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Happy Birthday Peggy Pye

This month I honour my Mum, Peggy Pye on her 86th birthday. Peggy is a great example of living life to the full, doing it her way. Peggy still enjoys performing on her double bass and entertaining the oldies with her music and her jokes.

She is joined by her lovely partner, Aubrey, who, at 92, is still a fine trumpeter and crooner. They met through music 10 years ago. Mum says it's the best relationship of her life, she finally found her soul mate. So never give up, single people out there!

They are both learning ukulele to keep their brains healthy and for when they are no longer able to play their other instruments.

Peggy also teaches art and strangely enough there are only men in the class, interesting in her age group. She is still one sexy mamma. Luckily Aubrey is one of her students.

Peggy is also a very good psychic medium and ran spiritual circles throughout her life.

I'll never forget the first time I saw Mum go into a trance. I was 13 when she took me to a Spiritualist Church



The world according to
Magenta Appel-Pye

where she was the guest medium.

She went into a trance-like state and when she opened her eyes she looked different – somehow larger than life. Her chest puffed out and her stance became decidedly manlike.

I nearly fell off my chair with fright when she opened her mouth and a deep, commanding male voice bellowed

out. I was in such shock I have no memory of what he/she was saying but was fascinated by this miraculous transformation and thus began the start of my psychic journey.

I am so blessed to have such a, colourful, talented and inspiring mother. Happy birthday Mum and may there be many more.

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Dear SSHS,

I am experiencing the seven year itch, what should I do?

– J. Ocyitz

She says

Dear J, seven is a magical number. There are seven days of the week, notes in the musical scale, and directions (left, right, up, down, forward, back and centre). Humans have seven year cycles of development and physically every cell of our body is renewed within a seven year period.

Seven years is also long enough for a relationship to go through a full cycle. It is when things calm down, we know each other, maybe start taking each other for granted, and things can get boring. Boredom is a natural phenomenon, it is a sign that it is time to change. Relationships are like sharks – if they're not going forwards, they die. As we mature, so should our relationships. This next phase should be discussed, agreed upon and steered in the direction you both want to go. It must ask what is important at this point of our life? What do we need to change?

A successful relationship is one where both people feel supported and loved enough to keep growing and changing into the fullness of their potential. One person can be the catalyst for the couple but are you both willing to grow? Is this relationship still relevant? Or do you want to try your luck with someone else? Just be careful you don't throw a good thing away just for a quick thrill. It takes conscious work to dance, fall over, get up again, laugh and cry through life together. I think there is no greater blessing than to grow

She says / HE says

with Auntie Maj and Uncle Norm

old with someone who knows, loves, appreciates and supports you and for whom you can do the same.

On their wedding day the groom looked at his bride and thought "I hope she never changes," and the bride looked at her groom and thought "I can't wait until he changes."

He says

Dear J. Ocyitz, I can't believe you've let this fester for seven years. Probably nothing a discreet word to your chemist won't fix. Is this affliction somewhere on your face? Or anywhere that is visible to the public? Then at least have the decency to cover it up. If it's struck you in the nether regions it's likely to be a condition we used to call Itchykoo Park when I was a lad.

I remember fronting up at the doctor's and dropping my pants. He shined an ultra violet light on the scene of devastation and my loin chops glowed like one of those lurid fluoro posters from the 1960's. I now dry my undercarriage with a hair-dryer after bathing. Works a treat.

My all-knowing wife tried to explain that 'seven year itch' has other meanings but I was busy watching the netball and didn't catch anything other than the word 'affair'. If you're going to have an affair before getting this little problem of yours fixed then you should be ashamed of yourself. Otherwise I'm not judgemental about these things, however, as any politician will tell you, if you can't do the time, don't do the crime.

Send your relationship problems to Norm and Magenta: normanappel@westnet.com.au



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The Law of the Brute

by Gi Linda, VideoArt

Max Igan, a well-known local activist, was viciously bashed on Friday, 23rd October.

He was hit on the head from behind, knocked to the ground and kicked until ribs cracked. Earlier that day, Max had been a keynote speaker at Truthology's 2015 Freedom Summit in Byron Bay.

Max Igan is a cutting-edge geopolitical analyst with a global following at: thecrowhouse.com He reveals the nefarious agenda of sheep-dipped banksters, warmongers and criminal psychopaths in high places. His talk at Freedom Summits exposed the horrific extent of the Zionist genocide in Gaza, which he's witnessed personally. After his talk, Max was followed by the attacker, who imposed the "Law of the Brute," and threatened worse to come if Max should continue to expose the Gaza genocide.

The assault on Max Igan is not an isolated event. Thought Police often growl that anyone gnawing too close to the bone risks being "terminated with extreme prejudice." Many whistleblowers, activists, and journalists who take a stand for social justice have been attacked, including myself. For two decades as a London Sunday Times and BBC radio reporter in the UK, USA, Central and South America, I saw from the inside how media spins webs of deception to promote the

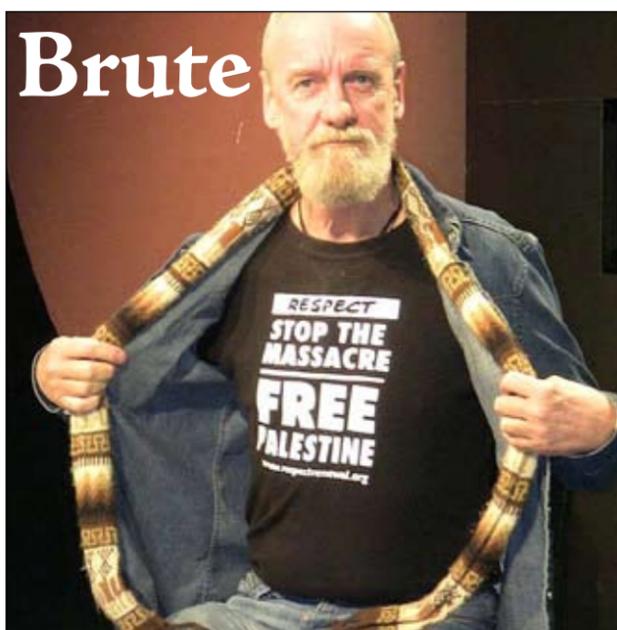
interests of a criminal cabal, hiding the brutal extent of Zionist hegemony and toxic dominionism.

I have been attacked, detained, imprisoned and deported for breaking news and producing documentaries revealing CIA covert operations. I have produced a documentary exposing Israel's hidden hand behind the false flag 9/11 psyops that triggered escalating wars for global control under a contrived pretext.

Last August, when I organised a fundraiser in Byron Theatre to help child victims in Gaza, I was harassed by Zionist militants. When my article "Fleecing the Asleep" was published at: veteranstoday.com revealing the Sandy Hook fraud promoted by the Israeli-run New Age Uplift Festival, I was threatened, emails were intercepted and my phone disappeared from a locked car in Byron Bay.

The Law of the Brute will crush the compassionate without empathy; kindness is seen as weakness and contemptuously exploited. God-given conscience that can distinguish between good and evil and prefer good, is degraded. Instead of the law of love we're subject to satanic precepts: "Do as thou wilt is all the law." So it's all good for the power elite to lie, kill, steal, destroy and bash people who speak forbidden truths.

The brashiest brutes with the sharpest claws are empowered with a range of abuse. Street bullies



punch out vendettas with impunity, transnational corporations profit from the shedding of blood for oil, geoengineering, fluoridation, EMR, GMO, ethnocide and ecocide. Locally, we've seen police defend corporate interests by happily smashing heads to break a legitimate groundswell of opposition to toxic fracking. Tangled lies obfuscate "special interests" with treasonous politicians and post-Christian churches blessing the enemy.

It's notable that the Truthology Freedom Summit coincided with an outrageous act of historical revisionism. Evidently upholding the IDF motto, "By deception wage war," Israeli PM Bibi Netanyahu claimed a Palestinian Mufti initiated the Holocaust, and so distracted world attention from real news that in Iraq an Israeli General was caught commanding ISIS troops.

The Law of the Brute keeps most of the yawning



asleep dumbed down and comfortably numb. In contrast, Max Igan, now in painful recovery, pledges continued support for the Palestinian people: "All this attack has done is strengthen my resolve... my message will be louder and even more direct."

Clearly, to overcome the Law of the Brute, authentic love must be grounded in a matrix of truth backed by justice in action.

Cannabis trials: There's nothing like experience

by Michael Balderstone

Buddha said pride was the last and hardest obstacle, but I'm thrilled for Pru Goward when announcing the NSW epilepsy cannabis trials was the proudest day in her life as a politician.

She was overcome with emotion and had to hold the Premier's arm. It was similar for the Victorian Premier recently who said his announcement was the best thing he'd ever done in politics.

NSW has made a deal with GW Pharmaceuticals in England to supply Epidilox to children with severe epilepsy who cannot be helped by Big Pharma. It's a treatment based on CBD extracts from cannabis.

The trial will be led by clinicians at the Sydney Children's Hospitals Network. The goal will be to gather local medication safety data which will support an application to the Australian Therapeutic Goods Administration to make the product more widely available, if it is proven effective.

One of the biggest shocks in my time lobbying for changes to cannabis laws came from when I wrote to NSW Liberal MP Catherine Cusack. She is married to Chris Crawford, the boss of Northern NSW Health and the Premier put her in charge of his Medical Cannabis program last year.

In her speech at the Tamworth

Medical Cannabis conference she said she'd never known anything about the medicinal properties of cannabis until she met Dan Haslam.

I wrote to her saying, what do you mean, reading *The Northern Star* for the last twenty years, did you think we were making it up? She replied, yes she did!

What a wake-up call about the impassable gulf between those who know and those who believe the propaganda. The experienced and the uninitiated!

It shows how deeply entrenched the reefer madness lies are, and no doubt Big Pharma's political lobbyists are watering these weeds every day. Likewise the police, who basically have the final say on drug policy and are now our drug experts, it seems.

Not to mention they might have a little conflict of interest and have to justify their work, half of which is taken up by the war on drugs.

In the ABC interview about the epilepsy trial were parents who talked about resisting the temptation to access illegal "street marijuana", which is nothing like what they will be using in the trial, Pru assured us.

She went on to explain how all the toxins and poisons had been taken out of the "street marijuana". I remain flabbergasted by such stuff. Parents who are so afraid of the law, or believe the lies about weed, that they would rather let

their children die. How can this be so?

Simply because the propaganda about drug use is still alive and well and being fed to us by our leaders, who clearly believe it themselves. Thomas George knows better from years of living on the North Coast, but he told me he got nowhere when he tried telling the ex-cop and NSW Police Minister Troy Grant that saliva testing drivers was catching people days after a toke.

It's illegal, end of story, said the deputy premier – the same answer we were given by local police.

No wonder respect for police is on the wane, but how must they feel about themselves and their work and the effect on the community? We are not far off a police state in many ways, certainly if you are a cannabis user.

Just because the Government has finally accepted weed has medicinal properties does not mean attitudes will change towards the people who know and use it for this reason.

The light at the end of the tunnel may well be the UN, which is apparently considering changing their official view to personal use of drugs no longer being a criminal offence. I can't wait.

Next Medication workshop: Nimbin Town Hall, Saturday 28th November 11am – 4.20pm, featuring talks by Dr Andrew Katelaris (Dr Pot), users and carers.

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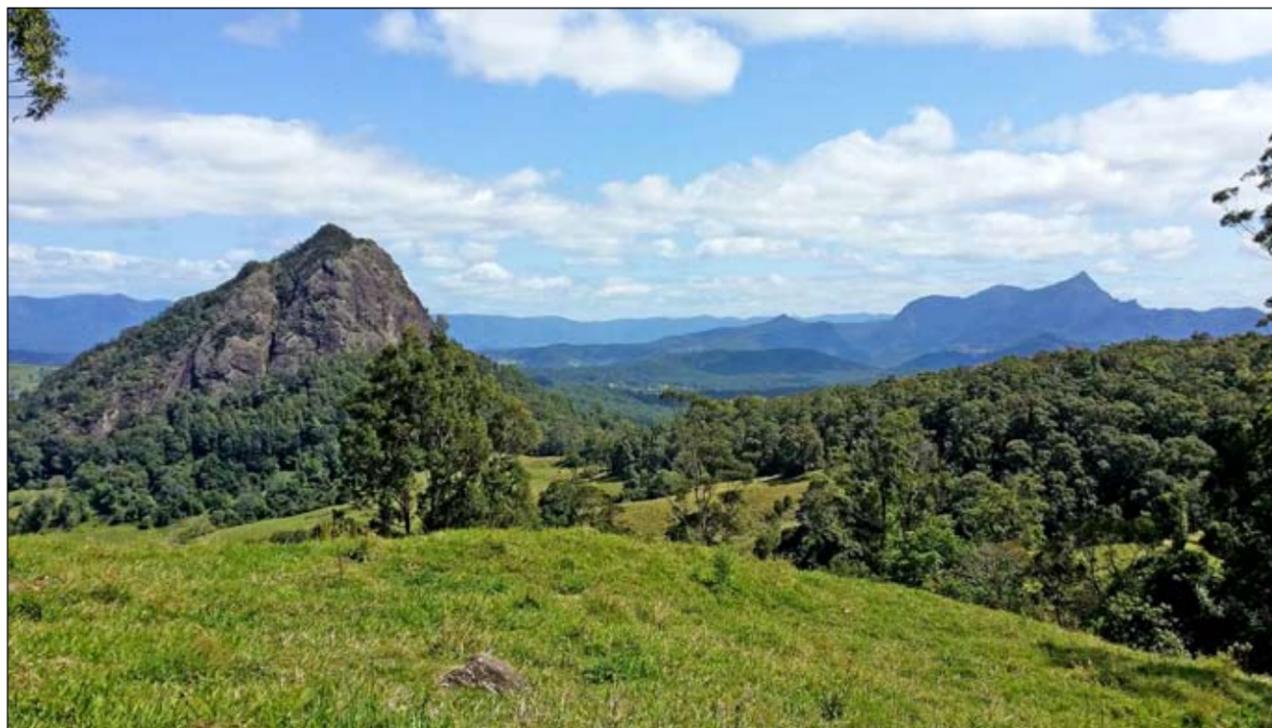
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Mount Jerusalem and Border Ranges



It was pleasurable to hike with six experienced bush-walkers on a 15km, eight-hour circuitous trip, which included the summit of Mt Jerusalem.

The day brought out many stories of past adventures. We started by walking to the end of Commissioners Creek Road, then followed what was the historic Nightcap Track through private properties, then to the Doon Doon Saddle. Side-stops on the Mount Jerusalem track offered superb mountain vistas of Doughboy, Wollumbin, the Border Ranges and the Caldera, to Bryce's continual regret that 'he had left his camera in the car.'

We lunched near the summit and then walked to the trig-maker, where views are obscured by tree-growth. Below this the Aboriginal cave, which is a massive arch, acted as an air-conditioner with a cool breeze funneling up from the valley. Next the discomfort. Northwards off the mountain is not tracked, and many fallen trees, undergrowth and lawyer-vines made the going slow. Our resolve for the future was to dress more like Kirven, perhaps not as glamorously, but with long sleeves and trousers to counter the 'wait-a-while' scratches. Following compass and mobile-phone GPS



Mt Jerusalem walkers

kept us northbound till the Rock-face Road path was intersected. Thence down the latter road, across a neighbours' and finally onto the back of my place. It was the appreciation for the day expressed by members that helped remind me how fortunate we are to live amidst the mountains and rainforests of the beautiful Northern Rivers. – **Bill West**

I had been wanting to do the Border Ranges weekend of walking for a couple of years and finally got my opportunity. Even though the weather forecast was a bit dodgy, seven of us met on Saturday morning at Kyogle and travelled up to the National Park. We met up in the mist with six others who had spent a wet night at Forest Tops camping area. So, after putting up

tarps and tents we had lunch and set off for the short but stunning Palm Forest Walk, a circuit from Sheepstation Creek.

The start of the walk resounded with Bellbirds. Soon we were in the middle of a perfect subject for a rainforest calendar photo shoot. Huge boulders covered with moss were scattered along the creek like a couple of giants had left them after a game of marbles.

Looking up was met by a magnificent hillside of Bangalow Palms. Awe and wonder describes my feelings walking through this primeval landscape and I could easily imagine dinosaurs appearing from out of the mist.

Further along the track we spied a huge old Strangler Fig with ropes 40cms thick.

We all agreed it was the perfect fairy dwelling place and photo op. Arriving at Brindabilla Falls was equally amazing. On the way back Don pointed out the sinuous buttress roots of a tall Blue Quandong. As we arrived back the mist turned into a light shower. Perfect timing to head back to camp for a cuppa and chat, with dinner and firelight to finish the day.

After breakfast on Sunday we packed up camp and drove down to the start of the Brindle Creek walk. Ten adults and two children set off. The weather was perfect and so was the rainforest.

Looking down from the track the creek was decorated with rocks and stream lilies (Helmholtzia), while looking up revealed a hill covered with tree ferns and tall trees studded with huge birdnest ferns.

Everything was green, lush, and the air so fresh it felt good just to breathe deeply. We saw fantastic *Nothofagus* or Antarctic Beech trees, delightful waterfalls and a couple of rufous fantails frolicking. The sound of water, wind and bird calls completed the sensory delights.

A highly recommended experience, which surpassed all expectations. A great, diverse bunch of folk who all enjoy getting out into the wonders of nature. Thanks to all of you and our intrepid organisers and leaders who made it possible. – **Durgadev**

Nimbin Bushwalkers Club November-December walks program

Sunday 8th November

Brummies Lookout

Leader: **Bill Potter (0428-737-747)**

Grade: 3. Walk along Brummies Road in Mebbin National Park and ascend steep track to lookout with a spectacular view of western side of Mt Warning. The lookout is 600m above sea level and the southern view extends all the way to the Byron Bay lighthouse. Be warned that there is a risk of falling off a precipitous cliff if you get too near the edge.

Meet: 9am at car park just over the bridge on Tyalgum Road as it enters Tyalgum. We will car pool to start of walk on Brummies Road. **Bring:** water, lunch, hat

Sunday 15th November

Brunswick Heads Beach/Management Trail/AGM

Leader: **Catherine Baker (6684-2160)**

Grade: 1 – an easy walk for an hour or so along beach and management trail prior to our AGM.

Meet: For the walk, meet at 9.30am at the Brunswick Heads Surf Club;

For the AGM only, meet at the Surf Club at 11am (all welcome, only members may vote)

Bring: Water, hat, sunscreen, picnic lunch

Fri-Sat-Sun 4th-6th December

End of Year Weekend Camp

Koreelah Gorge (West of Woodenbong)

Leader: **Don Durrant (ring 6633-3138 after dark, or Michele 6632-1214)**

Meet: Friday 4th Dec, 4pm, at car park behind Kyogle Visitors Centre. Drive in convoy to camping area and set up camp. For people who may prefer to come Saturday morning – please let Don know. Activities include:

platypus watching, swimming in beautiful water holes, walking along the creek (includes some rock hopping (grade 4) and generally enjoying the beautiful setting. Here is the link to Koreelah camping ground: www.nationalparks.nsw.gov.au/camping-and-accommodation/campgrounds/koreelah-creek-campground

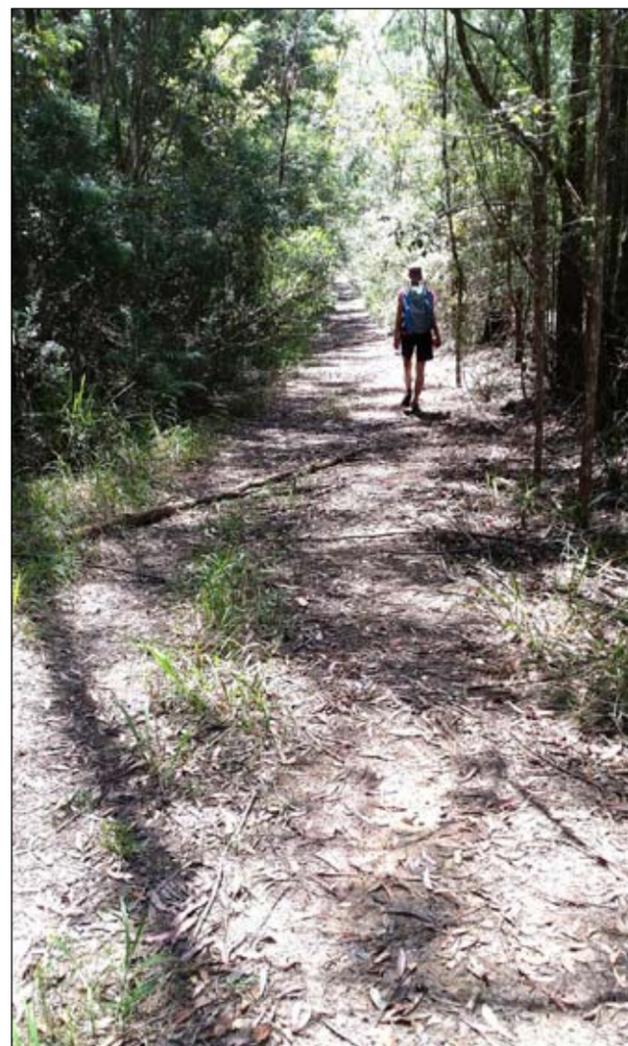
Bring: Food, water, mosquito repellent, hat, sunscreen, camping gear, possibly firewood

Directions: Drive west from Kyogle past Woodenbong, turn right at Old Koreelah onto White Swamp Road, drive for another 12km and you'll see the campground on your left.

Please note: There are no further events scheduled for December or January.



Border Ranges walkers



Bitless Bridles

by Suzy Maloney B.Eq.Sc.

In the last few years a global revolution has been happening with regard to how a horse is ridden. In the old days (well 5000 years actually) the majority of people put a metal rod inside a horse's mouth and applied pressure to this rod to cause pain which they used to control the actions of the horse. Put this way the practice appears barbaric, which of course it is, but the majority of horse riders felt they had no choice if they were to be safe while sitting on top of a 500kg+ flight animal. The wonderful news is that this is no longer necessary.

Fifteen years ago a veterinarian called Dr Robert Cook developed the cross-under bitless bridle. Dr Cook did many years of research on bit use in horses before he developed this bridle. He discovered an amazing array of facts about bits and their effects on the horse. There are a number of great articles by Dr Cook that can be accessed on <http://www.bitlessbridle.com/> and are well worth the read. To summarize, he found that bits create

over 60 negative traits in horses, ranging from negative behavioural traits (bucking, rearing etc.) to interference with breathing and stride.

In the past if someone felt uncomfortable about putting a metal rod in a horse's mouth their only other choice was to use a halter or side-pull bitless bridle. While both of these are definitely preferable to riding with a bit, neither method gained widespread acceptance because of potential safety issues. With both these methods the pressure is applied only on the horse's nose and in a tricky situation this doesn't give enough control to be safe for most people. For those with a lot of experience, time and the ability to train a horse to respond to nose pressure this was a great option but not to an inexperienced horseperson or person without much training.

The cross-under bitless bridle changed all of this as it provides the same amount of control as a bit and can be used by anyone. Beginners and children can use the cross-under and have control of their horse without hurting the horse. This is wonderful, as both these groups usually have inexperienced and

therefore rough hands when using the reins, inflicting unintentional pain. For intermediate riders it gives them the control they need when embarking on more adventurous activities such as cantering or cross-country. And for experienced riders all activities such as cutting, sporting, eventing and show-jumping are possible in a cross-under bitless bridle.

In many countries, young horses are started without a bit because it promotes better learning in the horse if there is no pain. There are now a large number of young horses who have been started in a bitless bridle and continue to go bitless, so have never felt the pain of a bit. This is a wonderful step forward for humanity, as how we treat animals is a reflection on how we treat each other and the world.

This brings me to the main reason for using a bitless bridle. It is not to gain control or make a horse do something, although it does provide both of those. The main reason for using a bitless bridle is to remove abuse from the horse/human relationship. It doesn't matter how much you tell your horse you love it, if you inflict pain on your horse every single time you ride, you are abusing them. It is an abusive

relationship with you, the human, being the abuser. This is a slightly harsh way of saying it and many people don't want to face this, but if they look deep inside they know it's true. A bit inflicts pain, that is its basis of operation, full stop.

The cross-under bitless bridle creates no pain at all as it distributes the pressure from the reins around the horse's entire head. As the amount of pressure applied to the reins remains the same this means each place receives a reduced amount of pressure. And all of this is with a soft wide strap, not a hard metal bar. This makes it extremely humane. The reason it is so effective is because of this distribution. The horse feels pressure under the jaw, at the sides of the face, over the poll and on the nose. When stopping a horse the pressure is felt in six different places! – behind both sides of the jaw, both sides of the head, the poll and the nose. The whole of the horse's head is in your hands, increasing the ability to turn and stop the horse enormously.

This is so different from any other method of horse control ever seen and because it is so effective and because the horse no longer feels pain your relationship with your horse will blossom. As the



amount of time where you are no longer hurting your horse increases they start looking at you differently. The avenues of communication open up and the human can see the true inner horse. The horse starts to communicate with the human on levels of subtlety never experienced before because without the pain they can be more open and trusting. Horses are not

constantly being distracted by having to deal with the pain and become more and more present with the rider. And after all isn't this what we all want when we ride, to be one with the horse?

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Brown sugar and biochar from Hawaii to here

by Timothy Tweets

Chasing jungle fowl in Northern Thailand nearly two years ago, I chanced upon a research centre that was practising Natural Farming.

Curious, I found a thick manual, written in flowing Thai script with recipes complete with cartoon diagrams. It was impossible to interpret. The day before I left, a friend handed me his freshly minted copy of the same book in English. I was impressed. The manual described feeding raw brown rice to chicks to increase gut length and harvesting fungi from bamboo forests for kick-starting soil life, amongst the 340 pages of innovative farming practices.

Fermenting weeds for feed, building no-smell, no-waste pig and chicken pens and spraying seawater are some of the signature methods used in this relatively new system called Global Natural Farming (GNF).

Practised in countries such as Philippines, Thailand, Japan and Korea for at least a decade and with stratospheric results, the methodology is both comprehensive, versatile and scaleable. It builds upon existing bodies of knowledge and could be best described as a combination of permaculture, hugulkultur, biodynamics and most importantly: fermentation.

Fermentation as a form of microbe-brewing is the heart of Global Natural Farming and is a means of harnessing the potency and pulling power at work in plants. Weeds for example, unaffected by



pests, can be harvested at the tips and fermented, then applied diluted to crops at particular times of their growth cycle. The concept of GNF is to distill the natural defence and vigour compounds in weeds and then apply diluted to whatever is being ravaged in your garden.

Another core GNF method is harvesting indigenous microorganisms (IMO's) by capturing of fungal spores and multiplying them in sugars; concentrating an overabundance of the right fungi for the soil- the next building block for soil health after introducing beneficial microbes.

All of these techniques – the fermentation of fruits, weeds, plant juices and harvesting IMO's – were part of the practical workshops at the first Natural Farming Symposium held in Hawaii last month. The Symposium was a 200-strong gathering of researchers, organisers, educators, farmers and commercial operators who have been hard at work practising Natural Farming solutions as taught by a Korean known as "Master Cho" more than five years ago when he was hosted by the

University of Hawaii.

I was lucky enough to attend the three-day Symposium, which turned into a three week study tour hosted by small plot farmers and native Hawaiians. It was an impressive rendezvous of scientific discipline, earthly insights, indigenous practice and peasant-like practicality.

Feeding paw-paws and mulberry leaves to pigs, fermenting Noni-fruit as plant medicine and flailing branches dipped in microbes around fields – all the rules of nature from what is weed, to what is feed – are being re-examined in an attempt to understand plant and animal life. GNF is easily adapted across climates, is the perfect framework for the cash-poor-time-poor and involves extremely low cost inputs such as brown sugar and biochar.

Mixed up is the fight against GMO's and chemically dependent agribusiness. The emerging dispute between GMO vs GNF based systems is particularly evident in Hawaii. Corporations like Dow and Monsanto own large tracts of former sugar plantations in Hawaii



and practise ongoing "experiments" that have wiped out a majority of the bee population and where 80% of food is imported from mainland USA. GNF is becoming the people's choice as market gardeners, backyarders and survivalists are adapting many or all elements of GNF on their land.

So it was no wonder that the US Department of Agriculture formally acknowledged the symposium by sending at least two officers from its Pacific bureau to the conference. Also at the symposium was a strong contingent of indigenous Hawaiians and two Australians, both from this bioregion.

Included in the agenda was a tour of small and large scale operators from macadamia farmers, to pig

and poultry keepers to orchardists and educators. What struck me during Q&A sessions was that not one of them complained of consumer demand, harvest quality or major pest issues.

A number of Hawaiians, now certified Masters of the GNF system, are revisiting Korea where GNF was developed 30 years ago. We're lucky enough to have at least one of these Master Certified trainers accept our invitation to attend the Blue Knob Fermentation Festival next March. He will be in the region for a month running workshops and upskilling people in GNF methods.

If you wish to read more about the recent Natural Farming Symposium see: <http://naturalfarminghawaii.net/2015>

If you wish to register interest in one of the training workshops, please email: permapoultry@gmail.com

Crossword Solution

From Page 27

N	I	M	B	I	N	F	O	O	D	C	O	P
V	A	O	N	R								
Y	S	U	I	A	M	M						
T	I	G	O	G	R	A	Z	E				
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N	I	M	B	I	N	H	E	A	D	E	R	S

A good idea for a novel

Dry Crossing
by Russell Guy

Reviewed by Maxx Maxted

Dry Crossing is a rollicking romp around the black-blocks of the Australian Aboriginal music scene.

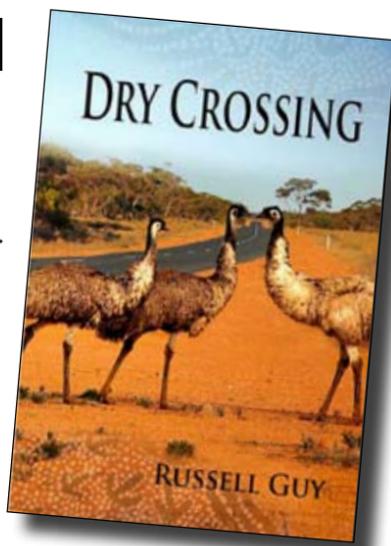
We don't hear much of the music of Dizzy and the Little Trees, but the hum of the hero's EH Holden sets the rhythm for this road novel's pace, and rests only when the car and its driver frequently break down in another remote, though not friendless port of call along the dusty track.

I was looking for a time frame in the first paragraph but was thrown by the sentence: "The assembled

multitude sensed danger and craned in their whalebones" because I thought that whalebones went out of fashion during World War One.

Later reference to the band's EH Holden threw me. I have no idea of model numbers, which would have given me a clue as to the timeframe, but "international rock star" set it more or less in the present day.

His outback descriptions are lush and quietly poetic with familiar Aussie phrases such as "as flash as a rat with a gold tooth" peppering the prose, but: "He danced with a Kiwi woman who could cross a hot tin roof and hit the street looking for air" had me stumped



and slowed my flow of concentration trying to figure it out.

Yet the next paragraph, "The aviation light atop the Harbour Bridge

glowed like a glazed cherry and the city wound down. He gazed at the Big Coat-hanger, with its grey steel structure lit up like the bones of a fish" is delightfully clear, but slightly out of kilter with the previous attempt at metaphor, as if the author had gone back over the text and pressed the 'Metaphor here' button on his computer's writing program.

For example, chapter seventeen begins with the beautiful: "Flocks of grass parrots whirled through the sky and the spring rain came in the first week of September. Light showers floated across the dam and resumed upon the tin roof of the shack in the early hours. The fluttering notes of a piping shrike, piercingly shrill, soared until they stood on the clear morning air and spun into a symphony of cascading notes that brought joy to Dizzy's heart."

But after a few more chapters Dizzy and the novel peter out and lose their way.

The robust V8 performance of the EH finally comes to a halt and Dizzy gets bogged down in a sticky wet patch at the end when we find our hero, without an introduction to the patient reader or even a courtship, settled happily with a woman (whose name I have already forgotten, she appeared so briefly.)

I am sure she's a lovely person, but would have liked to have had a longer introduction to her.

It is as though the author pulled a finely worked unfinished manuscript out of a drawer and was persuaded to finish it in a rush. Many authors have in the past, and I daresay will continue to try to salvage "a good idea for a novel".

Big Blue Sky - Peter Garrett tells all

by Pampussycat Bourne

During the Byron Writers Festival, Peter Garrett launched his book *Big Blue Sky*.

Peter spoke of growing up "on the wrong side of the tracks" in Pymble NSW (the poor part of the suburb). He took part in the bob-a-job program through the Boy Scouts, washing cars. He said quickly he learned that just because somebody has more money does not mean they are more willing to be generous – in fact quite the opposite.

He said that Australians are very generous, but when there is need and fund-raising, it is the people from lower economic circumstances who are more willing to give.

Peter's father was often absent from home, away with work. His mother died in a house fire when he was 23. He said this took perhaps five years to come to terms with, by which time he was at Uni studying law.

The creative environment of college is often a seeding ground. No surprise that many bands have begun in this space. When Peter applied for the position of singer in Midnight Oil, there was only one other applicant. He said that the Oils were always a band of social commentary.

His political journey moved through the Nuclear



Pam grills the ex-Minister

Disarmament Party in the early 80s, and sat on a shelf until the ALP offered him a portfolio when the Rudd

government was running for election.

Friends warned him he would be chewed up and spat out, that it would be a death knell for him. He wanted to make changes, and although the songs and message that Midnight Oil had brought to the world had got many people thinking, Peter believed he could do more from within the "machine" (politics).

So why did Peter "sign off" on the uranium mine expansion early in the Rudd government's term? He said that when he joined the ALP he knew they had a three uranium mine policy. Although he did not agree to the expansion of the Roxby Downs mine, he was now part of a party, which meant toeing the party line. If he had crossed the floor this early, he would not have had a portfolio.

Peter did much good while Minister of the Environment, including the ban on Japanese whaling in our territorial waters. He spoke about the insulation scheme which left several men dead, and said that many factors came into it, hence many court and high court hearings.

Later as the Minister for Education, Garrett helped promote and initiate the Gonsky Report.

Peter's book *Big Blue Sky* (Allen & Unwin) is nearly 500 pages. A big book by a big man with a very big heart, this is a must-read.

Australian-Indian literary ties growing even stronger

by Rob Harle

Our latest publication, a poetry anthology, *The Land: Poems from Australia and India*, has again strengthened the literary and cultural connections developing between Australia and India. It is the fifth in a series published by Cyberwit with the aim of expanding and exploring the contemporary poetry of these respective countries.

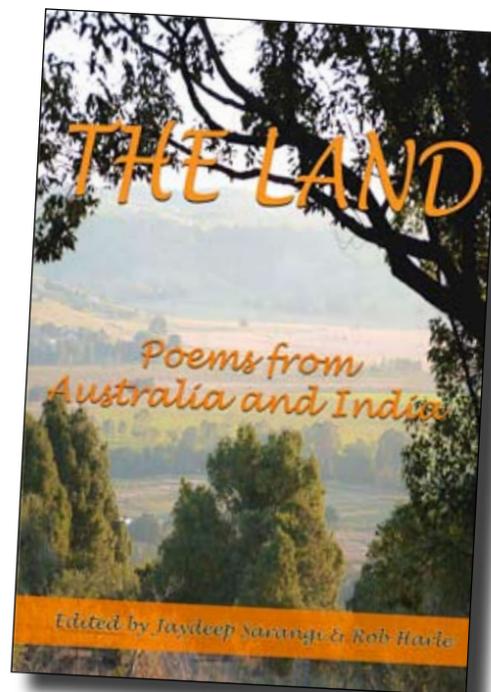
There are fourteen poets, seven from each country. All are widely published and highly regarded poets from diverse backgrounds. There is a poem from both editors, Rob Harle and Jaydeep Sarangi. The poets featured come from all states of Australia and the Northern Rivers. The only local poets in this anthology are Nathalie Buckland and Rob Harle. The Indian poets live both in India and also work and live in the UK.

The meaning of "land" may seem obvious at first glance – the ground upon which we stand? As we found out, the deeper we probed the notion of land, and as the poetry in this anthology attests to, nothing could be further from the truth. As mentioned, this is the fifth book in our Australian-Indian poetry series published by Cyberwit. The previous anthologies are: *Poetic Connections: Poems From Australia and India*, (Lonsdale); *Building Bridges: Poems From Australia and India*, (Harle); *Voices Across The Ocean: Poems From Australia and India*, (Harle & Sarangi); *Homeward Bound: Poems From Australia and India* (Sarangi & Harle).

As with the previous anthologies, we have

tried in our selection of poets to maintain a balance between gender, age, race and personal ideologies. As we have said previously, volumes have been written about the nature and purpose of poetry; one thing we are sure of is that poetry articulates that which the non-poet feels, thinks about and would probably like to say if they were poets. The poems in this anthology will take you, in the most eloquent way, on a magical journey to the very heart of "the land".

The interpretation of "land" by the various poets is quite different and at times varies within the range of their own poems. Hamid for example, refers to the land where people come from and sees the monsoon rains washing away people's homes in "another land". Sarangi refers to the land as "my land is my mother". One of Nicholson's poems laments the absence of a beautiful cultivated garden and in its place we find only "the dust and flies of a drought-dried track". Both Dean and Jeffery mourn the loss of habitat as "progress" destroys trees and plants, leaving the land bare and barren. Arundhati is amazed how "a land" or city can pull a person back, even though they may not have been born or bred there. Debjani Chatterjee has lived in many lands and believes, "I have inherited the earth." Chandramohan, a young activist poet, hopes through his short dynamic poems to help the dalits, "the tillers of others' land" eventually get to own land of their own. Kerry Petherbridge observes how the land and its little creatures can be nurtured by gentle human interaction or bludgeoned into



submission by bureaucratic bulldozers. These few examples are just a glimpse of the poems that await you.

The question of land, referring to "the land one belongs to" includes displaced persons. This brings added weight to the post-colonial situation, especially for Indians and indigenous Australians, as did the *Homeward Bound* anthology. If colonialism is partly about "living in a different land," the postcolonial project is the about the living adjustments required when making one's

home under an alien sky, which is something fundamentally unhomey. Some of the poets in this volume were born in one land but have lived most of their lives in another.

Further to this concept, individuals and sometimes communities may claim land through a variety of parameters, resulting in confusion and political dispute. There exists a dual system of land access (customary and statutory) and there is a sharp difference between the identity of ethnic groups which are 'local' or 'indigenous' to a specific area, and those which are seen as 'migrants' or 'foreigners'. At times political representation at the local level is linked to 'ethnic territories'. Land and displacement are two loaded terms in modern day anthropology/sociology. For a refugee, land is again a different construct which is a part of their socio-political identity.

The poems in this volume will make you appreciate more the ground which nurtures us – the mud that grows the beautiful lotus, the dusty dirt that grows the wheat, the rich soils which support our botanical gardens. Some poems will make you laugh, cry, perhaps even infuriate you, and hint at the future. Whichever, we guarantee they will move you deeply and create a much expanded understanding of the notion of the land.

The book is beautifully produced by Cyberwit from India and is available direct from their website: www.cyberwit.net for \$15 USD (includes postage) or from Amazon or Flipkart. The previous volumes are still available from Cyberwit or for loan from Lismore Regional Library.



Over the airwaves



with Bob Tissot

OA: Martin, thanks for coming in for a chat.

MP: It's a pleasure to get up close and personal like this.

OA: So what got you involved with community radio?

MP: It was a childhood dream Bob. When I was a kid I used to listen to David Jones on 2KO in Newcastle, early in the mornings. He was great. His jokes were good, his music was good. He used to get in the studio and just make up little ditties and I thought, "Wow! That's awesome". I'd been listening to radio all over the world as a kid; born in England, school in Hong Kong, Germany, England and then Australia.

OA: I didn't know you were a Pom.

MP: Not any more. The Australian military had me for two years; trust me, I'm different. Ask my parents.

OA: You were in the army?

Ever go overseas?

MP: No. I was trained as a musician... a musician in the military. Clarinet and side drums. Quite a combo. Did I mention my first part-time job was in Palings?

OA: Really? My first part-time job was in David Jones.

MP: That's amazing. When I was working there I used to push *Machine Head* by Deep Purple until the manager asked if I could please sell other records as well. I'd had this amazing musical experience in England before I came here, Slade lived just down the road. I came here and Darryl Braithewaite is the King. And he still is; I saw him this morning on TV.

OA: I've heard rumours of a Vol. 3 compilation of the *Hand-picked Home-grown* CD being stitched together. What's the scoop?

MP: Your sources are right Bob. And I'm looking for contributions of original work, recorded in 24 bit is good to facilitate the final mastering. It would be nice to have all musical contributions in before the

end of November; so if any musicians out there would like their work exposed, they can send it either to the radio station or straight to PO Box 20115 Nimbin.

OA: So what's happening for Martin outside of NIM-FM?

MP: I'm currently working on my own album Bob. Recording up in Neil Pike's studio with Neil recording, and trying to make a video.

OA: Cool. Wide screen? (Studio erupts with laughter)

MP: It would have to be Bob (more laughter)

OA: So when did you start playing an instrument?

MP: When I joined the army Bob, I said "I want to join the army, do a musical apprenticeship and sing." They said "You can sing every day son", and gave me a clarinet! Bob, you can't play the clarinet AND sing. They lied to me Bob, and I'm still wounded!

OA: They always do Martin. And I'm afraid that's all we've got time for today. Thanks for having a chat.

MP: It's been a pleasure Bob.

This last month saw our AGM come and go and I'm sure you'll all join me in a BIG Thank You to all the people that have kept us broadcasting for the past 12 months.

Last show I promised that the new broadcast desk and studio carpet would be in by this issue. It appears I may have been a little optimistic but rest assured, the revamp is definitely pencilled in for early November.

And now lets turn on the "Spotlight", and this month we'll need breathing apparatus as we plumb the depths beneath *Underwater Radio* and see what makes Martin Preedy tick.



Culminating – and perfectly...

by Marilyn Scott

Checking out the daily star charts – startled exclamations often escape my lips. To say the times are big is a substantial understatement. So much has and continues to evolve, transform and birth. So much galactic movement these last few years; shifting us out of our old stuck patterns, shining a light on wondrous opportunities... if we'd only believe, if only we'd take charge of our life - so much can be ours.

The super full moon on October 27th completed a series of significant lunar events. From July 2014 a rare occurrence of tetrad and triads... blood moon eclipses and super moons converging together... there's always so much help from our galactic friends. I see love and kindness all around me. How could I not... look at what surrounds us. This magnificent planet - the life-giving sun that rises each day, supporting our very existence on Earth; our wondrous mother Moon reflecting back what we sense and feel - what we need. This world is perfectly created to support and nurture us.

"Think happy thoughts" - I reminded myself the other day. I had a choice

- what will I focus on? Yes, seemingly subtle at times... but so important. I understand just how powerful my focus is - 'miracles' happen when I take control of my own destiny. A powerful bundle of universal star and earth energy we are... with a glorious spark of the divine.

Magickal morning skies of late – up before dawn – Venus, Mars and Jupiter radiating their blessings. What an amazing world. Yes, there are trials – times when we need to recognise and build our strength. These trials clarify our passion and purpose, what it is we want and need. Everything can help us on our journey through life.

Often I see so much, it's hard to find the words. I see the connection between all things, I see the cycles come to teach, I see my reflection in all around me. We all come with special gifts that need to be shared to join together and complete the great circle, the great circle of life, of humanity. Nothing was created without a purpose... everything has a destiny.

This current spring time here has been blessed with abundant moisture... greening the valleys. Life is afoot,

growth abundant, all are flowering... such fertility. Frogs are jubilant, the birds always such joyful company - and the morning visits from young mama wallaby and her cute-as-pie bub, grazing on the dandelion leaves. What an amazing creation.

'Things' happen and we wonder why, especially when they challenge our plans; things don't work, we get sick. Sitting here I see that all is perfect... where I am at any time is part of my growth process. If I heed the lesson and accept what is and open myself to new ways of being, I find a doorway into a whole new world, a whole new experience. It's important to listen to my inner voice, to trust what I feel, to accept what I know. I see more and more that how I invest my energy, what I put out, comes back to me.

Holding my visions close to my heart, I will be led to what will help me, transform and heal me. Whatever I truly desire comes to me. When I hold the vision close to my heart, then it is helpless to do anything else. Enjoy and take in the blessings as this mighty year culminates.

Every possibility needs help from acceptance. – Prem Rawat

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12.00pm	12.35pm *	2.35pm	3.10pm
2.35pm	3.10pm	5.30pm	6.00pm
3.20pm	4.15pm		
5.30pm	6.00pm		
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12.45pm	1.15pm *	3.25pm	4.10pm
3.25pm	4.10pm	6.05pm	6.35pm
4.30pm	5.15pm		
6.05pm	6.35pm		

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WELCOME TO THE TEAM!



0439 156 666

Here at Nimbin Hills we are happy to welcome Jacqui Smith to our sales team. Jacqui has been working with us for a while as a P.A. and has shown such aptitude for real estate that joining our sales team is a natural progression.

Jacqui is well known locally for her kind and generous nature. Her organisational skills are excellent and her ability to understand people's needs is an asset in this business. Jacqui has a sunny personality and

draws people to her with her open, caring manner. She lives locally with her family and loves being part of the Nimbin community.

In her own words:

After half a lifetime of travelling and living the inner city lifestyle in Sydney and Melbourne and working in the arts, I began a family and came in search of somewhere healthy to raise my children. We searched the east coast and eventually chose Nimbin

as our home town. The weather, the hills, the creeks, the rainforest all contributed to our decision but the thing that attracted me to Nimbin the most was the caring, visionary and alternative community.

I love working for Nimbin Hills and I look forward to helping you in any way I can to make the buying and selling of your property an enjoyable experience. Come in and say hello, our office is a friendly place and we welcome visitors anytime.

PROPERTIES ARE SELLING FAST



GREEN PADDOCK **\$450,000**
166 Stone Street, Nimbin

Sitting upon a lush green hillside, you'll find this 3 bedroom brick home, boasting views of the iconic Nimbin Rocks. Spacious open plan living area with high ceilings and beautiful windows. Beautifully renovated well-appointed kitchen. 10m x 5m Colourbond shed with power, including 2 toilets, and a double carport. Grid solar power and hot water. Fully fenced yard, veggie garden and 3 grazing paddocks.



SECRET COTTAGE **\$220,000**
6 Sibley Street, Nimbin

Over the top of the stream sits this character 2 bedroom cottage tucked away on its large 1700 m2 of lush greenery. This charming cottage has a wonderful kitchen. The cosy kitchen and large sun-room are a bonus, with a covered workshop or parking space under the house. A terrific 2-bay shed with power and water, ideal for workshop or home business potential.



AWAITING APPROVAL **\$170,000**
499 Blue Knob Road, Nimbin

Just a short drive from Nimbin and set upon a plateau surrounded by trees, the views of Blue Knob is this lovely, private 10 acre property. Much of the hard work has been done on the land for building. The vendor has had a 12m x 12m concrete slab laid professionally, and while you are building on the site you can live in the 2 bedroom shed with all amenities and solar power. Completely set up with water tanks, fencing and driveway.

NEW LISTINGS



EASY LIVING **\$369,000**
32 Nimbin Street, The Channon

This split-level 3 bedroom home is a low maintenance dream. Brick on the outside and freshly painted with new flooring upstairs and new carpets, blinds and fans in the bedrooms downstairs. Ample storage in the garage/ workshop space with a spacious laundry. From the kitchen you can view Terania Creek through the palm trees and native garden which has a terrific chook pen and BBQ area. Only 20 mins to Lismore and 45 mins to Byron.



PRICED TO SELL **\$265,000**
Amaroo, 5/10 Robb Road, Lillian Rock

Multiple Occupancy property situated on 5 acres at Lillian Rock is a hidden gem. An intimate timber cabin with high ceilings & stunning features, with 2 separate dwellings connected to the main building by easy access timber paths. The kitchen is open plan & well equipped, opening on to the 2 living areas that flow on to the large covered verandah through large floor-to-ceiling glass doors. 6-car carport & storage shed. Outdoor wood-fired bath & 2nd bathroom.



TUNTABLE FARM **Offers over \$590,000**
1230 Tuntable Creek Road

This 101 acre undulating property is placed in a lush tropical valley on a red soil plateau, with sealed road frontage only minutes to Nimbin. The land is a combination of regrowth and grazing areas, with small seasonal creeks running through down to major creek. The property has an abundance of water, with superb swimming holes for the hot summers day. The home is a 3 bedroom older style timber home with lots of verandah space to take in the views.

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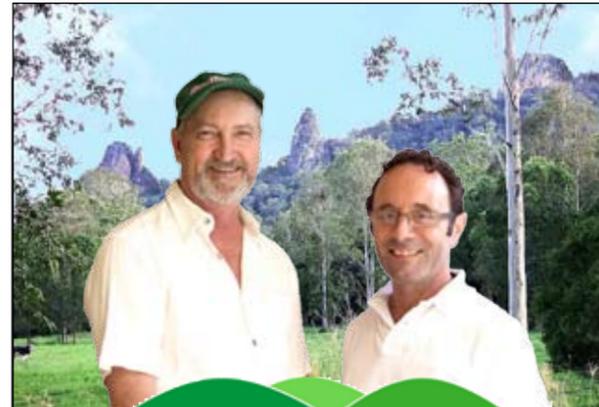
TIL TILLY TALES **\$300,000**
433 Koonorigan Road, Koonorigan

Nestled into the hillside high on the Koonorigan ridge on a leafy road sits this pretty 1940's country home. Built for the schoolmaster, this home carries a lot of history. This is a sweet little 2 bedroom home, freshly painted with original features, like the lovely wood-fired stove in the kitchen, which have stood the test of time handsomely. Polished timber floors throughout and a large timber deck to enjoy the garden scenery.



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Mount Nardi looms behind you as you look out over rainforest to the Nightcap Ranges from this excellent vacant block of land. Situated at the end of the road on a north facing slope, the view beholds Sphinx Rock and Blue Knob, rolling down to a forested mountain stream. On a sealed road and only 5 minutes from Nimbin with mains power and telephone, this block has the wow factor.



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