



A GLIMPSE FROM THE BRINK

by Gerald Taylor

Holidays are over, the silly seasons at an end and we can all get back to the main game once more. What a relief, I can take a break from camping and fishing and trying to make interesting things out of tofu because the fish outsmarted me again. The kids are back at school which leaves me space to get back to work. My work is future gazing or prescience and, occasionally, channeling, but mostly it's the prescience thing that brings home the bacon.

2007 is shaping up to be an interesting year with an accent on responsibility, this year a few more chooks will be coming home to roost. Howard will prepare to hand the baton over to his labor crony; Kev Rudd. As we already know Howard is one of the reptile people. Nothing unusual there, until the third month of pregnancy we all had a tail, until the embryo is that old we're all reptile people. It's just that some of us never drop the tail and I fear Rudd may turn out to be amongst them. Never mind, that's on a political level and who gives a big rat's about politics anyway, the deck is stacked, ask Mark Latham.

Where the really interesting change will occur will of course be climatic. 2007 will be the first year where climate change will be clearly tangible, even to the lizard folk. The Iraq thing will drag on because, lets face it, the mop heads warring each other into blood puddles is just what reptile Bush, Cheney, Rice and all had in mind. Divide and rule and wag the dog until the dog falls off.

In 2007 it will be discovered that radiation is actually very good for you and either Pete Garrett or Phillip Ruddock or possibly both will insist we live near a nuclear reactor for our health. Public assets such as public schools and hospitals will spiral upwards. Just joking, seeing if you were paying attention, of course they will spiral downwards, locking in our two class system, just like America. Real estate in Australian cities will continue to decline in value while houses on rural multiple occupancies will, for the first time, sell for the same price as freehold property. Robert Mugabe, working secretly with MOSAD and SMERSH will release a racially discriminating virus that will affect only whites. Sucks to be you whitey.

Wild storms will trash Europe and the pom's will whine about everything. Thunderbolt will come in at 40 to 1 in the 10.15 at Caulfield summer stakes and Australian farmers will beg for assistance to buy funeral shrouds for the raped corpse they've made. Even stranger, we'll give them that assistance. More black people will mysteriously die in custody and it will be found that cannabis, if used correctly, increases IQ and makes the user very, very clever. Cannabis becomes a class 'A' drug and the death penalty is discussed in parliament to help clear the gridlocked justice system.

Euthanasia remains illegal except in Canberra, but I reckon that's a good thing, the young bastards should stay in Asia, we haven't got room for them all here.

It's found that placebos work 25% of the time and that they are being secretly dumped into our water supply by our own government, just in case. This discovery causes much unrest late in '07 so avoid international travel late in the year unless absolutely necessary.

So, like me, you can see it's going to be an interesting year, there'll be thrills and spills, twists and turns and as the singularity is approached in 2012 the rules of engagement will change, so keep a tooth brush in your pocket and wrap a towel around your head, the lizard people are out stalking the night and if you can't see them, they can't see you.

Other than that I'm predicting no worries in '07 as we set sail on this ship of fools and head, giggling manically, into the mystic.

Bon voyage.

Nimbin good times? Not many

by Fantasy Pedlar

Unlike most of you losers, I was at the original Aquarius Festival, naked, stoned, loving. We promised to clean up and go back to uni – after all it was a students' festival – but some got left behind with the cow cockies.

Now it's Nimbin, capital 'N', with a cheap ad for itself as a hippy capital. Screw you.

It actually looks and feels like the back of Kings Cross. Vice, destitution, armed fights, death and drugs for the beautiful young. Busloads of hippy wannabes from Dublin, Jerusalem and Tokyo hardly take the edge off the dreariness.

There is surprising anger at the hippy platforms. No wholefoods, only white bread and the big steak offers. No musicians except the north coast band circuit professionals. No artists allowed to paint marijuana at the local gallery, ie no free creativity. No dream architecture, just patches, caravans and sheds. A general belief that Harry will drop you a drug to counteract ice. 24-hour radio bombardment, against all our electrosmog warnings.

Three ex-army – fat Wally at the caravan park, Ken on the block and Rock at the Hemp bar – speil the philosophy of daily life, avoiding the fact they allowed themselves once to be whores' war boys. They folklore away, denying their military training. Zero tolerance for those of us who actually studied the literature of thought. Drag them quicker than their down-home farm anecdotal style and you'll meet correction. Sirs, you are right. Right wing.

Luscious women banded by revolting men decide to be pregnant alone. No extended family like the '70s. If you're having trouble they'll ring DoCS for you, or supply coke. Whatever. Unlike the '70s, flesh is not sacred. It's a greedy meat-market for guys who would normally have to pay for it.

At the bookshop, a pile of witchcraft recipe books. What hippy of the '70s dealt with witchcraft? Except we did want to lift the ban on importing them, for freedom from censorship of thought, to allow anthropologists and religious studies groups freedom. None



of us foresaw that you'd swap Aquarian intelligence for idols and craft.

Well Harry and his crew are still the major drug dealers. The park people still put it out with the pithy best before they fall over. The runaways are still punky. The dope's nearly as good and slightly cheaper than Vietnam Vet imports.

The museum is symbolic. A sticky shitty mess that looks like a run-down cubby. You can't get a \$20 foil without being forced to jump over a bustable amount.

Surveillance is everywhere but not turned on. The camera club can flash you to Paris and Egypt while you light a joint, or itch. Don't be proud Nimbin, people save up and blow petrol to get here and see the hippy thing. But your dirty-linen minds are not a turn on. You are a bitchy, paranoid community of old farts telling everyone Nimbin is the best place on earth. Try proving that.

In four witless months of being stuck here by red tape I've seen a guy hitting his head with a broken bottle, had two plastic bottles of unknown liquid thrown at me, picked up God knows how many comatose people after street fights and foodless binges, returned lost weird kids, been told gunshots are birdcalls, heard a guy's final scream as he suicided, been attacked constantly by street kleptomaniacs, had my dog stolen, picked up another suicide (on Harry's pills and alcohol), and been told Harry and the follow-up can solve all this if people only asked.

A warning from the big world, small pond people, your claim of a social paradise is as stupid as your idle homage to hippy ways. Your toothless hairless braggarts are causing petrol to be wasted. Essentially you are

a market distribution point for farmers' dope, not the centre of the universe, and when dope is legalised you'll drop off like a scab.

I am very snappy due to an iodine deficiency, but I will not be voting to condone necessary violence. You guys are so bitchy and preoccupied with your gossip and your lynching parties. Get a TV for God's sake. You didn't make the local natural beauty, and as a set of humans you show less thought and kindness than most. You are jaded, judgemental, and if you think you can pretend the effort of tourists is met by education, the only education here is that drug abusers are total losers.

Look up some original data from the '70s - white sugar poison, paintstripper icecream, mushrooms for shamans not party animals. Get it straight – on-going evolutionary revolution, not folklore from feckless dealers.

This is the first place truly where I wanted to die (knowing you knew where my dog was, and were hiding it from me). The constant reminders of the joys of my idealism, and seeing those ideals smashed by guys whose true calling is blood-money from addictive drugs.

No wonder in the nearest town Lismore, kids hang themselves regularly. There is nowhere to go when Nimbin, Centre of Ideals and Alternatives, cannot live up to its promise of being a creative think-tank. A total let-down.

I'm sorry I met most of you. There's a reason I didn't need your names. Still cruising with the tourists and the old cow cockies. Still on the planet, but you're a dark episode.

I can hear you jeering from your rainbow haze.

"Get Plastered"

...without the headaches

Gyprock walls and ceilings
New work or renovations

Terry Bressington

Phone 0427-891626

Trades Lic. No. 100169c

House Plans
Building Design
Building Supervision

NIMBIN DRAFTING

30 yrs Building Experience

ph (02)6689 1592
fax (02)6689 1492

Building Supervisors License No 39513S

Clarrie & Sally Rose, trading as
**Nimbin Mill Farm
Hardware & Gas**
at the Old Sawmill on Gungas Road.
The name says it all!
We sell bulk landscaping materials
and Searles gardening products.
Come out, see our range and compare prices.
Free delivery to Nimbin township
Phone 6689 1206

**NIMBIN
BUILDING
MATERIALS**

for a broad range of
NEW + USED
materials at competitive prices

Open Wed,
Sat, Sun

Phone Andy 0429 891664
6689 1644, 6689 1014

We Are The Recipients Of Our Own Magnificence

by David Love

Let's have fun and be high sustainably...

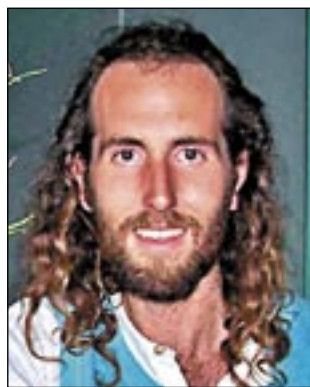
In these Good Times it appears we are familiarising our selves with Adventures In Communication, inspiring our desire to share harmony and understanding of this consciousness we are. Let's journey in this dream time consciously together. This is being released on a White Galactic Mirror- the Golden Babies are being well served. We shall explore what this means as we grow this year:

I will be exposing practical insights on the application of the Mayan Calendar in our present society. Do you know your galactic signature? This was the special day you were born, child of light.

I write today in the early hours of a Blue Rhythmic Night - I prepare to dream, though before my head rests at the height of my feet, I feel to spend this moment in dedication to the community process of which I am a part. Which part am I, if not one inviting you to part A. wRite now

The constructive application of language is so essential to us creating what truly serves us that I must mention it right now at the start of this flow of information. What do these words allow? Are they opening up our collective experience to realise our own individual highest potentials together? Do these words acknowledge our true Godliness and encourage us to live with this knowing consciously? Do these words inspire our true intelligence to be present enabling truly wonderful ingredients to come together? Do you feel you are part of an active audience empowered to make an absolute difference in the life of humanity? Do you feel these questions are opening up our relationship by acknowledging the vast range of beautiful possibilities at our fingertips as the creator weir flowing deeper into our growing world?

I'd like to acknowledge my name in introducing myself to you and deepening our relationship. I am David Peace=One Love. This is my



real name. What is real to me is what people feel in their hearts. This is present now and is the guideposts to where we are in this journey of life.

The realisation of my name has not been straight forward, though is definitely clarifying in my interaction with people. When I changed my name in alignment with my heart desire, I noticed an ascension began within me. My true soul journey being acknowledged every time. It is my name, this soul I am knowing those who bear my name in association with me rise together. Simple.

I am a beloved one of God in the family of Love, with soul purpose as folk us unify consciousness during these changing times. What this means in application is certainly a creatively vast undertaking being overtaken by our collective inspiration to be in love now. We are forming Associations Promoting Positive Life Industry Communication Advancing Trust In One Network.

The naming of my self and the time and place of my birth I know are significant in the purpose of what this continent Gondwana Australia represents in this global process of unity. In the next months I'd love to elucidate for you some visions of our relative disposition and true opportunity as individuals collectively rising in self confidence recognising our absolute uniqueness.

I have rested and awoken from dreams wondering how I can convey any importance to you. The dreams during this night passing included permutations of Dreamspell code and finished with the excitement of being in a chai tent at a festival where I was walking around with a half rolled joint of which as I stepped over a group sitting down I spilled half of

it to look down to see a much larger pile of mix. I couldn't tell where my little bit had fallen on the ground surrounded by an abundant mound of opportunity to send it round...

And whatever it takes for us to meet... Giving this blessing we live as me, let's transcend illusion playfully,

Fun, I continue to write following on this Yellow Resonant Seed the 17th of January of two thousand and heaven from Sphinx Rock Cafe beaming our rainbow dreamtime's Immaculate Reception. Hear I potentiate this channel of light's seams in this lovelife reality.

Via the language of sound architecture we be the emergence of the planetary star human in conscious synchronicity. We explore keys in hempowering plants messaging our new clear reality bringing global views resonant harmonically in universal mind holography. We are entertaining the planetary skywalker's crop circle revelations spiralling this inception dreamspelling creation acknowledging the sovereignty of our birth, fluid membranes housing this everchanging path of universal remembrance being God consciousness.

Lightly I feel inspiring you and me being this free domain of self. I accept the credibility of your own authority being the power in me. I am witness at the centre of the universe commander of this Divine mission realising True Love at the helm. The evolution of this journey informs a unifying story working our world in harmonious kinship through peaceful vital conditions enabling diverse life to thrive in loving kindness.

Hear we tune in for this authentic human experience revealing a joyful time seeing a new chapter of our story worshipping this soul potential. We are entrusted to evoke our true feelings as heartfelt commitment to peaceful practice in being human for the benefit of our remembrance of what this human disposition is really being.

LoveLife
www.OneRainbowBridge.com



The Way of the Spiritual Warrior

by Orange Sun, Pumpenbil

What are people most looking for in the world today? Is it love? Is it happiness? Or is it recognition?

Do people strive for wealth to become powerful, to bolster their egos, or to satisfy desires? If it is the latter, what would be the most common desire of all the population on Planet Earth?

Would it be material possessions? And why would people be so desirous of them? Do they bolster the ego, make life more comfortable, or does it give the person more power to manipulate people and situations?

Does one want a new lounge suite because it will be a creation of beauty, a crafted piece of serviceable art? Or would it be for prestige and a feeling of self worth?

Perhaps people are most looking to be loved. They may express this in a number of different ways. They may have many children, or they may have a Guru. They may be devoutly Christian, Buddhist, Muslim or devotees of Krishna. They may be devoutly religious without a religion, believing only in the Divine Plan of God and having trust and faith in It

Some may believe that happiness is the answer to all man's problems. That with happiness all must be well in your world. But for most people happiness is illusive; whereas recognition is an achievable task, a challenge. Recognition is usually connected to wealth and soon the ego is fed by the wealth, the recognition and a lust to achieve more; which



then turns into greed.

Like a malignant tumour, it will destroy the very fabric of their spiritual being. The deeper they sink into the mire, the less observant are they of their soul's journey. There is however a solution. Just as the lotus starts with its roots in the mud, it raises itself up, out of the mire, out of contaminated waters to show itself to the world in its naked beauty.

One's roots are as unimportant as are the roots of the lotus. It is our lot that we have arrived at this point through our relatives and ancestors. They merely bring us to this point, but are not us. Lot-us—lotus. What you are now, and what you will be tomorrow, is what is important on your soul's journey. Also of importance is what you were

yesterday; that is in your last and all previous incarnations.

For the world to be at peace, each individual must be at peace with themselves. Must have faith in themselves and must trust their intuition. They must be guided by their conscience and know that they understand right from wrong. They must recognize that they are on a spiritual path, that life is a long string of lessons to be learned and that whatever they do in this life, will affect the next.

This is the way of the Spiritual Warrior. The sword is used as a metaphor for cutting away the old for the new, the dead for the healthy, the extraneous for the useful. The sword is used to slay the ego; to cut loose of material attachment and be ready for new opportunities. If at first they may seem outrageous, contemptuous or ridiculous, prior to complete investigation, noncompliance will enslave a man to ignorance.

Rely therefore on radical trust, even though the moment may call for you to leap, empty-handed into the void. This is the way of the spiritual warrior.
peacenow@dodo.com.au

Massage in your own home

from qualified therapist

MIRIAM ELLA

experienced with the elderly, pre and post operative palliative, the stressed, the tired and aching and those wishing to improve their general health and well being.

Using a wide range of traditional techniques appropriate to your individual needs.

Phone miriam 66897488 for an appointment
\$45 hour (concessions and gift vouchers available)

Jerry Grace

Licenced Electrical Contractor

Licence No. 17976

Rural, Commercial and Domestic Installations

Phone 6688-8287
Mobile 0416-182-222



Renovations, Additions

6689-1547

Yagya Gentle

**Carpenter
Lic. R94122**

**STONY CHUTE
TILER**

**Small jobs good
Bathrooms re-tiled
Mosaic paths**

**PHONE 0419 478 248
LIC R.75915**