

Vegan Lovebites

Make the right choice

by Nettie Lovejoy

If you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.

In the big scheme of things, we are all – in some shape, form, colour and vibration – functional, living organisms. Are you a healthy living organism in this great vast cosmos of wonder? Do you fit harmoniously in your environment?

Have you felt out of step, uneasy, like you've forgotten what to do with your precious gift of life? Molecule by molecule, we humans have upset the natural balance of this planet.

What if there was nothing more important than this information? What if our remaining days in biological form were numbered – would we change our thoughts, words and actions?

Would we raise our consciousness, be one with the planet and all life on it, cleanse our essence and make the connection between loving animals and eating them?

Will we awaken from our slumber and continue our chosen evolutionary journey? I want to say to all my friends: Wakey wakey! "Enlightenment is only the beginning. The journey will continue! Full of wonder and miraculous encounters and discovery for those who truly want to know the miracle of life and the real love from the universe and from your heart." – Master Ching Hai.

We all have our own view on life. But if there was a war between Light and Dark, everyone I know would want to be on the Light side. Am I right in this assumption? We all have that survival instinct, just as a simple organism does. A plant-based diet is

the most agreeable, compassionate and healthy way of life. Sure, I miss flavors on those tastebuds, but I have acquired so many others that it far outweighs any loss – and it saves the loss of another being's life for my benefit.

Let these comments sit in your heart, not on your stomach, for a while. There are two oceans to live in: The Ocean of Love and the Ocean of Regret. Is your soul watching you waste this opportunity to evolve? Your soul will be very sad when it realises its loss. That is the Ocean of Regret.

Vegan Chocolate Cake

Now to get stuck into something else, how about a decadent chocolate cake? Enjoy, my friends.

Ingredients: 125 gms Nuttelex, 3/4 cup castor sugar (or Stevia to equal), 1 tsp vanilla paste, 1/2 cup silken tofu, 1&3/4 cups S/R (GF) flour, 1/4 cup G/F cornflour, 1/2 cup cacao, 1/2 cup of 85% choc bits, 3/4 cup soya milk.

Method: Cream Nuttelex, sugar, vanilla in a bowl. Break up tofu with a fork and blend into mixture. Sift dry ingredients and slowly add into mixture, alternating with milk and mix well. Pour into a greased cake tin. Bake in oven 180 degrees for 50 mins. or until skewer comes out clean when pierced in centre of cake. Make a sauce by melting chocolate with a little coconut cream. Stir up quickly before it curdles. Serve with fresh raspberries or strawberries.

Peace begins on our plates.

– Oceans of Love, Nettie.



Body's subtle rhythm of peace

by Daniel Keszler

Greetings dear Reader,

After a little break from writing columns, I return to share further information, updates and insights about life and the human condition from my ever evolving and unfolding journey.

I would like to introduce some new modalities I work with, Craniosacral Therapy (CST) and Myofascial Release (MFR).

First, a little about MFR, also called connective tissue. This fascia is the component of the body which holds all our organs in the right place, separates the organs from each other and organ parts within organs from each other. It also acts as a network, a matrix throughout the whole body, interconnecting every part of the body with every other part.

It contains three main components, the collagen fibres, a material which is relatively rigid in structure, the elastin fibres, which are a more elastic material, and a ground substance, a polysaccharide complex, which has the ability to be fluid and change into jelly-like density and back to fluidity in a matter of minutes.

The fibres build an incredibly complex 3D network of dynamic stability, also referred to as tensegrity, to support the functioning of all movements in and of the body, in a coherent and integrated manner. This means that if we work on the fascia on any part of the body, we connect to, and influence, the whole body.

The technique of MFR for the practitioner is to become sensitive to feeling, and learning to connect to, the fascia. This is done through placing the hands on the skin of the client and then allowing the perception to sink into the body to the fascia level. Very little pressure is applied, 6-10gms, and a communication, a process, takes place.

The practitioner works with focused intent and continuous processing of the feedback given from the fascia directly to the hands. In



that way, the body of the client is supported in its process without being pushed or pulled.

It is possible, especially with the limbs, that so-called unwinding occurs. The practitioner supports the body in

doing its own movements to release energy and recalibrate its balance through its own wisdom. MFR and unwinding go to very deep levels of one's being and may release emotional and/or other trapped energy, sometimes referred to as energy-cysts. The practitioner supports the unwinding, but does not get personally involved.

Now to CST, which works with the connective tissue, with the bones which make up the skull and facial skeleton, and with a rhythmic on-going process in the human body, the Craniosacral rhythm. This is produced in the centre of the brain by the output of cerebrospinal fluid, a saline substance containing nutrients and other agents.

The brain and spinal cord are enclosed by connective tissue and are suspended in that fluid which has a salt content similar to seawater. Since pulsing needs a certain freedom of movement, the bones of the skull and facial skeleton are expanding and contracting six to 12 times each minute. The rhythm, being in direct contact with the connective tissue system, is spread through the whole body.

Trauma, habitual movements and physical and/or mental/emotional patterns influence this rhythm and its free unfolding/folding in and through the body. The practitioner is sensitive to the rhythm and again supports the body in releasing inhibiting and detrimental patterns and/or stuck bones, so that the body becomes able to return to its natural flow.

I am available on Wednesday and Thursday at the Apothecary, in Nimbin's Cullen Street, and on all other weekdays at my home practice. Cheers, Daniel

Out of My Mind

Book Review by Vale Mendelson

Tamaso is a well-known, well-loved Nimbin identity and an accomplished writer. After reading her latest work, I felt instinctively inclined to add to her provocative title *Out of My Mind* the subtitle 'And into the Minds of Others' for she has achieved this depth of understanding with her stories about the everyday experiences of ordinary people; a diverse lot of characters however, whom she convincingly portrays with a skill that reveals the author's insightful observations of human nature to the extent of empathy. For this she has a depth of feeling for people whose lives are, in many cases, contra to her own likely experiences of life. She achieves this, for example, through her use of the vernacular of contemporary youth



in the uninhibited shenanigans of "The Party".

Undaunted by gender, degree of mental competence, questionable visionaries or even cross species meanderings, Tamaso drives her main points home; the courage of ordinary people dealing with the challenges of life, and the enduring hope from the knowledge that there are still people out there willing to help those in need. The sort of courage and kindness simply and quietly extended that you don't get medals for.

If I were forced to choose a favourite among these 10 short stories it would be 'James. And Jeremy?', which resonates with my conviction that a 'real' alter ego is more convincing than the current fashionable virtual avatars of cyber world.

Probably the most important quality of any story-telling is to induce the reader to care about the characters presented to them. Tamaso does this with her colourful imagery and accessible language.

A worthy read!

'Out of My Mind' is available at Perceptio's Nimbin, and elsewhere in the Rainbow Region.

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Bush Theatre screen previews

Reviewed by Belinda Marsh

OCTOBER PROGRAM

We are CLOSED for a private function on Friday 5th October.

THE GIANTS

Saturday 6th at 7.30pm \$10

It's summertime, and two brothers (aged 16 and 14) have again been left to fend for themselves by their neglectful mother at the family's cottage in the Luxembourg countryside. Stand By Me meets Lord Of The Flies. Rated M. French with English subtitles.



YOUR SISTER'S SISTER

Friday 12th / Saturday 13th at 7.30pm \$10

Jack has not recovered from his brother's death. His best friend, Iris, sends him to her father's empty cabin for some respite, not knowing that her sister, Hannah, is there for similar reasons. She has walked out on a seven-year relationship. Rated M. Stars Mark Duplass, Emily Blunt and Rosemarie DeWitt.



THIS IS ROLLER DERBY

Friday 19th / Saturday 20th at 7.30pm \$10

Fri 19th October – this will be a fundraising event for the NRRD (Northern Rivers Roller Derby league), with a special roller derby display. Donate to the NRRD Team on the night with a gold coin or more.

This is an action-packed documentary which examines the phenomenon of modern roller derby, which is becoming the world's fastest growing women's sport. We follow the Ballarat Roller Derby League. Includes other Australian and some American teams. Rated M.



THE WORDS

Friday 26th / Saturday 27th at 7.30pm \$10

The Words is the story of a writer who finds an old manuscript in a bag, left behind by the author. He decides to rewrite it and claim it as his own. He wins awards and his career is taking off... until, that is, the original author turns up. Stars Bradley Cooper, Jeremy Irons and Dennis Quaid. Rated M.



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"First, do no harm."



by Kylie Kingston

We know you have all been eagerly awaiting the annual Nimbin preschool clothes swap, and your wait is now over. Come to the Nimbin Hall on Friday 19th October, bring a bag of clothes you'd like to swap, have a delicious meal and go home with a new wardrobe!

Entry is \$10 plus contribution of one bag of clothing. Doors open at 6pm, swapping starts at 7pm.

The parent committee is planning all sorts of surprises, including karaoke, great prizes and more, so don't miss it. This adult night out is always full of fun and laughter, and all proceeds go directly to enhance the pedagogy for the children of Nimbin preschool.

Brew your own!

by Terry Beltrane

Thirty-six entries, five judges and some very happy exhibitors later, the Brewers Corner is no more until September 2013. Many thanks to the exhibitors who parted with samples of their precious brews, which contributed so much to what makes our Nimbin Annual Show a real community, country event.

The best amongst the best, champion of all brews, was awarded to a beautifully crafted lager made by Sam Dowsett. This was an excellent beer of balance and creamy texture, full of lifted citrus hops aroma and excellent length of flavour.

First prizes were awarded in each category for some very fine homemade produce, with Mark LeBars taking out the prize for best stout/dark ale for his creamy full-flavoured brew, brimming with aromas of roasted malt and palate cleansing bitter hops.

Ben Taig won the prize for best of spirits with an excellent Bourbon that was soft and smooth with just



the right amount of oak infusion. There were many brews that deserved awards but, alas, there is only one 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Congratulations and thanks to all of you.

A big thanks to Coopers DIY for the sponsorship they provided, as they have done since the re-introduction of Brewers Corner four years ago. And special thanks for the support and sponsorship from Richmond Home Brewing who made several vouchers available towards the prizes awarded and also contributed their time and professionalism in judging the exhibits.

See you all next year.

CONTENTED TUMMY NOW OPEN

The newspaper has come off the windows, and after being closed for months, the Cullen Street café formerly known as Choices has been reopened.

The shop has been extensively renovated by the new lessees Carlyne (pictured) and Garry Scott-Bridges, who previously ran The Coffee House in Nimbin. With its new kitchen equipment and double the seating capacity, Garry described the new premises as being "10 times better."

Carlyne's background as an interior designer was put to good use, with the new interior décor featuring chrome poles, metallic paint and vertical blinds to create an inviting dining area.

The pleasant and efficient kitchen staff of the Coffee House have followed Carlyne and Garry to the larger café, and have been augmented to now number six.

All were present for the



packed-out Opening Night at the end of September, where seafood entrees, osso buco and butter chicken were eagerly devoured by well-wishers, followed by tira misu or apple crumble, and a remarkable cake in the shape of the café building.

The Contented Tummy is now open from 7.30am daily, and will stay open for dinner on Friday and Saturday nights, with a menu that will feature traditional Australian meals as well as a range of quality International cuisine.

The unexpected stresses of life, and Bowen Therapy

by Tonia Haynes Dip Bowen Therapy, Cert Remedial Massage, Advanced Pranik Healer, Advanced Cell Ectrology Kinesiology

One has to admit, these days life is never dull.

The unexpected events that assail us from the media, the government and general day-to-day living, as we attempt to keep up with change, have the benefit, one might say, of keeping us on our toes.

An amusing expression, 'keeping us on our toes'. I wonder if its history has anything to do with standing as tall as possible, in order to stop the rope from stretching one's neck.

I was recently introduced to the latest and greatest change I personally have experienced in this, the progressive year of 2012. The computerised toilet.

I will not mention names or places, purely in order to protect the insanity of the inventor, the innocence of the abused vehicle and the ignorance of those who are still having difficulty deciphering the meaning of the word progress.

There are few places left in the western world where one may sit and reflect on the meaning of life; the toilet is one of them.

A simple affair often encased in a room where one is faced with little distraction, the toilet quietly receives without complaint all that we throw at it and then humbly accepts that we will leave without giving it so much as a 'thankyou, for your time.'

Come to think of it, perhaps the new computerised toilet was actually encouraged by the loo union because they are peed off with us taking them for granted.

For those of you who are still to experience this wonder of the 21st Century, I give you fair warning. Ignore

the complex, potentially, seductive glamour of this beast and do it behind the bushes, you will be safer.

Nevertheless I also have an understanding of those heroes of life, who are addicted to the adrenalin buzz of a new adventure, so here are a few tips.

Be not hypnotized by the intermittent flashing lights on the outside of a door, which appears to be securely locked and to the desperate loo seeker, impenetrable.

Instead, take a calming breath, and observe the flashing lights from a position of detachment, preferably with your reading glasses on your nose.

A close, cool look will show you the green for go button, which when pressed, raises the stage curtain, allowing the first act to begin.

On entering the smoothly opening 10cm thick door, your old friends of elimination will respond with delight to Tchaikovsky's Poo Cracker Suite resonating from the ceiling in scattered bursts of acoustic wonder.

Do not be seduced. Do not, on any account remove your reading glasses

All appears to be well until you sit. And then you notice. The 10cm thick door which is now securely closed and once again impenetrable has a gap at its top of about 8cm. Just wide enough for a reasonable size king brown to enter, but not wide enough for you to fit your mouth around, in the case you need to scream for help, because the local electricity supply has once again left town for a vacation in Hawaii.

You will anxiously search for the flashing button that lets you leave in safety and give a faint sigh of relief. Yes, it appears to still be working.

I encourage you at this point, temporarily rescind your attraction to

danger, finish what you are doing as quickly as you can and get out.

Be not disheartened or embarrassed, that your thorough search has not discovered the flush button. There isn't one.

The reading glasses at this point will assist you not to recoil in shock as you turn on the tap and the toilet flushes, because by then you will have read the small print note above the sink that says.

This toilet will flush when you wash your hands, or open the door. Unfortunately for the water table of Australia, the toilet flushes when you wash your hands and again when you gratefully push the red button to be released back into the oh-so-friendly light of day.

With a grateful sigh of relief you will return to the stresses of life that these days never seem to completely disappear. But then again, it is imagined by many that we are all now desensitised enough to cope efficiently in a world gone slightly cuckoo.

I suppose given time we will all sit on computerized toilets and get used to those as well. I wonder if Dodo will answer the call.

For those of you who are not yet desensitized to the stresses of the 21st Century and are suffering in body and mind for your sensitivity. I use a mixture of Massage and Bowen Therapy. These therapies, applied with efficient but quiet and gentle care, can clear your head and replace the courage in your heart.

I am in clinic in Nimbin, Tuesdays and Saturdays. For appointments, phone (02) 6689-0240, mobile: 0439-794-420.



Sue's Preserves

Mulberry and Apple Jam



With so many beautiful plump mulberries ready for picking, now is the time to make delicious mulberry jam. This recipe makes about 2.3kg.

Ingredients

1.4kg ripe mulberries
450g apples (prepared weight)
600ml water
1.6kg sugar or less to taste

Method

Wash and de-stalk the mulberries and simmer them in half the measured water until they are soft. Peel, core and slice the apples, weigh them and simmer gently in the remaining water until they are really soft and pulped.

Combine the mulberries

and the apples and add the sugar. Stir until this is dissolved and then boil the jam until setting point is reached. Pour into clean sterilized jars.

The key is to add the apples to mulberries to give the pectin content needed to make the jam set. The alternative is to use lemon juice, or pectin powder like Jamsetta.

Carolyne is busy with her new cafe, but Cook's Corner will be back next month.

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Astrology and Psychotherapy Workshop



Leading Queensland Astrologer Maggie Kerr has become a regular visitor to Lillifield over the past few years, sharing her work with the local community courtesy of her friend and colleague, well known and respected local Astrologer Tina Mews.

Maggie has spent the past 30 years as a professional Astrologer specialising in supporting her clients and students to heal unconscious patterns that drive our lives. She links important ideas about our Soul and its choices for our growth into our fullest potential during our lifetime, with models and tools from the healing therapies. Maggie explains it this way: "The Astrological chart gives us this vital information about our cellular DNA codes but does not tell us what to do about how to heal our issues. That's where the therapies come into my work and it is absolutely fabulous territory".

All the planets carry a number of "themes" which we will exhibit for better or worse based on the original messages we received during the first 7 years of our lives when we were "programmed".

By developing a good sound basic knowledge of these themes we can offer simple yet powerful opportunities to open up the core territory which lies at the heart of the horoscope, to hear the client's story, then offer them the opportunity to re-program any old limited beliefs that may be still limiting their highest potential.

Her next workshop will be held at the Lillifield Community Centre on Wednesday 31st October. This time she will share her favourite specialist area in Astrology – "Linking Astrology and Psychotherapy – Identifying the 'core themes', behavioural outcomes and greatest potential of the Astrological planets."

So whether you are an experienced Astrologer or just new to this wonderful field, please come and join Maggie for this exciting healing day.

Phone Tina on 0266-897-413 or 0457-903-957.

ASTRO FORECASTS BY TINA MEWS

YOUR MONTHLY REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS

October

Since the last equinox the Sun has travelled through Libra, the sign concerned with establishing balance and harmony. In a birth chart, the Sun sign indicates the lessons that we have to master. Therefore, individuals with a dominant Libran influence might find themselves out of balance more often than not. Learning to reach and maintain equilibrium is truly an art and Librans feel most at ease when they can use their many talents for mastering this lifelong task.

On October 4, Jupiter, the energy field symbolising growth and expansion, turns retrograde until January 29, 2013. Let's use this 4-month period for turning within, for gaining deeper insights and greater understanding concerning current matters. It is not the best time for travelling abroad or having any new financial or legal arrangements to finalise since communication can prove frustrating and our sense of judgement might be diminished. On October 6, a new chapter opens in our current cosmic drama. Saturn the planet signifying limitations and symbolising our battle with reality enters the deep probing sign of Scorpio after a 3-year stay in accommodating Libra. "Transform or die" could be the new slogan. Alliances, partnerships or contracts that were forged over the last years will be tested for their validity and will either be deepened or abolished. Saturn will remain in emotionally intense Scorpio until September 2015. During this period we might encounter lessons in mastering our subconscious fears and desires especially in regards to survival issues. Will we continue the path determined by materialistic and competitive concerns or are we willing to shift towards a model based on responsible use of power and resources? It is perfect timing for being constructive and down-to-earth about our ideas. Saturn forms a harmonious trine with inspirational Neptune from now until August 2013. Neptune's function is to dissolve or blur boundaries. Under its ethereal influence we can experience feelings of unity and sense ourselves as parts of a greater whole. We are encouraged to expand our rational mind and get in touch with our intuition; then we will be energetically tuned to manifesting our dreams in concrete expression.

On a different note, Saturn in Scorpio functions as the 'debt collector' demanding from us accountability and discipline over the next 3 years. Collectively and personally we are reminded to clean up our mess, deal with our shadow, heal old trauma and take responsibility for our actions. Mars, the planet of action, enters visionary Sagittarius on October 8 (until Nov 18) providing us with the incentive of exploring new frontiers and entering the world of vision and probabilities. When we honour our urge for freedom, the right to think and act independently, our intuition grows while the fear to upset others ceases.

The Libra New Moon on October 15 favours harmonious relationships. We can spend our time having intelligent and pleasant interactions with others. The days of the Full Moon in Taurus (October 29/30) could be filled with tension. Letting go of something that we still feel attached to might be the challenge of the moment. If this is the case, acceptance will work better than resistance.

For Personal Readings contact me on 6689-7413, mobile 0457-903-957, e-mail: star-loom@hotmail.com or visit my web page: <http://nimbinstarloom.com.au>. Astrology courses at the Lillifield Community Centre: Advanced Astrology: "The Planets, their psychology and core themes" Wednesdays: starts October 17, 10am – 1pm. Astrology for Beginners: "The 12 Astrological Houses" Tuesdays: starts October 16, 10am – 12pm. One – day workshop with leading Australian astrologer Maggie Kerr: "The Planets: the path to individuation", October 31, 9.30 am – 4pm. Suits beginners and advanced students.



Aries

The entry of Mars into freedom loving Sagittarius on October 8 might spark your enthusiasm for adventure. This is a good thing, just make sure that you get all the little details right. Jupiter is in retrograde mode and could weaken your powers of clear judgment. Take extra care during the last week of the month and avoid acting recklessly.

Taurus

You might realise that responsibilities, liabilities and demands in your relationships have increased while your personal resources are reduced or at a standstill. Try not to feel discouraged, instead contemplate on your inner values and detach from outer pressures. Listen to your own inner calling.

Gemini

The developmental growth that you have experienced since June needs to be contemplated and consolidated now. Instead of looking outside, change direction and turn within for greater understanding and deeper insight. Try to incorporate other people's values into your life without diminishing your individuality.

Cancer

This could be a very creative, rewarding time for Cancerians who are willing to put in the hard work and take on a disciplined approach. The challenge is to remain still, focus energy and understand the real value of what you are doing. You might find that you need lots of time for yourself right now because your soul calls for attention.

Leo

Use this 4-month Jupiter retrograde period for working out your most important goals and objectives. Keep in mind that the demands and duties in your domestic life will increase over the next few years. Whatever you have been putting up with but not yet resolved can surface now. You are in the process of cleaning up your inner life.

Virgo

It is time to draw together all the different bits and pieces into a unifying whole. Working on the bigger picture will help with important changes to adjust your life direction. Until the end of January 2013 reconsider what has been taken too lightly. Refine and sharpen your powers of mental processing by starting a new course of study.

Libra

Use the energies of the moment and deepen your powers of understanding. Do not assume that you already know all the answers, instead remain open-minded and alert. Travel plans might need reviewing right now. Balance your comfortable life-style with a steady focus on self-sufficiency and accountability.

Scorpio

Saturn, the archetypal principle of matter, structure and time, enters your sun sign on October 6 and will remain here for the next three years. During this period you might have to let go of a few illusions in exchange for a more realistic understanding of yourself. Right now, is an excellent time for rebuilding and restoring your immediate environment.

Sagittarius

Mars entry into your sun sign on October 8 might provide you with a boost in energy and confidence. Be careful during the last week of the month and know when 'good enough' needs to be left alone! You might want to do everything in a big way, but others might not agree. So keep your cool and examine everything carefully.

Capricorn

This is potentially a very productive time for you, because you enjoy your work more than at other times. Contemplate on your goals and innermost wishes for your personal path. It is important to fit in with others, but make sure that you are associated with the right group of friends.

Aquarius

For the next few years it will be essential to focus much of your energy on your position in society and professional development. Balance time spent on your career and personal ambitions with time spent on your inner growth. Right now, it is an excellent time for studying something that stimulates your mind and soul.

Pisces

Visualise your purpose and work on a new perspective, a new understanding about the place that you wish to occupy in the world. Make your aims as clear and practical as possible and be prepared to sacrifice previously held conceptions, limitations and habits. However, make your choices in accordance with your actual abilities.

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Film review by Stephen Wright

Probably the best time-travel thriller you'll see this year. But it does have its creepy moments. There, that's the whole review really. You can go do something else now.

Joseph Gordon-Leavitt is Joe, a Looper. It's 2044 and time-travel has been invented but 30 years in the future. It's illegal but used by criminal gangs to send their enemies back in time to 2012 where they are killed and disposed of by Loopers. However at some point, your criminal future bosses, wishing to dispense

with a Looper's services, will send their future self back in time, a self the Looper is obliged to kill.

Loopers are spectacularly well paid for their work. And even get a bigger pay out when the Loop is complete and they kill their future self. However when Joe's future self (Bruce Willis) is sent back to him, Old Joe escapes and Young Joe goes after him.

Time travel films can often fall over in a heap as they try to develop a coherent theory of cause and effect and try to be clever and knock together a Hollywood plot at the same

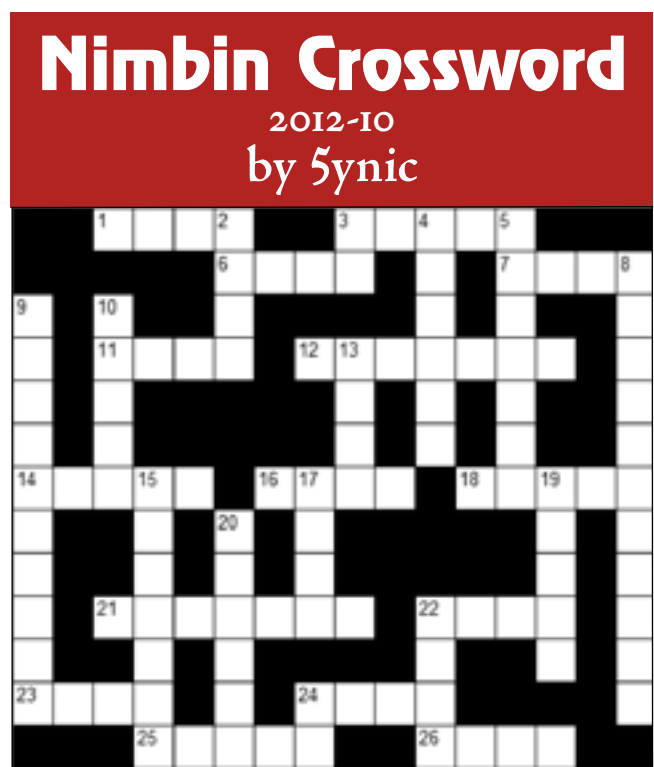
time. *Looper* makes it clear early on that they are not going to go there. As Old Joe says to Young Joe, "We're not going to talk about that time-travel sh!t." Having got that out of the way, the film is free to become a moderately complicated thriller, and zips along at a neat pace.

Gordon-Leavitt looks a bit weird as he's apparently wearing some kind of prosthetic face to make his features resemble a younger Bruce Willis. He looks as though his face has been melted by a nuclear blast. The look of 2044 is like 2012 with a few slightly groovier tech add-ons. Your phone is a plastic card that is all screen, drugs are eye-drops and you can buy expensive flying bikes. There's a 2012 joke when someone out in the country still can't get a signal on their mobile. But it's clear that a lot of the world is going to hell in a basket. Everyone is still driving ancient 2012 cars, but they've been jerry-rigged with dodgy-looking solar panels and so on.

I have no idea who the

director and writer of *Looper*, Rian Johnson, is but he knows that if you've got Bruce Willis in a film you need to have him use a lot of guns to kill a lot of people. And if you can reference spaghetti-western shoot-outs that will be even cooler. Though Willis and Gordon-Leavitt do exactly what is asked of them, the film stands or falls on the performance of a five-year-old boy. I won't drop any spoilers in here, but if the five-year-old Cid, (Pierce Gagnon) son of cane farmer Sara (Emily Blunt) had been miscast, the film would have struggled right when it was about to go turbo.

The closer *Looper* gets to its conclusion the less idea you have about how it's going to end. That's probably the mark of a good thriller, and pretty unusual for Hollywood. It's not in 3D either, which is great, and though it does have moments where I thought, 'Was that really necessary?' if you want two hours of an action thriller, *Looper* is the deal. And Emily Blunt really knows how to use an axe.



Across

- 1. Advertise? Stopper
- 3. Delicious bivalves
- 6. Hang out in the shadows? Read forums without contributing
- 7. Parceltongue speech?
- 11. Work for (reward, punishment...)
- 12. (Actually) Australian yeast spread
- 14. Milky coffee
- 16. Destiny?
- 18. Plait
- 21. Make
- 22. Home grown spooks (acronym)
- 23. Pistols at dawn?
- 24. Wizard

- 25 Put up? Straight-backed
- 26. (Solemnly) swear

Down

- 2. (Celtic) vale
- 3. One Perfume
- 4. Nuclear
- 5. Break into shards
- 8. Coincidence?
- 9. Not counted (sport)
- 10. Set back on fire
- 13. Defraud
- 15. Clear molasses
- 17. Afternoon
- 19. Universal rule
- 20. On land
- 22. Opposite of 20 down? Perplexed
- 24. ___. Warning

Reviews from the Crypt

by Stephen Wright

**Mike Oldfield
Tubular Bells (1973)**



Records, owned by a young pushy impresario called Richard Branson, still light years away from being the insufferable, pompous plutocrat he is now. Tubular Bells went to the top of the pop charts and thus began the ascent of Virgin. Mile Oldfield has a lot to answer for.

Tubular Bells is a linked sequence of musical themes. There's not really any development between them. They are stuck together end to end in a kind of collage. Oldfield's virtuosity was considerable. He played almost all the instruments on the album and was one of the first musicians to use overdubbing, then considered a bit of a cop out musically. Real musicians

played songs from beginning to end, using a different musician for each instrument.

Side One of *Tubular Bells* begins with a Steve Reich-style bell-like theme and morphs through a myriad of instrumental and mood changes before setting off into multiple repetitions of the now famous Tubular Bells theme. Side Two has as its highlight the 'Piltown Man' sequence, where Oldfield, apparently drunk, screams caveman noises, reportedly a protest at Richard Branson's demand that there be some lyrics on the album.

Oldfield has had a hard time from music critics. He didn't turn out to be the High Priest of Rock after all. But still, *Tubular Bells* made him a truckload of money and is now a kind of icon of English pop music.

**Herta Muller
Land of Green Plums (1994)**

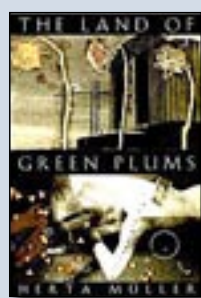
How do you write about the ugly and the oppressive without shutting the reader out of the experiences you are trying to describe? This might be one of the themes of Herta Muller's novel. Muller was born as part of the German-speaking minority in Ceausescu's Romania, a dictatorship notable for its stupidity and ugliness as well as its cruel secret police. Ceausescu wore a brand

new suit every day, had a horror of human contact, and owned a mansion filled with stuffed wildlife, garish kitsch furniture and a suite of weird bathrooms filled with strange stainless steel bathtubs with many taps, valves and hoses.

Herta Muller's *Land of Green Plums* tells the story of four young people who move to the city to escape their strictly traditional upbringing, only to fall under the surveillance of Ceausescu's secret police. Muller writes in simple, ambiguous and sometimes

luminous sentences. The narrator is a young woman, and her sense of vulnerability and terror is almost palpable. She lives in a world of betrayal, ignorance, cruelty and viciousness, where love is a ridiculed commodity and difficult to sustain even with those you care about.

This was the first of Muller's novels I read, and I think it's her best. It's



certainly her most popular. Muller won the Nobel Prize a few years ago, and this was the book that went to the top of the bestseller lists. It's short, but sometimes nearly unbearable to read, because it is so intense. Fiction writing is still dominated by men. It's men who generally win the prizes anyway, and it's a fine thing to see a writer like Herta Muller getting read by so many.

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Closed In Tight

A 'fine dining' restaurant, an 'up market' bistro. The waiter takes your order for the meal and a bottle of wine. The waiter arrives with the bottle of your choice, you inspect the label, the cork's pulled and placed on a small dish for your appraisal. Appraisal of what? The condition of the cork (its appearance) will tell you a great deal about the wine in the bottle. The narrower and more misshapen the cork, the longer it's spent time sealing your wine in the bottle and the more it goes towards verifying the vintage on the label. More importantly, and this is the main reason for presenting the cork for your inspection, is to smell the cork for any signs of 'cork taint' or, in the common vernacular, 'corked'.

Cork is made from the harvested and processed bark of the tree *Quercus suber*, a species of oak predominantly grown in the climate and sandy soils of the Mediterranean, but particularly in Spain and Portugal where it contributes greatly to their economies. Uniquely, the bark on this tree is so thick that it can be stripped from the trunk and larger branches without harming the tree. It takes about 25 years for the tree to grow before the bark is thick enough to harvest, and then another several years (nine years by law in Portugal) before harvesting again. (I wonder how someone thought of using bark to seal wine in a bottle, not to mention all the other uses for cork).

The cork slabs are stacked to season for approximately six months, then boiled in water for an hour and a half to make them more flexible and eliminate mould and other contaminants. The slabs are then stacked to dry for a few weeks before being cut into strips about the width of the cork closure. The corks are then punched out in cylindrical form from the strip, according to the required size, and treated variously for cosmetic and hygiene purposes, the latter mainly done by immersing the corks in a chlorine solution as a disinfectant. Unfortunately, aside from the issue of using chlorine for any material coming into contact with food, this treatment can result in the formation of Trichloroanisol, a compound in the cork that



in contact with wine infuses an aroma and flavour best described as mouldy and/or 'wet cardboard' and which, in lesser concentrations can make the wine seem 'flat' and lacking in fruit aromas.

The majority of wine consumers are not familiar with the characteristics of the flavour and aroma imparted by Trichloroanisol, and so blame the wine as being at fault, and not the cork that's in contact with the wine. When this problem was identified (quite recently) the demands for improved processing methods in cork production were, unfortunately, not addressed because of the historical/cultural attitudes in cork producing countries. Trichloroanisol became the new 'bogey in the attic'. This was especially so for premium wine producers whose reputation is tantamount to their continued success and resulted in Australian wine makers looking at an alternative closure that had been trialled (and available) back in 1990 – the metal closure; a thin, mainly tin, cylinder that, with an inert wad of pliable inorganic material in the cap, was easily 'screwed' onto the neck of the bottle creating a perfect seal. (Australia was the leader amongst wine producing countries to recognise the problem of 'corked' wines and promote the use of alternative closures)

Originally marketed as Stelvin (a propriety brand), this form of closure is now common throughout Australia and is being adopted across the international wine community. The benefits are twofold. Most importantly, we no longer have problems with 'corked' wines with the use of metal closures. Additionally, experiments/trials in bottle maturation of wine over the

years have demonstrated that wines with metal closures mature to the desired softness of texture and complexity of flavour while still retaining greater intensity of varietal characteristics than those wines bottle matured with cork closures. Wines sealed with a metal closure still go through the complex organic changes that occur within the wine as part of the aging process – but they are not exposed to oxygen because of the airtight seal. Wines bottle matured 'under' cork, even under the best cellaring conditions, are subject to changes in temperature. These changes in temperature cause the wine to expand and contract in the bottle and with each expansion the wine 'pushes' air out through the neck of the bottle between the glass and the cork. On contraction, air is drawn back into the neck exposing the wine to more air; a fresh dose of oxygen so to speak. Though the amount of air involved in this process is infinitesimal in volume, over many years it's sufficient to contribute towards the oxidative process and the inherent change in varietal character and structure of the wine.

The quality of cork varies considerably depending on its source, processing and contractual arrangements between seller and buyer – in other words, who gets in first. So the chances of a 'corked' wine are just as varied. Our wine retail market is seeing more and more of the prestigious brands being released with metal closures, a sign that wine makers are increasingly confident of consumer acceptance of this closure – which was the reason there was a reluctance to employ its use 30 years ago.

Wine info: terryb88@tpg.com.au

Ukulele... the Weapon of Mass Affection

by Brendan "Mookx" Hanley

I first heard that phrase years back when I met Dan Roman. I kept hearing about this guy from Hawaii and a monthly Ukulele gathering at the Suffolk Pub. So I went along. It was 'ALOHA' all the way ... about 90 people, most of 'em clutching the little weapons close to their hearts and strumming and singing their bums off!

I was stoked! I went home and wrote a ukulele theme, which became the opening hymn for all the meets in the ensuing two and a half years of the North Coast Ukulele Collective:

"Take a little ride, just a couple o' miles south of Byron Bay

Down in Suffolk Park, when the night gets dark, all the people sing and play.

They come together... doesn't matter if you're old or young.

They party the night away to a ukulele song And it's Alo-o-o-ha E (Pron. AY)

Everything's all right And it's Alo-o-o-ha E Ukuleles in the night!"

See: www.youtube.com/watch?v=XVJ5M6djIq8

Since those days we have been witnessing a global phenomenon... a uke-olution! An amazing spontaneous, exponential growth of community music at the hands of baby guitars. Once upon not-long-ago, the local music shop might have had one or two cheap 'throw-away' ukes in stock ... maybe the odd good one here and there. Now, music shops are jammed with the little buggers, costing from \$25 to many thousands. There's one shop on the Gold Coast that just does ukes and accessories exclusively... so popular is it becoming.

Anyone can play a uke, especially little kids. I tried teaching uke for many years when they had hit-and-miss friction tuning pegs (like a violin) and always found it a near impossible task due to tuning difficulties. Tuning up was a serious enough challenge for a long-time professional musician like myself, let alone some poor bugger who just wants to play a few Bob Marley songs in his hammock.

Then along came lightweight geared machine heads and the electronic tuner, and suddenly we're in bizness. Anyone can get in tune and strum a song... in 5 minutes if they're bright... maybe 6 if they're a bit shy or slow on the uptake!

One post digital-tuner night in Mullum several years ago, I finished playing a bracket at a party. People trotted off to the loo, the veranda, the fridge, the bong... you know! However, 6-year old Isabella was still there, sitting on the couch staring at me. Well... at my little Ovation uke actually! Totally transfixed! She had just fallen in love with a musical critter that was... wait for it... kid size!

I'm waving the uke and smiling... "You wanna play this little thing don't you?"

She nods. I sit next to her, hand her the uke and show her C major, the one finger chord. She forms the chord, strums the uke and grins... it can't be this easy... what's next?

The two finger F chord came next, with instructions to change chords from one to the other until automatic. Then the 3 finger G7... same instructions! She was great! I told her folks she was ready to learn the uke and that I would get her one. A dear friend gave me a classic old Concert uke for her and we started lessons. The first lesson was tuning up with the electronic gadget. No worries! Piece of cake for a six year old!

In no time at all, on a uke, you can play about 60% of all the songs you know... and if you learn a couple of easy minor chords as well, you can play just about any song you like... albeit in the same key of C. But that's where the magical, musical discovery road begins, calling to each of us on our own terms, our own choice and pace.

I had Isabella play those chords over and

over during the next few weeks. One Sunday we were all at the family farm kitchen table when I put the lyrics of her favourite song in front of her. Above the black-printed words, at the appropriate places, I had printed in red, the names of the chords. I told Isabella to try singing the song and playing the chords she now knew so well at the same time, changing to next chords where indicated.

She strummed and went into the song. When she came to the first change she took it automatically and the song flowed on. A deep realisation, a massive demystification took place. She looked up at me with real understanding of the door she had just tripped through, and with love and gratitude. Music was open slather for this girl now, and guitar, flute, piano... they all followed... her journey into music was fun and far reaching.

In this world of stress and all the rest, there exists a solution to it all. Uke 'em not Nuke 'em! So, do yourself a favour... buy a good, entry-level uke (\$50 with good strings and gig bag, \$20 for a tuner)... and you're in biz! Then go join a Uke group!

There are uke clubs everywhere now. A great one in Lismore, a true Community phenomenon in Mullumbimby... and Uke classes starting soon in Nimbin: at Nimbin Open Learning Centre from 2 to 3.30pm, starts Wednesday 17th October. Enrolment in first week of school term, Wed 10th and Thurs 11th October. Ukes available to buy or borrow. Enquiries 6689-1477.

Uke can do it!

On Youtube, you can see Isabella (a few years later) playing the uke at my "Fairy Pink" Book Launch at the Poinciana in Mullum. That's her sister Zoe singing so well, and me and Julie. Go to: www.youtube.com/watch?v=DicWhLMhuig



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by Len Martin and Catherine Baker

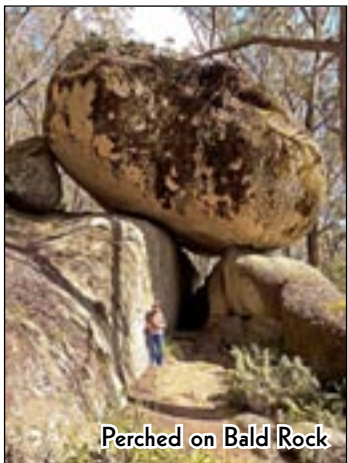
Another idyllic weekend for 14 lucky Nimbin Bushwalkers, but having just reported NSW government's policy on CSG for the Nimbin GoodTimes, I found myself wondering how many idyllic places we currently enjoy will cease to be so – given this government's CSG and shooting policies. Hence the title.

But at my age one must enjoy every minute one has left. So to the joys of Boonoo Boonoo (pronounced "Bunny Bunoo"; "BB" to save space) and the luxurious joy of "camping" in a wonderfully fitted out NP hut close to Morgan's Gully old gold-working site. This same trip last year, enjoyed by only five stalwarts, was characterised by vast numbers of ground orchids, iris and spectacular massed wildflower displays. Alas, far fewer this much drier year, so there was some, "Oh, you should have been here last year."

Those fortunate to arrive on Friday enjoyed a relaxed, sunny afternoon sauntering around the spectacular pink granite and photogenic waterways of Morgan's gully, before returning to a cosy hut with warm stove, food and good cheer for a chill evening. Two ancient decrepits, honoured with the only double bed, discovered, embarrassingly, they had brought sheets, but no warm bedding. Fortunately, well-organised people had spare sleeping bags, so Kay and I were sufficiently rested next morning to face the Ascent of Bald Rock – though we did go up the easy way and slowly. Such fabulous weathered granite rock formations and spectacular views to enjoy, with an extra bonus of Cunningham's Skinks sunning themselves with youngsters on their backs. Post-descent, Kay and I returned exhausted to camp, while the rest enjoyed an intrepid vehicular descent to the bottom of BB falls.

Next morning, Kay and I potted around the camp, enjoying the best wildflower displays of the weekend, only 200m from the hut, beside a beautiful waterfall gully. Later we sauntered along an easy Cockatoo Trail, while the more intrepid walked to BB Falls beside the BB river, whereupon, Catherine takes up the tale.

"I first climbed Bald Rock with my family twenty or so years ago. Good memories. Len has written up the Bald Rock walk, but since he didn't walk along the BB River, I have filled the gap. So here I am, knowing next to nothing about orchids and birds except that I like them,



alongside various intrepid and knowledgeable bushwalking identities – Don, David, Michael, etc. Actually, I'm not bad on reptiles – but mostly PNG ones.

The BB River Walk took about three hours, an easy walk with a more-or-less level track most of the way. One reason I joined the Nimbin Bushwalkers is because they offer a real variety of walks in terms of difficulty and terrain. With my creaky knees, 'easy' is what suits me most. Grade 1 or 2. Another is the average age of the membership. At around – what? 60? – it makes me feel right at home. They come from all over. A few from Nimbin, but many from elsewhere – Mullumbimby, Ballina, Kyogle.

And they're fun. Some are passionate photographers of sometimes quite minuscule flowers and other wonders, and they'll think nothing of blocking your path by suddenly falling to their knees, bum in the air, camera lens horizontal to ground, while I'm saying, 'What ARE you looking at?' In this case it was mostly tiny orchids, but insects can also draw a crowd.

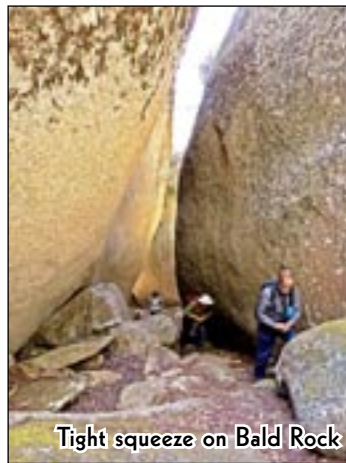
For me bushwalking is not just the will to keep my ageing body moving through this beautiful world (i.e. the exercise), it's also the company of others who see that beauty too. At some point or another during the River Walk I hooked up and chatted with most of the walkers, a few of whom I'd not met before. We passed Grevillea, Callistemon, Banksias, Melaleucas. Together we enjoyed seeing cockatoos, honeyeaters, kookaburras, wallabies, and from where I was looking with veteran bushwalker Judy, the telltale slipstream of a just-below-the-surface platypus gliding past the river's massive granite boulders.

From the lookout platform that marked the end of our walk we watched the 210-metre high BB Falls thundering into the gorge below, where creamy-coloured rock orchids hung on impressively. Apparently it was here that Banjo Paterson proposed to his beloved. There were numerous pools above the falls, but the walkers that were up for a swim declared the water too cold. We sat on the rocks and had our lunch watching a cormorant landing and losing a fish over and over again. We'd organized for some of our cars to be on hand in the nearby car park, and eventually headed back to our comfortable cabin – well, not quite all of us. Some hardy grade-5ers passed a few more hours clambering down to the base of the falls, and returned smiling just before dinner." Whereupon Len resumes the tale, pointing out (jealously? enviously? shamefacedly?) that those two "grade-5ers" were respectively 70 and 75 years old! Spit!

By Monday, a privileged few remained. One, who shall remain nameless, had scheduled a Lismore dental appointment for Monday morning! We cleaned up the hut. I caught final pictures of the Scarlet Robin that haunted the "campsite". Then to Basket Swamp NP. First, the spectacular Woolwoolni granite outcrop: a 400m walk up past tall everlasting daisies to precariously perched, house-sized granite boulders and a final scramble to views over the far east and north-east – a sacred place indeed. Thence, under lowering skies, to Basket Swamp Falls with its intriguing "waterworks", where we enjoyed a brief, sunny, lunch-break – the fitter doing a rapid trek to the bottom of the falls, before we drove up to the spectacular falls our leader had spotted last year. We scrambled to view them before thunder, lightning and increasing rain forced us back to the vehicles and a comfortable return home.



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Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc. Walks Program for October

Camping Weekend 13-14th October Jerusalem Creek/ Black Rock; Wendoree Lagoon, Bundjalung National Park

Leader Len Martin (66 890 254) **Grade 2** easy level walks of 3-4hr. Members can make own way to Black Rock campsite on Friday/ Saturday: 1.5h drive from Nimbin via Gap Road, off Pacific Highway, south of Woodburn. On arrival at camping area take north route (left turn) and look for club sign. On Saturday, day walk will start at 9.30am – out beside Jerusalem Creek, back along the beach with its Black



Rock; Sunday day walk starting 9.30am to Wendoree Lagoon and a possible skinny dip. Area good for push-bike rides, canoeing on creek. **Bring** food, water, camping gear, swimmers, bikes, canoes. **Note** NP entrance and camping fees apply.

Sunday 28th October Mt Jerusalem NP Huonbrook to Byron Bay Lookout, Jerusalem Mountain Road

Leader Catherine Baker (6684 2160) **Grade 2** 3hr return. Shaded walk on formed track, nothing steep. Cleared picnic area with good view of Mt Warning. **Meet** 8am Nimbin carpark or 9.15am Junction of Wilsons Creek Road and Coolamon Scenic Road (opposite Mullumbimby golf course). **Bring** Water, lunch, hat, leech repellent.

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).

We have a new web address: www.nimbinbushwalkers.com Secretary, Len Martin (pteropus42@smartchat.net.au)

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Nimbin Garden Club Notes



by Bernadine Schwartz

Club Visit to Walagala

Our September visit to Mandie and Steve Hale's property at Tunttable Falls was once again well attended and enjoyed by all. Mandie and Steve purchased the property in 1983, when it was smothered in lantana. To see what they have transformed these 1.5 acres into is outstanding, and would have taken a lot of blood, sweat and tears.

The home is a half round house made from brick with the Nightcap National Park as the backdrop. All around the perimeter of the house are rockeries and a vast range of succulents in pots. There was a spectacular 30-year-old Jade that stood out and was a prized specimen. The garden spreads out from the house in all directions with pathways taking you through diverse garden pockets. There were vibrant Babianas in purple and magenta, Clavias and nasturtiums with quirky little sculptures dotted about. Bromeliads are everywhere and Mandie has four shade houses, which house the rarer species.

Walking through the garden was similar to a treasure hunt with surprises around every corner. A fully matured 10-foot Gynea Lilly was tucked away at the back of the garden displaying its first ruby red flower. Mandie and Steve also have an established citrus orchid

and walled vegie patch. They have planted many unusual trees such as a Dragon Blood grown from a seed from the Sydney Botanical Gardens many years ago. Sadly the tree in the Sydney Botanical Gardens has since died. There are Magnolias (Port Wine and Himalayan), Himalayan Cedar, Japanese Sacred Bamboo, Aniseed Myrtle, Liquid Amber, Native Plum Pine and Bunyan Pine. All the trees are well established giving you the opportunity to appreciate their size when mature.

Down the side of the property is a wonderful spot for summer, with a viewing platform made by Steve that overlooks a gully with a running creek and densely planted rainforest. A gigantic blue Quandong stands proud with lush Bangalow Palms. There is a thick understorey full of ferns, birdsnests, orchids, bromeliads and bamboos. The garden had a large variety of Azaleas and Camellias about the property and their size was staggering. Mandie and Steve didn't make a plan for the garden, instead they planted trees and shrubs where they would grow well and then worked their garden beds around them. This gives you the impression that the garden has happened naturally. A



lovely selection of mostly old English Roses stood at the back of the house with a vegie garden alongside it.

As you wander through this rambling garden, fragrances from spring blooms are in the air. This really makes the garden special. Mandie and Steve only water their vegies and pot plants, everything else waters itself.

Mandie was very knowledgeable on the trees and plants in her garden and everyone learnt a lot from her tour. Thanks again Mandie and Steve.

Next month's club visit will be on Saturday 20th October at 476 Williams Road, Barkers Vale between 2 and 4pm. Directions to the garden are: travelling along Kyogle Road, turn into Link Road past Wadeville Store and look for Williams Road on your right. Look out for Garden Club signs along to route to assist. All are welcome; just bring a cup and folding chair.



Timorese Cock Fights



by Warwick Fry

'Juvey' – short for Juvenal – is the driver who was 'on loan' to the Australian SEARCH election observer team in East Timor last July. He had already achieved 'legend' status with the team, with his awesome driving skills. He seemed to be able to negotiate roads that appeared impassable at speeds that seemed impossible. He could negotiate his way through traffic in a four-wheel drive that he drove like a tank with the daintiness of a mini-moke.

He also seemed to know every third person in East Timor. When driving with him I would often be startled by his loud and sudden greetings barked out (Haii!!) with a wave of recognition – even on the more remote country roads. In fact, in the countryside we were more likely to stop for a quick conversation.

Juve was the person to ask why oh why were there so many cocks crowing, day in, day out and... well, the pre-dawn night hours of the very early morning. Did every Timorese family have a mini-poultry farm?

Well, no. There were enough hens around to keep everyone in eggs, but the cocks grossly outnumbered them.

The reason was the cockfights. Every family (or head of) had at least one, and preferably several fighting cocks. Cockfighting is prevalent throughout South East Asia, but it really took off in East Timor during the Indonesian occupation. Fighting cocks with a highly bred 'bloodline' are smuggled in from the Philippines via West Timor (the Indonesian half of the island) and are worth between one and two thousand dollars. An extraordinary amount of money for a country where most people make less than two dollars a day.

The hook is the gambling. In the countryside the

cockfights take place on the weekends, usually on a soccer field on the edge of town, or someone's farm. But Juvey tells me that in the capital, Dili, it's a daily event. Could I see one? 'Sure – there's one on right now. Want to go?' Sure.

The cockfight was in a dry stormwater channel visible from the main street, a major street market, and one of Dili's three petrol stations. Illegal, but very visible. Money was changing hands at a fast rate – like Australia's SP bookies, or online footy-tipping, betting was driving a thriving cockerel micro-business.

Which would be fine if it was like footy, where brain damage to the players is legally limited. But I grew up on a poultry farm and I know that under normal circumstances cocks don't fight to the death. It's more about the pecking order and knowing your place in it. But the cocks here have two-inch blades bound on to their spurs, and unless the owner intervenes (and loses his, and his backers' stake) one in three of the cocks ends up in a death fight. (Although some 'winners' have been known to succumb to adrenaline shock).

Juvey found the whole thing distasteful, although he seemed to know most of the 'bookies', and we got away as soon as we could. Back at my desk I resumed work on an article about the Timorese National Police and their rather flakey Chief.

The Timorese National Police regularly issue press releases declaring a crack down on gambling. In East Timor, 'gambling' is code for cockfighting. One thing I couldn't help noticing. The cockfight crowd was all male. And that domestic violence against women is slowly belatedly being recognised as a serious problem in East Timor. The Timorese National Police have been issuing press releases about this, too.

The world according to... Magenta Appel-Pye

It's spring-cleaning time of year and there is dust and hair everywhere. Everyone in my family is hirsute. The dog, being the shaggiest, is first. He spots the scissors and bolts under the bed. He gets dragged out, shaking, and

dealt with.

When his winter hair suit is removed, underneath is a slim pup. He celebrates by having an ecstatic roll on the lawn. "Hooray, I can feel my back again!" It looks like so much fun, I join him.

Next I drag hubby out of his cave, whinging and putting up a good fight. I tell him he doesn't have a chance, I've got PMT and anyway he should be thankful that I use a different pair of scissors to the dog. I have my way with him and give him a haircut that no hairdresser can. The one that looks like you didn't just have a haircut. It took me years to perfect and he begrudgingly admits it's pretty good and he's happy he still looks like Einstein. Then, when he's not looking I sneak up on him and swiftly pluck out that offending John Howardesque eyebrow. He screams like a torture victim in Guantanamo Bay and the neighbour rings the police, reporting domestic violence.



I threaten them with the tweezers and they take off quick smart.

Meanwhile I pay a nice masochistic lady to apply hot wax on me and pull out every last hair from both legs, toes included, without so much as a whimper. I then smile, thank her and pay her money. Who says women are the weaker sex?

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Woodenbong whimsy



by Marilyn Scott

It's a brand new day, full of love, full of blessings, full of healing and full of compassion.

The air, so fresh and new, clears my airways, the chitter, chatter and vibrational sounds clear my ears. The air continues down my throat, clearing and sparkling. It reaches my lungs and they expand with joy, fear washed away with the tenderness of Life.

I expel the impurities as my body gives a sigh, then the cycle continues.

Can there be any doubt at the Love, compassion, the tenderness, the overwhelming protection? We've been given Life and a body to celebrate and understand the mystery.

Massive things are

occurring, Life is happening and we're connected to that magic. We all need to be alight with this resplendent power, shining, glowing, and radiating consciousness.

Darkness only exists where there's no light. Focus on the light and watch the darkness fade away. It wasn't really there; we created it with our absence.

Each one of us has a choice, we hold the power to bring peace to this world.

So today's a brand new day, full of birdsong, full of Prana, full of beauty, healing and conscious awareness. I'm alive, I have a body. And inside me I have a heart filled to overflowing with Love.

And within all manifestation is the Life Force, giving its blessings, second by second. We have the Power of Peace within us.

I'm an impure, tainted cow-eater!

Ironically Yours

Travel diary of the irreverent

by Dionne May

Welcome to Nepal; a country where white people are seen as the lowest class by even the poorest, as we are tainted by eating cows. Killing a cow comes with the same repercussions as killing a human... straight to jail (unless related to someone official, then apparently the law can't touch you even for murder or rape)! It is a country where vegetarian Buddhism lives beside the goat sacrificing, blood drenched temples of Hinduism.

This land is rife with unrest since the violent end to the Royal family 10 years ago. Now a Maoist Party rules the roost and nepotism ensures that the water is too contaminated to drink, power is cut for up to 18 hours a day, fresh food is polluted with pesticides, inflation is at an all-time high and the education and health systems are in an appalling state. Meanwhile the wealthy enjoy a tax-free lifestyle and although Kathmandu can claim some of the highest real-estate prices in the world, they are not even charged rates.

Trapped between the power of India and China, political debate in this tiny country is heated and divided, while the disdain for their neighbours borders on racism. The youth are leaving in droves or protesting with rallies and strikes. With little political education it is

unclear how any effective leadership can evolve in the near future.

Meanwhile, tourists sit in the cafes with their heads in their laptops or Lonely Planet guides, planning their next adventure while averting their eyes from the beggars, holy men and Tibetan refugees.

I was off to test my endurance on the Annapurna Circuit in the Himalayas... a massive 300kms up to Thorung Pass at 5416m, being the highest pass in the world. I did my research on mountain sickness, bought myself a good pair of shoes for the job, chose my guide carefully – meeting his wife and four children over a home-cooked Dahl Bhat meal – and was as ready (or crazy) as I ever would be.

Two days into the trek I'd discovered two things: a) I was fitter than I thought, and b) my guide was a dirty, sleazy little rat! The only guiding he planned on doing was into my pants. What can I say.... I'm a Sex-Goddess and adoring men are to be expected! Negative thoughts gave me little satisfaction in the face of his persistence; knowing that he had developed a severe dose of piles, did.

But a trek of this magnitude is about oneself. Days and days of immersion in an ancient and epic landscape alone with your thoughts and 5000m of climbing ahead gives your soul a voice.

I dodged falling rocks, traversed steep trails with sheer drops into raging monsoon swollen rivers, climbed over unstable landslips, negotiated bridges that dipped and swayed in the wind and



was tragically reminded of the high price some intrepid trekkers pay. Two months earlier a light air-craft misjudged the high winds and was dashed against the cliffs, the wreckage still dangling precariously where it crashed.

With a deep sense of accomplishment, I made it to the pass. Time to reflect on every moment in life that led me here, a renewed appreciation for the intense beauty of the world. With the wind in my face, fresh snow on the ground and the tinkling of the bells on the mule-trains, I began the knee-busting descent. The first 1800m was almost straight down for four to five hours with no relief.

Two days later I cheated and replaced a five-hour trek with a one-hour bus trip. Serious mistake! I had promised myself no more life-threatening trips on buses in poor countries, yet here I was with a tension headache looming and visions of buses plummeting over the edge a mere foot away with cowboy-young drivers intent on reaching their destination in as short a time as possible! HELP! A vivid imagination is one thing, but the week before I had seen a bus down in a gorge – 28 killed and bodies still missing.

But all's well that ends well, and that evening I celebrated the Blue Moon soaking in the hot springs at Tatopani in the company of a Spanish firefighter and his German friend, plus a smorgasbord of hash delights and a cold beer.

So if you do happen to come trekking in Nepal, watch out for falling rocks and local buses and if you meet a trekking guide with one hand missing... it wasn't me!



trivia@thebowlo

Questions

1. What was the name of the ship Cook captained on his second and third voyages?
2. What does a cruciverbalist make?
3. What major city lies on the western bank of the River Plate across from Montevideo?
4. Who is the mayor of Lismore?
5. Name the two moons of Mars
6. Name either of the two famous bands originating in Athens Georgia
7. What was John Lennon's middle name?
8. In which country would you find the ruins of Troy?
9. In Internet terms what does URL stand for?
10. Who built the first successfully commercial sewing machine?

Devised by the Nimbin Bowlo's Quizmaster, Marty

Play Trivia on Saturdays, 7pm

- Answers
1. HMS Resolution
 2. Crosswords
 3. Buenos Aires
 4. Jenny Dowell
 5. Phobos and Deimos
 6. REM B2s
 7. Winston
 8. Turkey
 9. Uniform Resource Locator
 10. Isaac Singer



Plum tuckered

Nimbin Show's pet show triple ribbon-winner prize porky pig owned by Zara, daughter of Shaun and Sam. Co-judges were David Wacey and Gail M. Clarke. Photo: Patricia Wacey

Nimbin Crossword Solution

From Page 23



PIXIE the BUILDER

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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)
7.00am	7.25am
8.00am	8.25am
3.25pm	4.00pm
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
7.30am	8.00am
9.00am	9.35am
4.25pm	5.00pm
6.05pm	6.35pm

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* Mondays & Thursdays Only

The Fighting Feral Fiftths



by PAC

Nimbin V Dunoon

On Saturday 8th September Nimbin Headers were at home to Dunoon in the elimination final. It was a very warm and sunny day, about 29 degrees C, so the referee decided to have three breaks in the game – a wise move. The game was pretty fast end-to-end football until a Dunoon player booted a bomb high in the sky from about the half way line towards the Headers goal and as it came down right in front of the sun, the Headers goalie put his hands up to try and catch it or tip it over, but the ball came down just behind him and bounced inside the goal to hit the back of the net: 1-0 to Dunoon.

From the re-start the Headers mounted an attack only to just miss: goal kick. Then Dunoon were on the attack again (and I thought, "They're up for it today") and a scramble in the penalty box brought reward for them – as a shot was deflected it fell to a forward who was falling over but he got his foot to the ball to put it in the net. Another

raid by Dunoon nearly resulted in another goal but the defence blocked the shot and the Headers goalie (Golden Gordon) tipped the second shot out for a corner. So at he first break, about 22 minutes in, the score was Headers 0 Dunoon 2, not the score I wanted to see.

The crowd had built up during that first quarter and really got behind the home team, and it wasn't long before magic Phil Courtney had split the defence and from about 30 metres out, chipped the on-rushing goalie to leave him in no man's land as the ball floated perfectly into the middle of the net, drawing forth a big roar from the crowd on both sides of the field. Now the Headers were taking control of the game possession-wise, and as the crowd urged them on they soon got the equaliser – another chip by that man Phil (Chip) Courtney – and normal service resumed. The Headers were all over them now and third goal duly came from Miko Hayashi from a ball supplied by Phil. When the whistle went for half time the score was Headers 3 Dunoon 2. What a cracking first

half of football by both teams, and a credit to the skill of a lowly division.

The second half carried on at the same pace but was not end-to-end, as Dunoon came under increasing pressure and Phil soon had a hat trick as number four was slotted in: 4-2.

Dunoon tried to compose themselves and a young Dunoon forward had a shot that whizzed past the left hand post, a good effort, and he got a good round of applause from the Nimbin crowd. As time was ticking away for Dunoon, the Headers put the nail in the coffin as Phil scored another great goal to take his tally to four. Gary Whisker, towards the end, had three shots from the left hand side on the Dunoon goal and progressively got closer with each shot, until the last one which was very close to the post.

The next goal for the Headers was sheer magic, as centre forward Phil, at the corner post with the ball went round one, then two, then three defenders to set up his right hand striking partner Miko again, who made no doubt about it, smashing it in to give him two goals for the match. It was the consummate game of football by the Nimbin Headers. All the players were involved and put in a big effort. Final score: Nimbin Headers 6, Dunoon 2.

I asked in my last report for the Headers faithful to come and see if we could get the best home crowd of the season, and it turned out to be just that. Thanks to all the supporters who came and made it a memorable day for the Nimbin Headers Sports Club.

On the same day, South Lismore were at home to Lennox Head and the score at full time was 2-all and so it went to penalties, Lennox winning 5-4, so they got into the Grand Final.

Nimbin V Souths

On Saturday 15th September the Nimbin Headers were away to South Lismore, and they started very well, pinning the Souths side in their own half for the opening 15

minutes. Their goalie made two great saves and the Headers hit the bar and the post in two other moves. Souths were slowly getting back into the game and scored the opening goal, the Headers responding with a shot that just sailed wide. The game was getting very physical now with yellow cards coming out quite often and Headers players getting tackled and flattened off the ball. By now the referee had totally lost control of the game and from then on it was a bruise-fest for the remainder of the game. One of the Headers forwards was hacked down in the box and no penalty in sight.

In the second half the Headers hit the underside of the bar and the ball looked to have bounced over the line, and on the way up Souths' goalie grabbed it, but the linesman was 20 metres down the field so the score remained 1-0. One of the Headers main defenders was injured in a goal-mouth scuffle and the game stopped for quite a while, and he had to come off: season over. With about 20 minutes to go, Souths got a dubious free kick about 25 metres out and it was smashed into the net, a lovely free kick. 2-0 to South Lismore.

The Headers were still troubling the Souths' defence and another shot hit the underside of the bar again but still no goal. It wasn't going to be the Headers' day, and at the death Souths got a very jammy goal from a scrabble in the box.

Thus ended the Nimbin Headers' season, going down 3-0. South Lismore went to the Grand Final and beat Lennox Head by the same score.

Well done you feral fighting fiftths for a very entertaining season.

Social 7-a-side soccer – Starts Tuesday 9th October and runs 'til 11th December. All welcome. Games will start at 5.30pm and 6.30pm at Headers grounds. For info, contact Myf on 6689-1512.

The Phoenix team's annual game for senior men is on Sat 20th October, 3pm kick off.

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