

Musick has charms

by **Brendan (Mookx) Hanley**

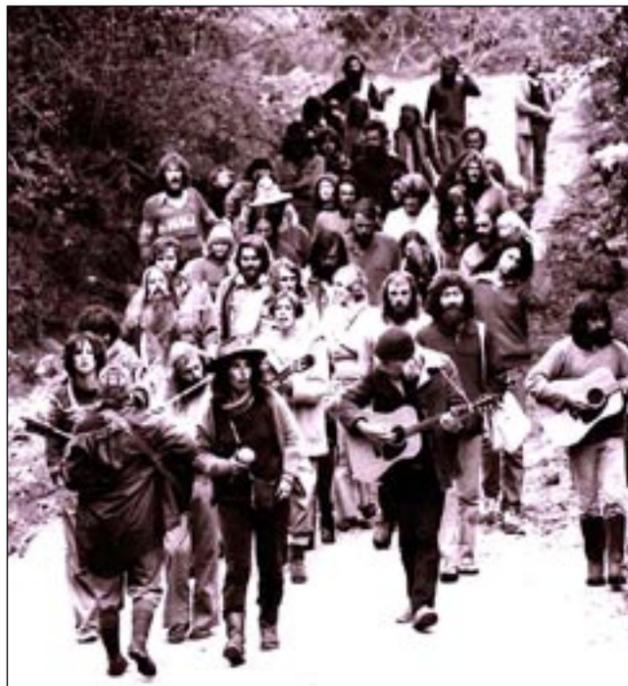
*Musick has charms to soothe a
savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a
knotted oak.*

– From the 1697 play
The Mourning Bride, by
William Congreve – English
playwright and poet. (The
same guy who came up with
“Hell has no fury like a
woman scorned!” ... so he’s
gotta be right. Right?)

It was at the Terania
blockade, about eight or
nine in the morning in early
September 1979. Neil Pike,
Peter Pix, the Star Ring
mob and all their mates had
been up at the bulldozer site
playing music since before
sun-up and needed a relief
squad to take over and give
‘em a break.

Word got to us at the camp.
Myself, Paul Joseph, Mark
Eliot, Sara Mitchell (and
two others I can’t put a name
on right now) got together,
grabbed our instruments and
set forth, two abreast... with
Paul and I up front. As we
crossed the creek we passed
a cop on either side, sitting
there doing head counts or
whatever. We all said hello,
got into some banter with
them, then continued up the
track into the breathtakingly
beautiful forest.

We started singing
Paul’s “Forest Song”, Mark
accompanying on sax and
the rest of us plunking and
harmonising along. We were
making our uphill way along
the forest path, coming up to
a left hand turn when Paul
got to the bit “They’re taking
more than they need!” We
turned the bend as the last
echoes died away to see just
ahead of us in single file, six
armed, uniformed cops...
about 30 metres away...
coming towards us.



The Power of music: Terania protesters and musicians, among them Lisa Yeates, who was a feature at Woodford this year.

It pushed all our buttons
to say the least... us and the
cops! We were emerging on
each other rapidly. Without
even thinking, I ripped off
a fast bluegrass banjo lick
while trying to smile in a
general uphill direction.

The lead cop cracked a
huge grin, took off his cap
which he slapped on his hip,
simultaneously emitting an
almighty “YEE HAH!” and
doing an “Oklahoma” side-
kick dance leap off the track
to let us pass. The other cops
all followed suit and scurried,
hopped or fell out of the way.
We cruised through, singing
and playing and smiling...
almost dancing our way up to
the action.

Musical instruments versus
guns!

Since that day, which to me
personally was the turning
point of the Terania battle, I
have witnessed the soothing,
healing, converting power of
my own, and other people’s
music over and over again.

Any successful actions such
as Mt. Nardi, the Canberra
Anti-Nuke Camp, Middle
Head, Franklin River, Pine
Gap etc. were replete with
appropriate music. The vibe
never got angsty or violent
... music soothed the way to
victory every time.

As an observer, I have
either witnessed or been told
about several recent local or
regional gatherings largely
populated by local Gasfield-
free groups, where sometimes
anger and alienation have
prevailed, followed of course,
by the inevitable bad press.
The media loves to show us as
angry, violent and dangerous.

Music was conspicuously
absent from these actions.

I would like to see a
positive, keen, bunch of
young musicians (like we
were) turn up and take the
loud-hailers and microphones
away from the ubiquitous
handful of politically
ambitious blokes that have
been controlling local actions
and laying the foundations
for angry and violent
behaviour.

They harangue the shit
out of the already converted
and motivated people
present until they feel like
killing someone. Then they
recommend you attend their
non-violent workshops.

To my mind, it would work
better if we could dispense
with the politicians. Let
the music take over. Sing
songs together in peace and
harmony... and see what
happens!



Huayucachi 1974, and
I’d been living/working
with an indigenous Quechua
family in the central plateau
between the Cordilleras of
the Peruvian Central Andes.

Enrique Ruben Dario
Sanchez stopped his old
Dodge truck to pick me
up hitching my way down
to Cuzco. The deal was
I’d help him unload and
re load goods as we passed
through the isolated villages
and regional centres on the
stupendously hair raising
wayward back roads en route
to our destination. The sacks
of flour and rice were great
to ‘chill’ on, but the kitchen
utensils and automotive spare
parts meant I had to ride in
the cab, which deprived me
of the that feeling of being
‘outside and amongst it’.

Enrique, however, was
convivial and intellectually
stimulating and I learnt
many things from him
about Peruvian folklore and
culture that are still with me
today, so it was good times
in the cab. It was only a few
hundred kilometres via the
main road but with all the
detours, we spent over two
weeks travelling through
breath taking (literally)
mountain passes above 4000
metres, higher than the tree
line, and the foetid eastern
jungle slopes of the Andes
before arriving in Cuzco on
Christmas Eve.

Enrique insisted on buying
my dinner and drinks that
night and because I’d told
him I was a winemaker he
had to share a few bottles
with me. And that’s the only
“wine” element in this story
because the wines were not
memorable – the following
is just a reflection on
adventures in another time
and place.

Cuzco was pumping. The
indigenous Quechua and
Amara were decked out
in their finest traditional
intricately hand woven
regalia reflecting the richness
of the vegetable dyes that
were still in use at that time,
making a bold statement
identifying the individual

Christmas in Cuzco

regional ‘tribes’ in that part
of the country. Ornate hats
and assorted eclectic head
coverings atop chocolate
skin tones wrapped in multi
layered skirts conched to
Andes pipes and llama-
skinned drums that filled
the plaza with music that
brought tears to my eyes –
just like Nimbin really.

Of course everyone was
‘on the Pisco’, mostly the
less expensive stuff generally
consumed by the less
wealthy (read, most of the
population) being distilled
from cane sugar; raw, hot
and heady. Pisco is the
national spirit traditionally
distilled from wine made
using Muscatel grapes, Pisco
being the port on the mouth
of that river of the same
name about 140km south
of Lima. Because of the
entrenched poverty, festive
occasions are an excuse
to indulge in what’s not
financially able on a regular
basis and Enrique was in
full flight, his benevolence
creating havoc with my
motor neuron functions.
We eventually passed out
in the back of his Dodge
watching the brilliance of an
unpolluted star scape doing a
roller coaster above us. Then
I woke up.

Seeing as it was the day of
Christ’s birthday I thought
it only appropriate to call on
Him for help but He must
have been breast feeding,
or having his bum wiped,
and didn’t respond. I don’t
know how many of you out
there reading this have had a
monster hangover in rarefied
air at an altitude of 3300
metres and for those of you
that haven’t, don’t go there.

Enrique gently advised me
that I had the colour of
some of the jungle terrain
we’d passed through not
so long ago and suggested
we hit the markets for a
healthy breakfast of “head
soup”, me thinking he was
taking “the piss” because
the inside of my head was
doing Tchaikovsky’s 1812
Overture at 200 decibels.
So we meander our way
through the magnificence of
intricately carved stone walls
and cobble-stoned streets to
grab a spot on the crowded
hewn wooden benches that
are the stuff of markets.
Enrique orders “Dos Caldo
de Cabezas” (two head
soups) from the genial stocky
woman with the radiant
smile. She turns around and
gets busy with the necessary
accoutrements and with her
back to us begins ladling
from an enormous smoke-
blackened aluminium pot
only to turn around placing
two large bowls filled with
a caramel coloured broth, a
few wisps of something green
and a complete goats head.
As I recoiled, Enrique, who’s
been watching me, says “The
gums are the best part”.

Many thanks to all of
you who have offered
appreciation for my
words and the kind and
constructive comments
that makes our community
so special. “New Year” is
just another day on a piece
of paper called a calendar,
and, as we live today and
tomorrow, I wish you
wonderful people the best of
health and happiness.

Cheers.

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Sunday 6th	5.30pm	Jim Bob
Thursday 10th	6pm	Adam Brown
Friday 11th	7.30pm	Romaniacs
Saturday 12th	6pm	Carmen Salvador
Sunday 13th	5.30pm	Carpetchaggers
Thursday 17th	6pm	Agency Dub Collective
Friday 18th	7.30pm	Tightrope Blues
Saturday 19th	6.30pm	Chris Aronsten
Sunday 20th	5.30pm	Kahn
Thursday 24th	6.30pm	Bill Jacobi
Friday 25th	7.30pm	Bassix
Saturday 26th	5pm	Nite Star (Aussie Day)
Sunday 27th	5pm	Surf Report
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From Grade 1 to the Impossible - It's been a good year



Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc.

by Catherine Baker,
Michael Smith, Len Martin

Walking through the Booyong Reserve, near Bangalow, reminds me of the 1972 futuristic movie *Silent Running*, in which the few remaining forests and their wildlife have been consigned to three huge domes orbiting the Earth, in the unlikely event that 'nature' might be needed again.

Meanwhile, down here on the planet humans are living in urbanised, geo-engineered, climate-controlled predictability. Booyong Reserve's 16 hectares isn't under a dome, but its life was preserved against the odds. It sits like an island in a sea of paddocks. It is, after all, completely flat land. It would have been easy to clear. It's one of the few reasonably-sized remnants of the type of rainforest that once covered the whole of this area - 75,000 hectares of it, by all accounts. To the average 19th-century punter, what they called the 'Big Scrub' was an economic opportunity not to be missed. First the red cedars, then the rosewoods...

Fortunately, as we saw during our walk through the reserve in November, the 16 hectares has sustained quite a degree of biodiversity. Among many other species, we encountered red cedars, pepper berries, blackbeans and white beeches. We lingered over the twists and turns in the buttresses of white booyongs, water gums and small-leaved figs. Had a laugh at the name of the hairy walnuts (well, I did). Climbed into the middle of strangler

figs (Judy did). Generally had a good time. Added to which, we spotted a long-necked turtle in the Wilson's River, and were brought to a halt by a plump and shining land mullet. A true representative of its laid-back species, it eventually left the track. What amazed me was that nobody in this band of inveterate photographers actually took a photograph of it. I figured it must be getting towards the end of the year... They're winding down for Christmas.

After the one-hour or so walk, we held the AGM of the Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc. in the clearing close to the road and our cars. Out came the chairs and the lunch packs. We were joined by three handsome cockerels. No doubt rejects from the human world, but they looked sleek enough. We tossed some crumbs, ran the annual photographic competition (Michael won with 'Don's Leap'). We nominated our office-bearers amid photography jokes and chook jokes. There were just 8 of us, mostly 'core group'. Predictably, almost everybody came away with a (not always new) job for 2013. To me it felt idyllic. Laughter alternately pierced by the catbird call and softened by the 'oom, oom' of the bronzewings. Impossible to imagine a world where 'nature' might never be needed again. - CB

On a warm December Friday evening, nine members of the Nimbin Bushwalkers Club Inc. arrived at Tooloom Falls for the first round of the Xmas Camp. Michael caught the big bass in the 'headlice' pool, and let him go. Others swam, talked and

put up their tents.

Next day we rumbled along forestry trails to get near the 500-metre high 'Beehive'. The next 5 hours would sort us out. First John and Mon turned back. Then Kath and Len, the youngest and the oldest called it a day, leaving one great-grandfather and three grandparents to soldier on. The hill, which appears to be too steep to climb from a distance, is slippery, dry and scratchy. Everyone lost a lot of sweat, and some blood, before the top was reached. Here we found an old trig station, the sighting pole no longer vertical. Down was easier.

The battered and defeated regrouped at Koreelah Gorge for another session with the tent poles and wine. Swims and platypuses saw the daylight out. A python lay next to Len's tent, all night. Bounding marsupials and rodents were glimpsed in the gloom. On Sunday we headed off down the Gorge to try and walk the whole length. In romantic surroundings, and in the deepest pool, we swam the sweat away. To get all the way down the Gorge there were wild rock scrambles, shoes-off



wading, nettles and savage ropey tangles of coxspur. We made it without penalty.

The walking for 2012 has ended. In 2013 we plan to visit Moreton Island, the Urbenville Crown, O'Riley to Binna Burra, downstream of Dalwood Falls, Cragie's other Spire, Undercliff Falls, 3838 Gorge, Broken Head, Washpool, Girralong, Yabra Falls and Tunglebung Falls. Might see you there. - MS

And a slightly different perspective from an increasingly decrepit correspondent, now in his eightieth year as of 19th Dec.

The arrangement for the weekend was for attendees to meet leader Don in Kyogle 9am on the Saturday, though any who wished could go to Tooloom Falls on the Friday.

It turned out all except Don did so - he arriving alone at 10am on Saturday, though he would have liked to have come on Friday. So, for any future such events, participants MUST inform the leader of their intentions.

His 'late' arrival had an unfortunate consequence. Don's Saturday Beehive walk, a Grade 4, 5hr leisurely 500m ascent... much easier than it looks... lunch on top at 12 mid-day - 15 minutes drive away from Tooloom Falls, proved not to be the North Obelisk (which looked difficult) but the South Obelisk (which

looked bloody impossible).

Don planned to access it across Tooloom Falls. Alas, this route had been blocked. So, after consultation with a ranger, a convoy took a long, slow roundabout drive, arriving at the base about 11am.

The day was overcast, but very warm and humid. I made it about a third of the way up, past wonderful rock formations to a spectacular rock lookout where we lunched. Post-

prandially, I launched my body upwards with the others, but after 50-60 metres realised the wise course was to abort the mission, slowly descend and return to the car to await the return of the intrepid four at about 4.30pm. Given a cool day in winter and an early start I might, someday, still make it to the top. A leisurely Sunday was spent photographing, rather than descending the gorge. - LM



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Prospects for peace in Afghanistan?

by Culley Palmer

I'm staying with four Americans in the office compound of an aid organisation in Kabul, Afghanistan.

We are here as part of an international delegation to meet with community groups, NGOs and ordinary Afghans – to learn about the impacts of the war, and local peace-building efforts.

Kabul is one of the most corrupt cities in the world, and one of the most polluted. The situation in Afghanistan's capital is still far from stable. There has been a targeted suicide bombing while we were here.

In the last few years, thousands of refugees have been arriving from rural provinces, escaping the violence and poverty of the war.

We drove to a refugee camp in the outskirts of the city and crowded on the floor of a Unicef tent to have a meeting with residents and leaders of the camp. About 55 families of around 7 people live in the camp.

One of the men told us he had fought with the Taliban before realising it was achieving nothing for the people. He said that old men like him, with white beards, were responsible for the corruption in society, and it is up to the young people to bring change.

He stressed that foreign powers need to leave for peace to come, adding

that they are only here for their own interests. He asked "where are the guns coming from?" and "where is the money coming from?"

While the Gillard government plans to withdraw troops by 2014, our troops are only token support. The SAS are not withdrawing and neither is our intelligence support, and these are our real contributions to the war here.

Australian SAS operate throughout Afghanistan's rural provinces, mostly in the south where armed resistance has been strongest. In co-ordination with US, British and other special forces, they forcibly enter homes in the early hours of the morning; guns drawn, balaclavas on. They meet any resistance with lethal force, round up the residents and capture suspected insurgents. Captives are handed to the US for interrogation, and many moved into secret prisons for torture and further interrogation.

The Afghan journalist we met with told us that intelligence sharing between international forces and local government is not very good. Often the wrong homes are raided. International forces regard every adult male as a "potential combatant". Consequently, a lot of civilians are killed in these raids.

We have met people from the Transitional Justice project, Human Rights & Eradication of Violence



Culley Palmer (right) in Kabul, with international delegates including Anne Wright and Fr. John Dear, some Afghan Youth Peace Volunteers, and a few residents from a drug rehabilitation centre.

Organisation, Catholic Relief Service, a drug rehabilitation centre, Afghan Action, and a women's sewing group, with more meetings set for the coming days.

We have been meeting daily with the Afghan Youth Peace Volunteers, who are a mixed-ethnic group of mostly students, dedicated to non-violent, non-military solutions to the conflict here. Some of the peace volunteers have travelled to India to study Gandhian non-violence.

On International Day of Human Rights, 10th December, they launched their two million friends campaign, which is a petition to be delivered to the UN for all armed groups to lay down their weapons. Please consider joining the petition at: www.2millionfriends.org

Nimbin Garden Club Notes

by Bernadine Schwartz

It's the beginning of another year and a time when we reflect on the year gone and plan for the new one. Last year gave us the opportunity to visit an array of gardens in our area. It's evident that the gardeners of our local surrounds are dedicated and informed in creating beautiful and functional gardens.

The year started with a visit to Tony and Leslie's at Nimbin Rocks. They practise sustainability in every way possible. Many of us walked away feeling very humble and made aware that we can do a lot more towards being greener.

We visited Will and Athol at Byrrill Creek with their well planned terrace gardens and a collection of succulents. Their New Zealand Kauri tree was a perfect specimen with its glossy leaves and smooth pale trunk.

Gillian and Dick were envied by all with their property bordering on Goolmangar Creek, making it a lovely setting for our AGM. We were also fortunate enough to have Lois Kelly come and talk to us about plans for a future Nimbin walking track and her involvement with the Northern Rivers Food Group.

Our visit to Nick and Andrew's at Mountaintop was like entering a parkland, with

sprawling manicured lawns and a tranquil man-made lake.

Mrs Burr's garden at Wadeville had an assortment of roses that unfortunately were not in bloom for our visit. The property also had a spectacular Cacti garden and a host of hardy natives such as Grevilleas etc.

Mandy and Peter's property at Tuntable Falls gave us the opportunity to see what many of our native trees when in maturity will look like. We were very lucky to see their Gynea Lily in flower for the first time.

The year ended with a visit Sandy and Lyndal's property, The Island. This garden was an inspiration to us all and an example of what can be achieved when faced with Lantana on a grand scale.

Whether your garden is acreage or a small courtyard, it can contribute by providing habitats to many insects, frogs, reptiles and birds. All these creatures play an important role in creating healthy environments so think globally and act locally.

The Nimbin Garden Club is affiliated with Garden Clubs of Australia and is one of 674 clubs throughout Australia. Our club in its small way raises money for local charities and has always been community



orientated. Our working bee at the Bush Theatre was such a success that we have planned to tidy-up and revitalise the gardens around our local hospital.

I am already anticipating our February visit with Georgina McPhee of Goolmangar and sharing her rose garden and rainforest with us. I am certain many club members will be attending, and am looking forward to catching up with them all. If you are interested in joining the club, membership is only \$15 per year and it's a great opportunity to meet new people in your area and maybe learn a bit more about gardening. Directions for the February visit will be in February's *GoodTimes*.

If you are proud of your garden and would like to share it with the club, just send an email: nimbingardens@gmail.com with a brief description of your garden and a member will be in touch.

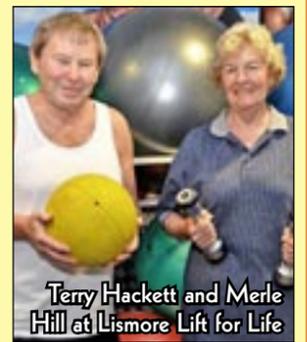
Lift for Life

Nimbin Physical Activity Centre set to tackle type-2 diabetes

Nimbin Physical Activity Centre is working with Move2Change to bring Lift for Life to Nimbin, offering \$2 strength training that's suitable for everyone regardless of fitness, age or ability.

"You don't need to be fit as a fiddle to join Lift for Life. With type-2 diabetes on the rise at such a rapid rate, we want to offer a program to our community that helps prevent, manage or even reverse this condition and some other chronic diseases," said Cassandra Jefferys of Nimbin Physical Activity Centre.

"Lift for Life involves two sessions each week in the gym. We start everyone off with a health assessment so that we can tailor an individual gym program for each person in the group. It's challenging, and a lot of fun."



Lift for Life is available for only \$2 per session to adults who are unemployed, seniors, Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islanders, from a non-English speaking background, refugees, with a disability or carers. Those who are working can participate for \$5 per session.

Lismore City Council's Move2Change project is funded by the Australian Government's Healthy Communities Initiative.

Lift for Life sessions at Nimbin Physical Activity Centre will be held on Mondays and Wednesdays at 11am, starting 4th February.

The world according to...

Magenta Appel-Pye

In praise of Chia seeds

On Christmas Day I succumbed to temptation (it all looks so delicious) and peer pressure (if you just think positively you won't get sick, you hypochondriac!) and ate Christmas fare.

Bring on Irritable Bowel Syndrome. I reckon there's nothing as over-rated as a good root or under-rated as a good shit. It's agony trying to drop the kids off at the pool when the giant slippery slide isn't working. "Are we there yet?" I think calling a complicated digestive disorder 'irritable bowel syndrome' (not even a real disease, just a syndrome!) sucks.

Of course you're irritable, you feel like shit. You're full of it! The medical profession shouldn't be putting shit on

your problem, but I guess even they like to take the piss. It's like saying you've got a rooted vagina or a pissed off bladder. It's very rude. They should give it a proper name like Bohemian Bowel or Christmatisis.

Thankfully I've discovered Chia seeds. They have the highest dietary fibre content of any food and also the highest known food source of omega-3. I use one tablespoon, activated in warm water and voila, peristaltic movement started and the specimen was so impressive I felt I had to favour the world, so I photographed it and posted it on Facebook. It got the most likes I've ever had.

With 6 x more calcium than milk, 3 x more iron than spinach, the potassium content of 11/2 large bananas, as much vitamin C as 7 oranges, 15 x more magnesium than broccoli and 3 x antioxidant capacity of blueberries, it truly is a superfood.

So if you have any colon problems and want to increase your transit time, give chia a go. Bombs away.

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I love camels. What can I say? I have been living and breathing camels for a month now and it could have gone either way! I have ridden camels, seen camels dance, seen camels bejewelled most glamorously and even painted a mural of camels on the guesthouse wall in Pushkar.

It was the desert trek in Jaisalmer that sealed my blighted love, though. Two nights in the heavenly peace and space of the remote Thar Desert – just me, three camels and one desert man/camel driver/cook come guide (a dark intense Muslim man... hmmm). To further enhance the safari experience, I carried cookies supplied by the famous Dr Bhang in the fort of Jaisalmer.

This kooky but loveable, gold-lined, dinner jacket-wearing character "prescribes" the correct dose of cannabis to add to his menu of lassis of every flavour. He takes his job very seriously knowing that too much is not a fun experience and it's his business to ensure maximum cannabis pleasure. After a brief "consultation" he assess each person's experience level and adjusts levels for maximum stoned pleasure... nice to meet you Dr Bhang! We shared many stories... Desert Doctor Bhang meet Nimbin Cookie Queen.

Needless to say I found myself flying through the fairytale castle on a super lassi fit for a Queen. Through 18th century 'havelis' – gorgeously carved stone doorways of architectural fame and 'jali' – carved lattice screens. Hours later my flying carpet delivered me to the outskirts of the city where I was transferred to a 4WD jeep ride of madness. Hindi music blaring, dodging goats, camels and trucks as we rocketed towards our awaiting camels. The castle of Jaisalmer once looming out of the desert now slowly

recedes to be replaced by an arid landscape of thorn trees, tumbleweed and rocky sand. With my new cowboy hat and scarf flying in the wind I felt alive, wild and free and excited to be off on a new adventure.

Now I am sitting in a beach cafe in Arambol, Goa, party state of India. Music pumping, ocean waves breaking ten metres away and sand between my toes. It is a touch of paradise with long wide sandy beaches, drumming circle at sunset, plentiful cafes and great people. The seafood is fresh each night with an impressive choice of ocean fish, baby sharks, mud crabs, king prawns, lobsters, mussels, calamari. Or you can choose from a menu of Indian, Chinese, Israeli, Italian or local Goan food, which is famous for its cashew infused dishes... yum.

My new friend is Russian, which isn't that surprising as there are more Russians in Goa than any other nationality. She is 150kg of voluptuous, womanly splendour with a self-confidence and personality to match. She is young and free and the spectacle of this pink bikini-clad magnificence surrounded by roaming packs of hormonal Indian men has kept me entertained all week. I took a local bus to the neighbouring beach with Olge, who was keen to experience a local bus trip. I did try to warn her and perhaps her choice of iridescent yellow mini dress-cum-sari was not the wisest choice for a bus jam packed with men keen to press up against her. She was a billowing bohemian rhapsody, with one young man following us for the rest of the afternoon then all the way back to our local spot... seriously obsessed! I tell you, walking behind Olge and watching the domino effect of gaping, drooling men was hilarious... ladies forget the dieting – men like BIG! I will never forget Olge. She is a glorious testament to loving oneself completely. Her joy and enthusiasm for life is a beacon of light in a world obsessed with image and conformity.



Dionne (centre) with Olge (right) and Natasha from Bangalore, who is travelling around India with her husband Vickram on a Royal Enfield motorbike.



Ironically Yours

Travel diary of the irreverent
by Dionne May

to Delhi for some culture. The Taj Mahal awaits, a Bollywood film awaits, the Gandhi Museum and who knows what else. My Indian friend Hira is a native of Delhi and will be hosting me. I am looking forward to experiencing Delhi through his eyes, and having a male chaperon in this seemingly sex-obsessed country!

Statistically Delhi is an intimidating place for a lone woman with a recorded 624 rapes last year. Just two days ago a young couple caught one of the private buses home at 8pm. The drunken driver and his five mates raped and bashed them as they drove around the city, dumping them naked and bleeding on the streets. Needless to say I am being VERY careful here.

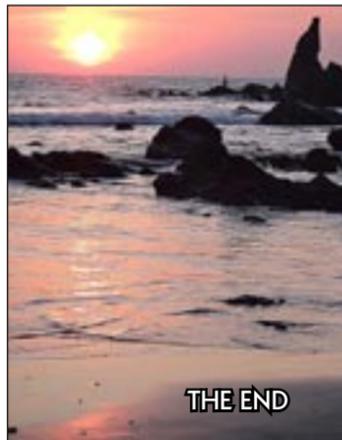
So finally some tips for travelling in India as a single woman. The Indian Massage... forget the massages of Thailand or Bali. Here a massage is the quickest way to get a foreign woman nearly naked and rub her all over with oil. Leave if: a) the masseuse offers to "open your charkras", b) asks if you have brought a condom with you, c) gasps and exclaims "Oh My God!" as you disrobe or d) offers to give you a full body massage with his body... "Yes madame, very good"!

Always try to ensure you have plenty of time... for

everything, then the crazy inconsistencies and constant unforeseen delays of India will amuse and entertain rather than elevate your blood pressure. Eat the local food, learn some Hindi, interact with Indian people, smoke chillums with the babas and dance Bollywood style with friends on the beach. If you live and love big, then I can guarantee that this magical land will eat you up in the nicest possible way. They have a great saying here in India: saab kooch melega... everything is possible, and you can feel it in the air you breathe.

So from teaching swimming at the orphanage in Timor Leste, on this wonderful trip I have trekked in the Himalayan Mountains of Nepal and visited three amazing states of India. Uttar Pradesh, where Julie and I practised yoga and mediated in an ashram on the banks of the spiritual Ganges River; Rajasthan the mighty warrior desert state and host of the famous camel fair and camel safaris, to lounging on the beaches of Goa.

There are still nine more states to visit, but for now it is time to head home to Nimbin and all my friends and family for Christmas. I look forward to seeing you all soon. – Namaste!



by Bob Tissot

I awoke this morning to the sound of music. I'd say the hills were alive with it except Phnom Penh is as flat as a tack. Sometime during the night the rhythmic 'doof doof' from the nightly disco had been replaced by the high, culturally challenging wail of traditional Khymer music.

"Christ that's loud," I thought as I descended the wide marble staircase of what, in its heyday, would have been a salubrious establishment. Stepping outside I was physically assaulted by about 10,000 watts of amplified wedding music. You see, due to a total lack of venues, weddings are held in the street – literally. A marquee had been erected covering the footpath and 3/4 of the street, seating for 200 guests filled the road and a couple of hired policemen tried to squeeze traffic past the obstruction which was no mean feat considering the road was usually jammed with traffic. Meg (JJ's sister) had arrived the previous night so she and I scammed refreshments and congratulated the happy couple.

After breakfast Meg, a life-long political agitator, took off to find a protest demonstration. With the ASEAN conference starting the next day there was no shortage of these but, due to the heavy-handed police response the demo's were very fluid; melting away from one spot and regrouping a few blocks away. The major grievance of the demonstrators is the "evictions"; the practice of poor people being evicted from their land so it can be developed by the wealthy. Because Pol Pot destroyed all land ownership records, this means any ownership can be disputed in a court of law – a carte blanche for the rich to bribe their way to a happy verdict. We hear of many arrests and the expulsion of over 400 foreign shit-stirrers so Meg's return after lunch is a great relief.

JJ has spent the morning rebuilding the gear-linkage and assures us that going forwards is now a viable option. He's also bought an anchor, which everyone agrees is a bloody good thing. I've been off buying dongles, cracking passwords and activating SIMs and the Apsara is now one more tuk-tuk on the information super highway.

And so at last the time has come. It's mid-afternoon when we cast off and steam proudly down the Tonle Sap river towards the palace and the confluence with the Mekong. Everyone is a little hysterical with excitement as the Apsara purrs along like a catfish. (Am I the only one who thinks we're sailing too close to the Royal Wharf?) We hang a leftie at the palace and proceed up the Mekong, past the Cambodian Navy (four barges with anti-aircraft guns), heading for Ko-dac Island and an engineer who is going to find and repair a pesky little leak.

It's dark when we finally tie up next to a couple of rotting hulks on an otherwise deserted piece of Mekong mud flat, which is when we discover a few things. We've brought no food (no coffee!), no bedding (there are 7 of us) and the pesky little leak has developed into a bloody big one. We accidently cross-wire the 12v bilge pump and blow it up, drain the batteries with the 240v bilge pump and then bailed with a bucket till 1am, by which time we figure we've got enough floatation 'til morning.

Woke at 4.30am with the cabin awash, seat covers floating, and it's back on the bucket 'til 7am, by which time Meg and I declare the vessel technically sunk and abandon ship. Walked 2km to a ferry and returned to the hotel for hot showers and breakfast, leaving JJ and Simmo to deal with the flood.

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7.00am	7.45am	8.00am	8.30am
8.00am	8.45am	12.00pm	12.35pm *
12.00pm	12.35pm *	2.35pm	3.10pm
2.35pm	3.10pm	5.30pm	6.00pm
3.20pm	4.15pm		
5.30pm	6.00pm		
Leaving	Arriving	Leaving	Arriving
Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre	Nimbin – Main St. (Park)	Lismore Transit Centre
7.52am	8.50am	9.00am	9.35am
9.00am	9.35am	12.45pm	1.15pm *
12.45pm	1.15pm *	3.25pm	4.10pm
3.25pm	4.10pm	6.05pm	6.35pm
4.25pm	5.00pm		
6.05pm	6.35pm		

No Public Holiday Service
Town Service - Wheelchair access available upon request, 24 Hour notice required
Some Buses connect in Nimbin for Operators to Murwillumbah

* Mondays & Thursdays Only

Rediscover fitness

Responsibility to educate and inspire the community in health and fitness is the goal for Cassandra and Demi Jefferys (pictured), at Discover Fitness.

"As we get older, we lose the responsibility we have to ourselves in ensuring our health and fitness remain a top priority. We become disconnected and neglect the importance of maintaining a healthy and physically fit state of being," Cassandra says.

Cassandra commenced personal training in 2008 and has since been passionate about helping people rediscover their strengths.

Understanding what drives each individual emotionally is important when setting realistic and achievable goals.

"I have trained many people, taking themselves beyond what they first thought possible. Their surprise at themselves, when they reflect

on their achievements, is a magnificent reward," she said.

When the desire to feel and look good has become a lifestyle, we are then able to influence and motivate others.

Karim, Lisa and Jan have three very different goals, each of them receiving the benefits of their devotion. They have managed to get themselves through the first three months of an exercise program, which typically sees most people, usually those without clear goals, discontinue. They have implemented strategies to remain goal orientated and they have made the necessary lifestyle changes to minimise self-sabotage.

Profile - Karim

Goals: Increase energy flow through body, increase muscle mass, improve fitness

Training: 1 years, 5 months

Fat mass: reduced to 12%

Muscle growth: 6kg pure muscle, Size gains - Chest,



6cm, Thigh 7cm, Bicep 3cm

For the first 4 months of training, I put Karim on a metabolic resistance training program. I wanted to improve his vitality, prepare his body for the heavier loads required for muscle building and also reduce his fat mass, he was carrying a bit of weight around his waist. Once his body was ready and he had lost most of the weight he was carrying, I introduced him to a total body hypertrophy training program. His busy life allows him one training session with me and another on his own, his muscle growth has been steady and he has suffered no injuries.

Karim says: "I am feeling strong and fitter have more vitality on every level than I ever have in my whole life. My mental discipline is so much more focused than it was, I can deal with stress when it enters my life."

Profile - Lisa

Goals: Reduce fat mass, reduce blood pressure, improve fitness

Training: 1 year

Weight Loss: 20kg

Lisa came to me completely de-conditioned and needed a lot of rest between exercises. Lisa's determination to carry on is inspiring as her fitness increased she was prepared to do everything she could to turn her life

around. She committed to walking daily, increasing the time she walked as her fitness increased, she also improved her food choices.

Lisa says: "When I started working out with Cassandra, I was constantly tired, on medication for high blood pressure and very overweight. Initially my sessions were 20 minutes because that was all I could cope with. I can now train at a moderate to high intensity three times a week with Cass for 45 minutes and walk every other day at home. I have lost over 20kg, dropped three dress sizes and halved my blood pressure medication. I am aiming to go off it completely. I have

so much more energy, I am sleeping better, looking better and feeling fantastic."

Profile - Jan

Goal: increase muscle mass, tone and increase weight.

Training: 5 months

Fat Mass: 18%

Weight gain: 7kg muscle

Jan came to me wanting to tone her body. With three 30-minute sessions a week, Jan's body has responded incredibly quickly to the training she is doing. Her increased strength as her muscles respond to the increased loads is impressive. To support this muscle growth Jan has had to increase her caloric intake especially her protein serves, something she found very challenging at first.

Jan says: "Since beginning personal training, I have found gym a positive healthy way to gain weight. It is a great way to keep a balanced body and mind and great stress release. It is a fun way to keep fit and gain energy."



'Healthy initiative' scheme.

These programs are perfect for the complete beginner, people with or at risk of chronic disease, overweight, de-conditioned and unemployed.

The programs are 'Beat It', a 10-week programme commencing 4th February Mondays and Wednesdays at 10am, and 'Lift for Life', a three phase program with each phase lasting 8 weeks, also commencing 4th February. Each session will cost \$2. If you would like to enrol in either of these courses, please contact Tarryn at 'Move 2 Change' on 6625-0500.

The pursuit for optimum health and physical fitness is not something achieved and then put on the shelf. It requires dedication, insight and a few, life changing habits.

"Your first task is to take your thoughts about what you want and turn them into action," says Demi.

Discover Fitness, situated at the Nimbin showground, provides a wide range of options that will assist you in taking responsibility for your health and fitness, whether it be personal training, a personalised gym program

closely followed every step of the way, group fitness, yoga, Zumba fitness or one of our newly commenced 'Healthy initiative programs'. The service is there for you, please pick up a flyer from the Nimbin Emporium, find us on Facebook or call Cassandra (0428-439-526) and Demi (0422-457-213), who are happy to discuss what options would best suit you to help you make your health and fitness a top priority.

Discover Fitness will be running two fantastic programs as part of the



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- Many sheds

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- Verandas on 3 sides

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- 3 Creeks/3 dams
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