



How good is he? Bowling Club bar attendants Marnicka Young and Sally Ayres provide a glamorous sense of scale for the rendered-up Silver Bowler, nearing its final stages of construction. How well will the teams go next year?



NIM FM BBQ.

A Glimpse from the Brink

by Gerald Taylor

Uncle Paddy, that wise old Irish pig farmer, used to say to me when I was a young fella, 'Cheer up lad, things could be worse.' Sadly, he always said it just before things really did turn to shit.

So what's making me so grumpy; is it hormonal or do I have real grounds for being upset? Can things really get worse? The short answer is of course, yes. But don't worry, we'll get there. For me the main problem is powerlessness. No matter what I do or say, the best of empire tears at my reality, destroying and perverting our common future. The beast is stupid, deadly and thick as molasses laced with cyanide. When empire is finished its work there will be nothing left but a huge pile of money being steadily blown away by a salty desert wind.

Empire, at the moment, is represented by America and we Australians are rapidly becoming absorbed as the 51st State. If Howard can just keep his shiny little head up Bush's arse for a while longer we will be completely absorbed by the great American power; just one wide and sunburnt act of buggery. As with the poor gerbil, struggle seems pointless and the temptation is to acquiesce, to go with the flow and enjoy the trip into the empire's large intestine.

But I won't. I will not go quietly into the vile smelling darkness. I will winge and whine. I will become a suppository and be absorbed

deep into the evil empire's gut. Then I will become cancer and rot it from within. For there is another Empire There is still hope, so I will work with care.

Freedom of speech and thought are now illegal so I will tread lightly upon my personal warpath. I will not strap on a bomb belt. The wars have been going on for a time. World wars, cold wars. Wars on drugs and terror, but now comes the last battle, the war on poverty. And this is the perfect war for there will always be an enemy army risen from the dispossessed and disempowered. We can kill them with disease or machetes or nuclear bombs but they breed like rabbits so there'll always be more of the malcontents, lambs for the eternal slaughter.

For empire in its mindless stupidity this situation is ideal, for it is the empire of the homo sapient. It is the empire of the 'wiseman'.

But there is still the other empire, the empire of the great mother which is older and far wiser than that of the wise man. Time is her ally.

When we have finally poisoned our masters and blown up our leaders, when the best of empire lies broken and wasted, feasting upon its own corrupt flesh, the great mother will remain.

So be grumpy but also be fearless. Don't let the bastards shut you up and preserve what you can for your children's children. For the long night of the diseased American bowel will one day end and then my friend, then our work begins.



Under attack. Richmond Rovers defenders rush towards the Headers striker. It was the girls 16's game played at Goonellabah, and Nimbin won 4-2.



Happy birthday, horses, for 1st August. Katie, Kalita and Opal – what a present!

Mental notes

Fia Poto

Manic depression "treatment." Prison. Schizophrenia, prison. Any form of mental illness, prison. Non-Australian, Detention Centre. No age barrier, come one, come all, Australia's new growth industry. Bob Carr's ultimate dream, razorwire prisons from Albury to Tweed Heads, solve the unemployment problem. Australians turning the key on fellow Australians. My neighbour has been heard to think seditious thoughts, quick Doris ring the Secret Police, he needs locking up now. Aargh the

sound of jackboots on the driveway first thing in the morning, beautiful. Immigration officials snatching children from schools. This is Australia. A house among the gum trees, freedom of speech, jumping in the car and driving away on a whim, no more. "Pull over driver please - Papers please! Travelling through sir, are you? Or are you intending to stay? Reason for visiting our State please sir? Is that a bag of fertilizer in the back sir? - It is, please come with us sir, my name sir? I am Constable Just and this sir is Constable Fair. That's right sir, please call us Fair & Just". Paranoia is the disease of

the mind, when it becomes embedded in the general population it becomes a pandemic. We as an evolving species must control this disease now. Rabid bigotry and racial hatred has no place in our planet future. **D**ear Bluey, how are you? Are you still enjoying being the top cop in Lismore? We are all well and Mother sends her love, but we are suffering in a dreadful fashion the privation of local police. We hold no ill will toward you in this matter but sadly it seems your fiery words turned out to be a bit of a damp squid. A bit bathetic in fact. Mind you we didn't get our hopes too high as we've had promises from the police in the past that haven't amounted to much. Struth, we haven't seen a forensic

spark since the coppers burnt Uncle Dick's crop back in 76! Speaking of uncles, Tinkler sends his love and trusts you are saying your prayers every night as a good boy should. He's been very busy in Macquarie Street, on matters of great importance, planning a desalination plant at Tabulam or a prison at Kurnell, or something like that. Mother still finds it hard to get to the shops, she's a bit frail and needs her stick whenever she ventures out. Since a thug tried to steal her scooter, "Gis a go" he said. Have you tried employing a few myrmidons? They're supposed to be very obedient. They might patrol the streets. They might even help Mother with her weekly shop.

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