-supported swap table.

Bus Trip Planned

Club Treasurer, Denise Braidwood is organizing a visit to the Murwillumbah area for Saturday 18th June. The plan is to travel by bus from Nimbin and visit up to three gardens, a nursery, and the superb Regional Art Gallery before returning to Nimbin. Morning tea and lunch in Murwillumbah is also on the agenda.

As this visit will also include garden club

members from Casino and Lismore, Nimbin club members wishing to take part are advised to contact Denise (6689-9324) asap to register their interest. Cost for the bus hire is expected to be about \$18 per head.

March Meeting

The March visit will be to the truly unique garden of Chris Harris and Mac McMahon at 45 Shipway Road, Nimbin. This garden is a favourite of mine, with many of Mac's sculptural art works to be found lurking throughout.

The garden includes a mini rainforest, as well as a dam walk with a newly constructed boardwalk, and not forgetting the slightly eccentric dry swimming pool succulent garden that will stun and amaze those who have not seen it before. As usual, members are requested to bring a fold-up chair, a mug and a small plate of something tasty to share. A swap table will also operate for members to bring along something surplus from their garden, such as potted seedlings, bulbs, cuttings or home made produce.

So dear reader, if you are slightly curious or want to meet others with a gardening interest (you certainly don't have to be particularly expert or skilled) you are most welcome to just turn up and check us out.



Raffle to aid Nimbin Gym

To help give fitness a boost at the start of the footy season, a big raffle is on for a highly collectable Gold Coast Titans 2010 jersey, autographed by the team and professionally framed.

The jersey is on display at the Nimbin Hotel, where tickets may be bought for \$3 each, and where the raffle will be drawn on 15th June, at half-time of the second State of Origin match.

Proceeds will help provide more equipment for the Nimbin Indigenous and Community Health and Fitness Gym, run by Wayne Cuthbertson (pictured at right with elder Cec Roberts).

For more information about the raffle or the gym, drop in at the rear of the Community Centre, next to the Nim-FM studios, on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays from 10am, or phone Wayne on 6689-0069.



by Simone Rutley

It's a work in progress. The new clubhouse roof, which began last year as part of the Nimbin Solar Farm Project, is continuing to take shape. It will make a vast difference to the feel of the grounds and the comfort of spectators, particularly in the rain.

Thanks go out to all those who have donated a considerable amount of time and materials. The ultimate vision, after some solid fundraising, is to convert the space between the existing canteen and the roof into a function room and observation deck. The view of the field from up there is fabulous.

Sign-on for the 2011 season went smoothly on both the 12th and 19th of February, despite a change of location from the club to the town hall on the second day. The building crew were in full swing down at the club and so a location change was thought safest.

At the time of writing there are registrations enough for 1 senior men's team and heading toward a 2nd. There are a group of keen women who wish to return to the club after a decade or so away, trying to pull together a senior women's team. Juniors signed on in every age group. The club registrar now has some difficult decisions to make as to how to pull all these groups into the best teams for 2011.

The first competition for the year will be the ANZAC cup for the senior men, starting on the 4th of March, with the final scheduled for ANZAC day, 25th April. The senior season commences on 1st April (this date is genuine!), competition for juniors from U'11 to U'16 commence on Saturday, 9th April and games for U'10s and below begin on Saturday 30th April.

All-ages training sessions for juniors began on the 24th of February. Thursdays is training day with U'9s and below from 4 - 5pm, U'10s and above from 4:45 to 5:45pm. As the teams take shape and are allocated a coach, specific team trainings will be worked out. Last year we ran an extra 'all-ages' junior training on Tuesdays for kids wanting to push their fitness and skills. We are hoping to offer this again in 2011 if we can find a coach interested to volunteer. If this is something you would like to do please speak with Simone or any other member of the committee.

As everyone knows, small town community organisations run by volunteers are only as good



Two of the many hard-working volunteers who have helped with the new roof: Bruce Hatfield (left) and Jon Bell.

as the people who put into them. Of course the Headers is no different. The volunteer worksheets people have been asked to fill in at sign-on, enable the committee to target the work to people with a particular interest or skill.

When you are next at the club if you notice something you think could be improved consider what you could do to make a change. Everything helps, from cleaning the toilets to doing the bins weekly, to mowing and brush cutting. Consider doing a little each week while the kids are training. Strengthening community through the fun of soccer: **GO THE HEADERS!**

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Timetable

Pickup Points	Nimbin Central	Nimbin Main St	Coffee Camp	Goolmangar School	Goolmangar Store	Blakebrook Interchange	RRHS	Lismore Transit
Nimbin - Lismore Mon - Fri	7.50	7.52	8.03	8.10	8.14	8.20	8.35	8.50
	8.55	9.00	9.10	9.15	9.18			9.35
	3.22	3.25	3.35	3.40	3.45			4.10
		4.30	4.40	4.45	4.49			5.00
Mon. & Thu. Only		12.45	12.55	1.00	1.05	1.15	1.17	
School Holidays		9.00	9.10	9.15	9.18			9.35
		3.25	3.30	3.40	3.44			4.00
Pickup Points	Lismore	RRHS	Blakebrook Interchange	Goolmangar Store	Goolmangar School	Coffee Camp	Nimbin Main St	Nimbin Central
Lismore - Nimbin Mon - Fri	7.00		7.10	7.14	7.25	7.30	7.30	4.20
	8.00		8.23	8.25	8.35	8.45	8.50	
	2.35	2.40	2.45	2.48	2.55	3.00	3.10	3.15
	3.20	3.35	3.50	3.55	4.00	4.05	4.15	4.20
Mon. & Thu. Only	12.00	12.03	12.10	12.12	12.15	12.25	12.35	
School Holidays	2.35		2.48	2.55	3.00	3.10		
	3.25		3.44	3.50	3.57	4.00		
Pickup Points	Gwynne Road	Mitchell Road	Oakey Creek Interchange	Blakebrook Interchange	RRHS	Trinity Bay 2 Interchange	Lismore Transit	
Georgica - Lismore	7.43	7.51	8.00	8.20	8.35	8.40	8.52	
Pickup Points	Lismore	Trinity Bay 2 Interchange	RRHS	Blakebrook Interchange	Oakey Creek Interchange	Mitchell Road	Gwynne Road	
Lismore - Georgica School days only	3.25	3.35	3.43	3.50	4.15	4.28	4.36	

Town Service - Wheelchair access available upon request, 24 Hour notice required
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A Hard Day at **the Office**



Thomas with biggest snapper of the day

by Pixie, Fishing reporter

Taking a Thursday off work to go fishing, we always classify as a businessman's fishing trip. Every trip is great but some just a bit harder than the rest.

Nimbin Heads Fishing Team members, Cal, Pix, Ashley, Simon and first timers, Mick, from the Hunter Valley, Thomas from Glen Innes and Fernando, the Mexican. All heading out to sea on a great looking day.

It appeared the fishing gods were on our side again with a one metre swell, a five knot breeze and crystal blue, clear water. We decided to chase some snapper on the sand banks in close but with no luck. There was no current at all. In close, the burley just hung around the boat and the lines were straight under the boat. The old story again, no fun no run.

So with crystal clear water, we decided to troll for mackerel in close, again with no luck. With no current in close, we decided it might be a good day to go out wide. So we headed to a reef about 30 clicks out and found the current was gushing. With one pound sinkers on, we couldn't hold bottom. The day's fishing wasn't getting any easier. After four hours fishing, we had one small pearly and two small snapper.

We came in about ten clicks closer, and the current was still

gushing, so we decided to troll for wahoo, mackerel and tuna, up and down a five kilometre reef. The crystal clear water was prime predator water so we put out two poppers and a hard body diver. Simon was on the diver and it got two hits after a couple of runs along the reef but with no fish being landed.

Then we changed the poppers for divers. So we had three out the back, when Cal and Pix both got a hit together, with Cal landing a 4½ kg mack tuna and your humble fishing reporter landing a 10 kg wahoo. Then Mitch, Thomas and Fernando were down the back trolling with Thomas and Fernando landing a mack tuna and Mitch hooking a big Spanish mackerel only to lose it beside the boat.

Then Cal and Ashley hooked up with Cal landing another mack tuna and Ashley landing a 8½ kg wahoo. The day's trolling was full of patience and excitement and a big lift after the morning's fishing. But it's all good.

For you guys going to Fraser Island, there are only 85 sleeps to go. So get it together guys.

Tight lines guys.



Fernando with a mack tuna



Pix with biggest wahoo of the day

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 Undercover parking for three cars. A large cow bails with separate access is ready for renovating to provide accommodation for guests, woofers or artists studio. Easy access to Nimbin, the Blue Knob Farmers Market, Art Gallery and café as well as Rainbow Ridge School. She needs work but the reward will be in the breathing of new life into this Grand Olde Dame for years to come.
 Ref.#1360

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 Ref.#1335

Which is the real killer species?



by Madison Stewart

I am an underwater film-maker with more than 400 logged dives. When I was only 14, something happened to the sharks of the Great Barrier reef that turned me from a life of peace in the sea into a life of conservation and conflict over the natural world.

I was raised in the oceans, I learnt to dive at 11 years old, then at 12 I dived the Great Barrier Reef for the first time – and I fell in love. I spent months on these reefs and the outer boundaries diving with sharks as a child.

At 14, I left school to begin home-schooling and travel with my father, who is an underwater photographer, so I could devote my time to filming sharks and this world beneath the surface.

But when I returned to the same reef exactly a year later, with a video camera, the sharks were gone.

For the first time ever, I was scared.

Their presence never gave me reason to fear them, but their absence had turned a once-bright ocean a sudden black. Perhaps more shocking, this reef was inside the Great Barrier Reef marine park.

It is clear now that our oceans are in danger, but sharks are often overlooked because they are feared. In the underwater world, the sharks clean the oceans and take out the sick, old, injured and weak, and humans splashing around in the ocean resemble an injured fish. The belief that sharks eat people is among the most twisted truths in existence, the attack is merely a bite to find out what we are and then upon realising we are not prey, humans end up back on land. Fatalities occur from blood loss and severity of the “test bite”.

Sharks are the top predators, with more than 400 million years dominating the oceans, possessing sensory systems capable of feeling a heart beating through the water and elevating their body temperature like mammals. Each year, five people, on average, die worldwide as a result of shark attacks; more deaths are caused by falling coconuts.

Every year, humans kill 73 million sharks. Ninety percent of shark and pelagic life in the oceans is now gone. Some species have been decimated by up to 99 percent. We call them the mindless killers, yet we are the ones who have wiped out their species for their fins.

There is a soup in Asia served at fancy banquets and dinners that is a status symbol and a sign of wealth: Shark fin soup. To eat this is the equivalent of owning an expensive car in our culture. The shark fin is added to a soup with pork and chicken, as it has no taste. It sells for up to \$90 a bowl.

The economy of China in recent years has caused an ever-increasing demand for shark fin, and as demand rises, pressure is placed on developing countries which stand to make millions from simply cutting the fins from a shark. Dealers may pay fishers up to \$275 per kilogram of dried shark fin.

Sharks require ram ventilation to breathe, they need to keep moving and pass water over their gills, or suffocate. To obtain the fins the sharks is dragged onto the boat where each of its fins is cut from its body, the remaining stump of a shark thrown back into the ocean, still alive. They are left to bleed to death, or suffocate.

The world heritage area of the Great Barrier Reef is five times the size of Tasmania, and now it is a dedicated shark fin fishery. Shark

finning has been recognised as a wasteful and unsustainable practice, but in these Great Barrier Reef fisheries and other east coast fisheries, the body of the shark is kept and sold as a low value product, instead of being thrown back.

This is why it is allowed, and why it has been called “sustainable”. Significant numbers of sharks taken as “by-catch” in Queensland waters are finned. Some sharks take up to 25 years to reproduce, making their species particularly vulnerable. The sharks on reefs have territories, and remain loyal to one section of reef. When they are killed, they are not replaced.

In 2010, the Queensland Government reduced the total annual catch of sharks from 900 to 600 tones. This means that the government allowed 75,000 World Heritage sharks to be killed in 2009. Grey reef and white tip reef sharks are down by as much as 97 percent in areas of the reef that are fished compared to “no-take zones” where no fishing is allowed. Only one percent of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park is a no-take zone.

This one percent does not even cover the home ranges of these sharks, and they are susceptible to illegal fishing known to occur inside these zones. In Victoria the most common fish in fish and chips is shark, often labelled as “flake”. You can now buy black tip reef sharks in the deli section of Woolworths and Coles.

Shark meat is not recommended for pregnant women or children under 12 because it contains a harmful amount of mercury, and poses a risk of ciguatera poisoning from bacteria found in the reef fish these sharks feed on.

The top predators are falling for the first time in 400 million years, and the oceans are

following. Half of the carbon dioxide released into the atmosphere has been absorbed by the oceans, increasing the acidity and threatening the carbonate foundations for all living things. Overfishing has reached the point where in 40 years, seafood will be non-existent.

I have been told that the Great Barrier Reef will be gone in my lifetime.

We are raised to fear sharks, but believe me when I say they will not survive unless we raise the next generation to fear for them. We have all the power required to protect sharks, all the power needed to stop illegal fishing, and all the science to tell us why. What we don't have is the public pressure that will make the government use its power for good. Instead we have turned the Great Barrier Reef into a hunting ground.

See the oceans through my eyes. I have been in the water with sharks, they are calm stunning creatures, they are powerful masters of function, they do not kill for sport or jealousy or fear, only survival.

Those sharks were gone before I had a chance to film them. I am 17 years old, and no-one should witness the decimation of an entire species in their lifetime. Now I chase sharks all over the world, only seeing them through my camera, in the hope others will see them the way I do.

If you would like to know more, see my footage and stay updated or if I have just turned you to the shark side, visit my page for the sharks on the Great Barrier Reef at: www.facebook.com/pages/The-Great-Barrier-Resistance and Australian Marine Conservation Society: www.amcs.org.au

Also the film that has changed lives and inspired many to become involved and love sharks, now on DVD, is a documentary called *Sharkwater*, by Rob Stewart.



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