

# My sushi moment

by Richard Hil

It was, admittedly, Sunday afternoon in central Brisbane – Queen Street mall to be precise. A lot of shops had already closed even though it was only 3pm.

I was surprised because I thought the wheels of retail capitalism turned day and night. Apparently not.

As I hunted around for something to eat – I was extravagantly hungry – my mood soon darkened. I found all the boutiques, perfume parlours, mobile phone hubs and jewellery stores irritating – there were so many of them and they all looked the tacky-tacky same.

That’s the problem with commercial capitalism, as noted by Francis Wheen in *How Mumbo-Jumbo Conquered the World*, rather than living up to the promise of endless choice, it tends toward anodyne homogeneity – with shopping centres being the prime example. They all look alike.

I find such places aesthetically offensive and claustrophobic. Even as a youngster, I avoided them like the plague. It’s a hatred that persists.

Unless I have something specific to purchase (invariably socks and jocks), I find them utterly soul destroying. Stay there long enough and the threads of depression soon turn into knots.

Maybe it’s because the

relationships in such settings are predominantly commercial.

Everyone is on the make – shoppers are after bargains and store owners want healthy profit margins. The smiles are generally insincere and the verbal exchanges perfunctory.

And then there’s all the surveillance: CCTV cameras, store detectives (yes, they still exist), the endless checking of bags etc. The latter process drives me into a state of apoplexy.

I once left a packet of six Y-fronts on the counter of a well-known department store and stormed out, muttering something about surveillance capitalism.

Equally annoying are those sentimental mall aficionados who try to reproduce some kind of English village effect by introducing fake grass, trees and market stalls. Pitiful! It’s all aimed, of course, at encouraging more consumption and, sadly, it seems to work.

But it’s not as if mall managers don’t care. After all, they want us to be happy little vegemites. In Brisbane’s Queen Street mall, you’ll often find entire orchestras, opera singers, teams of jugglers or dancing troupes recruited to entertain shoppers – but not, as I discovered, at 3pm on a Sunday afternoon.

Still hungry, I trudged from one precinct to another, past a few fast ‘food’ outlets and eventually, down some steps into a cavernous rotunda



of largely shuttered eateries.

Just as I was about to leave empty mouthed, I saw a sushi station. Oh joy! It had all the allure of a palm-treed oasis in a desert of nothingness. I leapt toward this enthralling source of hope.

Peering into the glass cabinet that housed a variety of seaweed encased rolls, I immediately recoiled. Each was covered in a thick plastic wrap to ensure that the assemblage was held together. Unfortunately, hunger pangs got the better of me and I hastily ordered two of the little darlings, tuna-and-avocado and chicken teriyaki.

The rolls were lifted delicately off the tray by a pleasant-enough youth with hands donned in clear plastic gloves (I was reminded of my recent prostate examination) and placed carefully into a small plastic container with a thick elastic band around it.

I was handed the housing, along with a plastic fork, a serviette and a

small sachet of heavily seasoned soy sauce, all for a grand total of \$7.60.

Immobilised, I stood for several long seconds staring at the repulsive packaging. Suddenly stricken by shopper’s guilt, I felt like asking for my money back, but didn’t have the nerve.

Instead, I stumbled away swearing under my breath. Anger entered my emotional portals. This often happens when in supermarkets I fill my basket with goods wrapped in plastic, only to be told by a representative of the ethically conscious retail giant that they’ve done away with plastic bags so I should go get a box.

You’ve come across this scenario, right? It’s the starkest example of ethical confusion on the planet.

But the sushi experience felt even worse. It was bad enough having to chew on globules of congealed white rice (no doubt grown in some water-intensive Australian paddy field), mercury-infused tuna, and battery

chicken, all crammed into what looked like bin-liner plastic, aka seaweed.

Now, I know what you’re thinking. Did I eat the offending items, or not? Yes, I confess I did. But as soon as the hunger pangs vanished, I was once again plunged into guilt.

The thing is, I’ve seen all those documentaries on how chickens are treated in chicken concentration camps, and how plastic is clogging the oceans, yet here I was, guilty as proved.

So, what right did I have to be angry? Where was my ethical core? I certainly wasn’t going to direct my frustrations at the poor, unsuspecting young person behind the counter who, in any case, was probably being paid a pittance, minus penalty rates, and would rather be on her phone.

Who then, could I blame for what transpired: the umpteen manufacturers, camp overseers, the boss of the shop, the government, capitalism?

No, it came down to me. It won’t happen again, I promise – hunger or no hunger. But between me and you, I do blame corporate capitalism.

It’s not only its tendency toward greed and exploitation that so offends, but also its vacuous regard for aesthetics and taste, to the point where anything will do as long as it makes a buck or two.

Environmental concerns can also go to hell. What’s left is an awful void filled by congealed sushi rolls encased in one of the world’s leading pollutant materials. Sure, the sushi may have sated my hunger, but it really wasn’t worth it.

# Moving Discipline in the Caliphate

I have recently moved. I am by nature a gypsy, so to spend 10 years in one place was a few years too long.

My husband, Norm, would love to stay in the same home forever. He says he’s only going out of this one in a coffin.

I see moving as another life. You meet people, there are new areas to explore, and a different vista out your window.

Best of all you must cull your possessions. Having to move and clean everything makes you look at all those items in a new light. Yes, it was fun collecting them and I used them for a little while but grew bored as new things came in and they ended up gathering dust in the cupboards which filled up. I had a rule that for everything new that came in, something must go out.

We tend to fill up whatever space is available to us, whether we need that much flotsam and jetsam or not. It’s human nature. Minimalism is so hard to achieve.

Apart from four pianos (don’t marry a piano tuner!), our biggest and bulkiest collections are all outdated technology – records, CD’s, DVD’s, photos and even old family



The world according to Magenta Appel-Pye

slides which cannot be thrown away so they now inhabit our new cupboards.

As we moved, many were finding refuge from the raging fires. Our friend, Margaret, arrived with her car full of her most precious possessions.

What do you choose when that happens? What is most important to you? It certainly makes you think.

I remember a time when my unit was on fire. The neighbours woke me and I hurriedly dressed (that would be embarrassing and cold outside on a winter’s night), grabbed my bag, my phone and, inexplicably, my library books!

A bloody good citizen to the end.

by Bob Tissot

Escaped the Emirates without incident. The sight of the snow-covered peaks of the Zagreb Mountains in Iran indicated that perhaps we were heading into cooler climes, and the icy gale at the airport quickly confirmed this and stripped away all memories of the sun-drenched Arabian Peninsula as we were sucked into the core of both the Holy Roman Empire and the Great Caliphate. Istanbul!

The traffic morphed from crazy to psychopathic mayhem with a death wish, and we arrived at our destination quivering with relief, to discover that our apartment could only be accessed via an *extremely* narrow spiral staircase, that required all luggage be carried on one’s head.

By now the day was over, so we wandered out to find some food and found the Turkish riot squad instead. Apparently there was a football stadium close by and a big match about to start. Hundreds of police with batons, helmets, riot shields and machine guns were milling about and getting ready for work just a few metres from our door. The crowd was singing and chanting, the police were laughing and in a small alley just outside the stadium we found a woman cooking up the tastiest hot meat rolls ever. Grabbed a couple, but didn’t stay for the game.

Spent the next day wandering through antiquities like the Hagia Sophia, whose history stretches back to the dawn of time. Spent its first 1000 years as the largest Christian church in the world, then the next 700 years as the world’s pre-eminent mosque. The stone floors are polished to a dangerous gloss from untold penitent feet walking reverently upon them. In the Old Ottoman Palace next door, there’s a room



Galata Tower, 1700 years old

for bloody everything, including a Royal Circumcision Room, which unfortunately was devoid of even a trace of shrivelled Royal Foreskin.

But then we came upon the Holy Relics Room and hit the jackpot, because within its four walls lay what was claimed to be the ORIGINAL Koran; the Staff of Moses with which he SMOTE the Golden Calf when he returned from Mt Sinai with the 10 Commandments; the Hand and Forearm of John the Baptist, encased in gold like something from Cartier; the Sword of King David and (drum roll please) ... the Footprint of the Prophet himself, cast in 24-carat gold! The roots of the three religions of the book, all in one room. Spine-tingling.

Outside we follow a sign saying Basilica Cistern, go down some stairs and POW... our minds are appropriately blown yet again. We’re in a massive underground

reservoir covering hectares and supported by hundreds of columns with arched brickwork above. Constructed in the 6th century by Justinian I, the columns stretch off into the damp, echoing darkness and if you listen carefully you might just hear the tribulations of the many slaves who perished during its construction.

But the bit that really tweaked my feeble brain was that two of the columns are supported on massive square blocks with Medusa heads carved into them. These blocks were scavenged from some other major structure of a previous time; a structure of which there is no *historical record!*

Later, we’re strolling with the crowds up near the Galata Tower and next to this really impressive building with massive gates was an armoured, anti-riot vehicle, complete with barricade-smashing bulldozer blade at the front and armed soldiers either side. As I approached one of the soldiers, Diana snapped a shot of us and suddenly the doors of the vehicle opened, three more soldiers got out and I was told to instruct my wife to *immediately* delete the photo, as photos of their truck were *verboten!* We quickly deleted and departed.

Leaving for the airport next morning, we emerged from our local subway station right smack-bang into a group of ethnic Armenian Christians (maybe 60 of them), demonstrating in memory of the Armenian Genocide of 1915, and a group of militant Turks (maybe 25 of them), who objected to the use of the word “genocide” because they claim it never happened. About 200 riot police were there to keep them apart, and did so with vigour!

I’m feeling a bit of a theme developing here and it’s lucky we’re neither Armenian nor Kurdish. Can’t say where we’re going next but I’m practising my waltz.



# Strong bodies, strong minds and strong spirits

by Sensei Rachel Whiting

24 very focussed and determined karate students of all ages, from three different Traditional Okinawan Goju-ryu Karate-do (TOGK) classes, recently gathered together in Nimbin to attempt their first or latest grading.

No matter their age or ability, each student gave their very best. They were challenged to stay focussed and persevere through the heat and extensive syllabus to achieve their chosen goals, each according to their level of skill and capacity.

Through this experience, each student learns to dig deep to find a spirit of personal strength and attitude of not giving up which they may never have known they had in them.

Many students experienced a new level of capacity and personal power within themselves.

This builds an increased internalised self-confidence and self-belief which develops over the years of increased training into



a strengthening of mind, body and spirit of 'can do' and 'will do', at the same time developing humility and respect for one another.

Well done to each and every one of you!

Particular mention goes to 14-year old Manu Moxham (pictured, right) who achieved his brown belt after six years of persistent,

humble and passionate training.

A very well-deserved and rare achievement for one dedicated student, who despite all challenges has stuck with his training and benefitted from his commitment to his own growth and journey in the martial arts.

Well done Manu, you earnt every inch of it! Congratulations also goes to Acacia Mellick

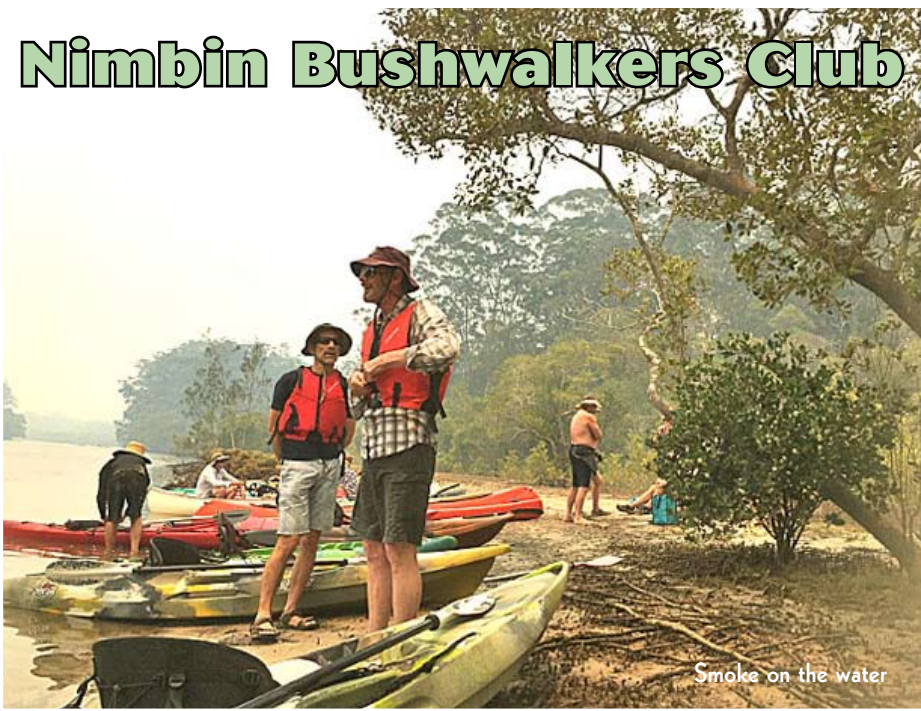


(pictured, above) who achieved her green belt, pushing through personal barriers, sweat and aching muscles, to show herself that she has the courage and fortitude within her to achieve whatever she decides. Osu!

If you are interested in trying out a term in 2020, contact Sensei Rachel on 0427-778-837, or email: [togka.rw@gmail.com](mailto:togka.rw@gmail.com)

You can find her on Facebook at 'TOGK', or Instagram 'karateforthespirit'.

## Nimbin Bushwalkers Club



by Megan James

### Mullumbimby to Brunswick Heads, Sunday 10th November.

Nineteen keen paddlers met at Heritage Park Mullum, despite the smoke haze.

Launching 12 craft meant we were strung out along the river, but this made for a leisurely paddle with plenty of time to take in the sights and sounds along the way.

Gliding through the smoke haze was eerie at times, and reminded us of how lucky we are to be safe

from the fires so far and to have a river with enough water to paddle on.

One of our members had her most precious possessions in her car as she had been evacuated from Tuntabla Falls on Saturday, and another was going home to Nimbin after the paddle to pack up ready to evacuate as well.

We saw lots of bird life and other paddlers with plenty of families enjoying a day of fishing from small boats. Seeing teenagers jumping off an old bridge

into the water reminded lots of us of our childhood summers.

We stopped at a sandy section of the river to stretch our legs and have some lunch. It was so peaceful that we could have stayed for a snooze, but we pushed on to Bruns.

After the organised chaos of loading all our craft onto our cars, we went for a coffee and a chat before heading home.

We are hoping to have more kayaking trips next year.

## Walks programme

Another year for the Nimbin Bushwalkers draws to an end on a quiet note as our last weekend away, and historically our biggest, is cancelled due to the bushfires around Woody Head/Iluka due to National Parks having to close the camp ground.

It has been a horrific year for dryness and fire, and only slowly are the decision makers in Canberra moving to implement change to save the country. Let us hope they have the drive to change and not just talk.

Normally we are affected by wet weather, but this year we lost quite a few walks due to the dry/fire conditions.

We finish the year with almost 40 members and most walks had around 10 to 12 participants, a good manageable

number as, even though we are mindful of procedures and safety, the Nimbin Club has always been about a casual appreciation of our environment, and most of our walks are about 12km.

We are already planning for next year and it looks as though we will continue with our two walks a month. One a day-walk and the other a weekend away with a Saturday and Sunday walk catering for both the campers and also the day-trippers.

New members and visitors are always welcome and thanks to the Nimbin GoodTimes we are able to let all in the area know of our plans each month.

<http://nimbinbushwalkers.com>



"Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire." – Charles Dickens

## She says

Dear Elle, I sympathise with you. My husband is also a sloppy dresser. He thinks it's a fashion statement to look like a homeless guy.

I buy him nice clothes, but to no avail. They languish, unworn, thrown in the back of the wardrobe.

Norm is proud of being a slob. He thinks it makes him one of the proletariat, fitting in with mainstream Aussie working blokes. He especially favours faded black t-shirts with stains that show even on this non-colour.

When we first moved in together, I went through his wardrobe when he was out and took the schmutters to Vinnies. The lady there said they were only good as rags.

He was devastated to find his very short-legged, holey, lime green shorts missing. He whinged that they were dear to him because he'd had them for 20 years. It sure looked like it. He nearly broke up with me.

Some men's fashion is appalling. Remember the trend of very expensive t-shirts with neat holes randomly popping out over the place?

Norm has his own version, with little cigarette burn holes that cost fuck-all.

Then there was the torn jean look. He was riding a wave with that one.

Elle, you must lower your expectations and accept him as he is.

## HE says

Dear Elle, your boyfriend sounds like a good, honest, down-to-earth bloke.

He hasn't tried to fool you by dressing up for you during your courtship, and then reverting to his natural state once he had you bagged.

No, he's obviously been a slob right from the start and not pretended otherwise.

## Sloppy Dresser

Dear SSHS,

My boyfriend is a sloppy dresser. Is there any hope of reforming him?

– Miss Elle, Dorroughby

What a champion.

I was a pretty snappy dresser for a little while in my youth. At that age you want to impress the girls, wearing the latest fashion – skin tight pants and tops.

But as I got a bit older, I became political. I was living in the squats in East Sydney with a bunch of fellow revolutionaries, and the standard uniform was Black. You also had to look surly, sallow, and unkempt.

That today I still possess at least some of these qualities somewhat pleases me. But the sad truth is that now, in my approaching old age, I simply don't give a stuff.

I only wear clothes because I have to. You can get arrested for not wearing clothes in public, you know. How draconian is that?

These days I choose comfort over fashion. So pants have to have plenty of room for the boys and have an elastic waist so as not to pinch my gut.

T-shirts and singlets are the go up top and the bigger, the better.

My wife has bought me lots of 'good' shirts and pants over the years, but it just doesn't work for me. When she makes me put these clothes on and I look in the mirror, all I see is mutton dressed as lamb.

Plus, I only have to wear a good shirt for half an hour and I've somehow soiled it with food or burnt a cigarette hole in it.

Let's face it, your boyfriend and I are not meant to have good clothes. We're hard on them, mean and nasty to them, we're shirt molesters.

Put us in an Amani suit and at the end of the day we're still slob and the suit is ruined.

What he's saying here is, look at the man, not the clothes. A noble sentiment indeed.

So, can you change him? Should you even try? I think you can guess my answer.

*I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day but I couldn't find any.*

Send your relationship problems to:  
[normanappel@westnet.com.au](mailto:normanappel@westnet.com.au)



# And the band knitted on for Nepal

by Gail Wallace, for  
Nimbin Nepal Relief Fund

There is nothing like natural disasters to test our 'natural' barometer for loving kindness.

As the mercury has risen, recent events have clearly brought out the best (and worst) of humankind. Cliche? Maybe. Truism indeed.

Actually, the word 'kind' within this word has often given me cause and pause to ponder... are we inherently kind and generous? Doubtlessly, current tragedies will birth thousands of stories exploring this rather daunting question.

A capacity to think and act beyond oneself and one's immediate needs of 'Me Me Me' seems to be a variant in human behaviour at the best of times.

Lately, circumstances have offered much more fodder for some sociological study of this questionable phenomenon.

Perhaps it has never been so acutely tested, highlighted in times of heightened challenge, hellish pressure and downright fear.

So we hear about the rogues. The low life predators mock-dressing as authorities



Photo:  
Sue Stock

ordering evacuations to stressed home-owners, only returning later to loot their places. And kids (teenagers) "playing with matches" in 40 degree temperatures? Let's not go there.

By contrast, there was the gentleman at the supermarket who, upon hearing the lady ahead of him purchasing ingredients to cook muffins for firefighters, graciously and humbly picked up the bill.

And where pray tell are our courageously, selfless fireys positioned in the kindness arena? Definitely, off the Richter! Surely not just random acts of kindnesses. They deserve canonisations! Oscars fall strikingly short.

Indomitable, indefatigable men and women whose

DNA seems etched where distress of fellow human beings commands every effort humanly capable for its relief.

Space here inhibits mentioning all those we want to thank and love for their incredible unconditional support in responding with mega kindnesses well past the very practical level.

A visit to our local town hall and evacuation centre at the Showgrounds overwhelmed with overt demonstrations of such. Not to mention the covert, less obvious. The empathy angels. These folk (you know who you are) are angelic ...naturally. No awards expected.

Scientific studies prove that demonstrations of loving kindness actually favourably

alter our neural pathways, boost endorphins, release natural highs. And these 'feel goods' aren't just transient. Apparently volunteers in any field live longer and healthier lives.

If the correlation between kindly, voluntary acts and longevity is accurate, these people will be around for a long time yet!

## Join the knitters

A small group of women continues to knit on for the village people of Bolgaun (Nimbin Remembers Nepal).

This month another contingent of volunteers leaves to continue the on-going rebuilding work over the winter, ably led by Helen Simpson.

And with them will go blankets and woolies (like the one pictured), woven with the loving kindness akin to what is so widespread in Nimbin and vicinity as we go to press.

We have all stepped up, and accessed our natural inclinations, whether it be earthquakes in Nepal or bushfires on Mt Nardi.

Join us every Thursday at 10.30am at Blue Knob Hall Cafe. The joy is more than in the coffee.

# The Return

by Robert Maddox-Harle

*Drifts of memory surface  
then fade, taunting me  
the Potala Palace is beckoning  
centuries ago my home  
calling me back  
with the echo of conches.*



Yantra by  
Sandra Joran

*The subterranean passages, dark  
hold secrets the invaders will never know,  
arcane inscriptions by senior lamas  
coded in the universal language of light  
passages to higher dimensions  
transcending the material.*

*Younghusband's British superiority,  
his guns and arrogance useless  
the invader's fear and ignorance mocked  
Lamas come and go still.*

*New invaders  
driven by ideologies of insecurity  
armed with yellow-steel machines,  
drones, infrared eyes and satellites  
all useless against the secret of invisibility.  
And still the lamas come and go.*

*The fragrance of sandalwood  
lingers far beneath the golden turrets,  
I must return to complete the Yantra  
deep in the mountain rock vault  
the place of my Little Death Ceremony.*

*High on the roof of the world  
arcane secrets wait patiently,  
The Dalai Lama clearing the way  
as the focus of white light  
emerging from the universal matrix  
will manifest through the interlacing Yantra.  
The sacred symbol will pulse  
channelling the healing energy  
like radio waves around the earth  
peace and unity will soon return  
resonating and clearing the turmoil of centuries.*

# Can you help this Kenyan family?



Ochola's home



Frying fish

commonly their husbands were unfaithful.

Infidelity is the main cause of one in four people contracting HIV/AIDS in this area and the stats are actually quite good, as it was as high as one in two people 25 years ago.

Two of the married siblings had moved back home with their three children, and the tales continued...

Monica, Sharon's older sister had to leave university recently as one day she came back to her flat to find it had been ransacked; everything had been stolen including her laptop. She couldn't afford to replace the contents and was forced to come home.

Later I was told by Calvince, one of our volunteer workers, he had seen Sharon's younger sister Sheila walking around the town of Sori begging for money as she was about to go back to high school and didn't have the required fees.

Sheila did get back to school, but a week later the Principal sent her home to find the balance of the fees. This is not uncommon as people here are extremely poor.



Women in the Ochola family

by Rikki Fisher

The Ochola family face hardships on a daily basis. They live in a small town on the shores of lake Victoria, in an out-of-the-way place called Sori in South West Kenya.

I first met the Ocholas through the sponsorship program of our charity, Kenya Kids International.

Sharon, one of 10 siblings, was a bright girl. Her father Elle was physically disabled from a motorbike accident and unable to work, after which her mother, overwhelmed by the situation, left him and the kids to fend for themselves.

Sharon had finished primary school but the family didn't have the necessary finances for her to go onto High School. Kenya Kids International found a sponsor for

Sharon in Lismore.

She has now graduated from high school and is currently doing Business Studies at university. That's the good news.

We recently visited Kenya to check on our projects, and during this time I proposed to spend some time with this family.

I met with Sharon and five of her female siblings who were home at the time. They were so hospitable, sharing with me the little they had.

Spending time with Sharon and her sisters, I learnt what life was like for a woman in Sori, from their point of view.

The way men treated women was a topic they spoke animatedly about – women raised the children, earned the income, did all the housework, carried heavy loads, fetched water etc.

Often they were beaten, and

Later I met Mark, the only male sibling of the Ochola family. He walked me back to Sori to catch a motorbike taxi. While we were walking he shared with me that he also had to give up his course at Uni.

He had been fortunate enough to complete two terms of a computer-programming course, without a computer, but now in his final term he had to have one. The family couldn't afford to buy a computer so here he was back home again.

I was struck by Mark's attitude; it wasn't one of "Woe is me for I am badly done by" or blaming outside forces. He wasn't even depressed about his situation. He just accepted that this is how life is when you are poor.

And to add a little more stress to the mix, while still in Kenya we got

a phone call to say the father, Elle had been hit by a motorbike while waiting to cross the road and was in hospital. And we think we are doing it tough.

I wonder if anyone in the community could like to help Mark finish his course in computer programming, or Monica with her board and fees?

Both Mark and Monica need funds for a computer and a sponsor to get through university.

If you can help in any way, please give us a call on 0409-413-248. Rob and I regularly visit our projects in Kenya, and we are always looking for interested people to either come with us or become a financial supporter.

Find more information on our website: [kenyakidsinternational.org.au](http://kenyakidsinternational.org.au)



# First encounters in the NT

by Aniko Papp

It was with excitement and trepidation that this Northern Rivers lawyer accepted an offer to run a legal service in the Northern Territory.

My job? To work in remote indigenous communities around the NT, having previously worked with indigenous services and clients in NSW for many years.

Arriving in the NT from the East Coast of NSW was an eye opener. Unlike NSW, indigenous people were evident everywhere, in shops, in the streets and in offices.

I was thrilled to hear Walpiri, Kriol and other indigenous tongues casually spoken by children in the streets.

I had often dealt with racism against members of our indigenous community in NSW. I had this idea that, given the sheer number of countrymen, (Kriol for an indigenous person) in the NT, racism was less of an issue here.

So. Let me tell you about my first few days in the NT. One night, one of my white lawyers reported witnessing an indigenous woman king hit across the face on the street by a man.

She fell back bleeding onto the footpath. A police officer walked by, looked and kept going. My staff member took the officer aside, asking him to help her.

The officer, after cajoling, took my staff's contact details and pronounced, "She's drunk and so is he."

The officer left without



even going near her. Never did hear any more about that incident.

Another night, I arrived at a taxi rank where a bunch of indigenous ladies were already waiting. A maxi-taxi pulled up and offered little lonely me the whole empty vehicle.

"I wasn't here first, these ladies were. It's their taxi." He argued with me: "No, I want to take you not them."

I slid open the door and ushered the ladies in. The ladies were neither drunk nor difficult, and proffered the driver cash. I put my lawyer's hat on and so, after a debate, he grudgingly allowed them to stay.

I got the next taxi cab. Funnily enough, the next cabbie willingly took me and my money. I didn't even need my lawyer's hat.

NT grog laws mean that anyone buying from a bottle needs to show ID. Police officers often check ID before allowing entry.

I usually wave my driver's license for a cursory check,

as I waltz in to a bottle. Any countryman behind or in front of me gets the third degree and is checked on the officer's iPad thing.

I have seen countrymen questioned for 15 minutes or more, whilst I peruse the bottle shelves. Such interrogation has never happened to me, ever.

Walking out into the car park in front of Woolies one warm NT night, a young indigenous woman was huddled at the entrance.

The sliding doors swung so close that the frosty air blew across her prone body. People just stepped over her as they left the shopping centre.

I squatted down near her to see if she was okay. Her belly was exposed and I could see she was pregnant. She looked as if she was suffering from small seizures.

Rather than assist, I heard many say, "Leave her. She is just full of grog." "Don't get involved." "She's just one of those black drunks."

Shoppers with trolleys carefully wheeled around us. I called 000. The young woman asked me to hold her.

Her eyes occasionally rolled to the back of her head as she twitched, as I stroked her back. The young woman nestled into my lap.

Eventually, an ambulance arrived and took care of her. Not one person ever asked, "Is she okay?"

I ask myself after all these encounters, "If that was a white woman? If that was a white man? Would I be seeing this?"

# Tip shop becomes a KRIC shop

by Graeme Gibson

It's quite amazing what can sometimes happen when a diverse group of individuals come together with a common purpose. And something quite amazing is underway with the Kyogle Resource Innovation Collaborative.

KRIC, as it's become known, first met in August to chew the fat over possibilities for the soon-to-reopen tip shop at Kyogle Council's waste management facility in Runnymede Road.

The tip shop had previously been operated by council, but closed in 2017 due to safety reasons. Recently repaired, council was now looking for a community group to operate the shop.

Apart from diverting some goods and materials from landfill, council saw this as a means to support the local community through generating income from the sale of items to support community projects.

That first meeting in August was initiated by Kyogle Together, a local community development association who saw its role as that of enabler to help individuals or other groups work through council's requirements for the operation of the shop.

There was no expectation that Kyogle Together would have an ongoing role, although it has worked out that way.

Weekly meetings have seen the KRIC group coalesce through the usual group development process – forming, storming, norming and performing – all with the usual joys and surprises.

Members include those with a very strong tinkering, fix-it-up ethos and those with a deep ecological worldview. Very compatible.

Between them, KRIC members hold extensive experience and passion for recycling, up-cycling and creative expression.

The KRIC Shop will operate from a functional tin shed, with a second tin shed becoming available in the near future. But over time those tin sheds, and their surrounds, will become works of art in their own right.

All support and learn from each other. Learning is, in fact, at the core of the KRIC philosophy, and there is an intention to educate about the importance of recycling, reusing and repurposing in caring for our environment.

All KRIC members are volunteers. This is meaningful volunteerism and new volunteers are welcome. The aim though, is for a couple of positions to become paid in the future. These positions will be funded through the sale of recovered materials, repaired and revived items, value-added arts and crafts and the provision of educational and arts workshops.

The longer-term vision is for comprehensive community engagement in the waste stream, providing access to reclaimed materials supporting a range of private and public art. The sponsorship of artistic or creative endeavours forms part of the vision.

The vision might extend to a Tool Library, based on a belief that borrowing is better

for everyone, including the planet, than owning many of those rarely used items. The vision might reach a Repair Café where, under guidance, people can learn to repair that which has broken on them. Possibly a broken heart? After all, it's all about community.

Goods and materials suitable for donation and sale include:


- whitegoods and household appliances
- building, construction and renovating materials
- tools and gardening equipment
- toys and sporting equipment
- home decoration items
- second-hand furniture
- car and bike parts and accessories

These items can be donated direct to the KRIC Shop during its opening hours. At other times donations will need to go over the weighbridge, which incurs a cost. KRIC members will determine suitability and accept or reject donated items. Not all trash is treasure.

The intention is to start small and steady and get the basics right. Or put another way, aim low and over-achieve, before moving on to bigger and better plans.

The KRIC shop will open initially on Saturday and Sunday, from 9am to 3pm for donation and sales. These hours will be extended at some future stage. December open dates are 7th and 8th, 14th and 15th, and 21st and 22nd.





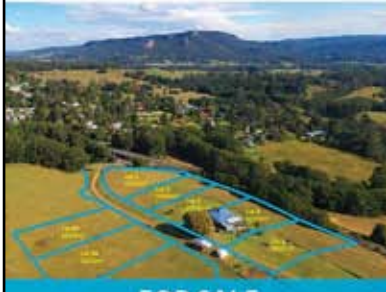




Opening hours for January and beyond will be available on the Kyogle KRIC Shop Facebook page.



## URI ROSS @realty

Uri would like to thank all his vendors for supporting him on his new venture. Uri's track record is proving to redeem itself as he works on exchanging his 4th contract. 30 listings already, he's the man for the job.

URI ROSS | 0423 280 278 | uri\_ross@atrealty.com.au

 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>3/27 ALTERNATIVE WAY, NIMBIN 3 BED   1 BATH ONE OWNER   \$385,000</p>	 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>306 CROFTON RD, NIMBIN 3 BED   2 BATH   46.13 HA. INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY   \$1,150,000</p>	 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>1/33 THORBURN ST, NIMBIN 3 BED   1 BATH STRATA TITLE UNIT   \$325,000</p>	 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>1/B SILKY OAK DR, NIMBIN 2 BED   2 BATH   2000SQM IN TOWN WITH VIEWS   \$535,000</p>	 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>145 GUNGAS RD, NIMBIN 4 BED   1 BATH 1 ACRE   \$585,000</p>
 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>FAIRVIEW ESTATE VACANT LOTS AVAILABLE \$237K - \$287K</p>	 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>ALTERNATIVE WAY, NIMBIN NOW SELLING STAGE 4 &amp; 5 \$202K - \$240K</p>	 <p><b>FOR SALE</b></p> <p>NIGHTCAP VISTA ESTATE STAGES 1 &amp; 2 \$220K - \$315K</p>	 <p><b>UNDER OFFER!</b></p> <p>50 GUNGAS RD, NIMBIN</p>	 <p><b>CONTRACTS EXCHANGED</b></p> <p>591 TUNTABLE CRK RD, TUNTABLE CREEK</p>



# Nimbin Hills REAL ESTATE

www.nimbinhills.com.au

Phone: 6689 1498

JOHN WILCOX 0428 200 288

JACQUI SMITH 0439 15 6666

YVONNE CAMPBELL 0432 996 914

GRANT ROSSITER 0427 531 951

## LATEST LISTINGS



**NEW**  
461m2

Contact John

**11 Aurora Street, East Lismore \$399,000**  
2x bed, 1 bath art deco home w/ elevated position  
Polished floors, French doors, sandstone fireplace



**NEW**  
6.8 acres

Contact Yvonne

**2 Lodge Road, Mountain Top \$425,000**  
2x unapproved dwellings on elevated small acreage  
With fruit trees, red soil and 180 degree mtn views



**NEW**  
In the village

Contact John

**1/33 Thorburn Street, Nimbin \$325,000**  
Townhouse w/ 3x bedrooms, French doors & timber floors  
Large deck, pretty native gardens & undercover parking



**NEW**  
BUSINESS

Contact Yvonne

**70 Cullen Street, Nimbin \$239,000 WIWO**  
One of Nimbin's iconic Businesses in main street  
trading lunch and dinner w/ scope to extend hrs



**NEW**  
In the village

Contact Jacqui

**5 Thorburn Street, Nimbin \$360,000**  
Post Federation 3x bedroom home w/ original features  
Polished floors, French doors and vegetable garden



**NEW**  
87 acres

Contact John

**Lot 2/1149 Jiggi Road, Jiggi \$459,000**  
20mins to Lismore w/ dams, windmill and fully fenced  
Perfect for agricultural use w/ frontage to Jiggi Creek



**NEW**  
16 acres

Contact John

**Lot 1/50 Gungas Road, Nimbin \$440,000**  
Large Colourbond shed w/ concrete floor & windows  
Plenty of room for vegetable gardens and fruit trees



**NEW**  
25 acres

Contact Yvonne

**446 Gwynne Road, Georgica \$650,000**  
3x bed home w/ separate backpacker accommodation  
340 custard apple trees, packing shed and large sheds



**NEW**  
1 acre

Contact John

**145 Gungas Road, Nimbin \$585,000**  
4x bed rendered brick & tile home w/ views to Blue Knob  
New kitchen & bathroom w/ tile and carpet throughout



**NEW**  
In the village

Contact Jacqui

**2/33 Thorburn Street, Nimbin \$310,000**  
3x bed oiled timber townhouse w/ wide timber decks  
Open plan kitchen/dining, timber floors, investors dream



**NEW**  
15 acres

Contact John

**1267 Jiggi Road, Jiggi \$595,000**  
4 x dwellings in total each w/ their own private setting  
Swimming pool, mature trees & room for veg garden



**NEW**  
7.5 acres

Contact Jacqui

**3/4 Wallaby Road, Stony Chute \$335,000**  
3ha MO.share w/ dam and water tanks + views  
Huge shed, DA approved house plans + materials



ratemyagent

**Agency of  
the Year**  
Suburb: Nimbin NSW



property sales  
award winner 2019

**Considering Selling?**

**HEAD FOR THE HILLS**

realestate@nimbinhills.com.au

74a Cullen Street, Nimbin