

Ten things not to do at a birth

1. Don't treat birth like a party! Although you might want to invite lots of people and get 'first row seats' for yourself-birth is not a party. Some women like to have lots of support people around but for most, the birth journey is easier if the woman feels private and safe with dim

by Kirrah Holborn, Traditional Wisdom' Birth Doula

lights and only people she truly trusts. Birth is an intimate affair.

- 2. Don't talk loudly and ask lots of questions! For birth to proceed normally, the woman needs to engage her primal brain and she needs to quieten her 'thinking brain'. When you talk too much it stimulates the neo-cortex and inhibits the release of endorphins (her natural pain killers).
- **3.** Don't tell the woman to relax! You might think you're being helpful but you just sound like a dictator telling her to do something that

When it came time for Kerry to step into her birthing pool, she found it aiready occupied.



feels impossible. Instead try words like 'soften', 'release' and 'melt'. Find words that resonate with her.

- 4. Don't anxiously massage! If you're feeling nervous, don't touch a labouring woman. She needs slow movements and a calming touch.
- 5. Don't have a look of panic on your face! Always try and have a reassuring expression.

Let your eyes be full of confidence and show that you really believe that she can do it.

6. Don't be self absorbed! This birth is about the woman and meeting her needs. Do whatever you can to make sure she gets what she wants. You are there as support and to advocate for her wishes. 7. Don't bring strong

smelling things to the birth! Pregnant women usually have a strong sense of smell. Some annoying smells like strong coffee, smoky breath or perfumes can be too overwhelming and contribute to nausea or annoyance.

- 8. Don't take things too personally! Don't take it personally if the mother criticizes or tells you to stop doing something. Just say 'sorry' and stop doing it.
- **9.** Don't announce the baby's sex! Unless you've discussed this beforehand, if the baby's gender is unknown, let the woman discover it for herself.
- 10. Don't ring people straight after the baby is born! Wait until the placenta is born, the mother is warm and the parents have had time to bond and be close. This time is precious.

Birth & Beyond March schedule

Mondays, 4.30-5.30pm 10th March: Exploring birth plans/preferences 17th March: 'Birth as we know it' DVD 24th March: The benefits of

placenta encapsulation 31st March: Nappy free DVD and talk 7th April: How partners can help at birth

> Birth & Beyond meets every Monday from 4.30pm-5.30pm. Sessions are run by donation. For more info (or to hold a session), phone 0429-308-851 or email: kirrah@traditionalwisdom. com.au To be added to the mailing list, just send an email or text. The schedule can be found online at: www. traditionalwisdom.com.au

What's new at the Green Bank?

Business Feature

by Rebecca Ryall

₹ ha...cha...cha...changes... Well, things are really moving down at the 🖊 GreenBank – we've got new staff, new practitioners and new products.

Probably the first thing you'll notice is the gorgeous display of new bilums, just arrived from PNG, courtesy of Lishia's brother Bao who has been visiting. We are proud to support this venture by Trade Fairly Now, and always have to restrain ourselves from buying them

The next thing you will notice upon visiting our little shop may be a new smiling face behind the counter, or offering you a cup of iced tea. January saw many changes (and some upheaval) in terms of our shop faces, and it's lovely to now have Gin and Deb involved

in our venture, and to welcome new energy and enthusiasm to the mix. Deb is a regular Thursday girl now, and Gin will be in some Saturdays and we're sure you'll love them as much as we do.

We have also welcomed some new practitioners since the New Year, and they are proving popular, too. On Monday mornings, and some Saturday afternoons, we are happy to offer the heartfelt services of Penelope, who has recently returned from a long time away in Melbourne, where she has been studying and practicing Shiatsu. Shiatsu is a relaxing, yet energising, fully clothed massage technique, which takes place on a futon on the floor, and involves a combination of pressure points, stretches and rotations, to release areas of tension, and nourish areas of weakness.

If you are curious about this type of treatment, please feel welcome to drop by on a Monday morning and share a cup of tea with Penelope, who will happily answer all of your questions about Shiatsu. A session with Penelope is \$35 for ½ hour and \$60 for an hour.

Our newest practitioner, Rita, is passionate about sharing with you the physical and

spiritual benefits of KaHuna massage. This beautiful form of bodywork provides a holistic approach to healing by balancing the bodymind in its physical, emotional and spiritual dimensions, through the Spirit of Aloha. Aloha is the state of Love.

KaHuna bodywork is a unique style of massage unlike any other. The practitioner uses their hands, forearms and elbows and moves around the table in a flowing motion. They work with energy to apply soft and deep tissue massage. Music is played, and the practitioner attunes the flow of the massage to harmonise the various rhythms within the client's body, mind and soul.

Rita is available for sessions on Wednesday mornings, from 9am. She is offering 1 hour sessions at \$60 or 1½hour sessions at \$80. Call the shop on 6689-1881 to book your session

Krishna has dropped back to just doing Wednesday afternoons now, and he books up pretty quickly, so if you've been thinking about booking in with him for either KaHuna or remedial massage, don't hesitate to call for a session. We have massage practitioners

available every weekday, and most Saturdays. Free tea tastings are still happening all day every day, with iced teas when it's hot, and warm ones when you need it. We are chuffed to announce that Tea Medica's peppermint tea was recently awarded a Bronze medal in the inaugural judging of Australian grown herbal teas, as part of the Royal Melbourne Fine Food Awards. Bronze was the highest accolade

awarded in the competition this year, so it's really a Gold!

We have loved sharing tea with all our local friends and supporters, and making new connections over complimentary tastings, and are raising a cup in celebration of Tea Medica's

Kylie, Lishia and Rebecca continue to welcome you to share in our space, and our vision for a more sustainable and authentic shopping experience. We are open Monday to Saturday and the odd Sunday, usually from about 9.30am 'til 5.30pm, and continue to enjoy the company of the folk from the Nimbin Farmers Market each Wednesday afternoon from 3-6pm, rain or shine.

We'll see you for a cup of tea soon.

Nimbin Hospital Information

Women's Health Nursing Service

3rd Thursday of the month Pap smears, contraceptive advice breast checks general health info. Phone 6688-1401 to make an appointment. Next clinic: 20th March.



Early childhood nurse

Every Tuesday. Phone 6620-7687 to make an appointment.

Child Immunisation clinic

2nd Tuesday of the month, for 0-5 year olds. Next clinic: 11th March. To make an appointment, phone 6620-7687.

Nimbin community nurses

Palliative care in the home, assessment, treatment advocacy referral. 8am-4.30pm. Phone 6689-1288 and your call will be returned ASAP.

Free Respiratory Clinic

2nd Thursday of the month, run by specialist Registered Nurse and Nurse Practitioner. Assessment, education, referrals. Next clinic: 11th March. Phone 6688-1401 for appointments.

Free Diabetic Clinic

3rd Thursday of the month, run by a Diabetes Educator. Assessment and Education. Next clinic: 20th March. For appointments, phone 6630-0488.

Nimbin Hospital Auxiliary

Meetings are held on the second Friday of each month in the hospital conference room at 10am. Next meeting: 14th March.

Hospital Garage Sale Saturday 29th March, 8.30am-2pm. Please come along and support your local hospital. Donations of items to sell can be handed in at Hospital reception, attention Doug McFadden.

Natural Law

by Helene Collard

I am a self-sovereign being. I honour my ancestors, past and present. You are all my relations. All is One.

reetings – how are you travelling? If you've been acting upon your intuitive guidance, or seeking to know more about your inner conflicts, then everything is in Divine and perfect order for you right now. Your current inner and outer life circumstances are

Life is learning. Learning is growing. Growing is healing. Healing is acknowledgement.

Healing is acknowledgement of our unresolved stories and the associated unexpressed feelings. These buried memories and emotions influence our world everyday - in relationship dynamics with Self and others, and in our values, ideas, perceptions, opinions, ability to negotiate and communicate and other areas. If you feel stuck in a certain area, see what stories and emotions are asking for acknowledgement in order to move on.

The current cosmic time is ripe to imagine. What is it that you want to invite into your life? What does your heart guide you to? Rest your body and quiet your mind, focus, and create that image in your mind. Do this often, every day - 5 to 10 minutes is perfect. It is time for a seed you have planted to



sprout, and you can support that seed with vour vision.

Once you are familiar with your vision, continue to imagine it, however now, focus on the feelings associated with your vision. How will you feel when your intention becomes a reality? Add these feelings into your focused

If you have knowledge of any healing arts, apply them to your focused vision sessions, as well as other helpful tools, including sacred geometry, crystals, affirmations, animal and ancestor spirits and others.

It is important to mention the Natural Law associated with this particular process: with whatever you vision, comes a reciprocal letting go.

That means the two go hand-in-hand, they are interdependent. So apart from including feeling in your vision, and visioning often, you also need to let go of something in order to create the right environment for the manifesting of that vision. Only you will know what that is and it will be different for everyone. Before your vision becomes a reality, you must allow something to die.

Do not focus on the timing of when your vision will materialise, simply focus on your vision and on whatever you are being guided to release. When carried out with sincerity, this process will breathe a life of its own and take you on the necessary path toward manifestation. The length of that path will be different for everyone, depending on their vision.

Make sure your vision is from the heart, as these are the ones the Universe and your spirit will support

This process is also wonderful medicine for our bodies and minds, as it replaces (often) mindless thinking with imagery and feelings that represent our heart's desires. This exercise done regularly, can greatly improve one's general wellbeing. Remember, in March - vision, feel and let go.

My love and blessings to all.

Helene Collard is a Reiki Master-Teacher and the founder of a Reiki Healing Circle in Lismore, who has a Bachelor of Trauma & Healing (Law & Justice) from SCU and is currently conducting a self-care course at the ACE Community College, Lismore called 'Me Time'. Giving and receiving

any years ago, I was in office in a branch of the Anglican Church and was given the task of training a deacon in spiritual matters. I was quite radical then, as now (a reason I no longer have any connection with the church), because I chose to teach my "student" a lovely Tibetan Buddhist meditation practice called Tonglen. Tonglen means "giving and

receiving". I taught him this because we in the West tend to exclude ourselves from the offering of compassionate love even as we offer it to other people. We give lip service to Jesus' wish that we love one another even as we love ourselves. Somehow or other, we willingly pray for the well-being of others, but consider looking after ourselves spiritually as being egotistical and selfish. By doing this we separate ourselves from the very world we seek for the betterment of others. This is all wrong. We are all one and compassion for others has to take in compassion for ourselves. Compassion cannot be broken up.

It's ironical that while we remove ourselves from meditations and prayers of compassion, we celebrate, at another level, selfishness (thus the photographic 'selfie") and material greed ("mine, mine, mine").



by Dr Elizabeth McCardell M Counselling, PhD

How can this be? How can we – at the same time - exclude ourselves in the act of spiritual giving and rejoice in a material giving to ourselves? This kind of disconnection seems to be expressed in a global level as well. We very easily talk of the interconnectedness of all life, but somehow or other dissect ourselves out of the equation. Why, is difficult to know. Is it our dualistic philosophic tradition, expressed in science and technology (neither are bad in themselves, but do illustrate a very particular way of seeing)? Is it the Protestant work ethic embodied in the church and enmeshed in everyday life: a culture of excess of work, big bucks, and psychological and spiritual exhaustion?

Meditation on receiving and giving, Tonglen, softens all this. It opens the heart to acceptance of self and others. It brings mindfulness to breath and aware consciousness to self in relation to others, and ourselves in relation to our environment. It connects us in attention to this moment and that, freeing dissension and exclusion, opening us to self-acceptance as a person among persons, and implicit in the deep ecology of life itself.

This is not the art of pity and arrogance; it is the art of recognizing ourselves with all others and loving that and it is also recognizing in ourselves what we see in others (their anger, arrogance, pride, miserliness, jealousy, addictive behaviour, etc) and not shying away from it. As we open ourselves to having compassion for ourselves, we open to feeling the pain of others. Compassion for self is compassion for others. As Pema Chödrön says, "The tonglen practice is a method for connecting with suffering - ours and that which is all around us - everywhere we go. It is a method for overcoming fear of suffering and for dissolving the tightness of our heart. Primarily it is a method for

awakening the compassion that is inherent in all of us, no matter how cruel or cold we might seem to be."

It is the meditation of give and take.

I have thought long and hard about sharing this meditation publicly, and I've decided to establish a regular group, meeting fortnightly to practice this meditation, combining what I know of the Buddhist mind with the skills I've gained in my hypnotherapy and counselling practice. I want to use these sessions to build a ground of conscious being that serves a useful foundation for other workshops and the individual work that I offer as well as being a really handy standalone work of the heart.

In June this year, a wonderful colleague of mine, Indivar from Perth, will be visiting Lismore and running a weekend workshop on Living and Dying Consciously. Tonglen meditation will support that workshop and be an invitation for a lifelong practice to develop compassion for ourselves and compassion for others.

If you are interested in the Meditation of Giving and Receiving as well as Indivar's workshop, please email, phone, or text me.

Namaste.

dr_mccardell@yahoo.com

shellfish, cheese, chocolate or red wine may trigger them, as can over-eating. Often these patients will suffer from indigestion, sore gums or constipation.

Headaches due to the Chinese Medicine concept of phlegm damp will feel heavy, sometimes described as like by smells it will be this type. There can

This is not at all an exhaustive list. There are also headaches caused by head trauma, classed as blood stagnation for example.

Once the diagnosis is made, the pattern can be treated. Acupuncture is very effective at treating the excess types and rapid results are usually achieved.

Many of these patterns are associated with trigger points in the neck and upper back and relaxing these with acupuncture is part of the treatment.

Deficiency types can also be treated. With these, herbs will often be needed as well.. The aim is to decrease the need for either pharmaceuticals or herbs as treatment progresses. This often needs to be done slowly until the

There are many variations on the causes of headaches, with the recurrent or intractable nature being the common theme for frequent headache or migraine sufferers. But once there is a diagnosis, relief and a cessation of the

Brigid is a qualified Chinese Medicine practitioner who can be contacted through Lismore Community Acupuncture on 0431-702-560.







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Headaches

by Brigid Beckett

Headaches, whether a dull constant pain or overwhelming full blown migraine, are a recurrent and debilitating problem for many, interfering with normal functioning and enjoyment of life.

And often there appears to be no easy answer to this common

Many people are on pharmaceutical headache medication.

None of these medications are without side effects. Weight gain, drowsiness, fatigue, and nausea can occur with migraine preventative medications.

Non-steroidal anti-inflammatories can produce stomach ulcers, heart failure and reduced renal function. especially with frequent use.

And frequently prescribed at the same time are the ubiquitous antidepressants, with their own set of problems.

In a recent study of 1200 migraine sufferers, 2/3 delayed or avoided their medications because of the side effects.

Obviously sufferers would prefer to be without the headache and the pharmaceuticals.

Chinese Medicine first aims to classify the headache. They are first classified as either of excess or deficiency types.

The excess type is severe and debilitating while the deficiency type is duller with associated tiredness.

Further diagnosis depends on location, time and triggering factors as well as pulse and tongue diagnosis.

Following is a brief overview of headache patterns related to liver, kidney and stomach.

This is referring to the Chinese medicine view of the function of the organs, which may not correspond to the

Western organ function view.

Headaches due to liver pathology are common. Depending on the specific liver pathology they may feel like a tight band around the head. Or they may be throbbing, splitting or distending, temporal or behind the eye. They may occur premenstrually, first thing in the morning or wake the person during the night. Sometimes they can annoyingly come on during weekends or holidays. There may be eye pain or distension.

They are often aggravated by emotional factors, alcohol or fatty food. This type is often worse from lying down and better for exercise.

Kidney or blood deficiency pathology headaches often have their onset in the evening or night. Often seen in occupations with prolonged standing and nightshifts, or with overwork. .They may occur after neck massage or after sex. Usually this type will improve with rest. Sometimes there will be associated dizziness. The nature is a dull all over headache.

Stomach patterns are worse with eating. There is usually a strong relationship to diet. Foods such as

The headache is usually frontal.

being wrapped in a wet cloth. If the headache is brought on or aggravated be dizziness or vomiting. Emotional factors can contribute to this type of headache as well.

overall condition has improved.

pattern is definitely achievable.

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by Thom Culpeper

Fenugreek: Trigonella foenum-graecum, Cultivars: 'Durga', 'Kashmiri', Menthi.

Related forms T. arabica, 'Nafal' is used by the Bedouins of the Negev and Sinai to flavour clarified butter.

T. caerulea 'Sweet trefoil', 'Curd herb' The dried flowers and leaves are used by the Swiss to flavour and colour cheeses that are used in Fondues.

This very aromatic spice is one of the principal ingredients of many of the popular curry mixes. The leaves are commonly used as pot herb in India, the germinated seeds together with honey are used in lamb stews in the near east.

Older European curry powder blenders used this spice to a point of blandness. Makers of imitation maple syrups use fenugreek oil to achieve the 'maple' flavour, as do rum, butterscotch, pickle and cheese manufacturers and blenders. A coffee substitute is made with the roasted seeds, and the leaves and the seeds are steeped for tea making. Fenugreek has a long history

in the culinary arts and interestingly in stock care, a number of classical texts attest to it's use in 'sweetening' stale hay, with Roman chroniclers noting the Greek's use of it for this purpose. The name 'foenumgraecum' literally means Greek hay, though the seeds of fenugreek have been identified in Pharaonic tombs. Indian use of toasted and ground fenugreek is as a small but prime component of curry blends, resulting in countless outcomes, the level of dry toast and/or frying in oil being one of the the main factors. Iranian cooking uses the leaves with vegetables to create a sauce for the slow stewing of mutton. A bread called

methi naan is made with the addition of fenugreek from dried and re-soaked leaves in Northern India. It may be a said that fenugreek is an imperative in most regions of India.

For what it's worth: a note on Fomenting a Fermentation Revolution. The following is a recipe for anointing a

To treat 2 kilos of white bok choy, wong bok or gai choi.

Daikon: (large radish) 1 kilo

Following osmotic desiccation (salt soaking). (3-4 hours).

Shallots: Add 25mm cut pieces. Smother with this:

Rice or Tapioca flour: 1/3 cup in 3 cups water, simmer till clear.

Garlic: 8 cloves

Chilli, dried red flakes: 1 cup

Onion, red: 1 good one

Ginger, diced: 1 cup Fish sauce: 2 cups

Blend all the above... add to the cooled rice/sago paste. Anoint and containerise and let the results ferment for 3-4 days.

Note: Oysters or mussels (1/2 kilo) added make this Kimchi a feast to be twittered! Season with Shiso Fumi Furikake (perilla, seaweed and bonito flakes).



by Bob Tissot

which lies about 15k off the coast from Haiphong in the north of Vietnam. Getting here from Yangshuo was a marathon effort (29 hours) and smashed our previous record (18 hours) into the dust. During this epic journey we got to see, amongst other things, the insane growth that China is undergoing with hundreds of megalithic high-rise apartment blocks going up everywhere. It's been said that Beijing requires at least a couple of new blocks to open every day just to keep up with the influx. Bloody Hell! The train from Nanning to Hanoi was awesome in that we managed to score a 4 berth soft sleeper (as opposed to a hard sleeper) all to ourselves. Even the fact that the border crossing took 2 1/2 hours (between 10.30pm - 1.00am) and required exiting the train with all luggage twice; or the rude awakening at 4.30am and groggily de-training into the waiting maws of the Hanoi taxi mafia didn't spoil it. Sleepers are cool when you've got your own compartment.

OK. It's sunset here on Cat Ba Island

Haiphong was an eye-opener in that I realized I'd never seen a fully industrial city before. There are more huge trucks in the street than cars and one stretch of road about 3 kms long was using the curbside lane as a tyre-changing area. Rattle guns were hanging from small trees every truck length, with hoses snaking over a wall to what I assume was some massive, kick-ass air compressor. I've been told that apart from all the usual goods flowing in and out of Vietnam and southern China, all the illegal timber from Laos and Cambodia comes through here as well. Saw one truck with a load of logs all straight as arrows and each log was well over 1m in diameter. Bastards!

The weather here on Cat Ba is pleasantly balmy and although there are a few people wandering the streets, the town (well at least the tourist section of town) is basically deserted. I tell you, when they have a low season here it is absolutely rock bottom. The street along the harbor is a solid wall of hotels, all desperately trying to attract a guest or two. When our bus pulled into town it was surrounded by hotel reps who swamped the couple of emerging tourists, pushing cards into their hands advertising their hotels and offering absolutely ludicrous rates. We ended up in a huge room, new hotel, wall to wall windows overlooking the bay for a paltry \$8 a night. God knows how they make enough to cover the power, let alone the staff.

Rented a motor scooter the next day and explored all the sights the island has to offer, which included an old French fort from before independence and the Hospital Cave, whose name should be self explanatory. An entire hospital complete with hydro-therapy pools and a cinema (used for propaganda films) built inside a huge natural cavern. This was one of the main hospitals used by the Vietcong during the American War

and patients had to be carried up a crude rickety wooden ladder to attain the cave entrance. There's a section at the top where tourists aren't permitted because unlike the rest, the very top is still a fully operational command centre, just in case. Likewise for the French fort. Below the old rusted guns, disused tunnels and tourist cafe, lie craftily hidden hypermodern artillery weapons just waiting to poke their evil snouts out and rain death on all invaders. (We tourists aren't supposed to know this but I guess I talk to the locals too much.)

We also checked out the national park here on Cat Ba, and climbed to the top of a reasonably high karst. The view from the top was amazing, looking out over dozens of green-clad mountaintops with no human habitation in sight; the first piece of wilderness we've seen so far on our travels. The track to the peak was pretty wild and towards the top involved clambering up a crevice of sharp, eroded limestone. Diana amazed everyone (even me) by not only getting to the top, but getting there in bare feet. Some other walkers (German I think) were absolutely flabbergasted when they encountered us heading up while they were on their way down. They were all sensibly shod in Birkenstocks and found the sight of bare feet outside of a shower cubicle, alien and very, very wrong.

The next day, or possibly the one after that, we did a boat cruise round all the islands on a boat so decrepit it felt like their version of a paddock basher, although to be fair the engine sounded in OK condition. But the rest of the boat was literally coming apart under our feet. The transom beam (I think that's what it's called... a big beam running across the stern and supporting the rudder assembly) had cracked in two and the entirely inadequate 4 x 1 that was nailed to it as a bodgy repair had also split down its entire length. I saw all this while swimming next to the boat but thought "Best not mention it to anyone, we still have to get back"... which we did. The scenery was spectacular and at one point we stopped at a genuine pirate cave, which we got to explore (the pirates had moved out). It was just astounding; many caverns, micro bats, crystal outcrops and a hidden cove accessible only through the

Tomorrow it's back to Hanoi and then down to Hoi An.

The art of homoeopathy

by Lee-Anne Young

Autumn at the School of Natural Medicine and the Arts (SONMATA) sees the offering of three courses in homoeopathy for caregivers in our communities.

Homoeopathic 1st Aid and Constitutional Homoeopathy are both offered during Autumn 2014. It is also exciting to run a new course which is an extension to the previous courses and is suited to health care practitioners and those with experience with the use of Homoeopathics, Chronic Disease and its Homoeopathic Treatment.

• Chronic Disease (and its Homoeopathic Treatment) is a six-week course 9.30 to noon on the last 6 Tuesdays in Autumn. The result of ineffective treatment of acute disease and trauma, may lead to chronic disease, autoimmune disease, unexplained illness and cancer.

The art of treating chronic

medical practice. This homoeopathic treatment approach addresses each layer of disease that has surfaced and is actively expressed in signs and symptoms... may remove the burdens of time... and may take you back to the health state of a previous time. Miasms may sit within deepest layers of disease, blocking any positive response to treatments.

Learn the art of winding inherited disease out of the family tree. Safeguard your own children from carrying the family's disease patterns and the consequent struggles this burden creates in life for them, often reproducing the same dysfunctional relationship dynamics in each generation over their lifespan.

 Constitutional Homoeopathy, also a sixweek course, 9.30 to noon on the last Wednesdays of Autumn.

Constitutional homoeopathics fortify the being. You may treat your

family and animals safely and cheaply. Constitutional treatment may be effective in treating your children and pets from birth and through the younger years without drugs, or as an adjunct to mainstream medicine.

Horses and farm animals may all benefit from constitutional treatments. Constitutional treatments may also be used as tonics. Homoeopathic 1st Aid or previous training in Homoeopathy is preferred as a prerequisite for this course.

· Homoeopathic 1st Aid, six Thursdays at the end of Autumn, 9.30 to 12.30. Treat people and animals in need of care at home, in the bush, on the farm and road. Hangover, anxiety, fever, teething, tick bites, period pain, injuries, headache, tummy upsets, and more may be treated.

This course is suitable for those without any previous training in Homoeopathy, instilling confidence with the use of homoeopathics in situations as they arise.



• Sahaja Yoga, meditation group will be on the first Sundays of March, April and May at 11am. These are free classes and all are welcome to come and meet us at the school and meditate in this special environment.

For more information about SONMATA courses, please phone Leanndrah on 6636-2356 or visit our website: www.sonmata.org where enrolment forms can be downloaded.

Alternatively contact us via email: sonmata@mail.com SONMATA's home is an old church in the village of Wiangaree, 10 minutes north of Kyogle in Northern NSW along The Summerland Way.







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hen I was a little school kid, the nuns would paint such a scary and simultaneously boring image of \dot{H} eaven that I instantly developed a morbid terror of actually ever being dragged there. The thought of every day... forever after... all eternity... just sitting on a bloody cloud, praising the bearded, shitty-livered, vindictive, war-mongering, grumpy old smiter himself, surrounded by saints and angels... and millions of superstitious, terrified and terrifying nuns, sadistic brothers, priests, bishops, cardinals, popes and righteous church-goers (everyone in pecking order of course) was enough to turn five year old me into a devil-worshipper right there on the spot.

Hell of course, was the perpetual lake of flames with the horny, horned red guy ramming white-hot pokers up your clacker while cussing you with the very words you used that got you there! Even so, despite the raw reception, it often sounded like more fun than "upstairs", especially when the company down below was all the world's baddest-ever sinners and party animals! Sounded a bit like a non-stop barbecue rage with everybody having a real hot time, if you know what I mean!

Then I got to think about it. They obviously had it all wrong. Heaven ought to be full of coconut trees, cannabis, clumping bamboos, palms, thriving forests, orchards, organic farms and gardens, flowers, clean rivers and streams, waterfalls, pools, swimming

holes, clear blue skies, clean air, white sandy beaches and pristine blue oceans. Crikey, doesn't that sound a bit

Heaven has Reggae music, French, Canadian and a few Aussie movies, S.E. Asian cuisine (especially including Vietnamese "fresh beer" at 20c a pint). There's no commercial TV, no shockjocks, no newspapers, no advertising even... anywhere. Heaven is full of happy birds and bees, elephants, rhinos, sharks, whales, dolphins, baby seals, orang utans, koalas, kangaroos, children, women, Indigenous people and all other threatened species. Heaven has comfy beds and cosy, dry homes with renewable energy, air-con and non-stinky composting toilets.

Hell is endless Fukushima-friendly, GMO riddled, fluoridated, vaccinated geo-engineered, Riot-Squad-Controlled, Coal Seam Gas Fields with American accents and Coalition Consciousness. (Read none!) Hell is censored, secret, silent. Hell, despite its reputation for gathering lost souls, refuses refugees the right to freedom and sanctuary from oppression and persecution. Hell is Politician Central. Hell is full of smelly Parliamentary farts, dogs that bark all night, extreme early-morning roosters, ticks, leeches, mozzies, march flies, midges, sunburn, petrol lawn mowers, brush cutters and worst of all... leaf blowers! There are churches on every corner along with McDonalds, KFC, Hungry Jacks and Starbucks everywhere.

Mookxamitosis

by Brendan (Mookx) Hanley

Freeways and traffic abound, as do commercial sports stadia wherever you look. Hell is perpetual Xmas, Easter, Valentines Day and Halloween all wrapped up into one... every day. Hell is Woolworths, K Mart, Big W, Coles and all the companies they own, endlessly spread over a global

concrete and glass shopping mall with loudspeakers blaring "Silent Night". Hell HQ is Monsanto.

Dare I mention Purgatory?

Purgatory is Clayton's Hell. The Hell you get when you haven't got a Hell. The torments are the same... and practically no-one can avoid them, we were told. The only difference between Purgatory and Hell is the time frame. Hell is forever. Purgatory just fries your arse for the odd million years or so and then finally lets you get into Heaven, albeit with a badly blistered bum. I think the very thought of Purgatory is probably why my mum died "badly". She didn't wanna go!

Purgatory can be getting stuck around noon in the two-mile queue into Byron Bay in a non-air-con car on a stinking hot Market Sunday hoping to get to the Pass for a surf before sundown. When you finally get there, the wind turns frigid and swings to onshore and a drum circle starts up nearby. The barby isn't working and you've forgotten the ice and your stash. The table on one side has a radio blaring Miley Cyrus and on the other side it's Justin Bieber. The bush turkeys pinch your dinner and run off with it while the parko books your car for not having a ticket displayed. Purgatory is also trying to park in Byron any time at all, or trying to find anyone in the street who can speak English without a foreign accent. Or it's a lungful of carbon monoxide mixed with cigarette smoke blown on you from the traffic and the kerbside table upwind of you... and it's the overcooked food you pay a fortune for and can hardly eat. Purgatory sucks!

PS: Mum, not long after you died, the Pope announced that there actually isn't, nor ever was a Purgatory. They're real sorry about that! Keep it in mind next time around! mookx@mookx.com









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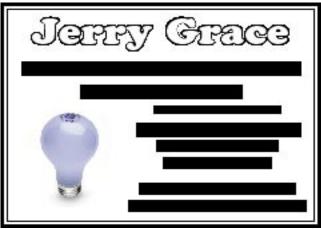
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Great expectations... leave them behind!

by Dionne May

am in an exotic city, the moon is full and it is the day of love: Valentine's Day. My Naga Baba friend and guide Amrit is due to meet me today. I await with great expectations. Alas, this is India and I have already fallen into the western pitfall of expectations. Here nothing is as you expect it. Ever. So I sit in my relatively luxurious Indian hotel room while my Baba friend sits out a snow-storm that has him trapped at Shimla.

Fresh to the smoky toxic city, I choose free wi-fi and television over lurking murderers and rapists. Last night a young woman was hacked to death with a meat cleaver by two men at a deserted railway station. The new 'safer' public rail system for Indian working women has merely created a death zone around dark unprotected railway stations. The new GPS tracking system installed in all new phones carrying rape, stalker and women crisis numbers predictably failed this woman. The small percent of women in India that can afford phones would never be out on the streets at night. So wealthy women are marginally safer, while the poor women remain fodder for the depraved. Three decomposed faces of unidentified bodies recently found stare up at me from the morning Indian Times. The beggars beg and the street dogs roam. Time to get out of Delhi.

Full moon passes and finally my Baba friend arrives. After a 15-hour train trip south through Rajasthan, we have arrived at the small town of Junagarth, which nestles under the holy Girnaar Mountain, mythical son of the Himalayas in the state of Gujarat. It is hot and dry, and cotton grows thick and plentiful. Famous for the Susangir Wildlife Centre which spans around the mountain and boasts the only wild lions in India, the state is also rich in oil and diamonds so the roads are excellent and the homes are relatively neat. Very few

tourists venture here, so again I am the novelty.

It is the holy week of Shiva Raatri, also known as the mini Kumba Mela which celebrates the wedding anniversary of Shiva and Parvati's Wedding and is richly funded by the government largely for the Naga Babas, worshippers of the God Shiva. A festival that runs for a week, culminating in all-night mayhem on Friday's new moon and will see as many as twenty million attend. The Holy Babas are respectfully received and are provided with space to camp, lighting, firewood, security and water. Bags of rice, flour, chai and sugar are distributed daily to the them and small donations of money help the Babas buy vegetables and spices, which are then cooked up to divide out to all the hungry holy men.

Slowly the streets are filling, as more and more orange-clad or naked Naga Babas arrive and set up camp. The streets are orderly and swept regularly by local women performing service to the Babas. The usual foreboding presence of the rifle or steel club welding Indian police is replaced by respect and service. Locals here are warm and generous. In a

tradition started by the former King of the area, huge marquees line the streets and meals are prepared on mass for every single person. I am proudly escorted inside one for breakfast. Cooking pots the size of small swimming pools, huge fire pits, covered flooring, lotus printed tents and even new bedding awaits the many Indians who will make the pilgrimage.

As I sit with the Babas, I am recognised by many from last year's Khumba Mela and am warmly welcomed. One Rajasthani man dances a spontaneous dance of welcome for me. A crowd gathers. One man looks at me with a smile and says, "He has six thousand, two hundred and twelve wives!" and winks at me. The crowd laughs with me. So good to be back in India.



by Marilyn Scott

I luv Neptune time! I'm a Neptune girl. It's Pisces time. I luv that feeling of magick in the air. And with Pisces ruler Neptune back home in Pisces... Neptune rocks!

It's palpable; it's real to me... I feel it on my skin, I feel it love and protect me. It excites and inspires me... it opens the veils to a world, normally hidden, full of wonderful sensations and visions. I'm a magick girl.

The word magick (spelt that way) is an archaic, linguistic form commonly used in early times. It is often connected to the Wicca religion, followed by the ancient Celts and Indigenous people of Great Britain. It is a religion of nature worship. Wiccans celebrated the Earth and believed all living things have a spirit. The pagan traditions developed out of agrarian societies where the environment had a profound effect upon survival. What has changed?

No, I'm not a Wiccan, I don't follow any religion. But I've experienced a profound connection to life, nature and that omnipresent loving, creative power... since my early years. I do experience magick, every day. I feel it all around me, I see it shine. To me, it's the miracle of Life... the beauty, the love, the kindness... the care. I'm alive. Life is Magick indeed.

I first 'discovered' the word when thinking of a name to call my business... the health centre I had in the city. I wanted something meaningful, something that represented me, my business and what I wanted to do... 'Magick Moments' was born. So many magickal moments I've experienced in my life... and they continue... and they grow more brilliantly with every passing day.

It all depends on what we give our focus to.

I'm fortunate, I know... I often give thanks. I feel the gratitude... such an exquisite feeling. I live in a beautiful place, but it's my eyes that see it, my heart that experiences it... my love that is given and received. That omnipresent power of Life... whatever name you give it... is so incredibly kind, so loving, so giving... all the time.

Yes it's 2014, we sit at the beginning of a new age and at the same time we're experiencing the death throes of the rotting mass of ignorance and confusion that infiltrated the ending of the age we've all lived through. It's not pleasant; of course... as humans we're not built for it. But behind this seething mass of putrid smell... is new life, it's moving, it's

vibrating, it's growing... it's here to stay. A new time is here.

We were given so many resources with this precious gift of life... we can think, we can feel, we can see, we can hear. We can reason, analyse, discriminate... we have intelligence, we can understand... we can feel. We can know. We need to use these gifted resources now... like never before.

What we focus on grows. What we think manifests. We are the creators of our life, our world. Nothing and no-one has any power over us. Remember, this is a new time. We need to be open, feel with our heart, stop for a moment and think... what is happening around me, what am I seeing, what am I feeling... what do I really want in my life? Am I fulfilled, am I content... am I deliriously happy to be alive.

No, these aren't magickal illusions... this is what really happens. Interestingly the word spelt 'magic' is said to represent illusion, entertainment, deception. What a difference the spelling of a word makes... total opposite in fact.

We need to think for ourselves... not follow like sheep. We are divine creations, given life... blessed every day, every moment in fact. We have consciousness, we have awareness, we have intuition... we are power houses of energy and love... we are 'made in the image of God'. We are very, very fortunate.

A new year, a very powerful year... and a new opportunity to focus, to plan to 'be' who we really are... human beings, generated by Love.

Enjoy Neptune's magick month.

World Heritage Wonderland - but for how long?

by Len Martin

e are indeed blessed to live where we do. It's not just being in Australia (much of which is fast going down the drain, courtesy of our federal and state governments) but being in this particular neck of the woods - The Northern Rivers. Here in Bundjalung Country we are blessed not only with a fantastic natural environment, but also with communities prepared to fight to preserve our precious homelands from the greedy who would destroy those homelands for a fast buck. Yes, we have a big fight on our hands. The threat of gas-mining looms over us. The destruction of the Pilliga has started, as many of our local protectors who have been there will testify. Metgasco wants to start the process here at Bentley in a few weeks! The lines of battle are drawn. If our communities do not win that battle our homelands will become industrial wastelands for aeons to come. We must be prepared to mobilise and resist in vast numbers when the time comes - and that is only a few weeks away! I kid you not, if Metgasco wins this one – there goes the neighbourhood.

Those thoughts were engendered by a ramble around Nightcap National Park's Mt Matheson (all pics from this walk) on the bright, coolish Sunday morning of February 16th, along with 19 companions. Yes, 20 enthusiasts enjoyed our club's first walk of 2014, but also a bush walking age-record was broken. Some two years back a (just) three-year-old Eden completed the Pholis Gap circuit (without piggy-backs!), becoming the club's youngest ever genuine bush walker. This day his record of "youngest ever" fell to his enthusiastic young sister Jocelyn, still short of her third birthday, and again no piggy-backs! Great, enjoyable company for oldies like me, who shortly may well need said piggy backing.

It would have been nice if young Jocelyn had been able to complete the same Pholis Gap walk as Eden had. However, I could not face that, after National Parks' senseless fire-bombing near Pholis Gap and subsequent destruction along the once-beautifully-regenerating old forestry track out ("it's like a four lane highway", Judy Hales). And why take young children along scenes of such destruction. Will I ever go back? Maybe not – it would be too upsetting. As it will be for all of us if the gas-miners get a toehold. It's not just drill sites, but the vast destructive infrastructure that accompanies – plus social disruption, chemical contamination of air and water, noise and light pollution – you might as well live in Mascot near the tannery. How could anybody want that for their children, their grandchildren?

But up on Mt Nardi at the start of our walk all was peaceful, sweetness and light, moreover there had been some rain during the night so the rainforest was appropriately damp. A bowerbird's bower (pictured) sat close beside the start of the track, decorated in traditional blue. Much evidence remained



of the destruction by the January 2013 storm (also evident on the drive up with "new" views of Mt Warning). Down to the junction with the Pholis Gap track there are tall, tall trees festooned with great lianas and bearing gigantic crows-nest ferns. Beneath are tree ferns and walking-stick palms with multiple strings of bright red bead-like fruit hanging gracefully below.

Being some years since I did this walk, I had forgotten what an enjoyable circuit it is. After Pholis Gap junction the track skirts the edge of the escarpment with views into the Tweed valley and to Mt Warning. One walks along the border between the rainforest proper and the wet (or is it "dry"? I can never remember) schlerophyl woodland. Whichever it is, it contains massive gum trees, some deeply scarred by old fires, very tall corky-barked forest she-oaks, ancient grass trees in drier spots, a variety of sedges and reeds in the wetter, a surprisingly good display of small wild-flowers, including the Kreysigia lily and a couple of large greenhood orchids. Alas, chief orchid expert Don Durrant was not with us but again on duty at Bentley. A small rainforest bug and a couple of small rainforest snails added to my enjoyment.

We snacked at the junction of the Nightcap Track, where Judy Hales left us to reconnoitre the walk via Wallace Road to Tuntable Falls community. We circled back through lush rainforest to the track up to Mount Nardi, some of us ancients being quite exhausted at the end but very happy. Oh gawd, the walk was listed as 1 hour and it took 3, and I emerged bleeding cause, SOB that I am (Bob Hawke's usage not USA), I forgot to spray my socks with Aeroguard.

Apology

Catherine begs pardon of Len Martin for having implied in the February *NGT* that he is over 800 years old (in "his ninetieth decade"). But since nobody picked it up before publication, she's now wondering if people think it's true!

March Walks Program

Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.

Sunday 9th March Richmond Range National Park

Leader: Don Durrant (6633 3138). Grade 3-4: 6 hours including lunch/ swim. Meet: 9 am at car park behind Kyogle visitors centre or 9.30 at bottom of Vidler's Rd, Afterlee. Bring: Water, lunch, hat, swimmers If in doubt due to weather, please phone Don.

Sunday 16th March Suffolk Park to Lookout past Broken Head

Leader: Michele Alberth (6632 1214).

Grade 2: 3 hours including lunch/maybe swim. Easy walking first along the beach and then up along the track through coastal rainforest to lookout with amazing views of the coastline. On return possibly a swim at Taylor's lake.

Meet: 10am Suffolk Park car park (end of Clifford Road)
Bring: Lunch, water, hat, sunscreen, swimmers.
If in doubt due to weather please phone Michele.

Sunday 30th March Mebbin National Park

Leader: Judy Hales (6689 1477). Grade 2: Ascend from Cadell Road through extensive palm groves to a wetland area containing lagoons and

strangler figs in various stages of 'strangulation'.

Meet: TBA Bring: TBA





by Gill Jones

It was a sweltering hot 37 degree day when around 30 garden fans embarked in a big bus to explore gardens in Condong, Uki and Kunghur.

The first garden was overlooking the sugar cane fields of the Murwullumbah valley. A remarkable garden in its diversity, showing us how two acres and 15 years of dedication can turn a clayey western slope into a wide variety of garden experiences. The platform on top of the water tank overlooking Mt Warning, and the Numinbah Valley, also looked over the property's native gardens, its sculptures, tropical arbours and seats

amongst the beauty of forms. Pools and dam features created various land forms despite there being little water on the property. The creative use of metal stands to portray bright orange bromeliads as well as other sculptural forms interspersed throughout the garden to create a sumptuous experience. Large tropical and native trees including a tung oil tree added to the overall sophisticated garden and left us all inspired to go home and create...even with little water.

Back into the bus to visit the main street of Uki. This garden of annuals and bright happy flowers reflect the 30 years and over 40 awards won for this lovely garden.



When driving through Uki, it is one of the standout features of the main street. The small 1/2 acre of loving dedication and healthy plantings was nourishing and restful and it confirmed that years of loving toil can fulfil many hours of happy potterings into our twilight years.

A picnic under shady trees in Uki then next to Elizabeth Rix's garden on the banks of the young Tweed river at Kunghur. This creative eclectic garden and home was like walking into another world or time warp. The home of circular and octagonal shapes with stone walls, burnished wood and earth polished floors, painting and prints of pychedelic colours interspersed the various buildings dotted along the north facing slope. There was a viewing platform over the river (a few people couldn't resist the call of the river) as well as a variety of other buildings, all with creative musings in place. The ostrich, donkey and horse, along with the geese, ducks, chooks, dogs and other assorted wildlife, added to this diverse garden. There were swathes of horehound, and other semi cultivated herbs/weeds in amongst fibreglass rock forms and arches. The mosaic stone path and sculptures at the



entrance worked well with the new ferrocement wall at the entrance. A raffle and the usual fabulous array of home cooking and cups of tea were held, before gratefully getting back into the air-conditioned bus.

The next garden club visit will be to Valerie Cameron's property up Mountain Top Road on Saturday the 15th March. Watch for the garden club signs. We are encouraging new memberships for the year so we especially welcome new friends of members for this visit. We are asking for a \$2 donation for visitors and non members joining the Saturday monthly garden visits.

We have a new facebook page, so we encourage you all to celebrate our local gardens by becoming our friends online. We look forward to meeting new friends and sharing garden stories at the next meeting. Please bring plants for the plant table and a chair and food to share.

nimbingardens@gmail.com

Beckeeping news Text & Photos by James Creagh

Making Mead

One of the luxuries of being a beekeeper is having extra honey to experiment with making mead.

Mead is basically honey diluted with water and allowed to ferment. In the process of extracting the honey, the wax cappings are removed and then the frames are spun in a barrel to extract the honey from the cells, then returned to the hives to be filled again. The cappings are allowed to drip through a sieve for a day or two, and then I take the cappings and soak them in water for 24 hours and drain them off. I have cleaned the wax and end up with honey water, perfect for fermentation.

But you can also use honey from a jar and add that to water with the same effect with dilution of about 5 water to 1 honey.

There are many ways of making mead: I let it sit in an open bucket with a cotton cover on top to keep insects out. Stirring it once a day helps speed up the process of fermentation, bringing oxygen into the mix. I have a taste each day to see how it's maturing. I prefer the earlier stages, before it becomes alcoholic. It can be bottled and stored in the fridge.

The fermented honey can be placed in a barrel with an air lock and allowed to ferment until it stops bubbling. It

makes a lovely alcoholic drink.

You can add many different fruits and roots to the honey water. I have used ginger, galangal, and turmeric all making a tasty beverage. When using these roots, I run them through a juice extractor. You can also chop them up and boil them in water like a tea. When using fruits, they can be juiced as well. It's best to strain all solids before adding.

You can also just crush the fruits and add them to the diluted honey water, but most important is to stir at least once a day and then after a few days, strain off the solids. For example, I have done this with mulberry and jaboticaba with good results. Other fruits that have worked well are yellow and red cherry guava, yackon, elderberries and Davidson plum.

Joint Meeting

On Sunday 6th April, there will be a joint meeting of the

Nimbin Natural Beekeepers, Mullumbimbees Natural Beekeeping Group and the Northern Rivers Amateur Beekeepers Association. The event will be held at Tutti Fruitti Farm, Lillian Rock.

With many becoming concerned with the plight of bees, and others wanting to be self-sufficient in honey, there are many more beekeepers and much local support with the formation of the Nimbin Natural Beekeepers and Mullumbimbees Natural Beekeeping Group.

The Northern Rivers
Amateur Beekeepers
Association has been
providing support in the
region for many decades.
Mullumbimbees Natural
Beekeeping Group and the
Nimbin group were formed in
the past few years to provide
more localised support and
more natural ways of keeping
bees. But all groups have
much in common, and this
will be great opportunity to
share ideas.

Of interest on the day will be a talk about top bar hives and, weather permitting, we will open one up to see how they work. For more info about the day email: jamescreagh@hotmail.com



Aquarian seeds take root in region

by Ivy Young

Something exciting is unfurling five km from the friendly village of The Channon, nestled in a valley of Terania Creek...

With rolling hills, spring water and swimming holes, is land waiting to become a new, functional community of the Northern Rivers, a community of people who are dedicated to improving our sustainability.

So many people have dreams of growing some food for themselves, but the challenge of building gardens, planting, weeding, mulching and harvesting and looking after animals means that often the



dreams are half-realised.
Discouragement takes
over from inspiration, or
so much time is spent on

maintaining one's own garden that little time is left for other interests.

These all-too-often scenarios have led us

to start looking at alternatives.
Living with likeminded people, sharing

the workload of growing

working together on improving their self-sufficiency are going to fare better than those individuals all trying to do so by themselves.

So, if you are enthusiastic about organic gardening and community living, and if you have the means and energy to help this

and producing food and

community as a place to

an ideal and sustainable

solution: a group people

fostering a strong, healthy

raise our children feels like

then this an invitation for you...
Call 6688-6297 or email: ivyyoung79@gmail.com to

community to come about,

Utopia, this way...

Many communities in Australia were developed from the Aquarian dreams of the 70s and were seen as an escape from the oppression of the times and the white suburban dream of Australia.

Often these communities come together with utopian dreams from people having little idea of what it actually means to live in community.

Many of these communities have survived until today, however not all are living the utopian dream, and relationships can be tense and people can be struggling.

Town Planner and Ecovillage designer Shane Schmidt and a team of professional communitarians and facilitators are offering a week-long *Introduction to Ecovillage Design Education* workshop at the new Paradise One community, Coorabell from 6th to 11th April.

Prices range from \$600 to \$1000, depending on level of accommodation.



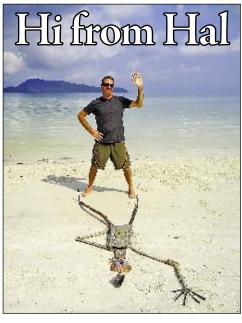
find out more.

Numbers are limited to 30, and registration is required by 14th March.

The Ecovillage Design Education program covers the four pillars of successful community – social, spiritual, economic and ecological.

Tools such as how to make decisions, communicate deeply together, how to nourish each other's spiritual journeys, how to make right livelihoods are all skills we need regardless, but are essential in living closer together.

Other tools include permaculture, ecobuilding projects and other activities that require the community to work together for a common goal.



by Hal Williams

If there's one festival to miss while you're in Vietnam, it's Tet, the Chinese New Year – during the days-long celebration, cities are either ghost towns with every shopfront boarded up, or mobbed with tourists and traffic. It's difficult to predict which way things will swing from one day to the next, and easy to get caught out by closures and cancellations. Prices go through the roof, holiday accommodation is hard to find, and – this is a family-centric society – foreigners tend to be found floundering on the fringes of

the action, dazed, overcharged and confused. Carmen and I decided to skip the border and hire a 250cc dirt bike to do a loop of the south-west corner of Cambodia: Phnom Penh, Kep, Kampot, Sihanoukville and Koh Rong Samloem island.

Soon we were perched on a tall and mighty uncomfortable Honda XR250 from Angkor Motorcycles (\$100 for seven days). Country Cambodia south of Phnom Penh – at least, seen from the saddle – is a drier, scruffier version of country Vietnam south of Saigon.

The map dots with the unpronouncable names invariably turned out to be dusty strips of workshops and eateries and grim little outlets clinging to the main road for survival. The country roads that link them reveal stunning beauty in brief bursts: glorious pagodas, irridescent rice paddies, distant hills that suddenly loom large and dramatic, then recede into the heat haze.

We slipped along at an easy pace, stopping in Kampot, famous for its pepper (I choked) and French architecture, before heading on to Kep, 25kms south-east along a busy, partly surfaced road. Kep has a bustling crab market, pretty beaches and no shortage of places to rest your bones, but Sihanoukville, to the west – the "Nimbin" of Cambodia – was more of a drawcard for us.

Sihanoukville is a big and bustling place, with all the pleasures of the flesh, lots of cool pubs and cafes, and – trailing out along the white sand – a wealth of beachfront guesthouses and bars with differing moods for different clientele: the party-party crowd, the travellers, the stoners, the Russians. In a couple of days we had made our way there, and retired, dusty and whacked, to Otres





Beach.

Soon we were smoking a fat one on the terrace of our wooden shack, watching lazy blue waves slap onto sand and rock. Cambodian farmers have a far better idea of growing, harvesting and curing than their Vietnamese counterparts, and for fifteen bucks (US greenbacks are used interchangably with the riel) you get ten grams of excellent outdoor from a friendly Sihanoukville cafe, and \$1.50 to \$4 loose joints are available at some bars.

Koh Rong Samloem island, a two-hour boat ride from "Snooky", as Sihanoukeville is known to its mates, is picture postcard beautiful: limpid water and white sand and palm trees, forested hillsides and dramatic vistas.

It also has about five tonnes of plastic bags

and drink cans in the dunes, polystyrene food punnets out to sea, bobbing gaily off towards that continent-sized floating rubbish dump somewhere in the Pacific. Mangrove roots are encased in a flapping shroud of plastic bags, shredding with age but a long, long way from biodegrading.

Koh Rong Samloem is still lovely, and if you get there I'd recommend heading straight over to the far side. It's a hearty 40-minute hike over the hill – there are sections where you could be in Australia – and the final destination is way cooler than Saracen Bay, where the boats put in. The sand is grainier and yellower, the water rougher, the hills more rugged – less postcard and more island.

After a too-brief sojourn, we were back in Phnom Penh for the bus ride back to Vietnam. We found the Happy Herb Pizza restaurant still operating and shared a medium with aubergines, which was tasty but not quite "herby" enough – although we slept well that night. When it was all over bar the shouting and settling of bills, one hellish day on a series of buses got us from Phnom Penh to our adoptive home in Vung Tau, south of Saigon.

It was a fun adventure, but – as so often at the end of a holiday – it felt good to sink back into the deckchair on my own seafront terrace. Tet should be over soon.

Love and peace, Nimbin ;-)



Mad March for Headers! 🚷

by Gary Whisker

With the point-score season only weeks away, March is the month that involves registering players, finding coaches and compiling junior and senior teams. No small feat! Add to this, repairs and maintenance of the playing fields, canteen and changing rooms and it can become a bit daunting for our small but determined band of merry helpers.

As with all volunteerrun organisations, the few often do the work for the many. We desperately need willing people to help out with mowing, brushcutting, painting, canteen serving... the list is endless. Anyone interested in lending a hand, please come down to the grounds on a Thursday afternoon from 5.30pm and have a chat with us. We are having a work day on Saturday 8th March from 9am, so even if you only have a spare hour, your help would



be greatly appreciated.

On Thursday 6th March from 4-6pm we are holding a Junior sign-on day with small-sided games for all ages. If you are looking to sign up or have already done so, come along for a kick around and meet your new team mates!

This month also means it's Anzac cup time for the men, and Callan McMillan shield time for the women. We have a fantastic afternoon of football lined up for Sunday 16th March as we host the final round of matches. At 2.30pm the fearless women's team face Italo Stars, followed by the merciless men playing Ballina at 4.30pm. Let's make sure we have a large, vocal crowd for the Headers first home games of the season!

For further details of upcoming games, registration details and all things Headers, find us on Facebook at: Nimbin Headers Sports Club Inc.

Friday 28th February Callan McMillan Shield – South Lismore 2 Headers 2 Sunday 2nd March: Anzac Cup – Pottsville 1 Headers 4

Working bee planned for tennis courts

Nimbin's tennis courts and clubhouse look set to remain in community hands following a successful membership drive, a donation of \$1000 from an anonymous community member and a generous donation from Rainbow Power Company.

Ownership of the facility is in the process of being transferred to Nimbin Headers Sports Club who will be responsible for the courts and clubhouse into the future. Unfortunately a request for exemption from stamp duty on the sale transfer has been denied. The Club is currently appealing this decision, as it would require fundraising an additional \$2500 or more.

Funds raised to date will be directed to paying rates owed to Lismore Council. As the Headers is not in a position to pay the remaining outstanding debt, the Club has put a request in to Lismore Council for financial support. This will be considered by Council at its March meeting.

More exciting than the funds raised has been the resurgence of interest in tennis. An active membership is what will see the facility flourish into the future and lots of young people have started playing. To open up the courts to greater use the Headers is hoping to attract funds to turn them into a multipurpose facility to include futsal, netball and basketball. Around \$7500 would be required to do this and the Club is already looking for grant opportunities.



The Headers consist of a small group of committed volunteers and this is an extra responsibility they have taken on as a Club. There is a lot involved in managing a sports facility, especially as regards grounds maintenance. A working bee to repair the fence has been organised for 9am, Saturday March 22nd followed by a BBQ for volunteers. To find the courts take the driveway just before Granny's Farm off Cullen Street. To keep in touch join the newly established facebook page 'Nimbin Headers Tennis Club'.

If you'd like to book to play tennis, ring Pixie who lives next door, phone 6689-1728. If you are a local business and would like to sponsor the tennis courts in return for placing an advertising sign on the fence, contact the Headers on 6689-0092 or 0417-298-642.

Nimbin Central School Swimming Carnival success



by Jack Doyle

On Wednesday 19th February, the Secondary School from Nimbin Central travelled to Lismore Memorial Baths for the annual Swimming Carnival. The weather was perfect

The weather was perfect and we had a great roll-up of students competing in all the events.

As usual, we warmed up with a contest on the large

inflatable rocket, and many of the students were able to run the entire 20-metre length of it.

The most enthusiastic year groups who had the highest level of entries in the events were Year 7 and Year 11. The Year groups that achieved the best swimming performances were Year 11 and Year 10.

Significant individual performances came from Jakob and Isaac in the senior 50m freestyle race; and Nelene, Jordan and Logan in their 50m freestyle races.

Swimmers with the greatest points tallies on the day included Nelene and Merlin in Year7, Taita and Jordan in Year 8, Lotus and Dillon in Year 9, Brydie and Logan in Year 10 and Brodie and Jakob in Year 11.

All the points that students earned from their swims go towards their Medallions at the end of the year.

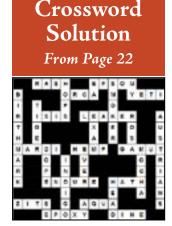
A memorable event was the relay race where seven teams competed, including an all-female staff team and an all-male staff team, competing against 5 mixed teams of students.

The result was very close, with the male staff team

only just touching in front of one of the student teams made up of Jordan, Logan, Ziggy and Tai.

The female staff team (which came seventh) tried to raise a protest that would have disqualified all of the other teams so they could win, but this protest was not successful.

The day was unanimously voted an enjoyable success, and we are looking forward to next year's carnival.





Young swimming champion

by Cath Marshall

The rise of a young champion in any arena is a sight to behold and cherish.

The Combined Terania District School Swimming Carnival saw just such an occasion when eleven year old Zaydn Ayres from Nimbin Central School had completed his races.

Zaydn competed in every style and open event of the day and was victorious in all. Not only were the wins convincing in every race but Zaydn broke district records in the 100 m freestyle, 50 m freestyle, 50 m backstroke and the 50 m butterfly. Not surprisingly he was crowned Senior Boy Champion.

Zaydn is testimony to the benefits

of training if we want to improve, and travels to Lismore a couple of times a week to catch up with his coach and swim at least 6-10 kilometres per week.

Proud grandparents Wendy and Pixie Ayres are always on hand at carnivals helping out and leading the cheer squad. Zaydn's success in the pool and the discipline and commitment required to reach the top certainly pays dividends in every aspect of his life.

With this level of performance being achieved at such a young age, I think that the name Zaydn Ayres is one to keep an eye out for in the future. He might even help revive the sagging Australian Swim Team for future Olympics.

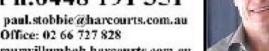






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