

# A TOWN IN MOURNING



## In sympathy

by Justine Elliot MP,  
Member for Richmond

It's been such a sad time for Nimbin with the devastation caused by the recent fire. Nimbin's such a resilient town that's full of energetic creative people and I'm sure that rebuilding will take place.

I'd like to thank Michael Balderstone for showing me firsthand the damaging impact of the fire on the buildings in the main street.

I'm confident that all levels of Government will come together and work with the Nimbin community to rebuild this very special town.

I recently spoke in the Federal Parliament about the impact of the Nimbin fire. Here's the Hansard transcript:

"I rise to speak about the devastating fire in the town of Nimbin in my electorate of Richmond in the early hours of Wednesday, August 13. The fire destroyed some very wellknown buildings in town—the Rainbow Café, the Nimbin Museum, the Tribal Magic shop and part of the Bringabong shop in Cullen Street, the main street of this iconic town.

These buildings were so much more than just timber and tin. They housed a rich history of Nimbin and reflected its unique culture and lifestyle. I went to Nimbin recently and saw firsthand the damage caused by the fire. It was devastating to see so much history gone; so many of the locals and tourists were visibly upset at this huge loss.

The Rainbow Café was a very busy eatery and a popular tourist destination. It was one of the biggest employers in town with 20 employees. It has been run for the last 10 years by Jodee Tichborne who said: 'The Rainbow Café was the heart and soul of Nimbin.' She has indicated that rebuilding is on the cards.

The Nimbin Museum's founder and owner, Michael Balderstone, is also a well-known and respected figure in town. Michael spent three decades building and working on the museum. The museum depicted the rich, colourful history of the town, from telling the stories of the local Indigenous culture right through to those of the world renowned Aquarius Festival which Nimbin is famous for.

Michael Balderstone best summed up the feelings of many in saying Nimbin was a resilient community and would rebuild; but the museum is gone forever. Sadly, too, the buildings also featured murals, some of which dated back to the Aquarius Festival. Praise should go to the more than 30 firefighters who fought the fire and prevented what could have been a far worse outcome.

## RFS response

by Marcus Mantschaff,  
Secretary, Nimbin Brigade

It is 3:24am when the pager wakes you, your loved ones, housemates... your dog. Kill the alarm and whisper, "It's nothing, but I have to go... sorry". But you had read the pager, felt the surge of adrenalin clear away dreams and begin the awkward dance of dressing, as you race for the door, grab the wildfire kit and keys... and you're away.

Again, the adrenalin is pushing you to get there fast. Seen from kilometers away, the flames are beckoning one to be quick. There are other Firies on the road now too; all trying to channel their adrenalin; this fast moving inferno has been prophesied for years.

The station house is in the headlights now, lights on, doors open, piles of yellow wildfire and structural garments taking on human shape. Radios on board and the tankers are mobile for the short trip to the middle of town.

The first responders are sizing up the fire. Clearly lost; the café fire threatens properties north and south. We set about our tasks, acknowledging situational awareness for overhead power, hydrant locations, wind direction, traffic and local bystanders glued to their camera screens and phones.

Hydrants are fitted and hoses snake back towards tanker pumps for defensive firefighting on both neighbouring properties. Offensive strategies are employed as radiant heat and flame and embers, attack and burn 70-yo timbers in the roof and walls of adjacent buildings.

To the north, Nimbin members and business owners are working together to protect the adjacent structure. Despite

the southern easement and firefighters' best efforts, the Museum becomes fully engaged in minutes.

The Nimbin tankers are quickly joined by Blue Knob brigade; immediately tasked to defend the southern properties. The Goolmangar tanker arrives along with the Group Captain to assume Incident Control. Fire & Rescue NSW brigades from Lismore and Kyogle arrive, beginning their internal offensive attack on the roof cavity at the skate-wear shop, hoping to pull up the fire there. Dunoon brigade arrives and shortly thereafter, Clunes joins in the effort.

The road needs to be closed; live AC power supply must be disconnected; the public must be kept safely away; gas bottles need to be disengaged and protected; new internal roof fires need to be accessed and extinguished; the fire's progress north and south must be stopped; an asbestos hazard needs to be managed; live solar panels must be covered before dawn...

Everyone is busy. Firefighters co-operate and work hard into the dawn to contain the fire until it is no longer a threat to neighbouring properties.

Though social media was abuzz soon after ignition, the news media arrive with daylight and are briefed by senior RFS officers and Police. Questions are raised and fire investigators are dispatched to the scene. Community members assist Police with information, while Northern Rivers Support Brigade volunteers assist all firefighters with breakfast. An asbestos decontamination area is established and as firefighters begin to stand down, they're hosed down, shedding their yellows for a paper-white onesie.

## Nimbin's High School students' reflections

Ever since I was little, the Rainbow Café has been my favourite place to hang out, even now, nearly every Thursday I go there to have some of their yummy chips and a smoothie with my friends before soccer.

Most people of Nimbin have been going to the Rainbow all their lives. The Rainbow, icon of our town. Rainbow country, town, café.

Today I woke up and turned on the radio, the first thing I heard was "the heart of Nimbin is dead". I cried. I just thought the front of the Rainbow had burnt down. When I went to school and I walked up the street, then I saw it, the Rainbow... melted to the ground. The Museum... burnt to ashes. Bringabong... singed to death. Holy crap I think, what am I going to do on Thursday before soccer? Then all I can think is, this is *crazy*. OMG is this a dream?

We gather on a cold day, with smog in the air for a communal prayer and cries of disbelief. Childhoods, livelihoods, fun times, experiences *lost*. Memories, lessons and people are all we have left. You never know when you'll lose something you love.

Seeing these buildings burnt down will remind me of the good times I had there. I think this is a sad loss for the community.

Wyrrallah brigade arrive to relieve tired crews and take charge of the final personnel asbestos decontamination. It is 11:30am when those remaining firefighters are debriefed by RFS District staff. It has been a long shift for many, beginning with six volunteer firefighters and escalating to nearly 50 firefighters, staff and volunteer support. Some of your local brigade mates have already started work at their usual jobs, opened their shops or have missed work that will need to be revisited the next day.

The remains of your favourite café smolder and glow throughout a damp day. Later re-ignitions see Nimbin brigade – tired and fresh faces – return to extinguish and further patrol the charred site. In the days following, hoses will have to be decontaminated, trucks re-fitted, uniforms laundered and a collaborative After Action Review convened to look at what we set out to do, what actually happened and why... and finally, what



are we going to do next time.

Nimbin brigade want to thank all the RFS volunteers and staff who supported the brigade. Thanks also to our firefighting partners in FRNSW and NSW Police and NSW Ambulance for your professionalism. Our gratitude to the business owners and residents who assisted on scene and to the broader Nimbin community whose overwhelming support has been heard and felt by our membership.

The brigade also expresses their compassion to those who have lost their livelihood and more, to this fire.

A Nimbin GoodTimes  
Special feature

# LOOKS TO REBUILD



# Vale Nimbin Museum

by Michael Balderstone

I rented the 62 Cullen Street front rooms soon after I settled in Nimbin in 1985. Sue Cook's grandparents, Tom and Molly Charter, had been living there for years since they closed the family cafe, probably in the 1950s.

The rent was \$35 a week. I borrowed some money from a friend and spent most of it at the tip. Slowly over the next seven years I rented the other rooms and filled them with... stuff... mostly old and useful.

Then my relationship fell apart, depression set in and I couldn't keep up the enthusiasm for the never-ending auction circuit. I'd always called it Nimbin Museum and had a nagging idea on how to try and communicate to the increasing number of visitors who kept asking what was Nimbin about. What happened here? What was hippie thinking about? They had just sealed the road to the Tweed, and I was constantly being questioned.

The Rainbow Serpent path followed a history of where we are standing. Burri got the idea straight away, and jumped into painting the mural in the Bundjalung Room, I filled the pioneer room with local relics, Bob Hopkins built the hippy shack, Donato started on the cave (he'd built one under the house in his childhood) and Elspeth joined it all together with the Rainbow Serpent path, creating true magic with her brush all over the shop. We opened on Boxing Day 1992 and seriously thought maybe we'd last a year.

22 years later, after four landlords, way more than a million visitors, the original HEMP Embassy, the Timbarra gold mine campaign, and thousands of police searches, it's gone in a flash. In a little more than



an hour, the whole collection is now destined for burial in the asbestos cemetery near Ipswich.

Many people contributed to the Museum. They donated pieces of history and even more so, devoted their time to the place. It was always about being a meeting place for visitors and locals, an extension of the street life, a hands-on interactive experience. It was never going to be a dry traditional museum where you couldn't handle exhibits. I cannot thank enough, the various people who helped make it happen for all those years.

Burri and Elspeth were clearly the stars of the artwork, but there were many others. Museum Dave who has been involved from the very start, all his LP records now melted! Rod in the Cuttys Inn, making the best coffee in town but more importantly, keeping the peace. Without him, and Phil in the beginning, and everyone else pretty much co-operating to keep dealing outside, we could never have stayed open after the big police raids. It's a much bigger team effort, with a lot of players, than most people would realise.

Without the community's support all these years, we could never have survived and maintained the huge rent payments on donations. We ended up on a \$3149 monthly rent. I could never get my head around a hippy museum charging entry. A huge thankyou to everyone involved. Know you are part of an extraordinary community. Someone said the answer to every problem is Community.

Now it's a new beginning and an opportunity perhaps to create something worthy of the village that we'll all feel good about. Last month I wrote a letter to the *GoodTimes* seeking a

new owner for the Museum building. Well it's just a block of land now and should be much cheaper. If we could buy this central piece of the village, next to the Rainbow Cafe land owned by Tuntable, we have a much better chance of getting what we'd like.

Instead of just shops we could have something more cultural. Space for people, art and performance, trees and gardens, Aquarian archives in a hemcrete solar powered building, a tipi and market stalls. Bring a bit of the commune life into the centre of the village! A campfire in winter, dare I dream. We could even build another Rainbow Serpent path to give the hippie era perspective, an Aboriginal gunya and a pioneer bark hut, but a largely outside museum. Visitors to Nimbin are hungry for understanding of not just hippie culture but Bundjalung and the European pioneers as well.

Just dreaming, but whatever happens in that space is a big part of our community's future. Owning the land would be a massive help in us creating it how we'd like it to be, rather than leaving it to a Sydney landlord who is "a commercial man" and really had no prior connection to Nimbin before inheriting the site by default.

There is a 'Restore The Heart' fundraiser organised for Saturday 27th September in Peace Park, a family fun day with already an enormous line-up. Also, people are looking at Crowdfunding to buy the land, where we raise money in an appeal on the internet. Others are talking about forming a co-op, selling shares to buy the land.

There have been many, many offers of help, money, labour, stuff, all sorts of real generosity. Hang onto it for now and we'll know more soon.



by Mandy Hale

The Rainbow Café building is gone, but the life lived within those walls lives on in the minds of all who ate, laughed, cried, loved, played music, danced and worked there. Owned by the Tuntable Co-operative, and run by numerous collectives and individuals since the Aquarius Festival, the Rainbow was a Nimbin icon.

It was the first building to be painted with a mural in the lead-up to the festival. In the early days it was a community dining room and served soup-kitchen fare. To cook there, you showed up on the night. It was like cooking for friends, but on a bigger scale. The heart of the cafe was the potbelly stove. Wet greatcoats steamed in the warmth, people played music, kids ran around and babies were tucked up to sleep in blankets.

Sometimes after closing, the workers would sleep on the floor in front of the stove. Once when I worked there, I walked back to Tuntable at dawn, milked the cow and hitch-hiked back to the cafe with a bucket of milk for breakfast.

The Rainbow went through many incarnations over the years. Once, briefly, it even

'A toasted sandwich made with love by Daisy. Eat at the Rainbow if you're feelin' bazy.' - Lyrics set to a standard song by Beth Cameron and friends, 1970s.

became a restaurant with menus and wine glasses! In the mid-eighties I took on a four-year lease with Neil Williams, forming a collective of twelve friends, mostly from Tuntable. Soon we were employing over twenty people. The Rainbow has always been a major employer in Nimbin.

Town was a bit wild then. Some evenings it was more like working in a Wild West saloon, as fights erupted and chairs were hurled. The front windows were broken so many times that we replaced the large panes with smaller ones, and started closing the doors as soon as the pub shut. Mostly, the atmosphere was great.

The Rainbow was open for breakfast until late seven days a week, with live music on weekends. People would push aside the tables and dance. Over the years, the cafe has been a venue for spontaneous jams, poetry, performances by the Silly Symphony, numerous singers and bands, and impromptu performances from people passing through.

I worked there by Stuart McConville

It was 1989, I think... I had been hanging out with a bunch of hippies in FNQ when the wet season began and we decided to migrate south.

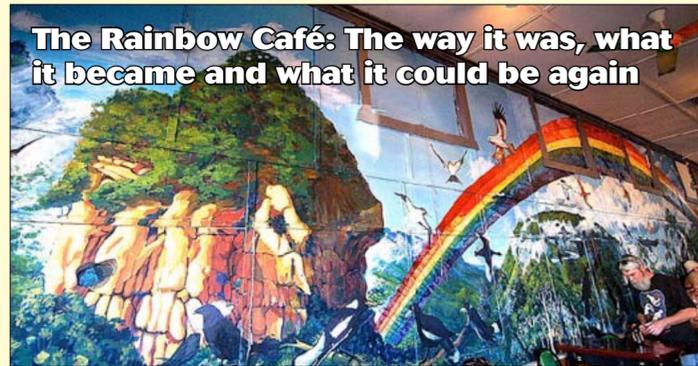
When the migration began, there were about 20 of us all heading south to Nimbin, to the recently initiated like myself, just a dot on the map surrounded by myth and legend. Nimbin was, by all accounts, the place I needed to be, and the Rainbow Café was the heart of Nimbin.

After a very long haul astride my XT500 "grunty thumper" trail bike, I arrived to the sound of a twelve string

guitar player expertly playing Hendrix licks accompanied by a sweet faerie vocalist. I threw my swag over against the wall and partook in some of Nimbin's finest, to ease the aches and pains and a body that was still vibrating from the bike ride. After locating a standby didge, I was soon in the groove, reverberating rhythm around the Rainbow's hallowed walls, picking up the energy to match the gyration of the flowing flower children around me. There were hippies drinking coffee over stimulating philosophical discussions, hippies drawing on the freely available paper, hippies playing chess, I was in hippie heaven...

This was my first experience of Nimbin and the Rainbow Café. An all-embracing place where you could get a feed even if you didn't have a dollar to your name, just by helping out a bit around the place. You could wander into the kitchen and grab a bite, leave a donation or just pay in kind. In the wet season, when the bridges were out, the Rainbow was the place you got a piece of floor to sleep on. It was a place the cops wouldn't hassle us, they weren't too keen on the Rainbow, especially after a certain Koori disarmed one of them out the back. And the jams were legendary...

The memories will live forever.



by Sophia Hoeben

The destruction of the Rainbow Cafe shocked and saddened nearly everyone around Nimbin. The unbelievable sight of our beloved cafe lying in ruins amidst the ashes and smouldering cinders led most of us to shed a tear or two.

Older residents will remember a time when the Cafe was the heart and soul of Nimbin, a place you wouldn't think of missing whenever you went to town. Many of us still have fond memories of times in the 70's and 80's huddled around the pot-belly in winter, our clothes steaming from the pouring rain outside. It was everyone's lounge-room and everyone's kitchen, and everything that happened in town and around the ridges was discussed there first.

Time passed and the shopfront was destroyed, and the stage and pot-belly removed (ironically because of the fear of fire). Instead, orange laminated pizza-bar-type tables and chairs appeared as a last nail in the coffin of what was the intimate atmosphere of the Rainbow. This, according to a Tuntablian mate of mine, turned the place into an unfriendly 'wind tunnel'. Tourists then became the most frequent customers, and gone was the interaction between locals to share communication in the comfort of their favourite local hang-out. Newcomers to our town since those days have no idea of what it once was - a haven for all those who sought real community.

More than ever before, we need the closeness we once shared, the sense of unity we once had and a place we can call a home away from home, the Rainbow Cafe.

More than ever before, we need the closeness we once shared, the sense of unity we once had and a place we can call a home away from home, the Rainbow Cafe.

New possibilities by Benny Zable

On Thursday 19th August, I visited the recently opened WTC 9/11 Memorial Museum here in New York City. On my mind was the devastating fire that claimed the heart of Nimbin.

I am so happy to hear no one was hurt physically in the Nimbin fires. It now opens up many new possibilities for the village. For one, it marks the end of an era. The children of Aquarius have an opportunity to design and build something that represents their ideas for a creative meeting space.

## A very close call



by Tina Fuller, Nimbin Optical

Tuesday 12th August was my second day of trading at the new premises.

As I closed the doors at 7:30 that evening, I never expected the phone call I got just 11 hours later. I feel incredibly lucky, and enormously grateful, that I have been able to continue my work with few interruptions. A huge "Thank You" to the wonderful people in the Fire Brigade, Real Estate and the Newsagent who have all gone out of their way to keep Nimbin Optical open.

At the same time, there is sadness at the physical and emotional hole left in the centre of our town. I hope



The only interior damage: a back room at the Lifestyle Real Estate building

that bigger and better things are ahead for everyone whose life has been disrupted by this change.

I look forward to the day when I can, once again, indulge in a warm cup of Rainbow Chai, and be greeted by the friendly faces always present in the heart of Nimbin.

## And a mention in State Parliament...

House of Representatives, 21st August 2014

The Hon. Steve Whan: Minister, given that Destination NSW has reported international and domestic tourist numbers on the North Coast continue to increase and that Nimbin attracts a significant number of those tourists, will you consider providing financial assistance for the re-establishment of the recently burned down Nimbin Museum and help to repair the damage to the Nimbin main street?

Mr Andrew Stoner: That is the type of project that may meet the criteria under the Regional Tourism Infrastructure Fund that we announced in this year's budget. It is hard infrastructure to rebuild, a museum. Previously there has not been any particular fund from certainly the State Government to undertake that sort of restoration. It is possible and it is positive for the Nimbin Museum that there now is such a program.

## 'Restore the Heart' fundraiser

A young local man has been galvanized into action by tragedy to help his community.

Matthew Raikes was born in Nimbin and has lived here all his life. When the fire destroyed the heart of the town, it didn't take him long to decide he needed to do something positive in response to this heart-rending event.

"I'm a true blue Nimbin boy. My mum, Cathie McIntosh, ran the youth refuge for nearly 10 years as a volunteer. Where the fire happened, at the back of the museum, was called OUR PLACE. I was living in there for a few years, so my heart still sits in there. It's like losing my house," said Matthew.

Matthew and his wife Jade (pictured) decided to organise a family fun day in Peace Park as a fundraiser for some of those affected by the fires. He posted the idea on Nimbin Hook-Ups, phoned local business people and trades people, community workers and others he knew,



and called a meeting to discuss the idea. There was a great turn-up at the Nimbin Hotel, and lots of positive energy for the event and the young man behind it.

"I am doing this fundraiser so we can restore what we call our museum. The town would not be the same without it - this is our home and our hearts lie there." Matthew stated.

"Walking down the main street now is like a star walking down Hollywood - we all stop and talk to each other. It's like Jade says, 'It takes half an hour to get from the newsagent to the emporium!'"

from 9am to 4pm at Peace Park, proudly supported by the Nimbin Community Centre.

There will be heaps of fantastic activities and fun for all ages including circus fun, jumping castle, market stalls, drift car display, sausage sizzle, raffles, face painting, music and more. All donations will be going to the businesses that were affected.

Matt is putting a shout out to any bands and musicians who would like to play a live set. He has set up a facebook event page: Restoring The Heart where you can get more details, or if you can help with the event you can call him on 0413-221-811, or email: ncci@nimbincommunity.org.au

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## Space and time

Ironically Yours  
 by Dionne May

There is a big space in Nimbin now. A fiery inferno knocked her two front teeth right out and has left the community in a state of suspended disbelief and grief. A toxic odour carried on wisps of smoke wafts from the remains of the heart of our small town. Gone in one night is the funkiest, quirkiest museum on the planet, the infamous 'Nimbin Lane' and the mighty Rainbow Cafe.

Generations of memories lie scattered amongst the blacken twisted ruins. Soon also to be demolished will be the damaged remains of All Tribes and the iconic Bringabong shop. No more big golden bong. Sigh.

There is a big space in Nimbin now. A fiery inferno took our friend Jade (pictured, inset). Just days before the 'big fire' in town, she built her own fire and left, leaving behind a space in town where her soft beautiful soul used to dance amongst us. Rumours say these two events are a replay of history eighty years ago. Ancient echoes of the past rumble.

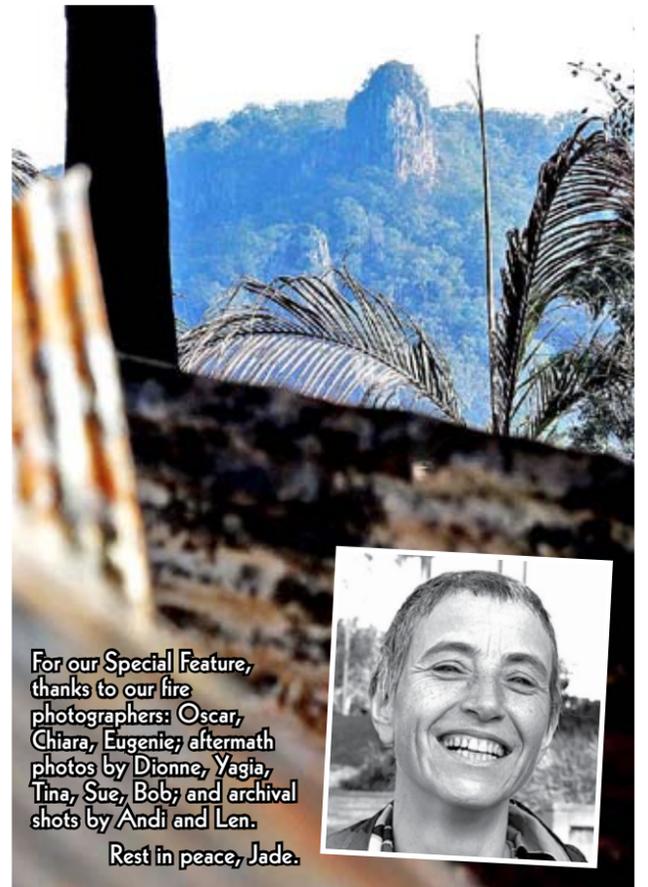
There is a space in Nimbin now. Aboriginal Elders see a re-opened pathway connecting the town to the ancient Nimbin Rocks. A chance to perhaps to cleanse and heal the great wrongs perpetrated against the Bunjalung custodial owners by the white settlers.

We locals, whether we know it or like it or not, have built our dreams, homes and businesses on sacred grounds. Ancient pathways criss-cross the caldera that spans from Wollumbin (Mt Warning) to the Nimbin Rocks. Great spiritual leaders brought young men to the Nimbin Rocks, and young women continued on their pathway to Lillian Rocks, for their spiritual initiations. Great collaborated healing and cultural wisdom was shared between men and woman that shaped and bonded all Aboriginal tribes. Here.

In the ashes of Nimbin's recent loss, Aboriginal Elders, standing upon thousands of years' ashes of their ancestors, humble and patient, are ready to lead Nimbin forward into a fully integrated future with traditional functioning healing spaces. Healing spaces so greatly needed.

Nimbin knows. This community literally groans under the weight of lost souls that wash up here every other day. Rejected by their families and society they are constantly drawn like battered moths to the Rocks' healing flame. So many locals help in so many ways, but we all know that it not enough.

Suicide is becoming by far the preferred choice of too many. Preferable than facing our Government's cruel and heartless mental health system. Preferable than being neglected or abused by their own suffering families who



For our Special Feature, thanks to our fire photographers: Oscar, Chiara, Eugenie; aftermath photos by Dionne, Yagia, Tina, Sue, Bob; and archival shots by Andi and Len.

Rest in peace, Jade.

have been worn to the bone caring alone. Preferable than facing day after day of separation, depression, addictions and a society that just wishes that they got over it, or grew up or went away. If you don't conform then institutions and medications will shape your bleak future. Or you wander alone.

So perhaps in this space and time, as seeds of ideas are tossed into the wind, as bulldozers poise ready to free more ancient land and memories, we should pause, as one of the most fundamentally good hearted and tolerant communities in the world, and reflect on the brutal lessons of the past, the

problems of the present and the visions of the future.

Nimbin is saturated with talented willing artists, healers, stone masons, weavers and experts in permaculture, hemp building, compost toilets, solar applications etc etc, the list is truly endless and inspiring.

Imagine combining Aboriginal cultural knowledge and sacred healing with all this hippy expertise? Imagine combining Aboriginal cultural knowledge and sacred healing with all this hippy expertise? A model for the world. One Mob.

Time to shine, Nimbin.

## STREET SHUFFLE

Journal of the North Coast's longest serving covert

by Undacuva

### Crossroads for the Boss

The Boss is in a catatonic stupor. He barely responds. As they say in the trade he has an MPD, or marked psychomotor disturbance for you plebs. Last month, Undacuva of course, went to the Bin Village Psychic Fair and had a Tarot card reading. The old painted hippie told him, "One of your oldest and biggest wishes will come true very soon, but it will confuse you." She also apparently said something about fire but he couldn't remember the details.

Confused is an understatement. The man is frozen. Orders are flying in from The Force and Military Chiefs like he's never seen the likes of before. "Now is the moment to go in for the kill! Attack now with everything you've got! The enemy is scattered and confused, move now!" And he's frozen. He can't do it, yet his whole career is on the line.

There's voices in his head tearing at him like he's never heard before. One is his wife's. Her aunt is using medical cannabis for Parkinsons. It's transformed her life, and the extensive family around her. Another is a friend of a friend whose youngest daughter has breast cancer, she's only 32. Another a second cousin whose

best mate has liver cancer. And there's a few more as well. The Tamworth cop's son Dan who's only 24. And he's a good cop, how can he say no? It's his son. They all asked him because, well, he's the Boss cop of the Bin environs. The Green Triangle where the coppers' vaults are always crammed with weed, aren't they?

Maybe once, but not anymore with spies and Undas at every turn, ready to cash you in. It was very hard for him to get the supply they wanted which was top grade organic grown outdoors bush. Of course he asked me to help and that bit was easy really. A couple of carefully-aimed raids. Like shooting fish in a barrel. But the weed worked its magic far better than he could ever have imagined. I did warn him. "You're in for a shock Boss. This stuff works. Soon you'll undastand why the chemists are fanatic about keeping it forbidden. Once the word gets out. You realise it grows like Crofton Weed?" He laughed at me, like he has for donkey's years.

Now he's stuffed. His wife said she'd leave him for a start. She did the unheard of and came to the office screaming and yelling. Tripping over on a mat. "How could you even consider it, XXXX? You couldn't even stay in the room when Pauline had

that epileptic fit. Imagine having a kid who has a hundred seizures a day? And you want to take their medicine away. I'll leave you, XXXX. I swear I will." We all heard it. And she did have a point. He's been catatonic pretty much ever since. And he knows the moment will pass in no time. Opportunity is fleeting one of the orders said, quoting Thomas Paine. They'll clear the site and open up the dreaded laneboys path again. How can he explain his inaction to the Capital? He decided not to move until he got an answer.

The other big news from the month is that Big Clive is convinced Blue Knob is a giant diamond mine waiting to be dug up. I thought I'd do a bit of freelance Unda work when I saw the survey teams at work on the Knob and sure enough Beth had the details in no time. Clive is playing his cards so close they've disappeared into his belly somewhere, but rest assured you haven't heard the end of this one. Diamonds are easier to dig up than gas.

**HipiLeaks: Canberra, PM's Office. August 2014.** "LAP, the Living Assistance Package is designed to end the hippie dole bludging era. Whether it gives youth a taste of homelessness, drug dealing, robbery or begging, it will all be good character building experience that will help them grow up into solid citizens and that's what we need in Team Australia now, because we should be getting ready for a war that I will be leading you into."