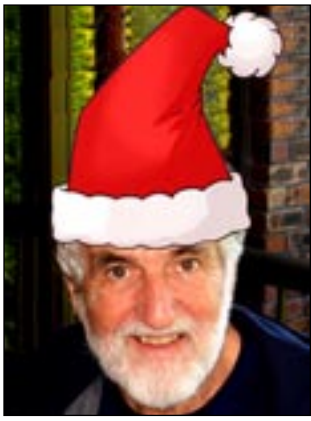


Santa Claws II - the revenge!



by Mookx Hanley



Santa's real workshop

I can't believe it's almost a year since a guy bailed me up in a Mullum supermarket (what a dumb word) with a barrage about how I gave his 2 year old kid a bad time as a result of my Xmas (put the X back into Xmas) article in the *GoodTimes* last December.

I congratulated him on having a 2 year old who could not only read and decipher, but emotionally react to the drivel I dispense through these hallowed pages.

"No man ... you had a picture of Santa as a monster. Made him cry!"

Naturally I blamed the editors for this insensitive attack on innocent, sensitive kids. I didn't admit that I had actually pinched the image off the web (Santa with Vampire teeth, freaky eyes etc.) and submitted it, along with a few other appropriately disgusting portrayals of the Satan-Santa Coca Cola sales-blob, to the NGT first family for them to publish ... or not ... with my article.

But hey ... He is a monster! In my opinion there exists no other monster on the planet so dangerous, at the same time so beloved, entrenched, familialised and in your children's bedrooms than this Satan Claws creature!

Satan Claws! The big, fat, ubiquitous, corporate prick in the dumbest outfit ever designed. He's the one who sells billions of dollars of planet-plundering, eco-destructive, petroleum-driven, politically-incorrect, sexist, racist, ageist, paedophilic, instantly obsolete, immediately breakable, brain-numbing, soul destroying, mindless junk to the children of the world every year.

This ludicrous, red-nosed, whiskey-farting child molester indeed has "little helpers" to assist him in miraculously fulfilling every child's greedy dreams across the planet on that particular night.

They are not Gobbo the Gnome and Elly Poo the Elf, though. They are millions of little kids, teenagers and adults trapped into slavery in third world sweatshops.

These little helpers are so oppressed by the hardship they endure that nets are secured around many of the factories they slave in, to stop them from killing themselves by jumping out of the windows onto the concrete below.

This has to stop, enough is enough! It's not the least bit funny or entertaining, or even vaguely appropriate to mythologise flying reindeer, and sleighs, and snow and obese geriatrics freely dispensing these tainted products all over the planet to sleeping kids who are supposed to have obeyed various behavioural rules over the past 12 months.

Particularly when the crap that comes down the non-existent chimneys is actually purchased at great expense by harried parents from a handful of profiteering multi-national monopolies.

And please, don't even mention Bing Crosby and White Christmas, and the First bloody Noel, and Silent freaking Night in the same breath.

Christ has nothing to do with any of it! K Mart does!

And forget this "Be of good cheer!" and "Merry this and that" bullshit as well. Those expressions are disguised excuses meaning "Get pissed

out of your brain" and "Have a punch-up with relatives" whose guts you hate and are forced to endure once a year whilst overindulging in stimulants and food to the point of delirium, nausea, or unconsciousness. Generally all three.

I mean ... I really, really, REALLY hate Xmas. I hate Woolworths with their sickly choirs chanting past millennium platitudes, the entire staff in stupid red night caps, the plastic tinsel and cliché decorations and especially the sacred archway into the store over the turnstiles, emblazoned with the words "Xmas Starts Here!"

Not wrong there, Nelly! I hate K Mart, Big W, Coles, Target, all of 'em. I know a young woman who starts going to store sales in June where she begins to lay-by a veritable myriad of plastic shit for her kids at Xmas.

By the end of the year she's got a grand or so invested in a heap of useless junk that her brats will smash in half a day flat. I really don't get it!

And all in the name of a god baby who invented himself, impregnated his own mother so he could be born and die because he needed to redeem us from a sin we never committed in the first place...

Then annually he rises from the dead to sell all the kids of the world lethal doses of chocolate and sugar in the form of eggs.

The chocolate and sugar is grown, harvested, manufactured, wrapped, packaged and distributed by the same family of "little helpers"... and on it goes. Merry fucking Xmas.

Ball-busters, tax and politics

Last week I had an interview with North Coast ABC regarding a wine industry symposium in Adelaide.

One of the many issues for discussion at this symposium was the trend towards the high alcohol levels in red wines, specifically shiraz. Many of these wines are now at levels of 16 - 16.5%, which is approaching the levels of fortified wines.

Historically grapes are harvested at physiological maturity, when the grapes have completed their natural ripening process and all the grapes acids, tannins, sugars and flavour compounds are in balance according to the climate regime in which they're grown.

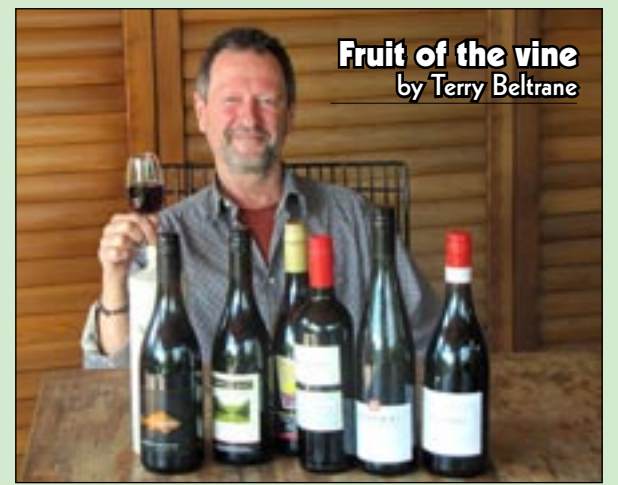
In the case of red wine grapes, the naturally produced sugars during the ripening process generally result in finished alcohol levels of between 13 - 13.5%. Subsequent higher sugar levels are a result of the grapes being left on the vine with dehydration being the factor for increased sugar levels.

However, this change in natural balance alters the flavour profile of the fruit (along with all the other elements of the grape) compromising the naturally developed varietal integrity resulting in increasingly very ripe flavours that can best be described as "jammy" and/or "cooked".

These wines demonstrate a much fuller bodied structure and a "hotter" finish because of the higher alcohol concentration.

This trend towards higher alcohol shiraz wines is related to an article written by a well-respected journalist from the *American Wine Spectator*, who raved about Australian shiraz after having tasted some very full bodied wines.

Many smaller wineries then began to make wines of increasingly higher strength in the game of "one-upmanship" and seeking space on retailers shelves. The majority of larger wineries with established brands/wine labels desisted from this trend to maintain brand



Fruit of the vine by Terry Beltrane

integrity.

I'm not a fan of these "ball-busting" reds. I believe Mother Nature knows best, and for winemakers to fiddle with nature by extended ripening through dehydration is to compromise nature's gift.

Additionally, a wine of 16.5% alcohol can be misleading when you're trying to manage your alcohol consumption, as most people will rarely look at the label to ascertain the alcohol content of any given wine.

Their choice is mainly based on the grape variety, region and/or familiarity of the label and curiosity - the novelty factor. The implications for "wine and health" I think are obvious.

In conjunction with this vexation, the Wine Symposium discussed ongoing proposals to change the tax regime of wine. Currently wine is taxed on the wholesale price, not the alcohol content, as is beer, "mixers" and spirits.

Regardless of the alcohol concentration (16.5% or 13%), tax is paid on what the wine costs at the wholesale price per bottle. Under this regime, a four-litre cask of wine costs considerably less than the amount of beer you would need to consume to ingest the same amount of alcohol.

If a cask of wine were to be taxed in the same manner as beer, the price would increase from around \$15 to \$40. Correspondingly, a \$450 bottle of wine would decrease in price to around \$320 because the tax would be paid on the alcohol and

not the price.

Within the politics of wine, many producers are lobbying our state and federal governments (they all take a piece of the pie) to retain the existing tax regime, because they don't want to see a significant drop in prices for their top quality wines as this would appear to be discounting - an absolute no-no when trying to maintain the prestige and rarity of their respective brands.

Likewise, producers of bulk wine (casks) don't want any changes as this would increase the price of cask wine beyond the reach of the bulk (pun intended) of wine consumers.

It's the makers of mid-range priced wines who would like to see a change in tax regime, as this would decrease the price of quality mid-range wine and make them more affordable, with potentially an increase in sales/volume.

Any changes that potentially increase government revenue will not be ignored, especially if they can do so under the banner of health. (The government is not going to legalise cannabis because you like it or it's good for you - they will tax it to the max.)

The jury is still out, but I would hazard a guess that in time we will see wine taxed on parity with other alcoholic beverages.

Excessive consumption of alcohol continues, justifiably, to present a very negative image of all things alcohol and it's the abuser who will ultimately be responsible for increases in the price of alcoholic beverages.

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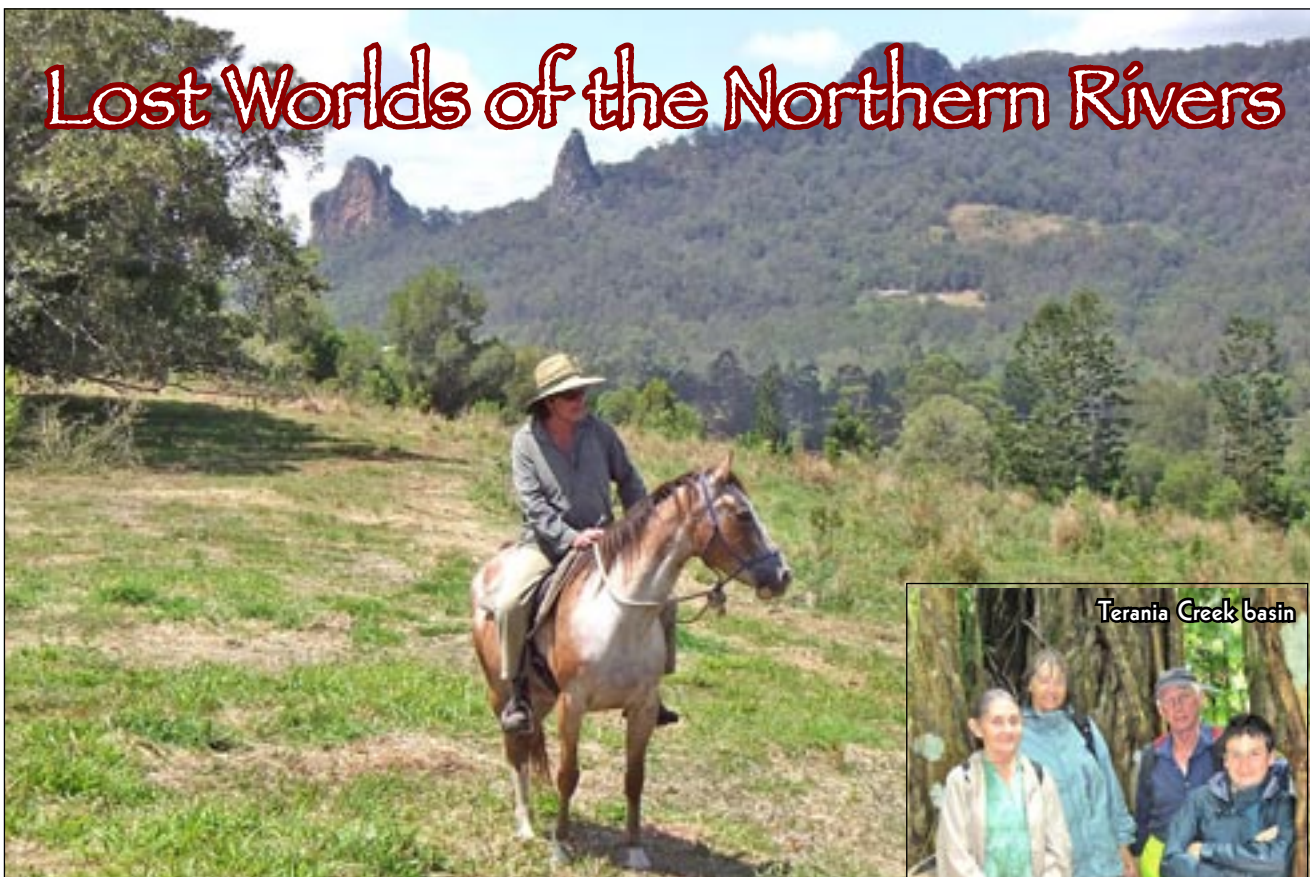
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Lost Worlds of the Northern Rivers



by Michael Smith, Bill Potter, Catherine Macleod and Len Martin

Seven people and a horse called Millaa enjoyed our "Mystery Walk" on 8th November. Our plan was to walk (and ride) a mainly unformed Crown road reserve which rather neatly circles Nimbin. Whilst it is a public road, you need a map, and possibly a GPS to keep in the approved road corridor. Past a certain point, the bulldozer was never asked to push through and form the road.

Along the walk we passed through She-Oak forest, Bell Bird forest, rainforest, Iron Bark, giant fig trees, and the usual weeds of neglect. The views over our glorious valley were magnificent. I photographed the horse and rider against the iconic backdrop of Nimbin Rocks. It was a photo that could have been taken 150 years ago, but this photo was in 3D and possibly 'the last chance to see'.

If nothing is done and nobody cares, this public road will be sold to the adjacent owner, and the next time you



Mystery walk 2

come along you will be trespassing. Our early settlers put aside plenty of road reserves in the landscape, for good reason. Let's not relinquish them cheaply. We hope you can join us on this fabulous walk sometime in the future – if we still have it (MS & CM).

An overcast sky with drops of rain saw Judy, Michael and Bill at the end of Upper Coopers Creek Road to trek through Wanganui Gorge. We were greeted with a sign announcing the Gorge Walk was closed. We understood this was Byron Bay Council's way of disowning responsibility for maintenance of the walk.

Traversing a road between two properties we headed towards the eastern towering wall of the gorge which sports gushing waterfalls after heavy rains, but now presented only sheer rock faces. Descending deeper into the gorge we were greeted by a wide, fast flowing creek with ample palm lined banks. Along it, varied vistas opened up, some strewn with huge boulders, others gentler garden-like landscapes filled with Bangalow Palms and Birds Nest ferns. After about 1km of easy walking we reached a huge rock. Old direction signs, long fallen down, showed the walk once turned up hill via stone steps and timber foot bridge passing around the rock. So it used to be possible to walk further, but the way is sadly now lost to impenetrable bush.

We lunched and contemplated nature, enjoying the sound of fast flowing water. Despite the soothing effect of the place, or perhaps because of it, we found ourselves in spirited debate about the poor state of walking tracks painstakingly established by our forebears. This led us to the problems of contemporary society and how could we fix both at the same time. There is more to bush walking than simply communing with nature! We retraced our steps beside the creek. The



Terania Creek basin

creek microclimate was very humid, accounting for the prolific diversity of palms and ferns – a stark contrast to the macadamia monoculture on one property passed on our return (BP).

Judy took nine of us on a wild adventure through Terania Creek Basin, with much feeding of leeches and de-grabbing of lawyer vines. We first bolted for The Cave where, in the '70's, protesters hid when loggers promised them a hiding – a dusty overhang, big enough to stand 200 people. At times, robed Buddhist types shuffle down here for an extended Oooooohmmmm. After blissing on the Bangalow Palm vista, bare foot Rina and her two bush babies returned home. We were six, it was raining – thunder cracked. We formed a sinuous line of shiny, colourful, dripping oilies. Much consulting of map, remembering of landmarks, compass bearings and occasional satellite help followed. We were heading for Gracies Pillar, named after nineteenth century Surveyor, Mr Gracie. We found his creek, chose the western bank and climbed to a razorback spur that had us pondering our mortality. Here a blade of rock rose through the canopy. A few at a time, we climbed to the top. For afters, we knocked off the peak next door. It was well past time for a swim. We found a waterfall and deep pool. Persons aged 14 to 63 were observed jumping off the cliff into the plunge pool, the surest way to remove unseen leeches. We spent seven hours in this rain forest wonderland (MS).

Yes, a Lost World Wonderland indeed – lost because so few now know how to

Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc. Walks Program for December

Weekend 8-9th December

2012 End of year break-up party and camp at Koreelah Gorge

Two day camp, arriving Saturday afternoon

Leader Don Durrant (6633-3138 at night).

Meet 8.15am Nimbin car park or 9am at Kyogle Information Centre, then in convoy to reach Tooloom Falls camp ground by 10am. Thence a 15 min drive to base of The Beehive, which we shall climb.

Grade 4, 5hr leisurely 500m ascent ("It's much easier than it looks," says Don); lunch on top at midday; "great views and rock formations and the satisfaction of having climbed it".

Return to Tooloom Falls for possible swim, then to Koreelah Gorge (about 42km) to set up camp. Gorge is just south west of the campsite. At the head of the gorge is a deep waterhole surrounded by 4m cliffs that can be dived from, with bigger waterfalls downstream.

Camping fees \$5 per adult.

Bring camping gear, food, water, luxuries and goodwill to all mankind.

For Sunday day-trippers, see you at the campsite at 8.30am to join campers for a leisurely **grade 2-3** 4km return walk, "Further down the gorge than we've ever gone before," says Don. To get there from Woodenbong, drive west to Old Koreelah on Summerland Way, then follow White Swamp Road to the gorge. Road is paved. Those wishing to go early can camp at Tooloom Falls.

There will be no further walks in December and none in January.

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. Membership \$15/head to Treasurer Kay

Martin PO Box 20061 Nimbin, 2480 (Tel. 6689-0254).

www.nimbinbushwalkers.com

Secretary, Len Martin (pteropus42@smartchat.net.au)

enter it – but it could have been truly lost, had not the protesters fought the fight to save our World Heritage Rainforests.

Now there is an even bigger fight – the fight to prevent the destruction of our homelands, farmlands,

forests and communities by the scourge of coal seam gas – a dirty industry Federal and State Governments both seem hell bent on pursuing – not for us but for the export bounty. We must resist, every one of us, not just the Nimbin Bushwalkers! (LM).

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Australia, China and the US in the Asian century

by John Jiggins

In December 1972, the Whitlam Government formally recognised the People's Republic of China. To commemorate the fortieth anniversary of this event, the Australia China Friendship Society, with the assistance of the Consulate General of China, organised a seminar in Brisbane to discuss Australia's relationship with China in the years prior to 1972, during the past 40 years of diplomatic relations, and into the future.

Chaired by Professor Colin Mackerras, leading China scholar and Australia's first ambassador to China, the event was an enjoyable mixture of Chinese culture (music and food organised by the consulate) and an academic conference, with a slight James Bond overlay. (The seminar was held at 179 Adelaide Street where ASIO used to have

their Brisbane headquarters; the China Room, where the conference was held, is on the eighth floor; ASIO used to live on the floor below.)

The conventional wisdom is that the twenty-first century is going to be the Asian century. China has become Australia's major trading partner. The recent Australia in the Asian Century report says that Asian studies will be a core part of the national school curriculum and Prime Minister Gillard has declared that children in kindergarten now will graduate from high school with a sound working knowledge of Asia. Given the importance of our relationship with China, you might expect such a significant anniversary would have attracted the local media. However although there was a Chinese TV crew, the only Australian media present was your humble reporter from the *Nimbin GoodTimes*.



Seminar attendees

Reflecting the differing attitudes to China across the Australian political spectrum, the ALP was well represented by Manfred Cross (ex-member for Brisbane Central), and Graham Freudenberg (who accompanied Gough Whitlam on his first visit to China and gave a fascinating account of that visit), but no luminaries from the right-wing of politics attended.

The discussion ranged from the Cold War to the current US "pivot" to Asia. The older members of the Australia-China Friendship Society reminisced of the days before 1972, when Menzies was sending conscripts to Vietnam

and warning about the thrust of China between the Indian and Pacific Oceans. In those days, executive members of the Australia-China Friendship Society found themselves followed around by anonymous black cars. There were fears that these times could return.

Because of its dynamic economic growth, China is becoming the Pentagon's new adversary and may replace Islam, which was used by the Bush Administration to justify the aggressive pursuit of global hegemony as defensive.

In the recent Presidential debates, President Obama referred to China as an "adversary" and he has

announced that US strategic policy will undergo a "pivot" to the Pacific. The initial stages of the Pacific Pivot involves building a massive anti-Ballistic Missile Defense (BMD) ring around China with the aid of South Korea, Japan and Australia. The official reason given by the Pentagon for its new BMD deployment to the Asian theatre is to protect Japan, South Korea and other US allies in the region against a North Korean nuclear missile attack. Although the US planners claim it is defensive, if successful it would give the US first-strike nuclear capability against China. Given the rhetoric flowing from Washington, the Chinese suspect this new Pentagon strategy is aimed at them.

According to the mainstream Western media, China has become an economic giant and is undertaking a massive arms build-up. In May 2012, the *New York Times* ran an alarmist story to the effect that China had announced a "double-digit increase" in military spending. The text

of the article reported an 11% increase over the previous budget, which is an increase in line with the overall growth of the Chinese economy and slightly less than the rate of inflation. The article failed to mention that to match US defense spending, China would need to increase its military spending by 1000%, not 11%.

In their search for an enemy, the US military security complex is shifting focus from Islamists in the Middle East to China. The current US strategic pivot to Pacific is clearly aimed at China and Australia is dutifully following. The mainstream media seems to believe that Australia can rely on the demand of China's economy while going all the way with the USA on its pivot to confront China.

After the seminar, I thought it was a good time to join the Australia China Friendship Society. Although Oceania is currently at war with Eurasia, my battered copy of 1984 suggests that Oceania may again find itself at war with Eastasia.

Nimbin Garden Club Notes

by Gillian Jones
Photos by Gill Schilling

Ganja, Grace and the gardeners

About 30 people from the Nimbin Garden Club met at the Bush Factory to celebrate the end of another year, and to enjoy good food, champagne and conversation.

The bonhomie which Daniel and Belinda have created at the Bush Factory was another reason for a great celebratory lunch. Even though it was a slightly overcast day, it was perfect for a movie and a relax by the side of Mulgum creek.

The movie was called *Saving Grace*, a hilarious BBC comedy about a keen Scottish gardener whose husband had died and left her penniless. She had to maintain a huge stately home, so with her friend, a hapless dope freak, she used her horticultural skills to grow a crop of hydroponic marijuana plants to pay off her various debtors.

From the local copper who knew there was something going on, but who turned a blind eye to it, to the bad guys in the city she was trying to do business with, it was a delightful irreverent



comedy that kept us chortling to the end.

We discussed the various gardens which we had had the fortune to visit throughout 2012, and realised what a rich diverse culture we have in our valley, especially when it comes to sharing our ideas and creativity.

We have many more gardens to visit in 2013, and welcome any new members to come along and visit gardens, which are publicised in the *Nimbin Good Times* each month before the next visit (usually the second Saturday of the month). Our next garden visit will be in February – the location will be in the January *GoodTimes*.

We are all very grateful to Michael, our club president, who sends out monthly newsletters and generally keeps the club going from one year to the next.

The garden club also enjoyed a November Saturday morning clean-up around the Bush Factory, and we plan to have a community project each

quarter to help Nimbin become even more green and beautiful.

We wish you all a happy festive season, and wish for gentle rain for our gardens, and for all to celebrate this cycle from one year to the next with conscious gratitude for all that nature brings us.



The world according to...

Magenta Appel-Pye

In Italy they say "uomo con la pancia" to describe an important man. It means "man with a big stomach".

I have a fetish for men with tummies. It started with Santa Claus, sitting on his lush red lap, fluffy white fur down the front of his big, soft belly bestowing my wishes. I still like to sit on Santa's lap although sometimes I get more than I bargained for...

There's joyous Buddha proudly displaying his enlightened tummy which people rub for luck. Ganesha, roly-poly elephant-faced god, remover of obstacles, beams down encouragement to me at Mullum Sari Gym.

That's my kind of pin-up guy. Obviously his proudly displayed paunch gives him power, otherwise he'd remove it.

Where would Luciano Pavarotti, Nusrat Fateh

Ali Khan and Israel Kamakawiwo'ole be without their monolithic stomachs (apart from dead)?

My husband sports a fine, full figure but he has problems keeping his pants up. He either has to pull them up over the belly and look like Oliver Hardy or wear them underbelly risking unwanted exposure if they were to drop.

So I bought him a pair of braces. Women keep coming up to him and snapping them. They also rub his tummy and make wishes. He loves the attention and that his skinny mates are jealous.

I know I feed him too much and that he'd be healthier if he was slimmer, but hey, we all have our preferences.

If the world doesn't end on 21st December, may your God/dess be with you over the silly season – and eat up!



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by Bob Tissott

I emerged from the air-conditioned austerity of Immigration into the almost liquid humidity and heat that is Phnom Penh.

Certainly not uniforms; there were plenty of them and in so many shades and variations it could have been a fashion parade for the latest Spring Collection. Parking assistants in peaked caps, silver buttons and epaulets, traffic cops with light sabres and as many as three walkie-talkies (big ones too) hanging from their belts, real cops with jackboots and pistols and three SAS-type soldiers in full battle gear.

Tuk-tuk and moto drivers swarmed like ants around each emerging traveller, mobile phone sales booths lined the exit like a Technology Fair and the sounds and smells of Asia whacked me in the head like an old mate.

And my old mate, the one who was going to meet me here and knows what hotel he's booked me into, isn't here. And he's the only one who knows where the boat is.

Perhaps this is a good time to explain about the boat. My

old friend Jin Jo has built a boat. (That's what they call him here in Cambodia; he thinks it means "Big Brother" but I suspect it's a tad more colloquial than that. We'll just call him JJ.)

So, JJ has built this riverboat: 17 metres long, two stories high.

He plans to explore the river systems of SE Asia, hopefully with paying guests. I've come over for the maiden voyage, a planned 500k round trip from Phnom Penh to Battambang and back.

The poor Apsara has been chopped back to a single story after an encounter with a low concrete bridge.

The failure of the seasonal inundation of the Toni Sap lake has meant that the main channel from the boat-builder's to the river failed to open and the only remaining channel has a low concrete bridge.

So low, in fact, that the boat itself had to be filled with water in order to squeeze under it. I'll leave it to your fertile imagination to think what this did to the motor. However, in his last email, JJ assured me that the Vietnamese engineer had

promised him the motor would be rebuilt by the time I arrived.

As luck would have it I'm travelling with the most recognisable woman in Cambodia; dreadlocks, bare feet and a smile as wide as the ocean. She is instantly spotted by a tuk-tuk driver, who not only knows which hotel JJ is at, but remarkably knows where the boat is moored.

We checked into the hotel and then immediately re-boarded our chariot for the trip to the boat. Tied up along a rancid, rubbish-strewn stretch of river mudflat lay Apsara, looking rather battered and exposed in her new crew-cut.

The rebuilt motor was back in and a small test was about to take place to make sure it worked. With a mighty roar Apsara backed away from the bank, at which point a couple of things happened at once.

Firstly the current caught her, pulling the rope from the hands of those on shore.

Secondly, the gearbox wouldn't go into forward and Apsara headed off on a collision course with \$100,000 worth of Police launch moored downstream.

Captain Vana abandoned the bridge and raced below decks to manually change gears while the crew, armed with bamboo poles fought like mad to stop seven tonnes of rampaging river-boat from crushing the sleek yet flimsy fiberglass hull of the cops.

It was a bloody close thing, but left nothing worse than some tell-tale streaks of blue paint on the clean white hull. Oh, and a gearbox linkage redesign.

Now seemed like a good time to call it a day and head back into town for refreshments... so we did.

Cookie Queen in the land of Kings

Pushkar, Rajasthan. The timeless Land Of Kings with its town perched around a Holy Lake, which is said to have appeared when Brahma dropped a lotus flower from Heaven to find the location for his temple on Earth.

I arrived in Pushkar two weeks ago in the company of my new Indian friend Babou, who with his long black pony-tail, hash-stained teeth, oversized wind jacket with pockets full of treasures and traditional lungee (sarong), personifies Johnny Depp's character Jack Sparrow.

The Rajput family claims to originate from the sun, moon and fire, and has controlled this part of India for more than 1000 years, known for their unparalleled bravery, sense of honour and jauhar (mass suicide) when defeat was inevitable.

While the warriors rode out to certain death the women and children threw themselves upon massive funeral pyres. Even the mighty Mughal Emperors had trouble controlling this empire.

On reflection it was an interesting choice of destination for the craziness of the Divali celebrations.

Divali is the Indian equivalent of our Christmas. Three days of gift-giving firecracker mayhem. Divali celebrates the return of the God Ram after years of exile.

The holy lake is surrounded with candles to help show him the way home while the fireworks are to scare any bad spirits from following him. To the uninitiated though it sounds like war, each day surpassing the last for intensity until the final sleepless night of exploding mayhem.

Children as young as six and seven gleefully clutch fireworks of all shapes and sizes, scaring tourists by throwing lit crackers at them and laughing hysterically.

The next day it wasn't fireworks that shattered our peace, it was the real thing – the warring Rajput and Parachoot clans having a shoot-out in the local market. Our friend Aviv was caught up in the drama at the local hospital where shot and wounded patients started arriving amongst a sea of club-carrying police officers. Life here is certainly larger than fiction.

A good question to ask before getting on a camel is "How long has this camel been broken in?" So with both Aviv and I perched high upon one such beast it was not cool when it decided to throw its head around in a fit and



Ironically Yours

Travel diary of the irreverent

by Dionne May

then refuse to sit down to let us off.

Not content enough with one dose of mortal fear that day, Aviv and I then found ourselves jumping on the back of a motorbike an hour later. One motorbike, one Indian pirate, one middle-aged woman from Nimbin and one afro-wearing Finnish/Israeli guy.

Babou insisted he was a good motorbike rider despite evidence to the contrary. Men generally do not like being criticised about their driving abilities and often react badly, so never never say anything till you are off the bike.

We encountered a distinctly mafia-looking group at the local bar, lost a ball of hash, found it again, ate illicit mutton out the back of the local vegetarian restaurant, dodged trucks, buses, cows, rubble, dogs, rubbish and exploding fireworks set off on the road till we were safely back at the Raj Moon Guest House.

So days roll into weeks as we await the greatest camel fair on Earth to start next week. About 200,000 people from all corners of Rajasthan descend on Pushkar to either buy, sell, race or merely witness the spectacle of 50,000 camels.

It promises to be a 10-day carnival of madness. Jewelled camels, street performers, gypsies and holy sadhus. Who knows, I might even buy a camel and ride down to Goa!

Until then my intrepid Finnish friend and I have made full use of the guest house kitchen and have introduced Pushkar to some of the finest Nimbin cookies while Pushkar teaches us the fine arts of chillum smoking and gypsy dancing. Bahut acha... very good.

trivia@thebowlo

Questions

- Who was appointed as Australia's Foreign Minister in 2012?
- What country grows the most coffee?
- Name any three commercially released feature films directed by Stanley Kubrick?
- How many legs does a butterfly have?
- What household item is traditionally made from naphthalene?
- Who was the first person to reach the North Pole?
- From what fruit is brandy made?
- What do we call an interstellar cloud of dust, hydrogen, helium and other ionized gases?
- What was the name of the legendary Cuban boxer who died in 2012?
- Who was the pop singer married to movie director Guy Ritchie?

Devised by the Nimbin Bowlo's Quizmaster, Marty

Play Trivia on Saturdays, 7pm at Nimbin Bowling Club

- Answers
- Bob Carr
 - Brazil
 - Fear and Desire, Killer's Kiss, The Killing
 - Paths of Glory, Spartacus, Lolita, Dr. Strangelove, 2001: A Space Odyssey, A Clockwork Orange, Barry Lyndon, The Shining, Full Metal Jacket & Eyes Wide Shut
 - Moathalls
 - William Peary
 - Grapes
 - A nebula
 - TeUfio Stevenson
 - Madonna



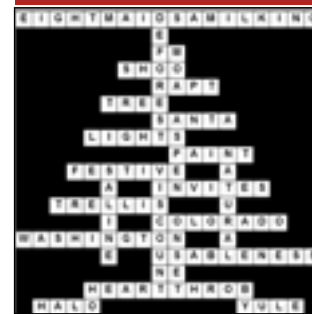
Caught in the act

Local poet Janie Treasure (at left) made the most of the book sale at the Nimbin Town Hall, stocking up on supplies for one of her favourite activities – reading.

The book sale raised \$350 for the Sustainability Hub project (see centrespread), which hopes to raise over \$60,000 during December, to pay off the property at No. 7 Sibley Street.

Nimbin Crossword Solution

From Page 23



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Normal Mon-Fri Week

Leaving	Arriving
Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)
7.00am	7.45am
8.00am	8.45am
12.00pm	12.35pm *
2.35pm	3.10pm
3.20pm	4.15pm
5.30pm	6.00pm

School Holidays

Leaving	Arriving
Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)
8.00am	8.30am
2.35pm	3.10pm
5.30pm	6.00pm

Leaving	Arriving
Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre
7.52am	8.50am
9.00am	9.35am
12.45pm	1.15pm *
3.25pm	4.10pm
4.25pm	5.00pm
6.05pm	6.35pm

Leaving	Arriving
Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre
9.00am	9.35am
3.25pm	4.10pm
6.05pm	6.35pm

No Public Holiday Service

Town Service - Wheelchair access available upon request, 24 Hour notice required

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What a catch! – Khan, Pix, Darren and Baz

by Pixie, fishing reporter

With the weatherman claiming that the weekend weather would be wild and not suitable for offshore fishing, the final decision to go fishing on the Sunday was not made until late Saturday afternoon.

Then eight members of the Nimbin Heads Fishing team – Baz, Dooee, Jessie, Pix, Simon and for their first trip Darren, Sean and Khan – packed all their gear and headed off to Wooli, hoping we had some chance of fishing on the Sunday.

At 5am Sunday morning, with not a breath of wind, the day was looking good. Then crossing the bar and heading off to sea once again, the weatherman has no idea. First up we decided to jig and see if we could find any kingfish. Only Jessie landed one worth keeping, and with a kitty of \$100 for best fish of the day, he knew he wouldn't be on top for very long.

So with no kingfish around, we moved out wider to some snapper grounds and Darren hooked on to a good fish and landed a 2.2 kg snapper and a personal best. Then it started to rain and the day was changing, thanks to the weatherman.

But then your humble fishing reporter hooked on to a good fish fight and landed a 4.5kg snapper. Now that would be hard to beat. It was still raining, but we were all catching tragg and snapper and it was all good.

We were out about 25 clicks then the weather came up and just blew us around the ocean and we were now having trouble holding the bottom. We fished for about an hour

with no-one catching any fish. Damn that weatherman. So we made one more move to another small reef and the wind and rain then just stopped. We all started fishing again with snapper, tragg, pearl perch, pig fish and blue spot flathead coming in.

Then late in the day, Khan hooked up while bottom bouncing and Baz hooked up on soft plastic. Both guys were onto good fish and both claiming the fish of the day was about to come in. Khan landed a 2.5kg snapper and a personal best and Baz a 3 kg snapper and a personal best. Good fishing guys. Nine hours at sea fighting the weatherman all day and catching some good fish. It's been a great day.

A few days later, Harry, Watto and Pix decided to have a businessmen' mid-week trip to sea and headed to Evans head in Watto's boat and fish the solar eclipse.

The seas were good, but the fishing was ordinary in the early morning. We had only caught a few red harrys. Then we looked up into the sky and the eclipse had just started. And out at sea, it became very eerie, with a bit



of choppy sea and a very strange dark green atmosphere.

Then the fish came on the bite which meant not much time to watch the eclipse. We were hooking into tragg and blue spot flathead. Then your humble fishing reporter hooked into a 5.5 kg snapper with a huge bump on its forehead. We bagged out on tragg with the best fishing happening around the experience of the eclipse. I believe the next eclipse is in about 17 years so don't forget to be there.

For you guys doing the annual trip to Fraser Island next year there are only 187 sleeps to go.

Tight lines, guys.



by President Damian McDonald

The Nimbin Headers Sports Club fields have been top-dressed and are now 'closed' while the field recovers. The top dressing work will greatly improve playing conditions for the coming season, and has been the culmination of a lot of hard work from dedicated volunteers.

Two seasons ago, the fields became unplayable during wet weather. It was so bad that the Headers teams had to play all their home games away for the entire season. The combination of an unplayable field and the consequent

loss of canteen revenues and members caused the Club to make the decision to undertake works to improve drainage. However, this meant the Club would have to close the gates, as all finances had been exhausted. Fortunately local member Thomas George and Lismore Council came to the rescue with grants which allowed the gates to remain open.

The coming season looks to be one of the best, as the canteen is undergoing upgraded works and a rainwater tank is also being installed. But the most exciting news is that a social cricket competition has started with a view to registering a competition team next

season. Wednesday twilight cricket games are currently on hold while the field recovers from top dressing works, but with the right weather conditions, play may resume soon. New players are invited to attend.

Also, the twilight football competition has been moved to the A&I Showgrounds and another successful season will be ending on the 11th December. The twilight competition has proved to be a great event as the Nimbin fields naturally lend themselves to a friendly social competition, which the Club hopes to continue in coming seasons.

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