

An homage to Darmin Cameron – a man of many parts

by Paris Naday

“What an incredible mystery we are, beings that will live through an absolutely unique set of experiences and circumstances, some good, some bad, some highly traumatic, some highly ecstatic, all shaping us into the unique people that we are.”
– Darmin

I would need to write a large book reminiscent of *War and Peace* in order to give a full account of Darmin’s amazing and unique life. He was a musician, poet, comedian, actor, clown doctor, counsellor, teacher and sound recordist for many films, including *Nearly Normal Nimbin*. He was an award-winning artist, founder of the Nimbin Youth Film Festival and a present, supportive and proud father.

Darmin (John Cameron) was born in Paisley, Scotland, on the 28th of May, 1955. His father, James Cameron, was a gunner in the British Navy. He fired the first shot in the Korean war. His mother, Margaret, had grown up an orphan and was a domestic labourer. He had an older brother Andrew and a younger brother James.

“I grew up in a post-industrial town in Scotland. When I say ‘grew up’, I mean more like dragged, cajoled and frightened up. This was a tough place and only the tough survived. It was a great place to be born and grow up in because

everywhere after that was like living in Disneyland.” – Darmin

Significant traumatic events occurred in Scotland convincing Darmin’s family to migrate to Australia in 1960 for a new beginning.

“As a child I went from the hot coals to the BBQ; from the slums of Scotland to the Housing Commission estate of Inala in Brisbane, Australia. These newly arrived immigrants were people from every part of war-torn Europe. People whose fathers may have been shooting at each other were now living next door to each other. It did not bode well for cordial relationships.” – Darmin

This was the beginning of Darmin’s lifelong journey away from violence and towards the healing of trauma. He refused to let the trauma of his past define his future.

“I wanted no part of the brutality. I could see it would turn me into an angry and revengeful person who only wanted to get back at society in whatever way I could. I could see that ‘hurt people hurt.’” – Darmin

Darmin left school at 15 to become an electrician. In the early seventies, the melting pot of Inala met the freedom of the sixties head-on. He embraced everything the sixties had to offer: sex, drugs, rock and roll and the hope of enlightenment.

After working in Brisbane he sailed to North Queensland, scored a land-lease on the remote Walsh River and lived in a community



of “super-hippies”. Here he met S Sorrensen. They shared a dropping of stifling social norms, enjoying the liberation. It was a natural progression from there to India where he lived for two years in Poona at the ashram of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh.

“Bhagwan basically ratified what many hippies were already doing, but made it a practice, formalised it, gave it some status, and gave somewhere for the more far-out hippies to go.” – Darmin

He married fellow sanyasin Rosie and they moved back to Australia, attracted to the Northern Rivers for the natural birth of his daughter Venu.

In Byron Bay, Darmin was reunited with S, his oldest

friend. They created and played in bands, and were two of the earliest members of Billen Cliffs community, where Darmin built a home, contributed to community development, and lived for the last 20 years. He had a second daughter, Ariel, with partner Michell and became stepfather to Jessie and Yasmin. He produced his first album *OShe Annia – The Legend of the Golden Dolphin*, riding the new-age wave. He opened one of Byron Bay’s first audio recording studios with Mookx Hanley, and they founded the Dolphin awards. He started working as the sound recordist for Paul and Jenni of Gaia films. However, Darmin’s life dramatically changed. Again.

Darmin met Professor Judy

Atkinson, a global leader in trauma and healing, while making the film *Cry from the Heart*. He became the first non-Indigenous person to complete the Master of Indigenous Studies at SCU, a landmark program of its type. He went on to deliver units of this degree for over six years, and became a counsellor and youth and family worker.

Darmin and I fell in love at Woodford, in 2009. We were kindred spirits and soul mates. Life with Darmin was a wonderful and vibrant adventure: making movies, working with young people, sailing and making art. It was the best 10 years of my life. Darmin was a wonderful stepfather to Journey, and friend and mentor to Mereki, Ruben, Felix and Venu’s partner Bjorn. He is the beloved grandfather of Julian.

Darmin died on 19th September, 2019, in Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney, embraced in the love of his family, from physical complications caused by Post Traumatic Stress. Darmin’s journey, where he confronted PTSD head-on, was inspiring. His courage to transform pain into learning, pathos into humour, and love deeply has changed me profoundly.

My dear Darmin, I will love you forever and always miss your physical presence as I continue to traverse this earthly plane. As Judy Atkinson so aptly put it, “Darmin has transitioned into a state from which he can speak to critical issues more directly than before.”



The world according to
Magenta Appel-Pye

Why is it that everybody slags off hippies? Is this the last group on earth where political correctness has not hit, and if so, why not? Maybe it’s because the hippies don’t care. They have chosen to live an alternative lifestyle where health, happiness and freedom are more important than making money, getting a mortgage and working hard to buy all the material possessions the ads insist we need.

It was the hippies that put Nimbin on the map and made it an alternative utopia to suburban city McMansions, eating fast food and working long hours overtime. They showed it was possible to drop out, grow your own food, build your own houses and make your own clothes, if you wore any. And they helped each other rather than neighbours living side by side who have nothing

to do with each other. Only hippies, and ferals (are these the new hippies?), have the time to give endlessly long hugs in the street. They get around in minimal clothing when coming to town and can live nakedly free and uninhibited the rest of the time.

I was showing my friend, who loves to rubbish hippies, photos of the good old days when we all hung around the water holes naked, stoned and happy. He admitted that he feels he missed out on something beautiful and that he’s jealous. That would explain it.

Sure, hippies smell a bit but at least it’s just body odour. It’s much better than the perfumed chemical cocktails of the city slickers that give me a headache. You can smell their miasma as they approach, lingering long after they’ve passed. It’s disgusting, but no-one puts shit on them.

So, I take my clothes off to the hippies and to beautiful Nimbin. Namaste.

SPIRITUAL CLEANSING

by Bob Tissot,

Dawn in the Emirates logged on at about 29C, but promised to do much better later in the morning as we boarded a bus for the two and a half hour trip up the coast to Abu Dhabi and the Grand Mosque; a massive, white marble, multi-domed edifice so large, it’s visible from probably 15 kilometres away across the flat and unforgiving-looking desert. I’m sure it’s visible from space too but these days, isn’t everything?

Being us, we alighted a stop too soon, and found ourselves forced to walk more than 2ks around the mosque to the entrance (I said it was big), along a turquoise-blue river of footpath. We were alone, it was now easily 43C in the shade only there was no shade, the white marble of the mosque so dazzling it burnt through both sunglasses and brain. It wasn’t the road to Damascus, and the azure pathway wasn’t the Jordan, but it was definitively a religious experience.

Arrived at the entrance washed clean of impure thoughts where Diana, already very modestly attired, chose to don a hijab before entering. The worshipers were plentiful as we’d entered right at one of the five calls to

prayer for the day, the midday prayer. We’d only learned that morning of Tonia’s death and in that overwhelmingly exquisite environment, with the immaculately reproduced voice of the Muezzin bouncing ever so lightly off the marble, she and her family were very much in our thoughts. Tears wet the marble.

Sometime later we headed back to Dubai and a change of reality as we hit the centre of town to experience the World’s Largest and Most Sumptuous Mall, which nestles up to the World’s Tallest Building, and they all live together in a high-rise paradise where the baby ones are 40 storeys tall. Seriously, the mall is so massive and the surrounding area so completely full of skyscrapers from kerb to kerb, that there’s a 2.5ks long, elevated, glass-walled tunnel with moving walkways to get you there safely from the metro. I don’t believe it’s possible to access the mall by foot from the street, and what are you doing on the street anyway? Can I see your ID?

I got just the slightest taste of this other side of the wide, white smile of Dubai when we first set foot in the mall. I was immediately spotted by one of the “Keepers of Decency and Ethnic Purity” who approached me and told me to remove the



Grand Mosque at Abu Dhabi

head scarf and rope I was wearing as it was “culturally inappropriate” because I wasn’t an Arab. Naturally I complied and to be honest was a little surprised my credit rating wasn’t checked as well and found to be “fiscally inappropriate” because inside, there were over 3,000 shops from every major expensive brand in the world (think Versace meets Lamborghini), not to mention theatres, ice-skating rinks, six hat restaurants AND... the world’s highest spouting, dancing fountain (just a tad higher than the one in Lake Geneva so I was told). At night the fountains dance to tunes such as “And I will always love you”, with the maximum height being attained on the big final high note to the roar of the mighty precision pumps and the gasps of the well-heeled crowd. Seriously, this mall is so extravagantly excessive they have full scale, electric,

reproduction Bugattis, just to shuttle tired shoppers from one consumer paradise to the next, all driven by chauffeurs in livery. And free delivery for all purchases, so there’s no need to stop just because you can’t carry it all. I left empty-handed.

So here we are back at the airport, surrounded by just about everything glittery, perfumery or manufactured from endangered species. It’s strange you know, this assumption that everyone who uses airports is desperate to act rich and buy up all the gold, jewels and civet products, despite the fact that 95% of travellers are watching every Dirham, Lira and Peso and are sleeping on the carpet while they exhaustedly wait for their flight. But who knows, maybe that last 5% spend enough to make this display of excess worthwhile. We’re just about to leave the UAE for Turkey, but don’t tell anyone... Salaam.

LIAR

Dear SSHS,

My boyfriend constantly lies to me about silly things. Why would he do this?

- Miss R. Epresent, Whian Whian



Aunty Maj and Uncle Norm

"I love you, and because I love you, I would sooner have you hate me for telling you the truth than adore me for telling you lies." – Pietro Aretino (1492-1556)

She says

Dear Miss R, what is truth? Everyone lies and there are types of lying which are actually compulsory. If your friend asks if you like her present, you must say you love it and then pass it on to the op shop. When your wife asks if you like her new dress you must answer, "Yes, you look a picture of loveliness, it really suits you" rather than, "The last thing you needed to spend money on was another ugly red dress that you're never going to wear."

No-one wants an honest answer to "How are you?" In my mother's retirement village, it is outlawed to ask that question for you'd be there all day, bored shitless.

Do you think everything you read in the newspaper is true? And whose truth is it anyway?

People lie to each other because they want to be loved and are afraid the other person could not handle reality.

There's the lie that, if revealed, would never be forgiven. Yes, I did sleep with your best friend 10 years ago. There are humane, courageous lies. No, there are no Jews in my cellar. There's colour lies – white lies; dyed hair; fake tans; coloured contact lenses. In these youth obsessed times, many people lie about their age.

There are commercial lies, like Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. And don't get me started about political and religious lies!

We lie to ourselves all the time. No, I'm not addicted. One chocolate bar will not break my diet.

Are you sure he is only telling you little lies or can this guy not even lie straight in bed? You must test him. Use your intuition.

If his words are not matching your gut feeling, ask more questions and pay attention. He could be a pathological liar, or have a really dark secret.

I admit, when telling a story, I always exaggerate. Some may think it's lying, but I think it's embellishing a story. So, sorry Miss R, but you'll have to work this one out yourself.

HE says

Dear Miss R, I have a responsibility to my brethren here, so you'll just have to take whatever I have to say with a grain of salt.

OK, I tell lies. Soooo? I've been a liar ever since I could talk. My mum always told me "if anyone asks me anything, say 'I don't know'". I figure I've lied about anything and everything every day for 60 years. Lie, lie, lie, that's me. The problem is I'm a terrible liar and I'm always caught out, which goes to show that I really have got a conscience and I'm vulnerable and sensitive after all.

I asked some of my mates your question and found that no-one actually denied being liars, which is pretty honest actually. It goes some way to confirming that yes, other men, most probably all of us, are indeed liars. Why?

A few answers were proffered by my colleagues, all of them sensible and reasonable, but I'm sworn to confidentiality by the Bro Code. Suffice to say it's easier to lie when we don't want to do what you want but we don't want to hurt your feelings.

Lying can save you a lot of trouble and money. Hell, in this age of false news and alternative facts, bullshit is now a worldwide fad.

You women lie in your own peculiar way. How many of you have a 'friend' you can't stand? You bitch about what a cow they are, but when you see them it's "How are you? Great to see you, mwah, mwah!" Liars!

Without lies the world would be utter chaos. What would happen to religion? My god, the mind boggles.

Your boyfriend tells you what you want and/or need to hear. If he told the truth, you'd probably have booted him out long ago. So, now it's up to you whether or not you're going to believe a word I've said.

Wife: I look fat, can you give me a compliment?

Husband: You have perfect eyesight.

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

Nimbin Bushwalkers Club



Billinugel Nature Reserve

by Dwayne

We have visited this area a few times over the years and the different seasons and conditions add a variety of the experience that none of us tire of.

14 walkers set off from New Brighton and followed the coastal track north, the dry weather of late had a distinctly mellow feel to it that only good rains can revive but as nature does time and time again it adjusts and even though there was no proliferation of flowers there was enough

blossoms and fresh growth to keep us interested.

We had our member Ian, the local bush regeneration volunteer along, and his knowledge and deep appreciation of this area along with his flora and fauna information made this a rewarding and enjoyable walk that greatly enhanced the day and we all left wiser for his help. Ian puts in countless hours of work restoring and maintaining the Nature Reserve, and it shows.

Always a highlight of this area is going through the normally swampy area with

its abundant paperbarks and pines with the big cypress pine and its coverage of many ferns attached the standout. Even with the dry weather there was some standing water and the humidity was keeping the area cool and lush.

After a leisurely lunch on the track we continued on and after making our way back to New Brighton, the café, a snack and coffee were in order.

Another great day out with the bushwalking club and a couple of visitors sharing there varied experiences in the outdoors added to it.

Walks Programme

Sunday 10th November – Mullum to Brunswick Heads, on the River

Leader: Megan Myers 0415-063-302

Grade 2. A paddle on the river, tides are helping so not too strenuous. Bring your canoe, kayak or paddle board. The trip will be led by our most experienced paddler Robert, so come along and enjoy a relaxing day taking in this beautiful area.

Bring: good sun protection and the usual lunch and water.

Fri 29th Nov – Mon 2nd Dec.

Woody Head National Park Campground near Iluka

Leader: Peter Moyle 0412-656-498

Grade: 2 -3 Meet: at Woody Head. The club has booked the group camping area

for the three nights, Fri, Sat, Sun, so all you need do is confirm your attendance with Peter and pay him on arrival. This is a private area with its own camp kitchen and shady campsites, ideal for a weekend away and a great way to finish the year's walks. Bring your camping gear, firewood supplied. Bring your kayak or canoe as we are planning a trip on the Esk River a short drive away, if interested in the paddle and do not have watercraft let Peter know and he may be able to assist. On the Sunday morning we will hold a brief AGM followed by a paddle or a walk always lots of options. Cost: Camping \$17 per person per night. Full shower/toilet facilities. Annual NP pass or \$8 per day for vehicle.

<http://nimbinbushwalkers.com>

Why is it so hard for some people to admit they were wrong? Admit they are wrong, still.

"Senior police want the drug war altered. They're making a case to decriminalise personal use and possession." That was the story on RN and it set off a storm in the office. But, "The traditional approach isn't working," were the words that did the damage.

To actually admit we might have got it wrong is just not on the agenda, ever. Move the goal posts, sure, but only because the game is being lost, not because it will ever be admitted you're kicking towards the wrong end.

I might be hiding in the hills helping the faeries in their gardens waiting for the blueberry patch to ripen, but the messages keep flooding in. I can't totally hide as They and I each know too much about each other.

Scom's staff are constantly in

STREET SHUFFLE

Journal of the North Coast's longest serving covert

touch about his temper. "Bring down some more medicine, please," they keep texting. Truth is, they've all been using it out of the PM's drawer and it's run out, and his temper is driving some of them crazy.

Not all of them, some tease him. I was impressed by their gall when I was working there.

"Your prayers for rain don't seem to be working sir," foolishly came out of one staffer in a casual moment. Didn't the smile disappear off Scom's face like he'd seen the devil.

"It will come, mark my words," was his reply, but that was two months ago. Apparently it's a hot topic in his office nowadays.

I was there one day when the Hillsong fellow phoned and the

PM turned to mush. I was shocked. Never did he speak to anyone like he did to that call, and with my own ears I heard him promise to get him an introduction to Trumpy. It was all part of a deal to get Hillsong doing a big mass prayer for rain. He really believed it would work.

I asked him after the call, "Do you really think it will be that easy?" He looked awkward but said him and the Trump get on well and it should be no problem getting the preacher a seat at dinner.

"And yes, no question prayer works, Bethany."

That was the time he wanted me to fly over there and check out the president's faith rating, as he called it. And then go on to the England

and go to church with Boris and rate his faith as well.

Faith rating, I'd never heard of it, and we had quite a conversation from there that went something like this:

Me: What do you mean by faith rating?

PM: How strong someone's belief is, Bethany.

Me: How strong is your's, sir?

PM: Very strong.

Me: What rating would you give yourself?

PM, hesitating: About a nine, eight and a half maybe.

Me, confident: I'm a ten.

PM: But you don't even go to church.

Me: Exactly. Jesus didn't go to church either. He was furious at the Church.

It threw him for a moment. Two staff left the room, just holding it together. Then he muttered something like, "It was different back then, the church was corrupt." But he wasn't looking at me

anymore and I left soon after as well.

Back home, the Boss is still convinced the supermarket delivery trucks are still dealing more than groceries. He insists I monitor their every move whenever I see one, and follow them at every chance.

I actually think he's not convinced at all any more, he just can't admit he got it wrong. As if anyone even cares, they're all so wrapped up in their own struggle to keep afloat in the sea of greed.

The faeries have little impromptu theatre performances about the Sea of Greed with its god called Profit. They think it's hysterical and have fits of giggles about the suits at Scom's 'Prayer for profit' sessions, with rock bands and handclapping.

I guess for those in material logicland where money buys happiness, that is their version of heaven. Praying for money makes sense then they figure, before dissolving into more fits of giggles.

Don't forget Nepal – help rebuild Bolgaon

by Helen Simpson
Nimbin Nepal Relief Fund

We're going back to the village of Bolgaon, to build another earthbag house in December, the Terry Monk Memorial house, for another family still feeling the effects of the 2015 earthquake and facing another cold winter.

Eight of us are going and, as well as working on the site, we hope to incorporate some literacy support for the village people. This was a need expressed by the women (mainly) last December when we were up there helping paint all the houses Nimbin has funded.

While we have stopped active

fundraising, we have continued to receive cash donations and also donations of clothes, blankets, coats, and scarves. We can't thank the people of Nimbin and Tuntale Falls enough for their continued support.

It has been some journey over the past four years... but now there are 12 happy families in the village with roofs over their heads and skilled up locals working in other villages. Woohoo.

Also thank you to Good Earth Global in Kathmandu, we couldn't have done it without them and such beautiful long-lasting friendships formed.

Still any donations are graciously accepted, there will always be more houses to build, or other projects we can support in this wonderful village.

Unfortunately, donations are not tax deductible, as there are too many hoops to jump through to become a charity, so we can only guarantee every cent goes into the houses and the village.

All the volunteers have been and are self-funded, though we try to use the fund to pay for the jeep up to the village and some food while there.

Please deposit any donations to Nimbin Nepal Relief Fund, supported by Nimbin Aged Care and Respite services, at Summerland Credit Union BSB: 728-728, Account: 22305642.

Thanks Nimbin and thanks Terry Monk.

For more information about how you can get involved in the project, email: belensim7@gmail.com



One of the Nimbin project's earthbag houses



Helping to give young Kenyans a brighter future

by Robert Fisher

After almost a month in Kenya, Rikki Fisher and I returned to Nimbin tired but happy.

Each year we visit an extremely poor community in remote Kenya to check on projects funded by our charity Kenya Kids International (KKI). The purpose of these visits is to meet program beneficiaries and monitor projects with their Kenyan partners, the Agolomuok Support Group.

This year marked a milestone for the student sponsorship program, as two of our students recently commenced university studies. Another 17 bright needy students are attending secondary school because of the generosity of their Aussie sponsors. Just \$40 per month covers school fees, textbooks and uniforms for secondary students.

We visited the families of nine students to check if they had any additional special needs. The mother of one of their students informed us that a younger child was fitting three times a day. The boy was diagnosed with epilepsy at age four and was now 12 years old. He had never been treated, as the hospital they attended didn't have any drugs for epilepsy.

We promptly took the boy and his mother to a different hospital to see a doctor and obtain the required drugs. Subsequently they heard the fits had stopped completely. We then arranged for the family to apply for the Kenyan Government's health care card to meet the costs of doctors' visits and medication. The card costs US\$5 per month but the family can only afford US\$3 so KKI is subsidising the cost by US\$2 per month.

A new initiative being trialled was a microfinance project to improve the income of those in need, such as widows or unemployed. It is called the First Fruits project. Some beneficiaries were given a goat to breed from, and others were given interest-free loans to buy products to sell. A total of seven families took part in the trial over a six-month period and then met to discuss the pros and cons of the project.

One of the important things we discovered was that people needed more knowledge on how to care for their goats. Overall the project was deemed a success, but the income generated was too little to make a significant difference to the families' incomes. The program will restart in 2020, but earning capacity will improve as families will be given more goats and bigger loans.

We also met with a number of local officials and workers. The meetings were very productive. The District Veterinary Officer agreed to work with Rikki to develop a workshop on goat care. Beneficiaries of the First Fruits project will need to complete the course before they are given any goats.

For the past few years, KKI has been supporting a feeding program at Agolomuok Primary School. Over 400 children receive a breakfast of millet porridge and a lunch of beans five days a week. This is an extremely important program as the area has been in drought for four years and food is scarce. The District Education Officer informed KKI that the school was the most improved in the region in 2018 because of the feeding program.

This year KKI began supporting a second feeding program at Obondi Primary School with 380 students



Rob and Rikki with First Fruits beneficiaries



First Fruits beneficiary with her goat

receiving breakfast and lunch each day. Unlike Agolomuok, this school doesn't have access to water so cannot successfully grow crops or vegetables. KKI is exploring ways to improve Obondi's water supply and hopes to enlist the help of another charity in digging a well at the



Obondi head teacher with pupils

school.

Rikki and I plan to return to Kenya in early 2020. If you'd like to join us to visit the projects, and maybe go on safari in the nearby Maasai Mara National Reserve, give

me a call on 0409-413-248.

Check out the KKI website: www.kenyakidsinternational.com.au for more information and how you can assist in giving young Kenyans a brighter future.

Greener pastures beckon for Helen and Peter

A plan for retirement by two of Nimbin's long-timers has paved the way for an opportunity to buy one of the village's most popular main street businesses.

Nimbin Pizza and Trattoria, the lunch and night-time business at 70 Cullen Street, has been the baby of Helen and Peter Wise for the last 28 years.

Under their careful guidance over that time, it has grown from a home-based business into a central hub for Nimbin's thriving local and tourist trade.

The Wises came to Nimbin in the 1980s, like so many others, following a dream of more affordable housing and a new laidback lifestyle.

Meeting in Sydney in 1979, together the couple bought a diverse mix of skills with them – from farming to real estate, administration and finance – but even more, the concept for the business itself was cemented in both families' roots and heritage.

Helen's family migrated to Australia in 1961 and settled in Sydney.

"I'm a first gen Aussie. My mother Josephine was a third generation cook/ restaurateur (her mother and grandmother having restaurants in Italy) and my dad Franco was the charismatic 'jack of all', having served on the police force in Italy, and as a bus driver, and in Australia mainly a 'big rig' driver.



Peter is from Wise Brothers Flour Mills in the Riverina and later, farmers at Walcha who retired on the Central Coast.

"By 1989 (with a first child on the way) and Sydney house prices having reached our limits, we decided it was time to fulfil our life-long dream of quitting the big smoke," Helen said.

"We eventually enticed my whole family to follow us up north to find more affordable housing and a new laid-back lifestyle, eventually stopping at Nimbin, with my parents and sisters all buying their first properties and settling in."

Realising that work opportunities were very limited, the dream of a little eatery began to emerge.

"Food and entertaining were always a big part of our big family – so it was natural that we decided to

start a food business.

"My sister Mariella came up with the idea of pizza as we always had family pizza nights at home. So with a small (\$2000) inheritance from Peter's great aunt, we applied to Council to approve a small home-based kitchen from our rented home (Nimbin Mill farmhouse) in 1991," Helen recalls.

Kicking off in November as a delivery-only service that covered the village and roughly a 10km radius, things went well until the owners wanted their house back nine months later, and the business had to move.

"Luckily, at the time, the ex-Rainbow Power Company had vacated their current premises and we applied to the landlords to take up a lease (Darryl and Royce, current owners of the Newsagency). We quickly



transferred the operation to the current shopfront in September 1992," Helen said.

"My mother was already in business from their home (Blue Knob schoolhouse) – producing fabulous gourmet Italian food that my dad would deliver all around the Northern Rivers. It was only natural that we amalgamate our talents to marry her full a-la-carte Italian food menu with our pizza!

"At the time (six-digit phone numbers in Nimbin), there were no night-time food places available except frozen pizza from the pub and the Daisy cafe (that closed at 5pm). The Rainbow cafe was a day-only trade. We certainly brought

the 'Sydney' night life to Nimbin with the restaurant and the delivered food service.

"Music has always been a big part of our scene with local musos volunteering their talents, hence the social aspect that would draw people out with a new place to hang at night with my parents and family who were always a big part of the business, and made the place quite famous.

"From the first MardiGrass parade of 50 people we watched in 1992, to all the generations of children we've seen grow up here, and the many great times enjoyed by customers both local and overseas, Nimbin has blossomed into a Mecca for tourism, but also retained

its community-minded character that we love. It's a safe place!

"After 28 years and many loved ones passed and new faces coming and going, and our own children having decided to pursue their own careers and not follow in our footsteps, we'd like to hand the reins to the right family/persons to carry on the 'institution' we have created, so we can retire," Helen said.

The Wises are planning on staying in the area to be near family.

Nimbin Pizza and Trattoria is for sale through Nimbin Hills Real Estate agent, Yvonne Campbell.

Contact her for more information on 0432-996-914.

URI ROSS @realty

Within only a couple of months of operating Uri has already listed over 20% of the market share within the area, call him today to find out his competitive rates that Uri's clients are loving.

<p>\$165,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>2/35 ALTERNATIVE WAY, NIMBIN VACANT LAND 566sqm</p>	<p>\$1,200,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>537 TUNTABLE CREEK RD, TUNTABLE CREEK 3 BED 1 BATH 135 ACRES</p>	<p>\$355,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>24 THORBURN ST, NIMBIN 3 BED 1 BATH 1012sqm</p>	<p>\$635,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>101 LODGE RD, MOUNTAIN TOP 2.5 BED 1 BATH WATERFALL</p>
<p>\$202,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>14 ALTERNATIVE WAY, NIMBIN VACANT LAND 745sqm</p>	<p>\$390,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>12 SILKY OAK DR, NIMBIN 2 BED 1 BATH RENOVATED</p>	<p>\$420,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>574 WILLIAMS RD, BARKERS VALE 5.5 ACRES COMM. TITLE</p>	<p>\$440,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>50 GUNGAS RD, NIMBIN 15 ACRES DWELLING ENTITLEMENT</p>
<p>\$680,000</p> <p>FOR SALE</p> <p>104 GWYNNE RD, JIGGI 3 BED 2 BATH 30 ACRES</p>	<p>UNDER OFFER</p> <p>591 TUNTABLE CREEK RD, TUNTABLE CREEK</p>	<p>SOLD</p> <p>26 SHIPWAY RD, NIMBIN</p>	<p>SOLD</p> <p>125 GUNGAS RD, NIMBIN</p>

URI ROSS | **0423 280 278** | uri_ross@atrealty.com.au | www.atrealty.com.au

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JACQUI SMITH 0439 15 6666

SAMARA BURCHER 0429 806 288

GO TO OUR WEBSITE: www.nimbinhills.com.au



Phone the Office 66 891 498

LATEST LISTINGS



NEW
1 acre

Contact John



NEW
100 acres

Contact Jacqui



NEW
5 acres

Contact Yvonne

1 Tuntable Ck Rd, The Channon \$159,000
• Alluvial village land with deep creek frontage
• Build shed, do market gardens or agistment

Address On Application \$639,000
• 2 x bed Homestead & 2 x bed s/c studio
• Frost free w/ excellent soil & 2 dams. VIEWS

57 Lofts Pinnacle Rd, Lillian Rock \$425,000
• Handcrafted artisan cottages - private rainforest
• Creative use of reclaimed materials - lifestyle oasis



NEW
3.5 acres

Contact Jacqui



NEW
15 acres

Contact John

2 Belleridge Road, Nimbin \$695,000
• Lovingly restored homestead and gardens
• Home and studio reflect across massive dam

46 Blade Road, Nimbin \$839,000
• WOW factor 2 level home & workshop/studio
• House + studio = 5 x beds, 3 x baths. Amazing views



NEW
37 acres

Contact Yvonne



NEW
6 acres

Contact John

624 Tuntable Ck Rd, Tuntable Creek \$965,000
• Private Rainforest 'Shangri-La' 4 x bed, 3 x bath
• 2000 mature cabinet timbers & WATERFALL

41 Campbell Rd, Stony Chute \$510,000
• Home and semi-attached studio. Big garages
• Simply beautiful parklike grounds with creek

Our Nimbin Show Week
Competition has been drawn
**AND THE
WINNER IS...**



Congratulations

Rob and Rikki Fisher who listed their beautiful property at 46 Blade Road, Nimbin with us and are now off to enjoy the Oceanside and culinary delights at MANTRA RESORT AT SALT, Kingscliff

RECENTLY SOLD



1.5 acres
Views of Nimbin Rocks

SOLD
By

JOHN

34 Tulsi Lane
Nimbin
\$275,000



225 acres
Rainforest & waterfall

SOLD
By

JACQUI

533 Crofton Road
Nimbin
\$800,000



3 acres
House overlooks creek

SOLD
By

JACQUI

23/1157 Stony Chute Rd
Wadeville
\$410,000



2 acres
Land - Views forever!

SOLD
By

JACQUI

45/265 Martin Road
Larnook
\$138,000



ratemyagent

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



property sales
award winner 2019

Considering Selling?
HEAD FOR THE HILLS

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