

# MardiGrass turns it on in fine style

by Michael Balderstone, President, Nimbin HEMP Embassy

Nimbin's 22<sup>nd</sup> annual cannabis law reform rally and gathering, hosted by the HEMP Embassy, was layered with good vibes. There were a lot of happy faces in the protest action, lots of laughter and music. There was also serious discussion and learning, and fortunately few arrests or police dramas in the village. Which is pretty humorous in itself, considering it's a gathering of thousands of criminals. Just exactly where is the crime?

The police were generally praised for sensibly standing back, except for the burly undercover (hardly) who did their best to ruin Johnny Ganja's honeymoon. They were a sour note, like the drug testing of drivers just outside town, with the tacky licksticks that are clearly unreliable, but open the door to test your blood. Close to a hundred people were busted for 'drug driving', which doesn't mean they were impaired at all. We all know cannabis stays in your blood for a month or more, unlike all other drugs. It's just more persecution of cannabis users, based on utter nonsense. Many people trekked through the paddocks and forest to get around the roadblocks. Others walked to town to avoid a parking fine, because it seemed nearly everywhere was off-limits.

Fortunately, Lismore Council is not the only big profit maker;



the Showground was packed with campers, who kept the farmers and their wives flat chat.

Highlights of the weekend included Kerianne Cox holding the crowd spellbound with her passion and power in one of the most moving MardiGrass Rally speeches in years. The Bentley blockade was mentioned throughout the weekend, as we were reminded of the common ground we have in trying to protect the Earth and her treasures.

LNP Queensland MP Jason Woodforth was the only politician present, and said he will fight for our cause no matter what flack he receives from his Party. "How can I

have a beer which is a drug and not support your right to have a joint?" he said.

Tony Bower from Mullaways Medical cannabis was ever-popular, and the float award of \$1000 was split between him and the Ganja Faeries, with a dancing troupe third who had travelled from Japan just for the protest parade. Many promised to attend Tony's new court case in Kempsey on 28<sup>th</sup> May, after yet another raid on his patients' plants.

The World Stoned Chess Championship was again a wonderful success, with competitors battling out the final games by

candlelight in Rainbow Lane. There were 27 competitors from eight countries, and Max Dargin, who grew up in Nimbin, finally won.

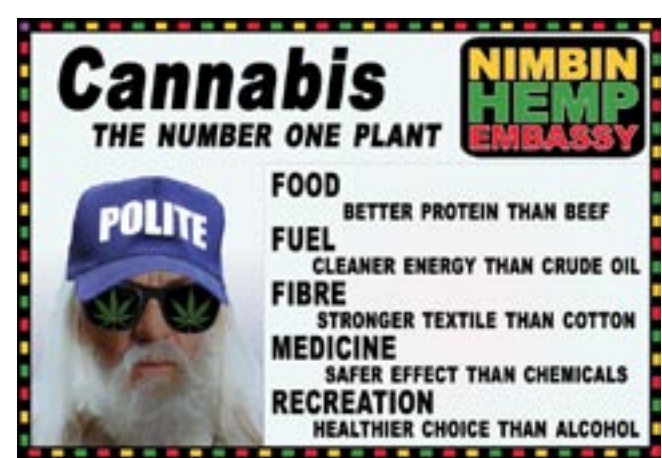
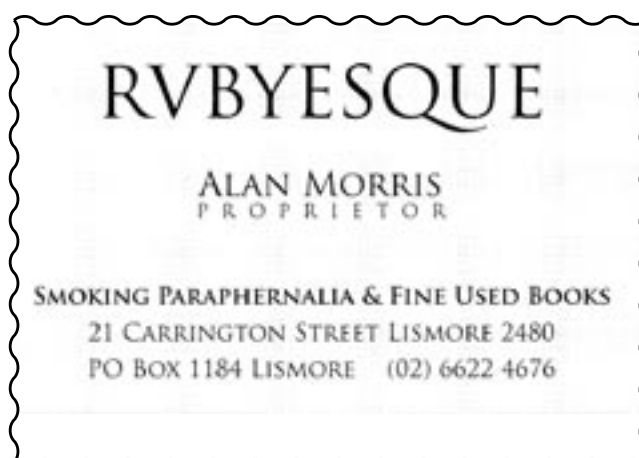
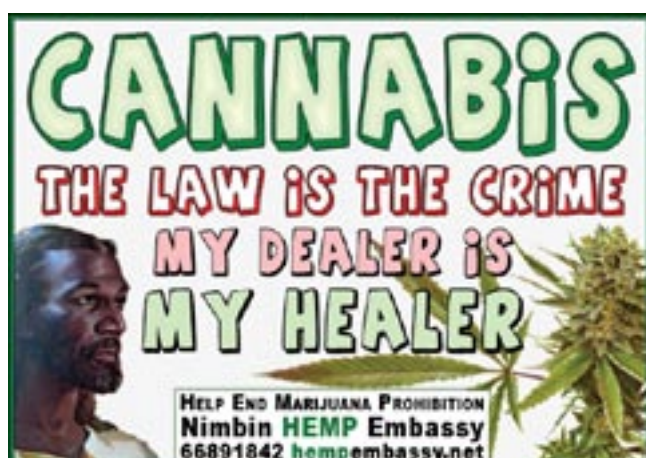
Crowd favourite the HEMP Olympix, compered by S. Sorrensen and his assistant Andrea Soler, every year gets more and more seriously competitive as contestants vie for Maxx Maxted's Gold Cups. Preference whisperer Glenn Druery's fitness impressed, and he found himself standing on the Olympix podium in the Growers Ironperson event next to people half his age. That Gold was won by Justin from Hastings Point in one minute 27 seconds. Hashy

Smashy from Nimbin won the women's in 1m 33 sec.

The men's Bong Throw was won by Brendon from the South Coast with a throw of 49.9 metres, and the women's by Hannah from Nimbin with 37.7 metres. She also won the Plantem Award for the best all-rounder. Young Sal excelled in the Joint Rolling, taking home two Gold Cups, winning the Speed Roll in 24 seconds and the Blindfold (roll in the dark) in 48. The legendary Bob the Joint Builder won the Adverse Conditions and Justin from Santa Cruz the Artistic Roll with a "burning man" creation.

Caroline's MardiGarbos up-cycled the refuse from MardiGrass in a huge effort, and we aim to keep it going by trying to recycle Nimbin's waste much better than it currently is. Do help us, get involved. There are literally hundreds of people who voluntarily helped make MardiGrass happen, as well as the whole village, which tolerates a massive invasion of outsiders every year. Infinite thanks to everyone. Nimbin is truly a community like no other, the volunteer backpackers keep telling me.

The Tug'O Drug War was again fiercely contested on the slopes of Sativa Stadium with the final score: Polite Service 2, Police Force 0. Despite this, the Police confirmed it's not true cannabis will be legal in Nimbin for the next year. So it's on again, May 2 and 3, 2015.







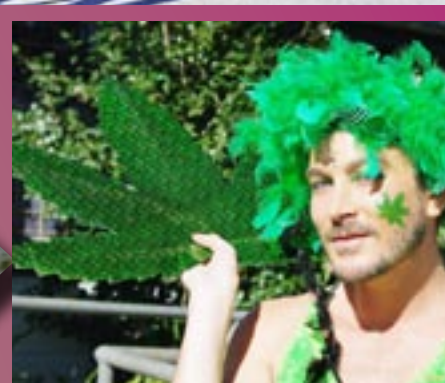
# NIMBIN MARDI



Thanks to all our MardiGrass photographers: Chaplin, Bob Dooley, Wendy Haken, Sara M, Simon Rose, Greg Soward, Sue Stock. Thanks to the volunteers, residents, business people and



# MARDI GRASS 2014



Thanks to: Brian Alexander, Darmin Cameron, Peter McCafferty, Garry Mimlich, Peter Ptschelinzew, and also to the MardiGrass Organising Body, all participants for making it a great weekend!







# MardiGarbos a welcome addition

This year’s MardiGrass saw the start of an ambitious recycling scheme for the event’s rubbish.

Most people used the correct bin for their refuse, and cans, plastic and glass bottles, landfill plastic and organic matter were separated out by teams of volunteer garbos working in four-hour shifts.

The organic material and cardboard was delivered to Levity Gardens at Djanbung community, which also supplied vegetables for the free volunteer meals.

Recycleable materials that could be used as earthship building materials were



Some of the MardiGarbos taking a break

retained; the rest sent to Lismore for Council’s recycling.  
Non-recyclable rubbish still filled three large skips.

Organiser Carolyn Todd said she was very pleased with how MardiGarbos went, and already has plans for improvement next year.



# Skatepark comp winners

Friends of Nimbin Skatepark organised a skating competition on Saturday 3rd May as an alternative MardiGrass event, and were “blown away” by how well-attended it was.

The competition, which was accompanied by demonstrations by some of the best skaters in the region, was co-sponsored by Youth Connections North Coast, Nan & Pop, and component manufacturers Theeve and TruckStop.

And the winners (pictured) were:

Under 14s: Ariel Lagarde 1st; Karin Halloran 2nd; Mitchell Cox 3rd.  
Under 16s: Jayden Morrison 1st; Damon 2nd.  
Opens: Jacob Robinson 1st; Steven Monkey 2nd.  
Winners’ trophies were created by Nathan Carthew, and prizes were sponsored by the Rainbow Power Company.  
With temporary floodlighting installed, the skatepark proved a very popular feature of the weekend, and FONS plans to make the competition an annual event.

# The Preference Whisperer in Nimbin

by John Jiggins

The Help Elect Moylan Party were very happy this MardiGrass, because they had almost elected Moylan in WA. He was the last candidate eliminated before his preferences flowed on to elect the Palmer United Party’s Zhenya Wang.

It was a pretty good result. Although the party got only 1% of the first preference vote, they had accumulated 7.8% from preference-harvesting by the time they were eliminated. The man who had made this almost-miracle almost possible, Glenn Druery, the famous preference whisperer, came to MardiGrass to cement his alliance with HEMP, offering his magical powers in aid of Moylan.

‘Butting Heads’ was supposed to be a panel discussion at the Indica Arena, involving Druery, along with Gabe Buckley from the Liberal Democratic Party, HEMP’s Graham Askey and Andrew Kavasilas, and others, but Druery gradually took it over and turned it into a free consultation for HEMP on how to run a micro-party. It was an astonishing performance, as the hempsters fell under the spell of the Preference Whisperer. Michael Balderstone confessed some worries, but Druery left him in the eternal sunshine of the spotless mind.

Magicians normally use wands or swords as props, but Druery largely dispensed with such traditional trappings. He wore no cape or witch’s hat, and the only incense present was that

provided by Mullaway. Even when explaining the arcane art of preference whispering, Druery drew no pentagrams or magical diagrams upon the ground. His was a very practical magic.

He dropped names, of course, to demonstrate how connected he was. He gave a message to the hempsters from the recently elected WA senator from the Palmer United Party’s Zhenya Wang that he was pleased with HEMP’s preferencing.

Druery praised HEMP’s secretary, Grahame Askey, highly, as one of the top six in the country at the craft of preference whispering. Druery has been coaching Askey since 2004, when Druery was running Liberals for Forests. In the 2014 WA election, Druery’s Shooters and Fishers and Askey’s HEMP ran their preference harvesting in partnership; HEMP gobbling up the smaller parties on the left, while the Shooters and Fishers gobbled up the smaller parties of the right.

By count 31, in a beautifully orchestrated showdown, all the other micro-parties were gone and it was a shoot-out between the Shooters and HEMP; the Shooters and Fishers had harvested 2.17% of the vote and HEMP had harvested 2.27%, so HEMP snuck ahead and the Shooters and Fishers were eliminated, but sent HEMP all their votes. If it had gone the other way, if the Shooters and Fishers had had more votes, HEMP’s preferences would have flowed to them. It was a wonderful display of synchronised preference harvesting, co-ordinated

between Askey and Druery. The beneficiary of this scheming, James Moylan, joined in the praise of Askey too.

When Askey spoke, he astonishingly declaring that HEMP had won the battle of ideas and there was no need now for propaganda or ideas. What was needed was to elect someone to Parliament. You had to join the club to be listened to. But would Senator James Moylan really be listened to any more than Senator Ricky Muir? And for what gain? A cross-party committee of the NSW parliament had recently unanimously recommended a medical cannabis trial, but the parliament simply ignored them. And wouldn’t the Murdoch press have a field day with Senator 1%?

Misdirection was one of the traditional conjuror’s arts that Druery employed. Druery said Moylan would have won in WA, by was held back by the treachery of the Greens! Less biased observers might think that it was because 99% of the voters didn’t vote for Moylan, but Druery’s blame fell on receptive ears. Although it was recognised that the alliance with the Shooters and Fishers would prove unpopular in Nimbin, Nimbin was said to be a green bubble, and the alliance would be less controversial in other places.

Personally, I think fighting the Greens in Nimbin is a really stupid idea. On the other hand, as a bit of a traditionalist, I was somewhat pleased to see that the customary Faustian pact with the devil was maintained.

# STREET SHUFFLE

Journal of the North Coast’s longest serving covert

by Undacuva

## Forget CSG, we need TLC

How many meetings can a man attend? The answer is apparently unlimited. I’ve been called into CSG TM’s (Tactic Meetings) almost every day this last month. Unbelievable. Haven’t they got anything better to do? And it’s not just meetings, it’s long and boring tea and coffee breaks. In between training in “what-might-happen options”, or “just-in-case options”, over and over and over again. Then research into previous cases (there are none, so that’s just a giant tea break). More meetings to discuss what might have happened from the what-might-happen workshops.

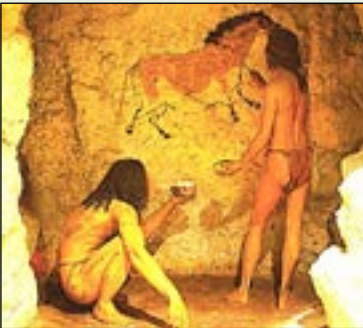
Then write it all down so it looks like we’ve been doing something. We never left school. The whole

system has never left school. From the PM Abbot down. Talk about boring. Thank God I had weed.

I said the school thing to the Boss one day at a meeting. He just frowned. “Would you rather be out there battling your feral hippie mates in the mud or be here warm and cozy with a cuppa?” He looked at me like it was a no-brainer, shaved head cocked to one side.

“Neither,” I blurted out. Thinking it’s worse than school because we’re supposed to be grown-ups and responsible and it’s like no one respects anything here, except keeping their job. Don’t rock the boat whatever you do, and you’re here for life. Comfortable. Often fat and comfortable.

No matter how many times I tell them, or in what way I tell them, they still think the majority of the



Bentley camp is Nimbin ferals who have nothing better to do. The farmers and grannies knitting beanies are invisible, which is undastandable because they’re no threat. The Force, like the Military, is trained to look out for the enemy in the crowd and no-one else.

“I tell you Boss, the hippie ferals are all at home this month drying their crops and getting ready for the Harvest Ball. Bentley is made up of a few homeless but mostly it’s frighteningly-committed Lismoron middle class who are sick of being comfortable and non-confrontational. It’s not enough for them Boss. They want a life with

some purpose. And meaning. They need to feel useful. The Planet’s on a collision course.”

He pondered the idea for the briefest of moments, but then another sip and he’d moved on. Don’t rock the boat. Comfort rules.

“Sharing is bad for the economy Boss,” I said to him another day at a particularly dull and repetitive meeting, to keep myself awake mostly. “Which is a threat to the peace and stability of our society, which it’s our job to protect, no?” It looked like he hardly even registered the idea, much less considered it.

They’re endlessly making up new reasons to dismantle the blockade which doesn’t mean anything will ever happen. It just makes for important and endless TM’s.

We are truly all numbered now. Little economies each one of us. The figures consistently come up that stoner ‘Bin hippie types are the smallest economies, cheap to run and need little else so long as they have the weed. But sharing is bad for the Great God Economy, so therein the confusion lies. Not

to mention that those other demi-gods, Jobs and Church, have no power over the enlightened, and that alone deep down confuses them all. And keeps the meetings going. If only the feral ‘Bin types knew how many they were keeping employed!

We all know the Gas is money for jam. Bore a hole, tap it ‘n dollars come gushin’ forth. No work really, just a few meetings. The problem is the ‘Bin types don’t care about money enough. They even seem to enjoy not having any, I’ve come to realise. It creates a need for each other, and a usefulness. Sharing happens naturally when you have so little and comfort is not an issue, desire is not an issue. Community is what they love, I wrote in my report. The sense of family and closeness. Back in the cave with the tribe is way more fun than being alone in comfort.

Forget CSG, money is not the recipe for TLC.