

# ANGELICA - ARCHANGELICA

by Rebecca Ryall



The clues for this plant are all in its name, and the feeling it gives when you say it. For centuries, this plant has been reputed to have been placed here by angels, a messenger of some sort. To me, it gives a feeling of warmth and nurturing and, in fact, it is to impart these qualities that I add Angelica to a herbal formula.

Traditionally, Angelica has been used for conditions in need of a warming, strengthening tonic. The breadth of Angelica's healing applications is breathtaking, so with this article I'll attempt to break it down.

A tonic herb is a herb which restores balance through gently nourishing, strengthening and protecting specific organs or body systems. Angelica is known widely as a tonic for the digestive, respiratory, immune and circulatory systems. This breadth of action makes it the ideal choice for a period of convalescence from long running illness, as well as depression, fatigue and general debility, and a useful addition to other cancer treatments. The root contains vitamin B12, Zinc, Thiamine, Sucrose, Riboflavin, Potassium, Magnesium, Iron, Fructose, Glucose, and many other trace minerals.

Known for centuries as the 'friend of the aged' due to its strengthening and protective qualities, it should be noted that Angelica should be used with caution by those taking warfarin or any other anticoagulant medication, due to its coumarin content; and by diabetics, due to its high sugar content (though its the sweetness that has it used as flavouring for liqueurs and decoration of traditional French delicacies!). Angelica

should also be avoided during pregnancy, due to its stimulating action upon the reproductive system. Its value for elderly patients can be explained in part by this plant's action of sustaining the heart, its support of immune function and stimulation of digestion.

As a digestive tonic, Angelica has applications in cases of fullness and bloating, nausea, low appetite, dyspepsia, indigestion and colic. As a warming expectant and smooth muscle relaxant, this herb has a marked impact on the respiratory system, in the treatment of bronchitis, asthma, colds and flus.

It appears to have an indirect action on the nervous system, as evidenced by its positive influence on myriad conditions of nervous origin such as insomnia, headaches, nerve pain, joint pains, indigestion, depression, irritability and menstrual conditions such as absent or obstructed menses and PMS.

Angelica is an extremely useful herb to use topically, too. It can be made into a gargle for bacterial infections of the mouth and throat; as a poultice applied to swelling, itching and rheumatism; and the powdered root is reputedly an effective pesticide and insecticide. And yes, it was even used extensively during the Plague!

I use Angelica Archangelica in Tea Medica's Nurture Blend.

*The Tea Medica dispensary has relocated to The Green Bank at 39 Cullen Street Nimbin. Drop by for a cuppa during business hours and sample a blend, talk to me about a custom blend, book in for a session of soul medicine, or just browse the stylish and eco-friendly wares on offer.*

# Therapeutic intervention

by Daniel Keszler



In this column, I explore the need of going to a Therapist. This is only a brief overview and is purely my own perception, findings and interpretation of the subject matter and is certainly incomplete. None the less it may give you a new perspective and encourage you to investigate further. I write in first person so as not to create an idea of imposing my views on anyone but myself.

As I develop from a baby to an adult, my general direction is that of becoming more and more independent, increasingly capable of looking after my self. I learn to use my body, and then learn to interact with my environment in a way which supports my survival and further growth, culminating in procreation of my own species. This is an entirely natural process, which every plant and animal is undergoing.

This apparent independence, which I can perceive, is actually an illusion in so far, that I am still entirely dependent on my environment. If I remove any essential part, like air, water, food, plants, or my body, I am immediately incapable of existing. I am, as a human being, an incredibly complex being, in constant change, and therefore it is a complex task to maintain balance and health in all aspects of my life. And the only way to maintain this balance is in collaboration with my environment. To collaborate, I need to be in contact, communication and, at times, in communion with various aspects of my environment, according to the needs which arise within me, to maintain balance and growth.

Here, the therapist may come in as an aspect in my environment, which helps me to investigate and clarify my need, assist in enhancing my awareness around my need, and in my creating support and satisfaction around that need. If I misalign myself in my body, I find support in going to my preferred Bodywork-therapist and he assists me in finding my alignment of the body again. If I feel overwhelmed with an emotional situation or am dissatisfied with the way I handle myself in certain situations, I go to my preferred Psychotherapist to explore the matter and find support towards finding new ways of dealing with situations or completing unfinished matters.

I am fussy when choosing a new therapist, I shop around. The most lovely one may actually not support my growth. The toughest may actually not see what I really need. I am the only one who really knows what I need. The expertise of the therapist can make him/her unable to listen or be present. And if I think I'll never need any therapist, I am probably deluding myself with the independence trip. And then there are friends and family which are supposedly just as good as the therapist, or are they? I wonder...

Therapists, specially those which are member of a professional association, which are bound by a code of ethics, are usually trained to give their clients support on a professional level. That means, they are trained to give unbiased support with a general aim towards the clients finding his/her own self support again, with the ability to handle situations of increased complexity. In other words, support towards evolution. Any professional therapist also is able to recognize his/her own limits and will let the client know where they are and when it would be time to find someone better suited for the clients needs.

To find the right therapist for the time being is wonderful, a relationship which honors me, supports me and lets me grow. Staying with a therapist is cumulative, my body remembers and responds quicker to our collaboration, my trust allows me to be vulnerable and safe. To go to a therapist is not a statement of weakness, it is an affirmation of your own empowerment, your ability to respond to your needs.

I hope this short exploration of the matter has kindled your curiosity about yourself and enhanced your understanding of therapy.

Blessings, Daniel

# Vegan Lovebites

by Nettie Lovejoy



*\*If some fool tells you the soul perishes like the body and that which dies never returns, tell him the flower perishes but the seed remains and lies before us as the secret of life everlasting.\**

– Kahlil Gibran

In my humble opinion, I'm sure most of those reading this are aware/agree we all come from the big out there/the one. We are all the same but not/each with various learned layers/veils of differences of speech, looks, habits, wants, needs, thoughts, actions and reactions needed or not needed to suit our environment at that time.

If we want elevation to a higher level of spiritual understanding on this planet, we are the ones that will have to do the actions toward this. We'll have to behave the way highly spiritual beings would. Walk, talk, act, think like loving spirit. It's a lofty ideal, nonetheless a necessary one. Internal and external war, frustrations, anger between selves, neighbours, communities, countries is the desperate cry out of anguish-of lacking of the feeling of being home, of remembering our true being. Home where there is nothing but peace and love. Home where we originally came from **The Big Out There**. Most of us are yearning and have the urge to go back home. We are being witness to many atrocities that are affecting our peace of mind. Notice I say mind.

If you feel the urge to escape just go within, to your eternal soul, it is waiting, watching quietly – this is where you will feel peace on earth where all else fails. Meditation is the key. There are many forms. I do Light and Sound. It reminds me daily I am part of pure essence and keeps me sane in this chaotic world.

So do you agree then, that we are all parts of an eternal love with added layers of ego/mind, that we portray layers of learned behaviours? What do you think is inherent in humans/spirits to make us eat flesh? There is nothing at all. It is another learned behaviour since I don't know when. To lose one very dense layer/veil of sadness, fear, noncompassion, death and quite simply put madness, we must stop eating another beings flesh. A pure loving spirit simply would not do

that. Sure we came here for experience but not that one. Experiences are used to harness a certain learning and lesson to further our enlightenment, otherwise we will be caught up in the neverending transmigration into body after body, often with a lot of suffering attached from lost lessons.

If I sound harsh today, I'm sorry. I just want my fellow spirits that share this wondrous planet, Earth, to maybe reach a bit higher in their ideals to discover joy and peace in their part of the world, their human body. OK, how about some heavenly manna for your tastebuds to maybe remind you of blisssss. This is a sweet and spicy cake with a lovely crunchy base.

## Armenian Nutmeg Cake

3 cups firmly packed rapadura or brown sugar  
3 cups Gluten Free Flour sifted  
190gr Nuttalex  
1 ½ teaspoons bicarb soda  
1 ½ cups vanilla soya milk  
Egg replacer for 2 eggs plus ¼ cup of ricebran oil  
2 teaspoons nutmeg  
1 cup chopped walnuts  
Icing sugar for dusting  
Combine sugar and flour. Rub in cold nuttalex until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Press half the mixture into a well greased 20cm cake pan. Dissolve soda in milk, add egg replacer, nutmeg and oil. Pour over remaining flour mixture. Mix well. Then spoon into tin on top of pressed-in mixture. Sprinkle walnuts over and press in slightly. Bake in a preheated moderate oven 180C for 1 hour or until you can smell it and a skewer comes out clean when testing it. Allow to stand 15 minutes before turning out on wire rack to cool. I dust with icing sugar when warm and once again when cool. Serve this with some Almond cream from last month's column. Enjoy and Walk on the light side.  
– Oceans of Love, Nettie.

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# Bowen Therapy and the Ergonomics of Living

by Tonia Haynes

Dip Bowen Therapy, Cert Remedial Massage, Advanced Pranic Healer, Advanced Cell Ectrology Kinesiology

Many years ago I became the proud owner of a 1968 Toyota Corolla.

I immediately dubbed her Rosie, because I'm of the firm belief that if you name one's car and every now and again give them a grateful thank you, while cuddling the steering wheel, they will do their utmost to carry you in safety where ever your heart desires.

Rosie was an exceptionally willing girl. Plowing through twelve inches of soggy, rutted mud in the forest when I took a wrong turn after a party in the dead of night, she dodged trees like an Olympic skier as she gaily carried my unwarranted conniptions back to the safety of a tarred road.

Her compassion was noted when she switched off the alternator to cause as little harm as possible to the carpet snake wrapped around her engine. She then waited patiently for the resident snake catcher to arrive in his human saving ambulance and after said snake was safely extracted and the neighbours were reassured that no, no one at our house had been struck down with severe illness, she switched her motor back to go and carried on as normal.

Freeways always brought out her best hat and a pair of running shoes that no four cylinder engine has the right to own.

Unfortunately, not all were happy with Rosie's innocent arrogance as she blithely passed those of more refined reputation. In fact there was a female Mercedes driver who was so furious with Rosie's audacious habit of moving to the front that she put her foot to the floor to bring her polished rendition of wealth and position alongside us and encouraged her children in the back seat to throw kiwi fruit at Rosie's windows.

Rosie, with impeccable inner breeding that can only be earned, but never bought, did not even sound her horn in protest.

When it came time to send Rosie to the big tip in the sky I felt very sad that such a fine and loyal being should come to such an inappropriate end.

Dismally I drove her to the tyre shop to have the good tyres removed before taking her to her final resting place.

'What are you going to do with her?' 'Asked the fellow with the grease smear across his nose, while his sharp blue eyes observed Rosie with great interest.

'I'm taking her to the wreckers,' I replied miserably. 'Not that they truly want her. I'm really just returning spare parts I bought from them in the first place.'

I'll take her, he replied. I drive stock

cars and that is one of the few models that can fit an eight cylinder motor under the bonnet.

I was delighted. Rosie deserved to go out in a spurt of heroic fiest, rather than fizzle away to rust in a place where no one cared.

Twelve months later I saw him again and asked about Rosie. He laughed uproariously. 'She was amazing!' He crowed. 'I never did get around to putting the eight cylinders under the bonnet, but it didn't matter. She went like the clappers anyway. I've only just stopped driving her, the gear box broke down.'

I smiled. Eight years previously when I bought her, the mechanic who checked her out had said knowingly. 'She's in ok shape but you're up for a new gear box very soon, I'd say.'

I never did replace the gear box. So what has Rosie to do with Bowen Therapy?

Well, Rosie and I were not always good friends. When I first acquired her, within a week of driving in her unfamiliar seat, I attracted severe sciatica and it hurt, a lot.

Stumbled off to my friendly Bowen Therapist and had a treatment. The pain went away. A week later it was back with a vengeance,

I had another treatment, which did the trick, but this time we discussed Rosies ergonomics and decided I needed to move the driver's seat forward. I did so and the sciatica left.

At times I see clients with an on going problem in their lower back, shoulders or neck that is being held in by unconscious habits, or lack of awareness, as to the positions in which they hold their bodies during certain activities.

Saggy mattresses can cause havoc with a reclining body that needs a firmly shaped support during rest time.

Sleeping pillows which are too high, or too low cause neck and back problems, as does reading in bed propped on an elbow, or laying flat with the neck forced forward, while reading or watching television.

Reading or watching television is best executed while sitting upright in a comfortable chair. Doing the Norman sprawl on a couch is only for the brave and extremely flexible.

Holding a phone in place by scrunching the neck is a great way to create headaches and sore necks.

Looking up, or down at a computer screen for hours on end instead of having it directly in front of one's eyes, is also a first class way to create neck and shoulder problems. Lap tops are notorious for creating neck problems.

Tapping on a key board with arms and hands held higher, or lower than right angles can cause arm, shoulder



and neck pain

Driving the vehicle with an elbow on the windowsill is so cool it can eventually freeze the muscles in the top of the arm and shoulder and cause stiffness, pain, headaches and perhaps, a frozen shoulder.

Wearing a wallet in a back pocket stops the spine from sitting evenly and it is only a matter of time until the wallet is emptied from paying out money to get one's back 'fixed.'

Shoulder handbags that are heavy enough to use as a ninja cosh may be useful in a dark alley, but they weigh down the shoulder on which they are carried, causing an imbalance in the muscles and eventually the associated skeletal structure.

Ride on lawnmowers, tractors and cars, where the legs are forced to stretch further than normal to reach the pedals, create hip, back and leg issues. Perhaps the seat needs to be lowered or moved forward.

And these are just a few of the things to avoid when conducting every day activities. That is, if one is desirous of pain free muscles and bones.

To those of a greater age, or who suffer from long term injuries I say this: Please, do whatever the task, only until it begins to feel uncomfortable. Then rest for half an hour, rather than continue until the pain forces you to stop.

This is a great tip for those who love their garden.

I guarantee if you take the time to be gentle with your body and listen to what it is saying, you will be able to continue an activity for much longer, even though it may take longer to reach the end of the task. Better than not finishing the task at all.

Consider spending some time with me at the clinic so that together we can put you back on the road toward you feeling relaxed and comfortable in a pain free body

I am in clinic at Nimbin on Tuesdays and Saturdays. I know for a tiny time, it was Thursdays, but life is inclined to change rapidly in this world of 'progress.'

Make an appointment now on 02 6689-0240, or my mobile 0439-794-420.

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'Til next time, love, light and laughter



## Cook's corner with Carolynne

### Banana Butterscotch Souffles

These make a spectacular presentation for a formal dessert, The soufflés rise high and golden above their bowls, and inside they are creamy, sweet, and rich. Oh and did I mention, they're almost fat free and full of soluble fibre, too.

#### Ingredients

3 large organic egg whites  
¼ cup granulated sugar  
2 firm ripe bananas  
2 tblsp butterscotch, finely chopped

#### Method

Preheat oven to 230C. Spray four two-cup capacity ramekins or bowls with cooking oil. In a large bowl beat egg whites until they hold soft peaks. Gradually beat in sugar until egg whites hold stiff peaks. Coarsely grate the bananas into the meringue and fold in with butterscotch.



Place ramekins on a coolie tray and fill with batter, molding in the centres of the ramekins and running a knife along the sides of the ramekins after they have been filled with batter to aid rising. Bake in centre of oven for 15 minutes, or until puffed and golden brown. Serve immediately (soufflés will deflate quickly).

'Til next month enjoy, Carolynne.

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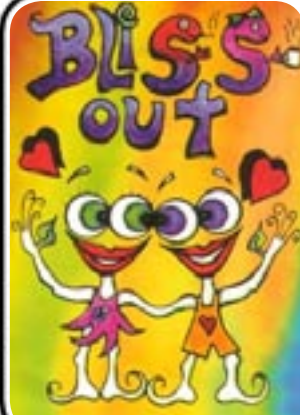


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# Reduce your fire risk by good garden design

by David McMinn

Major bush fires are uncommon in our region. However, fire can still become a very serious threat, given the right circumstances of a long drought, tinder dry countryside and strong hot northwesterly winds. It will happen one day, but fortunately Nimbin has not experienced a big burn for decades. When we first arrived in 1983, the local farmers would talk of the 'fire of 1969', which burnt through much of the valley. Some of the old locals may remember this.

Planting appropriate tree and shrubs will lessen the fire threat to your property, as they reduce wind speed, provide a shield from embers and absorb radiant heat. You should choose species that have:

- smooth bark.
- soft leaves with a high moisture content.
- leaves low in flammable oils.
- no fibrous bark or dead twiggly undergrowth.

Crucially, any tree will burn if the heat and wind speed are severe enough. If a catastrophic fire threatens – just leave and leave early.

The following native species can be regarded as fire retardant: Eumundi Quandong, Illawarra Flame Tree, Native figs, Szygium species, Tuckeroo, Water Gum, White Cedar. Do a few googles for comprehensive listings.

Exotic species that steam rather than burn in a fire can also be considered. Deciduous trees from the northern hemisphere are excellent and include Maples, Mulberry, Liquidambar and so forth. Bromeliads with 'tanks' to collect water are desirable – keep these filled with water during periods of high fire risk. Succulents with fleshy trunks and leaves may also be utilised in your garden design. The most fire prone species are the Eucalypts, Camphor Laurel, Pines and Cypress and these are best removed from your garden.

Do not plant fire prone trees or shrubs near your

house and outbuildings, especially on the northern and western sides. People on small blocks should be especially aware of the fire risk they may be creating for themselves and their neighbours by planting inappropriate species. Your driveway should be cleared of combustible species and weakened trees, as this will be your escape route in the event of a disaster. Fires accelerate rapidly when moving uphill. Thus people living on west or north facing hillsides should be aware of the potential dangers that they are exposed too. Fabulous views will mean nothing when a severe firestorm threatens.

Trees need to be kept in good condition, if they are to perform well as a living firebreak. If possible, water during a drought to maintain high leaf moisture levels. During long dry seasons, always clear away any leaf litter, dead branches and twiggy dry material. Leaves clogging up your guttering should also be removed. Stone mulches around your plants are infinitely better than organic mulches, as the latter will only add to the fire problem.

Under new regulations, there needs to be 30 metres of cleared land around residential properties in fire prone areas. This is impractical - Who wants to live in a cow paddock for the 0.01% of the time that their house may be under threat from bush fire? No vegetation around your house also makes it far more susceptible to storm damage, as trees act as a good windbreak. In our climate, you are far more likely to be adversely affected by a storm than a fire.

2011 and 2012 have been very wet, but another dry El Nino phase will emerge in the next few years. The weather is cyclical, something that people forget when they are experiencing intense wet or dry phases. Take a long-term perspective and design your property with the potential fire risk in mind. One day you may be very thankful that you adopted this approach.

## ASTRO FORECASTS BY TINA MEWS

YOUR MONTHLY REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS

### April



The Sun entered the sign of Aries at the last Equinox (March 20).

Individuals with a major Aries signature in their chart are said to be headstrong and quick acting; they need to feel in control of their lives. They love challenges and are great at initiating new projects. They might lack the persistence, skills or patience to complete everything they have started by themselves and at times have to rely on other people's cooperation. Not every idea turns out as initially intended, but this might not be the deeper purpose behind the deed. Very often Aries paves the way and sows the seeds that other people then successfully cultivate.

Mars is the ruling planet of Aries and has been associated with action, war and assertion of will since ancient times. Mars describes the way we do things and where or how we spend our energy. Since January 24 Mars is in retrograde motion slowing down projects and frustrating our desires to move forward. Instead, we have been dealing with fixing broken cars, computers and all sorts of faulty devices, re-financing and re-organising what is not working well. The good news is that communication planet Mercury finished its 3-week retrograde phase on April 4, also Mars will be moving direct again on April 14. Let's hope that this will bring the urgently needed fresh breeze that has the strength to dry up the stagnant waters and carries us towards new frontiers!

The Full Moon on April 7 in Libra places relationship issues back into the centre of our attention. Discussions about values are important now. We might have to adjust boundaries, re-negotiate contracts and practise tolerance. It is essential for each individual to express their needs and desires honestly thus avoiding misunderstandings. Mars will still be retrograde and in opposition to the Neptune/ Chiron conjunction in Pisces. Physical energies might be a bit low and our resistance against infections and colds weakened. So let's take good care of ourselves and use this time for processing all the things that we have taken in lately including information, ideas, emotions and our food.

Mercury, the planetary messenger, enters Aries on April 17 quickening our mode of interaction. Channels for innovation and lateral thinking might open. On April 22, the day after the New Moon, Mercury will conjoin Uranus, the planet ruling flashes of insights. We are able now to combine logic with intuition while looking at old problems in a new way – given that we keep our nerves and do not jump to conclusions prematurely!

#### Aries

It is quite possible that you are hearing the call to adventure again, feeling the need to be free to act as you choose. Take into consideration that your ruling planet Mars is still retrograde until mid-month and will remain in cautious and analytical Virgo until early July. You might have to tidy up loose ends before embarking onto the next journey.

#### Taurus

You have achieved a lot of growth during the last months, be it personal or financial. Money and values might be on your mind right now and you could be quite successful in attracting financial opportunities. However, take particular care with negotiations during the Full Moon period (April 5-8) as things might not turn out as they promise to be.

#### Gemini

Venus enters your sun sign on April 3 for an extended stay until August 8. This could be the start of a very social period in your current life. Expect to make many new connections. On the other hand, be aware of the 'social butterfly syndrome', since the need for variety can inhibit chances for making lasting relationships.

#### Cancer

During the last few months the way you perceive the world has undergone very subtle shifts. Make these inner changes as conscious as possible and then try to integrate them into your everyday life. Allow the picture to unfold, in case you are confronted with your own defensiveness.

#### Leo

The time of the year has arrived when you feel the urge to break out of the mould of everyday living to embark on a journey. New discoveries can be made especially when you keep an open mind. Try not to impose your views onto anybody, instead be prepared to listen and understand with your heart.

#### Virgo

You are great at working out differences intelligently by collecting information that eventually leads to understanding. Discuss perspectives, evaluate options, weigh the impact of various possibilities. Make sure to communicate your needs clearly to avoid misunderstandings.

#### Libra

Changes in your partnership dynamics might cause feelings of alienation and distance. Although you might encounter your own fears of losing control and

influence, you could make use of this 'empty' space creatively and expand in the field of personal growth. Look after your body and mind well by eating a healthy diet.

#### Scorpio

You might find that you have to choose between acting in your own interest or following idealistic objectives. Coordinate your needs with those of others. Be careful with your expectations, they might be a bit unrealistic, especially regarding your relationships.

#### Sagittarius

Are you following your ambitions or searching for inner peace? You could be doing both, especially if you proceed with tact and diplomacy. There might be opportunities for reconciliation, working out differences and creating win-win situations.

#### Capricorn

You might have reached a point in your life where you could well be asking yourself whether it is better to take action or just do nothing. You might want to spend more energy at home and get in contact with your inner self. Communications with others could be a bit confusing right now and taking time out might be the way to go.

#### Aquarius

It is important that you keep your feet firmly planted in reality, especially in regards to money and possessions; otherwise you might end up in conflict with others about these issues. Clear your mind and adjust your life to the given circumstances. If you feel restless, take time out and engage in creative activities that are enjoyable.

#### Pisces

Do you feel pulled between getting involved in cooperative activities or withdrawing from the world altogether enjoying quiet hours at home? You might even find others too confronting and fear to be misunderstood. Aim to strike a balance between keeping all vital communication channels to the outside world open and time spent in self-reflection.

For Personal Readings contact me on 6689-7413, mobile 0457-903-957, e-mail: [star-loom@hotmail.com](mailto:star-loom@hotmail.com) or visit my web page: <http://nimbin-starloom.com.au>  
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## Film review The Hunger Games

Reviewed by Stephen Wright

One of the premises of *The Hunger Games* is that in the future everyone will be dressed like a New Romantic. But let's not spend too much time on that. Future-guessing always looks silly one way or another, and futurologists like snake-oil salesmen.

So anyway, it's the future and there's been some sort of cataclysm in the US which is now ruled by a kind of media-savvy political elite headed by Donald Sutherland, looking like a malevolent Santa. There's an elite super-wealthy hi-tech urban populace (the New Romantics) and there's the starving downtrodden who are herded, for reasons unknown, into twelve fenced 'districts'. Every year two teenagers from each District are chosen by lottery to be taken to the capital (called

The Capitol) where they compete in the *Hunger Games*, a reality TV show. They're placed in a controlled, virtually-manipulated forest environment and made to hunt each other until one is left alive.

Our heroine is teen warrior Katniss Everdeen (Jennifer Lawrence, who carries the whole film) who volunteers for the Games in place of her younger sister. Will she win and see her family again? Will she actually kill anybody? Which boy does she really love? Et cetera, et cetera.

Despite several explanations, it's never really clear why the Hunger Games are even needed. The most obvious explanation, that the Districts exist as breeding grounds for reality TV contestants, doesn't seem to have crossed anyone's mind. There are vague comments about insurrection, and keeping

underdogs controlled and so forth, none of which hold water. Still, *The Hunger Games* has gone gangbusters around the world and, as a film, it's certainly better crafted than the usual dismal, incompetent and patronising Hollywood offerings. Young people love *The Hunger Games*, and it's not hard to see why.

*The Hunger Games* is like a long metaphor for growing up and the anxieties around that. The rapaciously neoliberal, ecologically precarious, warmongering, super-exploitative, ultra-competitive world order that children are having to grow into must really be the cause of truckloads of anxiety. It's hard to imagine it would cause anything else. What's ahead for them is a dog-eat-dog life where to be successful means offering yourself up for sale and/or for endless humiliation. You know you're being used but it's impossible to do anything with that knowledge.

More particularly, I'm guessing that *The Hunger Games* speaks to young women. Katniss carries the weight of the world, literally brings home the bacon in a physically and emotionally starving community, looks

after everyone else and even pretends to love someone she doesn't just to keep the peace. And she's cool with it and can shoot the eye out of a rabbit with a longbow. If you're a young girl, what's not to identify with?

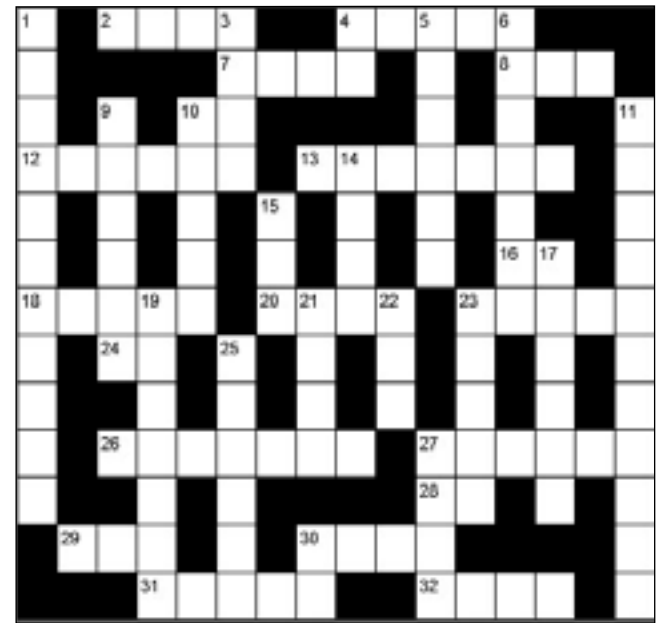
I imagine that even the producers of *The Hunger Games* are gob-smacked with its success. They hit a target they didn't even know they were firing at. I suspect that the sequels, of which there will apparently be several, won't have the same punch and will rapidly deteriorate into narratives centred on a romantic triangle, and the importance of getting married and having babies, with a successful war against the bad guys thrown in along the way. Donald Sutherland will either meet a grisly end or realise the error of his ways. My bet is on the latter.

I haven't read the books on which the film is based but I'd be very surprised if there's anything in there that any Liberal-voting parent need be worried about. There's still plenty of food for thought in *The Hunger Games*. So if you're going to see it, do it now before the series starts heavily promoting romance and babies.

## Nimbin Crossword

2012-4

by 5ynic



### Across

2. Tulip? Sprout
4. Bar-room fight
7. Move surreptitiously closer
8. Goblin
10. (And 24, 23 across) (2,2,5) Easter resurrection (exclamation!)
12. (And 13 across) London's tidal-flood levee (6,7)
13. See 12 across.
16. Per one (abbr.)
18. Belches
20. Fruit of the vine
23. See 10 across.
24. See 10 across.
26. More frightening
27. (Greatest?) king of the Persians
28. Yes
29. (Greatest!) heavyweight champion
30. Sexual feeling? Warning claxon
31. Girl?
32. Where 31 across come from

### Down

1. (6,5) Brings 32 across
3. Wildflower pollinators
4. A higher plane, man
6. Lured sailors to their death on the rocks of the Rhine
9. A native of the world's (oil?) richest country
10. Piles? Many!
11. (Cretaceous) apex predators
14. Yemeni capital
15. Morning condensate
17. Attack with violence
19. Claims to read the future?
21. Turn over? Lazy
22. Moose
23. Pass on information? Team race
25. Russian wolfhound
27. From Copenhagen?
30. German Pistol maker (init.)

## Reviews from the Crypt

### Big Science

Laurie Anderson (1981)

In 1980 Laurie Anderson was an obscure avant-garde artist, living in New York and heard of by no-one. In 1981 her song/performance piece *O Superman* hit the top 10 and she became an instant star. Warner Bros snapped her up and the album *Big Science* followed.

Anderson's sound was minimalist and fairly dark. She spoke her lyrics through

a vocoder in a kind of disembodied voice we now associate with voice recognition software that asks you whether you want 'Accounts' or 'Loans'. Anderson used her violin sparsely overlaid on top of simple synthesiser phrases.

*O Superman* arrived as punk was ending and the New Romantics arriving. It was also nine minutes long, an unheard of length for a pop song, and probably wouldn't have gone anywhere if it hadn't been championed by



the legendary British DJ John Peel. The other songs on *Big Science* are in a similar vein to *O Superman*. They kind

of have an 80's resonance, but they also presage the technology-saturated age of the Internet and so they tend to have a sort of apocalyptic quality too.

Anderson revived *O Superman* in 2001 after the September 11 attacks. The lines, 'Here come the planes/ They're American planes/Made in America/Smoking or non-smoking' all of a suddenly became very eerie, and *O Superman* wasn't an 80s song anymore.

by Stephen Wright

### Pinocchio

Carlo Collodi (1883)

When Carlo Collodi wrote *Pinocchio* in the 1880's children's literature was a novel idea, so to speak. Collodi was a political activist and writer who wrote *Pinocchio* to promote the kind of virtues in children he thought were essential to the well-being of the new nation-state of Italy; honesty, hard work, generosity, and education.

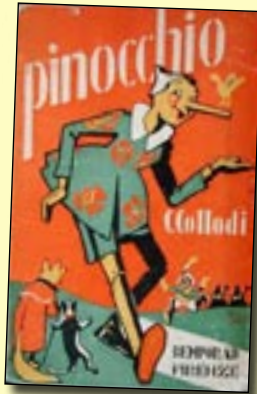
In Collodi's first version of *Pinocchio*, the boy-puppet is hanged at the end after

getting caught up with the criminals Fox and Cat. Collodi's publisher requested more of the story, so Collodi had *Pinocchio* revived by a talking cricket and a fairy and go on to have a series of bizarre and dark adventures. Eventually, of course *Pinocchio* gets it together, saves the life of the fairy, looks after his ailing father Geppetto and is magically turned into a human child and lives happily after.

Collodi's novel was something new in its time, a unique blend of allegory and narrative with dark imagery that probably even the

Grimm Brothers wouldn't have touched. For the later half of the book it's as though *Pinocchio* escapes from Collodi's hand, and it's this part of the novel that is the most memorable.

The book was very popular among Italian children in its day despite being initially thought unsuitable for them. The book only went viral after Collodi's death when it was



translated into English and eventually ended up in the hands of the weird Walt Disney who turned it into one of his more palatable films.

*Pinocchio* also gave his name to the *Pinocchio Paradox*: If *Pinocchio* says 'My nose will grow' and it doesn't then he is lying. But if he is lying then his nose will grow, which means he is telling the truth. And so on.

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# How not to make it in Show Biz



## Mookxamitosis

by Brendan (Mookx) Hanley

It's 1980. My "Okker Don't Knock'er" single backed with "Nimbin Country Sheilahs" has just been released on the "7 records" label. John "Strop" Cornell has taken on managing Shanto and me. His game plan is to get us on the Willesee show, which is how he launched Hogan, and later Mo and Jo (Come On Aussie Come On!)

He sets a lunch date with Willesee and us. We meet in a flash Italian café near Channel 7 Sydney at about 12.30. The place is buzzing with Channel 7 celebrities, producers etc. We sit at a smallish square table... Corny opposite Mike, me opposite Shanto.

The lunch goes on for about 3 hours, much

pasta and way too much red wine. Corny and Willesee dominate the entire time with stories and anecdotes ... each one outdoing the other as to whom they've met, where they've been etc. We hardly get a word in. Out of nowhere Willesee stands up wiping his mouth with a wine-stained serviette and says, "Okay then... before we book these two on the show, let's see how they come up on camera!"

I'm like... WTF? Now? I'm three quarters paralytic... I NEVER perform pissed... and had no idea this was going to happen or I would have moderated tucking into all the quality reds these two had been throwing at us all arvo.

We get to Channel 7 in a matter of minutes, hustle down corridors and arrive at your typical big "live audience" studio... totally dark and empty.

"Wait here! Peter, our director will be with you in a tick. We'll go and see how you come up on screen!"

They leave and soon appear upstairs behind the long control room window. Within seconds arc lights crash on overhead, sets come whizzing down from nowhere, a big elliptical tinselly stage gets wheeled out by several stage hands, and cameras and personnel come hustling and rolling across the floor to their ready-to-televisive positions.

Willesee's voice crackles over the intercom. "Okay guys... what would you like to sing?"

I'm totally dying in the arse... head all



hot and flustered from too much wine and Italian food. Our old hippie instruments are out of tune and taking forever to get anywhere near concert pitch. I can't think of one appropriate song that isn't about drugs, left wing politics, sex... or full of swear words. The whole place is poised waiting for us to mount the stage and perform. Camera guys, sound and lighting, director, assistants... you name it... all standing looking at us.

Eventually we get somewhere close to in tune and I get the flash to do "Old Car Breakdown Blues". It's cute and innocuous enough for the peak-time TV mentality that we are playing for.

Shanto and I are helped up onto the high stage. We get into position, her on my right. More tuning... umming and ahing. Eventually we're ready!

I usually start this song with a "rooooo-rar"

klaxon horn sound generated in the throat... which I do... and we launch into the song. The words aren't easy to remember because any line can practically go anywhere... so I'm concentrating like mad to get them in order. The booze is killing me, I'm losing it, when Shanto leans over and swipes me one on the chin. She doesn't lose a beat of the song.

I look awry at her and continue.

Ten seconds later she whacks me again... I give her the death look!

We keep singing. The crew are incredulous. We're going down fast.

Another whack in the chops from the chick... this time I'm ready to kill her!

We're totally stuffed. We dribble the song to a finish and crawl off the stage to go somewhere and die. As quick as it came together the entire scene disappears. Lights go off, cameras roll away, the stage and backdrops vanish along with all the crew.

I look at Shanto with murder in my eyes and say, "What the FUCK was all that about?"

She looks at me and says "Just after we got into the song I looked over and noticed that when you did the Klaxon horn thing, a big yellowy piece of something popped out of your mouth and landed in your beard. I was trying to get rid of it!"

We never appeared "live" on the Willesee show. They did however make a very clever clip of "Okker" from their news footage archives and ran it a week later... a couple of days before "7" records bit the dust... along with our superstar prospects.

That's show biz!

## Harvest Festival



### Fruit of the vine

by Terry Beltrane

I think it was a couple issues ago in the NGT that I mentioned "mould". Thank you Mother Nature for your beneficence but we have so many local growers who have suffered considerably with all this humidity and rain - in our vernacular, "It's been less than a perfect year".

And so it goes with so many viticulturists who've been busting their buns all year to see all that beautiful fruit now rotting on the vine. It's been a terrible year for grape growers/winemakers in many regions with what was to be a fabulous year turning, literally, to shit. And so! A vintage tale to remind us that there will be another year/harvest.

In 1971, Griffith, NSW, held the first ever "vintage festival" in Australia; not too dissimilar in concept and celebration to the "harvest

festival" celebrated only two years later in Nimbin, which would become our Mardi Grass; I was lucky to be there for both, a few in between and many since..

Now, the good vigneron of Griffith and their wives/partners decided that the town should "show it's colours" having invited everyone, literally, to the party. The main street of Griffith, Banna Ave, was one long, straight street about half a km long with a slight incline at "the top end" of town. We parked a 25,000litre wine tanker half filled with dry red and half dry white at one end of the street and another 25,000 litre tanker at the other. Our local industrial fabrication joint made up a series of manifolds so that we had 24 'guns' connected to plastic tubes running from the tankers. These 'guns' were 'manned' by the good members of the charity clubs, Lions, Apex and Rotary along with the odd volunteer. You paid \$2 for a glass and this got you a drink at any winery or tanker as often as you put your hand out. Over the long weekend we managed to empty one tanker and have it refilled which was also almost empty

by the end of the festival with the other 'running on empty'.

The wineries were three deep at the serving/tasting counters, everybody drove, there were no buses. The cops must have been put on hold because the only people who got booked were the odd speeding dickheads - there were no breathalysers, no accidents and everyone had a great time. At one winery several km's out of town, I recall jumping onto the back of the fire truck, along with several others, and hanging on for a ride into town being followed by a patrol car and, ironically, an ambulance behind it. When we got into town the patrol car "whooped" the truck and told us it was time to "get off the wagon". No tickets' no summons, nothing but a grin.

The Commanchero's had just started a Chapter in Griffith and had bought an old farm house about 25 km's out of town for their club house. The Sydney Nomad's decided they should get in on this 'big party' and rented a farm house next door to the Commanchero's. Both groups had these small cannons that had a muzzle size perfect for a beer can.

So after they'd knocked off a few cans, they'd fill them with gravel, sand whatever and send one over the fence to the other mob. I'd been invited out there (winemakers privilege) to have a look at their place and I'd hear "Boom - Incoming" and everyone'd look up to see where the bloody thing was coming from. The Nomads couldn't believe how much cannabis was around the place, they having brought a pound or two with them not knowing the scene in Griffith at the time.

During the entire 3 days of debauchery the only injuries were from falling over or trying to get it off with someone else's partner. We broke I don't know how many laws and were left alone by the cops who had an empty jail after over 20,000 people descended on the place and partied big time.

So in a few weeks when we have our own rally and people come to town to party, keep your eyes and ears open, have a fabulous time while showing our guests some good ol' Nimbin hospitality and above all, respect.

Wine info: terryb88@tpg.com.au

## The world according to Magenta Appel-Pye

I was collecting my beautiful big, black passionfruit in my sarong recently. I found it annoying and distracting having these orbs swinging around between my legs as I was walking. My hubby said, "Now you know what it's like for blokes." Poor bastards. He also complains that they're not appreciated or admired enough. I have to admit he's right. I've never heard one of the sisters say, "He has a great pair of cojones!" Actually they're the engine that runs the part we're interested in. Women don't understand it's not the size of the penis that counts, it's the size of the scrotum (what a great word, I must remember to use it next time I swear). It's the difference between having 4 cylinders or a V8. Apparently gonads drop as men age, just as a women's breasts start to point downwards. It seems gravity takes its toll on us all. But don't worry older brothers, because I've invented a garment for you. Scroteze - the gravity defying



underpants. No more bollock rearranging. Scroteze lifts and separates. It doesn't matter that the wire support may cause testicular cancer, it's all about looking younger and feeling sexier, isn't it? I reckon men's fashion of shorts getting ever longer are simply a reflection of an ageing population droop. It must be time to bring back short shorts. Let's face it, youths' waistlines (well bumlines) have nowhere else to go but up. And it's a fashion that really only the young would be able to get away with. Even my 13-year old dog's balls have dropped so much that he must find running highly uncomfortable. But he doesn't care, he's just happy that he still has them!

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# Of Fairies, frogs and muttonbirds



by Michael Smith and David Holston

The Tyagarah Nature Reserve walk was always going to be short of numbers due to the weather but two participants showed up and after an informative talk by Terry, a member of the pesticide free local Coastal Landcare group, we headed south along the trail protected by the dunes from a strong south-easterly. Not much wildlife was encountered but we surprised a suntanned individual without his bike and a few weeks too late for the Byron or Nimbin NBR. After lunch in a sheltered grove we found a trail through the Bittou bushes and returned via the Beach on a very low tide, wind at our backs, with only one short shower to help us along.

Our second trip was to Broughton Island, which is 14 kilometres off the NSW coast. From Nimbin, you drive 650km south, then board a boat to this uninhabited paradise. There are no landing facilities, so it is necessary to also carry a tender, row to the beach and jump out.

Poverty Beach would be home to 6 of us for the next 4 days. Our pegs were driven into grass, over sand, and would have a job to hold down the tents in the 60 km/h winds predicted. But now it was sunny, so we swam and snorkeled on our private beach. There were no other campers that weekend. We walked across the island to Rainbow Cave. Here the sea had eroded a cave through the headland, so that waves came in both ends. Now, at low tide, we were able to walk through, admiring the rainbow colours of algae growing on the walls. After more swimming, in crystal-clear water, we moved along a bouldery beach past aboriginal shell middens and grinding grooves, to the gull and tern rookery. Their breeding had finished so the place was empty of the usual territorial, screeching, swooping birds. High tide came and most of us went fishing. I returned with a few snapper which we all ate. No time for rest, we had an appointment with the Fairy (Little) Penguins on the other side of the Island. After dark they wander ashore and

waddle up to their burrows at the back of Providence Beach. The boffins said we had a ten percent chance of seeing them in the month of March. We managed to see some each of the 3 nights we were there. If you come too early or late you miss them. Sitting in pitch dark they could walk over your feet without you seeing them. Shine your torch about and they might bolt back into the water. Shy, and unused to people, we were privileged to meet these 1kg birds, on Broughton, the northernmost island that they inhabit. Before coming ashore they call out to each other, something between a gronk and a bark. Getting back to camp in the dark was an adventure too. We scattered ghost crabs on the beach, and walking through the grassy dunes there were dozens of muttonbirds on the track. These almost fully grown chicks litter the tracks at night. They come out of their burrows to socialise, flap their wings and hope one of their parents will turn up with a crop full of warm, oily fish. There were thousands of them all over the island. Returning to our

campsite we found muttonbirds scattered like cushions amongst our belongings, bemused, likeable. On the edge of the grass sat a number of Green and Golden Bell Frogs, hunting. Classed as vulnerable, we were careful not to step on our little mates. Next day the wind came. There is no shelter on this treeless, windswept island. We quickly re-pitched our shelters to withstand the wind and rain. Wrapped in plastic and Gore-Tex we climbed Pinkatop Head, 90 metres above us. On the way we passed through another Little Penguin colony, and breeding pools where the Green and Golden Bell Frog tadpoles lived. We photographed them. Think of a feisty ball of rainbow jelly. Broughton was recovering from a man-made trauma. National Parks had finally rid the island of rabbits and rats. The undergrowth was now much thicker than in the past. Walking above the high cliffs, we were now on an island edged in foam and spray as the furious sea pounded the hard volcanic rocks. There was to be no rest from the wind for the remainder of the trip. We visited Coal Shaft Bay where there were sea caves, gorges and bizarre rock formations. More swimming, penguins, and a snapper that easily fed the 6 of us. We all



had an extra 3 days food, as it was possible that the boat would not risk coming out. At the allotted time a bare-foot 30 year old lad in a T-shirt rowed through the surf. He made many return journeys from the beach to 'Full Stik', the fishing charter boat that would see us safely back to Nelson Bay Harbour. It was a spectacular journey against 60 km/h winds and a 3 metre swell. We wore life jackets, got wet and marvelled at the whole thrilling, improbable scene.



Broughton wildlife: Fairy penguin, green and golden bell frog and muttonbird chick

## Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.

### Walks Program for April

#### Saturday 15th April Walk on Water, Razor-back Lookout and Norries Head

Leader Michael Smith (6689-9291)

**Walk on Water** Grade 1, very easy 1.1 km; 30 min but will probably take longer because there is so much of interest Features picnic area, BBQ, Aboriginal Museum, ceremonial bora ring, koalas, birds, mangroves, and water, ferns and paperbarks. Level walking on bush tracks and elevated timber walkways. In moist conditions sections of walk can be slippery due to moss and mould on the path. Then drive to the dramatic **Razor-back Lookout** for lunch and a stroll around **Norries Head** south of Bogangar – both Grade 2.

Meet 8.30am Nimbin car park or 10am at Minjungbal Aboriginal Cultural Centre car park corner of Kirkwood

Road East and Duffy Street, South Tweed Heads. Bring lunch, water, camera, binoculars and insect repellent.

#### Sunday 22nd April Clarrie Hall Dam

Leader David Holston (0452-471-327)

**Grade** 3-4 with optional Grade 5. A 5hr return walk via the gated 4WD dam trail, then off track to an inlet and creek of the dam to lunch at a set of pools and cascades. A few small hills to negotiate and a minimal amount of rock hopping is involved. For the hardier rock hoppers, after a short lunch break, there is a 30 min return walk further up the creek to a canyon with a waterfall

**Meet** 8.45am Nimbin Carpark – 9.30am Clarrie Hall Dam Wall Car park **Bring** lunch, water and leech repellent. Walk will depend on weather conditions.

Unless otherwise specified, visitors (non members) welcome, but will be required to pay a fee of \$5 per walk – deducted from membership fee when they join Club.

<http://nimbinbushwalker.byethost7.com>

Secretary, Len Martin ([pteropus42@smartchat.net.au](mailto:pteropus42@smartchat.net.au))

2012 Membership Fees are now due

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## Hola from Havana, Cuba

by Sally Baxter

A journey back in time – blending the 1940s and 1950s of latino rhythms and pre-technological pace. Cuba is indeed a relief from the modern world fraught with all of its choices and possibilities.

But for the fast-moving techno-addicted, Cuba can be a nightmare. It rarely makes sense – incessant queues, often without resolution, limited access to technology, limited products and choices can frustrate those who venture from the ‘future’ where access to all and sundry is merely at our ‘finger-tips’.

As one Canadian businessman offered – ‘it’s a deterrent to development’ – albeit capitalist development! In order to enjoy Cuba, it is futile to fight, simply surrender to the ordered chaos that is.

The country is abundant with the very best of character – chivalry, love, passion, zest, resilience, tolerance, compassion, consideration, and of course – solidarity. The kindness of Cubans is so overwhelming that one easily succumbs to its charms.

Live music tumbles out from shop fronts, cafes, homes, parks, street-scapes and even rooftops of cars. And...not just the mono style and appearance of cars evident today, but the arresting shapes and funky colours of autos from a bygone era. Unfortunately, more than half of these vehicles still belch polluting fumes by the visible load – made before clean air acts were invented.

The quantity of old cars in Cuba isn’t from an innate desire to keep these beasts in fine form, but again – due to a lack of choice. The trade embargo their hostile neighbour has

*“Future students of American history will be scratching their heads about this case for decades to come. Our embargo and refusal to normalize diplomatic relations has nothing to do with communism. Otherwise, we wouldn’t have had diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union throughout the Cold War, with China since Nixon, and with Vietnam despite our bitter war there. No, Cuba was pure politics. Though it started out to be a measure of an administration’s resistance to Castro’s politics, it very soon became a straight-jacket whereby first-generation Cuban-Americans wielded inordinate political power over both parties and constructed a veto over rational, mature diplomacy.”*

– Gary Hart, US Senator, March 2011

enacted upon them since 1960 has essentially restricted Cuba’s ability to trade, and thereby, make do. As many of us have experienced here, when funds are limited, and time is abundant, great creative sharing happens within the community.

People are so kind and helpful in Cuba, and they are very supportive, rather than competitive. It’s interesting that America – the epitome of capitalism, through their attempts to force Cuba into submission, has in fact, created an environment that refutes the humanity that capitalism purports to promote. Usually America raves on about ‘democracy and human



rights’ when it justifies these heavy duty measures of trade sanctions – however it looks like poppycock when America has its illegal station in Guantanamo specifically for avoiding the American law requirements regarding detainment and torture of prisoners.

The Cuban socialist system isn’t even as encompassing as Australia or England’s, yet ‘punishment’ against Cuba continues 50 years on, because they overthrew the corrupt American mafia-backed President Batista, and implemented a Cuba for Cubans.

Indeed, the current American administration has made moves to reduce, if not remove the sanctions, but the corrupt Cubans who were enjoying the spoils of mafia supplied wealth, and took refuge in Miami when the revolution occurred are a powerful lobby group who insist on maintaining the economic stranglehold in the hope they can return to power there.

They’ll be in for a surprise if they do return, as maintenance of buildings and infrastructure are not

the priority when agriculture, health and education require the bulk of the meager Cuban budget. The beautiful palatial buildings of which some were built as far back as the 1500s are in need of tarring up, and in parts of Havana Veija, there are ‘sponsors’ who are funding these.

Cuba is loads of fun and has a rhythm all of its own. The soul of Cuba sounds out through the music – mainly salsa, and rhumba, but now reggaeton and hip-hop are gaining kudos in the local scene. Cuban rum and cigars are essential consumables, along with espresso, sugar-cane juice, bread, meats, seafood and fruit. In the tourist areas, food choices are more diverse, but the locals sacrifice the good stuff to gain the big currency of the tourist dollar. It’s a mad country for history – and that’s a big part of why the tourists come. Cobble plazas, narrow streets, funky buildings, eclectic architecture, sixteenth century fortresses, complete with horse and cart, bicycle taxis, and the 1950s cars make for a wonderful sojourn back in time.

## “Ironically Yours” Travel diary of the irreverent

by Dionne May

The annual migration of Nimbin locals is in full swing, and we are scattered near and far, spreading goodwill in sometimes the most obscure ways. Take me for instance... five years in Bringabong and suddenly I’m teaching swimming to local children, women and precocious expat children in a Catholic Orphanage in Timor-Leste.

I’m sitting here now with the afternoon rain bucketing down under a disturbing print of “The

Smiling Christ”. This guy has just had his teeth done and is proud to show it! I’ve replaced smoking paraphernalia with religious icons, go figure. In fact, in one week this Nimbin chick has impressed everyone so much that they have handed over the mic at Sunday mass to me. Move over Padre, MC Dionne has entered the building and surprisingly it’s still standing.

So what’s the go, I hear you all thinking? ...and yes, I can feel the Catholics shuddering from here. But fear not, it’s all good. I am here with a



NGO (non-government organisation) based in Byron Bay that is setting up swimming lessons for Timorese children. The statistics for children drowning in these parts is atrocious with many adults unable to swim despite being surrounded by water.

Many stories abound about children being washed away by the daily deluge of water through canals and rivers, but they are not being reported. “We have nine children, seven are alive.” There are no details, no reports, just gone. You see, the children aren’t

afraid of the water and are largely unsupervised while their parents work... a lethal combination.

I have been here now for about ten days and am loving the experience. There is so much job satisfaction, especially after the consumer-driven drive of the daily influx of backpackers in Nimbin.

My days are filled with laughing children and my nights are filled with quiet reflection... quite a difference, let me tell you. One of the things I have discovered here is that yes God IS a woman, and she has a wicked

sense of humour. She has taken one Nimbin woman (scary, tough opinionated and oh so loud, I admit it!) and stuck me in the lap of the Timorese Catholic Dominican Sisters (quiet, gentle religious creatures who I adore and admire already).

And here’s the catch... outside, the ratio of women to men is about 50 to 1! Halleluha praise the Lord for she is GREAT! But who is the first man that I meet? Australian Police Chief Co-ordinator, very funny no?

I have also accompanied the Australian Army to the beach with the kids from the orphanage, been invited to dinner by a Brazilian judge (I wonder if all Brazillians are pube free?), been invited for a smoke by a gay Bulgarian and gone to an art exhibition full of dreadlocked locals playing Bob Marley in the background! And all in ten days! I’m loving it and will keep you all posted.

Until then,  
irreverently yours,

Dionne May.

## Here I stand



Here I stand a product of so many so many happenings that have shaped me into the vessel that now stands the surface you see how she re-acts remembered memories years gone by memories of sadness memories of pain sometimes pop to the surface like bubbles released for another look at what’s gone by to have compassion and care to have patience with myself a little girl lost a little girl hurt a little girl crying “where is my Mum why have they left me what did I do wrong?” the child still alive in there a part of all time she remembers

yesterday but today is now but memories of old with me, will always be they’ve made the container in which I stand somethings can’t be changed others can it’s remembering which that lets me move ahead some memories stretch back to times that I feel but was never there are they inside me do we carry memories of ages past in our cellular memory that make us who we are as a human being I long to love I long to serve I long to be a part of the magick of life

Marilyn Scott

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## Nimbin Garden Club Notes

separate genres of micro bats and did not shy away from the as yet unresolved issues around transmission of *Hendra* and *Lyssa* viruses to humans. The major take-away guidance from Len's talk was that only animal carers inoculated against *Lyssa* virus should be called on to handle sick or injured bats.

### Lismore Rainforest Botanic Gardens visit

There has been a change of plan for the April garden club meeting – the visit to Faye Scherf's garden has been postponed. The visit venue will now be to the Lismore Rainforest Botanic Gardens on Saturday 21st April at 2pm.

See the amazing transformation of wasteland into a beautiful Botanic Garden with easy walking tracks, plenty of shade and thousands of rainforest plants to view. Picnic tables are also available.

Detailed information about the Botanic Gardens may be found on the Lismore City Council's website at [www.lismore.nsw.gov.au/cp\\_themes/default/page.asp?p=DOC-DRQ-68-60-62](http://www.lismore.nsw.gov.au/cp_themes/default/page.asp?p=DOC-DRQ-68-60-62).

Access to the Gardens is off Wyrallah Rd – 3km south of the Lismore CBD. Entrance is via the main gate of the Lismore Waste Facility then follow signs to the right. Hats and covered shoes are strongly recommended, along with insect repellent sunscreen.

Car-pooling is also suggested and best organised early. However, anyone with space to share could check at the Nimbin car park eastern end for pooling passengers. Don't forget to bring along your cup and a small plate of something to share for afternoon tea. A swap table will not operate – please do not bring any plant material to the Gardens.

Visitors and prospective new members are most welcome to come along and enjoy any meeting or visit. For more information about the club and its activities, please contact either President Michael Vaughan (6689-7193) or Denise Braidwood (6689-9324).



## Our young swimmers – Keeping the dream alive



The Terania relay team: Zaydn, Oscar, Joshua and Tah

### by Pixie the builder

Nimbin Central School only had two swimmers make it through to the PSA Zone Swimming Carnival in Lismore early last month. The two young boys then also qualified for the Regional Swimming Carnival in Coffs Harbour two weeks later.

Thirteen-year old Jordan Hyde qualified for the 50 metre freestyle, and nine-year old Zaydn Ayres qualified for the 50 metre backstroke, the 50 metre butterfly and the under 10-year old boys relay.

Both boys performed well, and should be extremely proud of their achievements, well done boys.

The under 10-year old relay team was made up of four young boys from three different schools who swam together for the first time at the Zone Carnival. They swam under the flag of Terania Schools at the Coffs Harbour Regional Carnival.

First off the blocks was Zaydn Ayres from Nimbin Central, followed by Oscar Monteith-Fields of Coffee Camp, then came the youngest member of the team, Joshua Weir from Blakebrook school, and bring them home in the final leg was Tah White, also from Coffee Camp school.

The four boys all swam hard, and took the lead early in the race and were never headed, winning their race by a good four metres. Well done boys, we are all proud of your achievements. All the boys know about the State swimming titles in Sydney, and the step up into the Olympics, and are just keeping the dream alive.



## Do you know how much you know?

by Jane Foundling and Jack, team name Arsepool

How many facts, faces, tunes and other bits of useless information are in your head? What do you do with it? Get down to Nimbin Bowlo on Saturday nights at 7pm – that's what!

Just knowing what the capital of Bolivia is, or the name of the third compartment of a cow's stomach, or maybe recognising Bob Dylan's voice from 30 years ago, could be enough to grab \$50 of bar vouchers.

The Nimbin Bowlo quiz will soon be celebrating its first anniversary (is that cotton or paper?) and we are seeking more people to join the Nimbin Nuts, Don't

Panic, the Mental Blanks, the Good Times, Fred Nile and Arsepool (don't ask what that stands for.)

Bring a few friends, and get a team together, you'd be surprised at just how much totally useless information you have stored in the deep recesses of your mind. The accumulated knowledge of a team of four people can be awesome.

Come down on Saturday evenings for a night of fun, frivolity and entertainment with questions coming from Martin and the lovely Yvette.

Book the courtesy bus, grab a bite to eat from the restaurant and put on your thinking cap!

## QUICK QUIZ

trivia@bowlo

Devised by the Nimbin Bowlo's Quizmaster, Marty

### Questions

1. In which country did Edam cheese originate?
2. What is the national sport of Japan?
3. What film featured Shirley McLaine as a hooker and Jack Lemmon as her pimp (he was also a cop)?
4. What is British novelist James Herriot's other profession?
5. Which military campaign took place on a peninsular lying between the Sea of Marmara and the Aegean Sea?
6. What seaport's name is Spanish for White House?
7. How did Google get its name?
8. In what year was the Berlin wall built?
9. Who wrote the Pirates of Penzance?
10. In what land does Puff the Magic Dragon live?

1. The Netherlands
2. Sumo wrestling
3. Irma la Douce
4. Veterinarian
5. Gallipoli
6. Casablanca
7. It's a corruption of GOOGOL i.e. 10<sup>100</sup>
8. 1961
9. Gilbert and Sullivan
10. Honale

### Answers

These questions are all taken from a round of questions posed at the Bowling Club Trivia Night held each Saturday at 7pm. Entry is only \$3 per person, with Bar Voucher prizes of \$50 for first, \$20 for second and \$10 for third.

### Nimbin Crossword Solution

From Page 23



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7.00am	7.45am	7.00am	7.25am
8.00am	8.45am	8.00am	8.25am
12.00pm	12.35pm *	3.25pm	4.00pm
2.35pm	3.10pm	5.30pm	6.00pm
3.20pm	4.15pm		
5.30pm	6.00pm		
Leaving	Arriving	Leaving	Arriving
Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre
7.52am	8.50am	7.30am	8.00am
9.00am	9.35am	9.00am	9.35am
12.45pm	1.15pm *	4.25pm	5.00pm
3.25pm	4.10pm	6.05pm	6.35pm
4.25pm	5.00pm		
6.05pm	6.35pm		

\* Mondays & Thursdays Only

No Public Holiday Service  
Town Service - Wheelchair access available upon request, 24 Hour notice required  
Some Buses connect in Nimbin for Operators to Murwillumbah



# NIMBIN HEADERS Soccer season starts

by Gary Whisker

The month of March saw the beginning of competitive cup games for both the senior men and women, our U'16 and U'13s.

The women opened their Callan McMillan campaign with an impressive 1-1 draw against a strong Lismore Workers team. They displayed resilient defending in the face of wave after wave of attacks from a side who play a couple of divisions above them. The Anzac Cup began in a more sobering fashion for the men... to say the least! Playing a Thistles side who were younger, fitter and faster resulted in an 8-0 hammering. The one positive we took from the game was that the 2nd half was a big improvement, as the 1st half had finished 7-0!

Alstonville provided the second test for the guys, and with only 12 players on a stinking hot day, we found ourselves at 0-0 with 20 mins to play. Sheer exhaustion on our part saw them finish up 3-1 winners, a full bench giving them a huge advantage. The women played a Friday night game at Rovers. They looked good and deserved a fine 2-0 win, giving themselves a shot at making the final!

There was much

File photo - new photos welcome!



anticipation for the 3rd and final round of group games to be played at home. The women played a Mullum/Brunswick side who had a 100% record so far, and it was winner-take-all with a spot in the final at Oakes Oval up for grabs. From the opening whistle you could see this coastal team had many classy players, and duly scored on their first attack. This set the tone for the match and they ran out 8-0 winners. In true Nimbin Headers fashion, our girls never gave up, and fought hard till the final whistle. How many other teams would still be smiling and even applauding their opponents during such a heavy defeat?

The men played Woodburn, desperately looking for a win to give them momentum for the upcoming pointscore season. With a vocal crowd that included the women's team, we exploded into action from the off and were 1-0 up inside the first 10 mins.

Always in control, the mighty Headers secured a 3-1 win and the smiles and back-slapping were evident for all to see. The whole knockout Cup experience proved worthwhile for both our senior teams, and we were all keen to get into the regular season.

The opening round of the pointscore season saw the Men's 5ths up against South Lismore at home. A solid start with some good creative play gave us a 1-0 lead early. After a drop in intensity we found ourselves level 2-2 at the break. With a bit of re-organising and positive attitude we fired up in the second half and showed what we are capable of, romping home 6-2! Gotta be happy with that!

The Women's 4th Div team opened their campaign with a game against Thistles. An early penalty gave our valiant girls a lead to defend, which they held up to half-time. In the second half, sustained

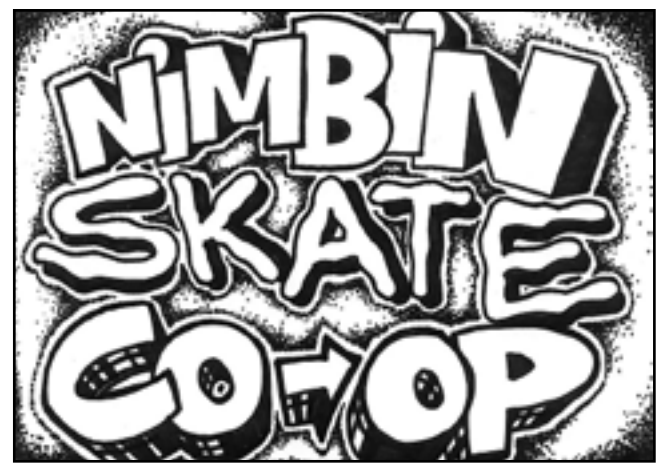
Thistles pressure produced an equaliser, and as time ran out, they grabbed a 2-1 lead. Not to be denied, the chicks that never-say-die slotted a goal in what proved to be the last kick of the game. The spoils were shared 2-2, a fair result for a thoroughly entertaining match!

Our U'16s is a composite team of kids aged between 13 and 17. They are all keen sportspeople, committed to going out there and playing their best. Unfortunately Dunoon scored within the first minute after kickoff. Our guys took a deep breath and got on with the task of trying to claw it back. Defence worked hard with an obvious improvement in skill and fitness as compared to last year. Harry, Isaac and Jai worked hard to get the ball up front, but despite a number of opportunities were unable to score, and we went down 5-0.

The U'13s, which is a markedly different team from 2011 with five players moving on and a number of new players, was also up against Dunoon. They fought hard in the steamy heat, to go down 6-0. Despondency and exhaustion after half-time saw them falter, but as the season gets going and they learn to work as a team they have plenty of potential.

**GO THE MIGHTY HEADERS!**

Wet weather phone number for Headers ground closure: 0409-608-664



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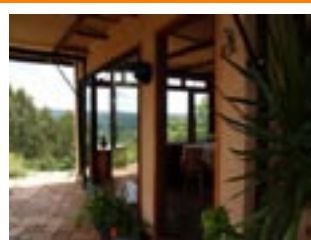
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