



# THE NIMBIN GROOVIES

Hippy New Year

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# Happy New Year Nimbin

by The Goddess

At first it seemed it was going to be a peaceful ushering in of the New Year in nearly normal Nimbin town, tourist numbers were down and the cameras were having their strangely pacifying effect on the wild west, east coast village. Michael the night mayor had taken the night and the rest of the year off and left the villages' psychic care in my competent hands.

I began my patrol, wearing my incarnation of the Goddess like a crown, at the Oasis. Start at the bottom and work your way up has always been my motto. It's then I should have realised the night wasn't going to be all plain sailing as Michael had promised.

The trouble initially raised its ugly head from the back yard of the normally placid Oasis. That Grecian love god, Andrew Kavasilis the owner of the Oasis, had been up to his old Greek tricks again, entertaining three Norwegian backpackers in what he euphemistically calls his 'tool and woodworking shed' out back, when Tina, his beautiful and long suffering partner had sprung them. As I arrived Woody (don't ask me why they call the love god that) was making a break with Tina hot on his heels and Andrew shouting, "It was my router, I was only showing them my new router." It's then I suppose, with this ill omen still reverberating up the street, I should have realised it wasn't going to be all beer and skittles in the old town



that night.

I stopped off at the Trattoria for a bite of sustenance before the street show got underway but I was too late, it had already begun. Che, a local vegetarian, was complaining, a touch too loudly I thought, about excess protein in his pizza. So raucously was he complaining in fact that a disturbed youth came across from Allsopp park and bopped Che in the snoot. How we laughed.

Sensing things had settled themselves in the centre of the village; I made my way casually down to the Bowling Club. The joint was going off, it rocked. The Skylarks fronted by Lisa Yeates had whipped the jaded locals into a dancing frenzy. Discarded garments spun from the overhead fans as the Bowl melted into a psychedelic love fest for no longer young hippies. Without raising a

finger my work there was done, so I made my way back up to the centre of town and into the epicentre, the Nimbin pub. Immediately it became evident something rotten was afoot. Jab was singing.

As if that wasn't enough, Nathan B was dominating the pool table even though he'd been consistently losing to all comers for hours. When the bouncers came to move Nathan on, he wouldn't be budged wielding his loser's cue like a blunt Excalibur. The Police were called. When the cops arrived they mistakenly assumed Jab, cavorting up on stage, was an incarnation of Mick Jagger come to cause grief, and arrested him. He went quietly, surmising, as we all did, that he was being arrested for singing so badly and doing nasty things with his hips. We cheered and chanted 'take him away, lock him up' but the cops, soon realising their mistake, released him with a warning and came back for Nathan. Nathan, a well-trained young chap, also went quietly but we all really wanted to swap him for Jab again.

Outside on the street Sargent Gary and several troopers were preparing to load Nathan into the bull wagon when Stormy arrived and interceded on Nathan's behalf, sweet talking Gary into giving Nathan another bite at the cherry of freedom. Now, at this stage, all probably would have been well if Stormy hadn't pressed his luck that one step too far. Chuffed with himself for diffusing the situation, the pacifier, still wearing sunnies although it was approaching midnight, strutted up to the pub window where Big Matty had been watching the street theatre and

jokingly called up to him, 'Gary thinks you're to blame and Nathan said you put him up to it.'

Matt, under the influence of much alcohol and well out of character, became enraged and shouted abusively at the retreating cops. The police returned to the pub and chased Matt around the front bar for a while until Sue, running interference, shepherded Matt out the back. Still, Matt would never have escaped if Maree and Di hadn't intervened and tried to kiss Sargent Gary and anything else in uniform, distracting them from their duties. Jab had the mike and was singing again, it was an ugly scene and past time to move on.

I continued my patrol down to the Bush Factory where One4One, our local reggae band, had entranced several hundred peaceful and love drugged hippies. I have to say that the Bush Factory is my favourite venue for New Years Eve. Don't ask me why but with the ambience of the old building and the creek it has always seemed the perfect place to usher in the New Year. Sadly, as happens so often in Nimbin, no one had a working watch and we didn't realise that the New Year had already begun. No one seemed to care.

I dallied at the Bush Factory for a while, not wanting to leave the peaceful ambience to continue my patrol of the troubled street. Even Goddesses become tired sometimes and it was the dag end of a really shitfull year. In fact, I'd had a gutful and wandered off, a little prematurely it turned out, in search of a place to rest my weary head. I found one. But that wasn't the end for the village.

While I slumbered the lads had taken advantage of my absence

and up in Rainbow Lane all hell had broken loose. An altercation between Chris and Nat2 ended with Christian smashing a bottle across Nat2's face and the other boys, ever helpful, tried to kick some sense back into Chris's silly head. It didn't work. The Police returned and when the boys had finished instructing Chris on social etiquette, the cops shovelled him into the blue and white taxi off to safety, and that should have been the end of it. Enter Chi (not to be confused with Che) and Fred.

As dawn vomited a new day in a new year somewhere around the beginning of the new millennium upon the village streets, simmering tension between the two

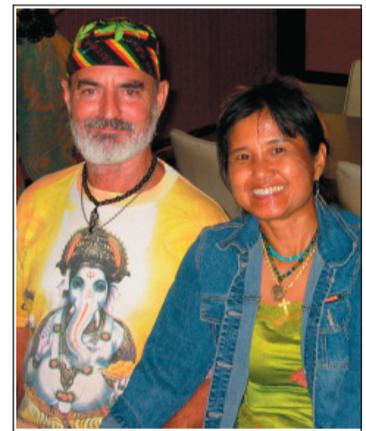
protagonists came to a head, Fred's head. After a brief tussle a lucky blow felled Fred and he slumped to the pavement and into a New Year's coma. I really hope his coma doesn't last too long into the New Year, especially as he

came to grief on my watch and the mayor would never forgive me.

Somewhere in there, amongst the revelling, laughter and blueing, old Jack McKinnon left us. He was happy to go, his timing was always fine. He said to me the day before he went, "Glad to be leaving before the whole thing turns to shit and I still don't believe in god, so don't come any of that crap at my funeral."

So the old year's gone and another one begun and if my senses don't deceive me it's going to be an interesting year for our town and our tribe. Not that I'd wish that on anyone.

Ride 'em high my friends and always remember; Ooheee, the Goddess is dancing.



Revellers. A happy group sees in the New Year at the Bowl (top); the traditional auld lang syne (right); meantime, the police celebrate in their own favoured manner (above).

Pictures: Krista Matthews, Sue Stock

