

ASTRO FORECASTS WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE HEAVENS?

by Tina Mews

Aries

Endings and new beginnings can be expected around travel, education and your vision of the future. A path could open suddenly signalling you to grow beyond known boundaries. Get ready for an upgrade and be open for a greater involvement within your community.

Taurus

The signs of the time indicate a major shift from a focus on material things to the world of ideas. This is accompanied by a major shift in values. With the incoming new agenda, it is time to open up discussions about rules and regulations, including which structures are still valid and what needs to be improved or reinvented to reflect the changing times.

Gemini

Endings and new beginnings might appear in your personal relationships and partnerships. Insights about what works and what does not can strengthen relationships that are solid and satisfying while dissolving those that are unbalanced or unrewarding.

Cancer

Health, fitness and daily rhythm might gain more importance. Insights about health hazards, may they be work-related, physical or psychological, can give the necessary momentum for change and transformation. This is a great opportunity for 'shedding the skin' in many areas of your life.

Leo

Endings and new beginnings take place around your creative projects. Give yourself a boost in confidence and risk new ways of self-expression. Dare to be who you are meant to be. This way, you might attract significant creative partnerships to participate in the work of the world.

Virgo

Your attention is focused on your home life and family relationships. Changes in this area might become a necessity to bring you back to your roots and honour the needs of your deepest self. You might receive an inner signal and adjust your parenting style which then frees up time for other activities.

December

In the yearly cycle around the zodiac we have reached the fiery and freedom-loving sign Sagittarius. Archers are the archetypal seekers for meaning and truth. Their view is on the far distance and they are not so much concerned with the petty details of everyday living. We need the Sagittarian frequency for formulating our vision and developing long-term goals that inspire us. The ruling planet of Sagittarius is Jupiter. Since December 2019, Jupiter has been in Capricorn where the flow of abundance and good fortune was inhibited. On December 19, it is entering the next sign Aquarius and will conjoin with Saturn on December 21/22. Their cycle has been considered as a particularly important game-changer in shaping the course of history.

The New Moon in Sagittarius on December 15 is a Solar Total eclipse. A solar eclipse occurs when the light of the Sun is obscured by the Moon. Astrologically, the Sun reflects our core will and essence. A Solar eclipse conjoining a planet in our natal chart offers opportunity to redefine how we see ourselves and the roles we play in the world. They are about shifting octaves in our self-expression and self-perception. Something in our life is ending – often abruptly – and our intention shifts on building the new. A Solar eclipse in Sagittarius might force us to change or adjust our travel plans and rethink how to approach the upcoming holiday season. Our viewpoints and perception of the world might have to shift as we integrate new information and find our path into the 'new normal'. The Sagittarius New Moon (23 deg Sagittarius) is conjunct Mercury and square Neptune indicating that we might have to examine where expectations have become unrealistic and where we might resist seeing the facts to keep illusions alive. We can prepare for an eclipse by making space for the unexpected by cleaning up, releasing, finishing projects, giving up attitudes and bad habits especially if the eclipse hits an important planet or point of our chart! Eclipses have a 19-year cycle. On December 15, 2001, there was a solar eclipse very close to the degree of this eclipse. What was important to you then? What is essential to you now?

Jupiter and Saturn are both changing signs during this month leaving Capricorn, sign of the "past," and moving into Aquarius, sign of the "future". Saturn enters Aquarius on December 17 (until March 2023) while Jupiter follows on December 19 (until December 2021). **The grand finale of the year takes place on December 21/22, the day of the Solstice, when Jupiter and Saturn will meet on the 1st degree of Aquarius marking the beginning of 3 significant cycles of varying duration.**

Jupiter and Saturn together are known as the Great Chronocrators, meaning the 'rulers of the ages', and their coming together has been associated with epochal social change. Even though Jupiter and Saturn meet every 20 years, their conjunctions take place in the same element for about 200 years and then shift into the next element. The last Great Conjunction in the earth element took place in May 2000. By the end of this year we have left behind the Earth Age – which started in 1802 – and have taken off into the Air Age which will last until 2159! The coinciding of the Great Conjunction with the Solstice point makes this period a special and extra potent time



for seeding new ideas and setting intentions for the next year and years to come. Where do we want to go and how do we see ourselves as responsible co-creators in this new chapter of humanity's evolution?

The shift from one element to the next defines a fundamental change in value systems so that new streams of thought can enter our collective consciousness. Yes, humanity is ready for an upgrade! The last Grand Conjunctions in the air element corresponded with the birth of the Renaissance (from 1226 - 1405), the development of humanistic principles and educational reform. Are we shifting from a stable society where success is defined by material wealth and possessions to a much more fluid, intangible and less certain knowledge society? We are in a time of major restructuring (Saturn) and part of this process is redefining our purpose (Jupiter). Saturn's task is to implement the Jupiterian vision of social reform such as focusing on projects that benefit the collective (Aquarius). Also, high-tech inventiveness and a shift to a sharing economy fits the Aquarian agenda. The worldwide web was born when Saturn was last in Aquarius (1991-1994). On the negative, we had our first experience with Saturn in Aquarius back in late March when we were introduced to the regulations of social distancing. We can anticipate this new order with its restrictive code of behaviour to continue well into 2021.

For Aquarius, the common good is more important than personal needs. On the other hand, we can observe that those who make the rules for others abuse the system themselves because they feel privileged and powerful enough to do so. 2021 will see the archetypal battle between control versus freedom continued and most likely intensified. The challenge will be to know when to conform and when to push against too many restrictions while insisting on our rights to make our own choices. Be ready to change and accept where you cannot!

The Full Moon on December 30 in Cancer opposite the Capricorn Sun squares Chiron and sextiles Uranus reminding us of all the wounding and sacrifices made during 2020. Chiron, symbolic of the wounded healer, teaches acceptance of what is and cannot be changed while for Uranus change cannot come fast enough! Over the last 12 months, confrontation with our vulnerabilities has newly informed us what it means to be human.

At its best, it has enabled us to relate to others in a more empathetic way. 2020 closes with a Full Moon in Cancer, representing the nurturing energies of the sacred feminine. Capricorn at its best is the stage of stepping into our power, of maturing to the point where we no longer look outside ourselves for approval and make choices based on what is desirable, not just for ourselves, but for all concerned.

"You never change things by fighting the existing reality. To change something, build a new model that makes the existing model obsolete." – Buckminster Fuller.

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Libra

Endings and new beginnings might affect your educational goals. A particular training might start or end. This could be related to the urge of wanting to contribute something new and important to your community, feeling called to give freely of yourself as an inspirer or educator.

Scorpio

Endings and new beginnings might affect your material realities. Changes here could transform your life as you reinvent your financial and security goals. It is a good moment in time to reflect on how you have outgrown your own rules and you might want to work on formulating a new vision.

Sagittarius

The Solar Eclipse in your Sun sign signals that a new chapter is starting in your life. A challenge might be to balance personal initiation and identity with meaningful relationships in your life. A crisis in identity now can be regarded as an unavoidable part of an important growth process.

Capricorn

Your dreams are sending you important messages from your soul informing you about the next steps to take. This is an important phase of spiritual growth which ultimately leads you to your life's destiny. Pay attention to fears, repressed desires and your deepest motivation. The secretive side of your nature is more active now. Know how to shift and change to release the past

Aquarius

This is the beginning of an important new phase of growth. You have outgrown your own rules and beliefs and are ready for a new vision. Expand beyond the boundaries of your current identity and be prepared to see yourself in a new light. Take on the challenge of implementing change.

Pisces

Endings and new beginnings involve your life direction and your career path. Whatever has been of importance to you might be in the process of transformation. The notion of success has changed, and you are redefining your greater goals in life. Welcome this new balance between home and public life as an adjustment to changed realities.

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Dreaming a new future

by Marilyn Devlin

We're at the turning point of two major cycles... Jupiter and Saturn moving into Aquarius on 22nd December, the Summer Solstice here in the south. This completes and renews a 200-year and 800-year cycle.

Moving out of a long period of earth into a new cycle of air... Elementally that is. Our planet Earth requires more focus and attention than it ever has.

Exiting our Capricorn Empire (Big Biz, Corporations, Governments, Structural Restrictions and Top Down Power) and into something RADICALLY DIFFERENT. What a finale to 2020!

The Future's unwritten. Rebellious, innovative and freedom-loving Aquarius sparks POSSIBILITIES... what 'CAN BE'.

2020's attempted to do its job... encouraging us to let go of what's no longer true... what's totally out of sync, ready for the funeral pile. But we're a stubborn, pig-headed lot thinking we know better... that we are the Kings.

'Keep it Simple' 2020 roared... step away from anything inessential. But we struggle and fight demanding our rights. The plan is much bigger than we can see... there's a grand plan to get us out of this mess. But we won't listen. We know best.

So 2020 has tried to chill our fervour, dampen our fire of ego and greed. But we're a stubborn lot... we want what we want. We demand to be fulfilled, trampling on anything that gets in our way.

The Capricorn Empire is crumbling. Can you hear the bricks as they hit the ground and splinter into pieces? They were built with pride to last forever. The Little Pigs didn't get it all right... even bricks can come tumbling down.

2020 poked at our sore spots... what's mine, what I know to be real. As the roaring winds of galactic storms raged and crashed and burned... bringing it all to the ground.

Reminds me of the shamanic bath (my favourite therapy) I had in Adelaide just before returning back home on 1st January. It was so captivating... vivid and real.

In those shamanic baths I enter an altered state... I 'travel' to other places and times. It's not a function of mind, I'm not really sure how they work the way they do. But they're an extraordinary adventure into other dimensions. I love them.

We were travelling fast... really fast. Me on the back of White Buffalo. There felt an urgency to our travels. White Buffalo kept on and on... we covered a great expanse of land. As he ran, tears tumbled down my cheeks... and as they hit the ground they turned the land green. I turned to look behind me and saw everything was green.

We finally got to the mountain... White Buffalo, wet with sweat, continued to climb the steep surface. We were nearly there. We finally got to the top... and above our heads a brilliant arc of golden sun light beamed its protective rays.

Exhausted we fell to the ground... immediately falling into the deepest sleep. Me resting my head on his big belly. While we slept I was still aware of what was happening around me. The roaring rumbles, the shaking, everything falling... as we slept under the golden arc of light.

When we awoke, everything had been removed. The ground levelled, nothing remaining... the slate wiped clean. Death and Rebirth... happens again and again.

"Don't hold on," I say to all of us. We need to let go... BIG TIME. And allow the new to enter... we do not have the power to fight this shift. We have to do it... Life is demanding.

What a time to be alive. Change isn't easy for us humans... but unfortunately we don't have a choice. The real Kings have spoken... this is an ending and there will be a new beginning.

Let's enjoy it if we can. There's plenty to enjoy.

Nimbin Trivia Time

by Eclectus

Questions

1. This place (*at right*) recorded a temperature of 54.4°C (130°F) in August this year. Where is it and is it the hottest place on Earth?
2. What is Tannymorel: a medical condition, a mushroom, an item of traditional dress or a place?
3. Narromine, in regional NSW, was announced as the development and testing ground for an innovative transport vehicle in July this year. In late November the company developing the vehicle announced that its first deployment would be as an ambulance, probably in 2023. What sort of vehicle is it?
4. What is the Mauve egg?
5. Leading virtually all the way, new father Jey McNeill rode his first Melbourne Cup winner on Irish stayer Twilight Payment in 2020. How many Melbourne Cup starts did it take him to win his first?
6. What is the origin of pasta in Europe?
7. There are a number of traditionally recognised sizes of wine bottle. They are Balthazar, Bordeaux Jeroboam, Goliath, Demi, Jeroboam, Magnum, Maximus, Melchizidek, Melchoir, Methuselah, Nebuchadnezzar, Piccolo, Rehoboam, Salmanazar, Solomon, Sovereign, Standard and Topette. Can you arrange them in increasing order of size? Triple points if you can name the size of each!
8. What is a white label product?
9. Who won Best Male Artist and Best Adult Contemporary Album awards at the recent ARIAs?
10. Vilnius is capital of which European country?



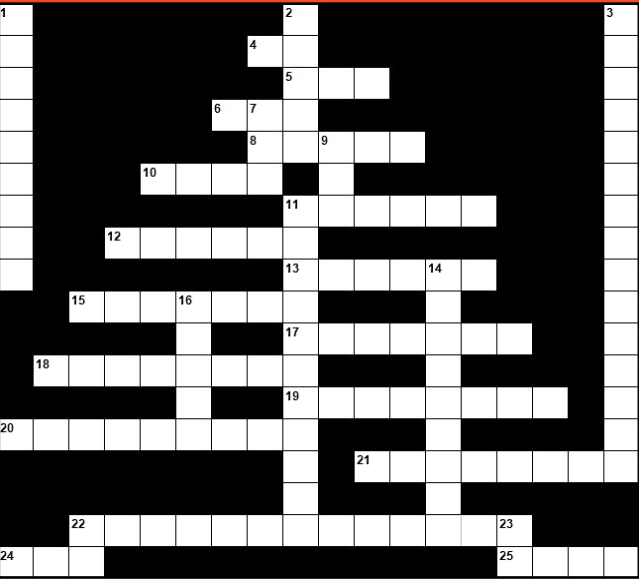
Photo courtesy Marli Miller, USGS



10. Lithuania.
9. Archie Roach for 'Tell Me Why'. Oh, yeah, and he was also inducted into the ARIA Hall of Fame.
8. White label products are produced by one company but packaged and sold by another. They are ubiquitous, especially in supermarkets. Aldi has made an artform of bringing look-alike white label products to its shelves since entering the Australian retail market.
7. Topette (93.5ml), Piccolo (187ml: 1 glass), Demi (375ml: half bottle), Standard (750ml) Magnum (1.5 litres), Jeroboam (3L), Rehoboam (4.5L), Bordeaux (9L), Jeroboam (5L), Methuselah (6L), Salmanazar (9L), Balthazar (12L), Nebuchadnezzar (15L), Melchoir (18L), Solomon (20L), Sovereign (25L), Goliath (27L), Melchizidek (30L) and Maximus at a whopping 130 litres.
6. It did not originate with Marco Polo's return from China in the 13th century AD. Ancient Rome had a system called Cura Annonae to distribute free wheat to its poorer citizens, perhaps as many as 200,000 by the 2nd century AD. They would grind the grain, mix it with water and dry it in sheets as lasagne to be conveniently stored for later use.
5. One!
4. The Mauve egg is a jewelled Easter egg crafted by Fabergé in 1897.
3. Called Vertia, it is an electric flying car capable of vertical takeoff and landing (eVTOL). It will carry four passengers.
2. Tannymorel is a town in the Southern Downs Region of Queensland, not far from the NSW border. Boasting a population of 600 in its coal and cropping heyday in the early 20th century, Tannymorel is now home to some 200 souls.
1. The appropriately named Furnace Creek in Death Valley, California is officially the hottest place on Earth. A temperature of 56.7°C (134°F) was recorded at the same weather station in 1913 but it is widely disputed, so 54.4°C could well be the hottest temperature ever recorded on Earth.

Nimbin Crossword

2020-12
by 5ynic



Across

4. Life force in traditional Chinese medicine (Pinyin)
5. Egyptian cobra
6. Chinese school of Buddhism influenced by 9 down
8. A good quality mate? One way to get the batsman out in cricket
10. The Forerunner universe? A circle of light representing holiness
11. Egg-white confectionary
12. Welch
13. Shelter in place until Spring
15. Voluntary giving
17. (physics) higher energy state – (childcare) higher energy state
18. Not the mother of God, but the (Argentinian)
19. Expired credit can be reused? Jackpot grows!
20. Contributions going beyond 15 across? (4,5)
21. Fakes
22. Neutered beans?
24. Lignite gemstone (black)
25. Agate gemstone (black)

Down

1. Dr. Seuss's nemesis of 2 down (3,6)?
2. Mythological virgin queen of the hunt
3. Santa (6,9)
7. Environmentally friendly
11. Last calendar day (3,5,3)
14. Party mixer? Outgoing.
16. E.g. 2NimFM
22. The aftermath of too many mulled wines? (init.)
23. Party

Solution: Page 28

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Nimbin Crossword Solution
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T						D				F
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2020 – worst year ever or worst one yet?

by Simon Thomas

My social media feed has been plagued for months with blithely optimistic memes which infer that the problems besetting the world will somehow evaporate as chimes of *Auld Lang Syne* cease reverberating on December 31.

For me personally, 2020 has brought plenty of blessings despite having my wings clipped, but that's another story.

Back in February, I was due to fly to Kathmandu for my annual six-month residence in that magical city as strange news was circulating from China about the mystery virus. I was so concerned that I rebooked my flight to avoid passing through Guangzhou, with the bonus of not having to endure the rigours of Southern China Airlines.

It seemed prudent at the time, given that Wuhan had been "locked down" to avoid the spread of disease. I joked with my family about how extreme the Chinese government is. "Imagine if they tried that here!" I laughed. "Everyone would just tell Scomino to get stuffed!"

How wrong can you be? A few short weeks later, I was scurrying back to New Zealand, tail between my legs with my pendulum out ready to mesmerise immigration into letting me through the barricades which had been slammed shut to



the likes of me.

The initial (and for us, one-off) lockdown seemed novel, unleashing a flurry of artistic expression and tsunamis of sourdough.

Sitting around writing stories and songs has long been my chosen lifestyle, so my own habits barely changed, but even for me, this "new normal" had some kind of heroic tinge, like I was doing what I normally do for the good of society, rather than to avoid actually having to work.

Societal optimism began brimming over. Videos

emerged, often out of context, of wild animals reclaiming the streets.

Modern-day prophets declared that the days of profit were numbered and the *Great Reset* would herald a golden age where planes no longer needed to fly, and all our worldly needs would somehow be conquered with the power of love and a good internet connection.

Breathless predictions told of how, from the ashes of our modern madness, a phoenix of sustainable, compassionate society would arise.

Then, as suddenly as it

began, our lockdown was done. There were a couple of awkward weeks where we weren't quite sure if hugging our friends was kosher, or just how packed the bar could be, but old habits die hard.

Covid, the Great Reset, and everything that goes along with it was quickly forgotten and the New Normal became business as usual. In fact, business is booming and we are all slapping each other on the backs without so much as a glove or mask.

What happened to the recognition that the whole mess was a direct result of our manifestly insane and profoundly unsustainable lifestyle?

How many of those backyard veggie gardens will even make it through their first summer? How many jars of sourdough starter are now languishing at the back of our fridges?

What are we doing as a society to ensure that 2020 was an aberration and not the first stage of inevitable and catastrophic decline?

In Australia, we have done nothing but bend over in one final, humiliating capitulation to our fossil fool emperors, even as 60 massive ships full of unwanted coal linger off the Chinese coast, right where it all began.

I am sure that plenty of corks will be popping as we slam the door on the backside of an unwelcome and discomforting year, and along with it, the *Great Reset* that never was.

Hay burners

by Pobblebonk and Oink

A horse is a horse, of course, of course, unless, of course, the horse, of course, is the famous Mr Ed!

But the famous Mr Ed never won the Melbourne Cup, nor the Lismore Cup for that matter. Mr Ed was famous because he could talk, of course.

But back to the Melbourne Cup, which this year was won by a nag called Twilight Payment. Twilight's payment was the loss of his gonads. He is a gelding. He has been castrated.

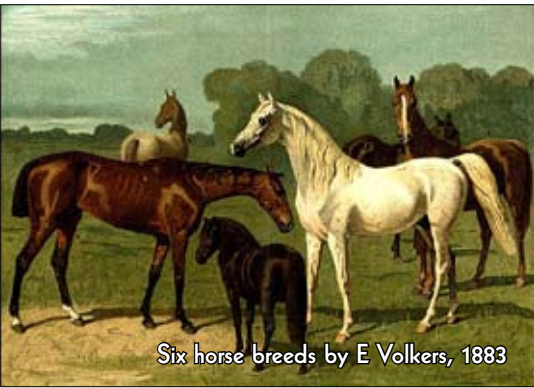
The scientific term for castration is orchidectomy: with 'orchid' meaning testicles; and 'ectomy' meaning to remove or resect. The orchid bit is interesting with our cymbidiums called orchids because their bulbs are shaped like human testicles. But we digress.

The Cup doesn't do much for Pobblebonk and Oink whose interests focus on more natural things than horse racing, with its connections, urgurs and spivs. Never-the-less, Melbourne Cup day found us at a barbeque with the beautiful people at Coolangatta.

You know the sort of thing: Algerian merguez sausages (made in Brisvegas, but to a genuine French recipe) and tossed salad with wild-picked Roquette. So much for nouvelle cuisine!

Our worn-out jeans and t-shirts were right out of place. They all wore chinos or frilly little numbers. I am sure they thought we were bogans from the back of beyond. We felt like fascinators.

But still, some of the conversation



Six horse breeds by E Volkers, 1883

was stimulating. The monied ones were lamenting the demise of coal and of Cubbie Station cotton, and this led to some heat about the purpose of national parks, their cost and their value to the community. We argued valiantly, but didn't win.

But back to the Cup and the interesting issue that it raises, and more specifically the scientific name of horses. Carl Linnaeus, the father of binomial nomenclature, named the horse *Equus caballus* in 1758 after a domestic horse.

However, in recent years there has been a concern amongst taxonomists that a species should not be named after domestic animals but rather wild species, even if the domestic-based name pre-dates the wild-based name.

In 2003, the International Commission on Zoological Nomenclature, the arbiters of such things, determined that the horse should be called *Equus ferus* after the Eurasian wild horse or tarpan, rather than after its domesticated cousin.

Today, three subspecies of horse are generally recognised:

Equus ferus ferus, the Tarpan. Sadly, this beastie is now extinct. The last one died in a Russian zoo in 1909. You can see a picture of this poor horse on Wikipedia: just search Tarpan.

Equus ferus caballus, the Domestic Horse. This is the creature that won the Cup.

Equus ferus przewalskii, Przewalski's Horse. An endangered horse native to the steppes of central Asia.

You can see this magnificent animal at the Taronga Western Plains Zoo near Dubbo.

Finally, we should not lose sight of poor Twilight Payment and the loss of his gonads. We should lament that he serves only one purpose: to make lots of money for his connections.

Like most thoroughbreds, when the cost of feeding and training him exceeds his return from the track, it is off to the knacker's yard for him.

Twilight's stablemate Anthony Van Dyck never made it to the knacker's yard. He was put down at the track because he fractured a fetlock. Anthony Van Dyck was a stallion. It wasn't enough.

"Time for a cuppa," said Pobblebonk as the kettle whistled and Oink sang along with Peter, Paul and Mary: "Oh Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine. He never drank water, he always drank wine."

If we have raised your hackles, if you have a comment or a question, or a suggestion, you can contact Pobblebonk and Oink at: pobble.bonk@gmail.com

How to be supportive

The world according to
Magenta Appel-Pye

I spent the last three weeks at hospital waiting to see whether my husband, Norman, would live or die from pneumonia. When times are dire it is distressing how people relate to you their own incidents. It must be a universal trait, because the only ones who don't do it are the compassionate, sensitive ones, and counsellors who are paid to listen. When you are at your lowest ebb, physically, mentally and emotionally exhausted, it is not helpful to have to listen to people's horror stories. It is no longer about you, but about them. And I don't know how to get them to stop. Because of this, I don't tell people when I'm really struggling. But when you must let others know of extreme illness or impending death, a kind response would be "What can I do to help?" Or drop a meal around or mow their lawn. Supportive, loving texts are welcome rather than phone calls but please don't be offended if you don't get a response. Everyone on this planet understands we are not alone in suffering. The last thing anyone needs during difficult times is to have those whom we assumed would support us unloading their horrific experiences. It



by Uncle Norm and Auntie Maj

She says

Dear Dud, as a music teacher, I find this a dilemma. I believe everyone can, and should sing, but where is the line? Some people desperately want to be musicians even though they don't have the talent and haven't done the work. On the other hand, I know plenty of perfectionist musicians who are still honing their craft before they feel confident to perform. I used to teach African drumming until Mick. He came for six lessons, then dropped out, bought himself a drum machine and for ever after ingratiated himself into jams, turning his machine up loud. He completely ruined it every time. I was so horrified I had birthed that monster that I stopped teaching drumming. The only reason they put up with him was because he always shared his dope with them. Yes, musicians can be bought. Truth in relationships is sometimes a grey area where a compassionate lie or unreveal is far better than ugly reality. If singing gives her so much joy, then it would be dangerous to her and your relationship if you were to denounce her. You could encourage her to get singing lessons which would help with her tonal quality, and a ukulele for her birthday would help her sing in tune. You could support her by joining the local choir together. This would be great quality time together and may help you appreciate your little songbird's chutzpah. The next time she gets up and lets loose on a group, just surreptitiously put in your ear plugs, plaster a smile on your face and afterwards tell her how wonderful she is, and you're sure to get sex that night. Remember, happy wife, happy life. "My singing voice is somewhere between a drunken apology and a plumbing problem."

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depletes you more. Most people are unwilling to listen to trauma stories without adding their own. Everyone has a story they want and seemingly need to tell, which only comes out when the door of another's personal experience opens. We need to be more sensitive in our communication skills. It would be good to have a dedicated time to talk about these things. Perhaps Halloween? To the angels out there, those kind people who turn up out of the blue and help when you are most in need, and to the wonderful nurses and dedicated doctors: thank you so much! Norm survived and is slowly recovering and, happily, She Says: He Says will continue.

Sing star

My wife fancies herself as a singer. At any opportunity she grabs the microphone, turns up the volume so people have no choice but to listen, and belts out Don't Cry For Me Argentina and Wind Beneath My Wings. She has a thin, unpleasant tone and she can't sing in tune. It's painful. Do I encourage her or tell her the ugly truth? – Dudley Notte, Doon Doon

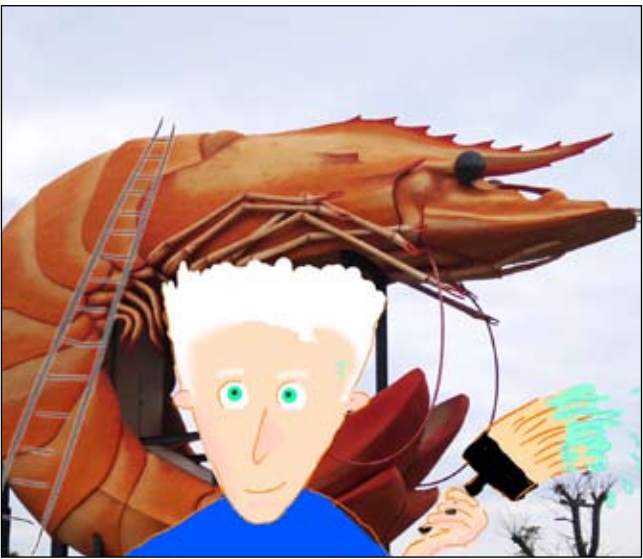
HE says

Your wife sounds like a pain in the arse. I've seen this so many times at parties, where someone gets up while the real musos are on a break. They pick up someone else's guitar and start wailing into the microphone at full bore, thinking they're Joni Mitchell. No-one has the heart or guts to tell them to get off, so they carry on and on butchering one good song after another. Finally, when the applause comes, it's not from genuine admiration, but usually condescending pity that someone so melodiously challenged was brave enough to have a go. This is a problem. Audiences shouldn't encourage this sort of thing. Instead, when your wife gets up and aurally pollutes the atmosphere, they should do the right thing and boo and hiss, whilst casting rotten vegetables in her direction. This would at least send a clear message that her singing is shite. You've got three options Dud. Tell her, don't tell her, or leave. If you are not too keen on option three, I advise you not to tell her. The catastrophic fall-out from letting her know would mean swift and permanent banishment. If you don't tell her, someone else is likely to. This also might result in much unpleasantness in which you will be forced to back her up in the ensuing fracas. You could try recording her on your phone next time she gets up to 'sing'. When she hears her pathetic excuse for a voice played back she might realise that she ain't nothin' but a hound dog and give up. On the other hand, she might think it sounds shit hot and start wanting to do gigs. At least you've always got option three. Q: How do you tell when your lead singer is at the door? A: They can't find the key and don't know when to come in.

Dialogues

by S Sorrensen

I like Ballina.
Oh dear.
What do you mean, 'Oh dear'?
You're getting old.
That's not true.
Yes, it is. You're getting old.
Yes, well, that's true, but the correlation between old people and Ballina is just superficial stereotyping by Byron aura aligners.
Why do you like Ballina, then?
Lots of chemists. Mobility scooter lanes. The Big Prawn.
The Big Prawn is still there?
I thought Council wanted to scrap it. And build the Big Roundabout.
They did. Bunnings have the Big Prawn now. Restored it. Repainted it. It looks great, I reckon.
Original colours?
Yes.
I don't like it.
Why not?
It's red. It's cooked. The Big Cooked Prawn. You go to Goulburn, you see the Big Merino, not the Big Lamb Cutlet. You go to Coffs Harbour, you don't walk inside the Big Banana Fritter. But you go to Ballina and you got a Big Boiled Prawn. Maybe they should have the toilet facilities in the Big Jar of Tartare Sauce...
Oh... But still, it's a symbol of Ballina. It highlights the importance of the river to the town. It's like a prawn god overlooking the river.



I feel sorry for the young prawns.
What?
The young prawns. There they are, gasping in the silt and toxins, dodging marauding trawlers, and when they look up from the river, looking for guidance from their god, what do they see?
The Big Prawn.
The Big Cooked Prawn.
So?
They see suffering. When they need hope; when they need a role model, what do they get? Boiled dreams. A fried future. It's like Jesus...
Excuse me?
Those little prawns in their river beds are like when we were kids, remember? We'd look up from our beds and see our god Jesus on the wall. And how was he? Was he robed in light, happily showing the way to bliss? No. He was wearing nappies and a barbed wire hat, nail-gunned to a piece of 6x4...
Yes. Awful.
Traumatising. To see your god

dying...
Yeah, I get it. Take Buddha. He's a happy, sleepy fat bloke pointing to a way past sauté and suffering. I can relate to that. That's healthy for the young people.
And Krishna is a young buck having tantric titillations with dairy workers. Tantra in the pantry, sex in the shed. That's a god who is definitely alive. I dig that. But tortured Jesus and cooked Prawn? Nah...
Yeah, no.
Young Richmond River crustaceans deserve better. They deserve a future with hope, a river of dreams. They deserve a living Prawn God, uncooked and green.
Yes! They do! I have green paint. I have a ladder. You shouldn't climb ladders at your age. I'll climb. You keep guard. And it's probably against the law, of course.
Probably... So we should do it late at night – say, 8.30-ish?

Performance review in Bathenstool

Committed reader, as you may recollect I am wont to wax lyrical about a completely mythical provincial city called Bathenstool; a richly odorous city that is cited at the confluence of two sewerage works. Strong with fictional characters like Spurt the esoterrorist, and his banshee cult of Audi-driving power-dressing secretaries, it's mayor Little Mr Emoticon, who staggers pathetically under the weight of the muck-rake of office so amazing wielded by his predecessor Bodey Bonnet the unblinking. And that whole Wild West tapestry of tobacco chewing, pseudo ephedrine sniffing spitballers and deaf mud-larkins who spin their sewerage speedsters roaring through the stool-heavy



Revenge of the Loon
by Laurie Axtens

sediment that is Bathenstool. In recent days the stinky city has taken on new help. It's hard to get good help. So the elected representatives spent many, many minutes scouring the state for the perfect manager. A manager with a psychometric profile that would best represent Bathenstool and Bathenstoolers.

A manager so experienced in vexatious litigation that they could mastermind sneaking up on the city's staff and stuffing them one after another into the backyard dunny while screaming "fire, fire, fire-sale" the whole time. And may I say that the help has come through their first performance review with flying colours. Little Mr Emoticon and his happy razor gang of goons could barely be prouder of their new execution officer and the division and destruction they have together wrought. Truly, our elected arseorsors gave the new manager oh yes ... a very satisfying evacuation. And the citizens all cried out for joy, or as they traditionally do in Bathenstool, they dropped their dacks and mooned aloud.



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by Katrina Ross

The children in the Kindergarten at Rainbow Ridge Steiner School have been very busy this term.

As we follow the seasonal rhythms, Spring is always a cause for celebration, with stories and songs about the blossoming trees and the many birds and native bees that play in our garden.

The daily rhythm begins with an outside play in the garden. In our veggie garden, our potatoes are ready to harvest and soon we will plant a green crop to prepare the garden for next year. The

A day in kindergarten

children are enjoying the many flowers, and picking them to decorate their sandpit creations.

We have been enjoying a woodwork project that involves sawing, sanding and nailing. Once finished, the children use wool to create a design, and take it home to hang on the wall. The children who are preparing to transition to class one next year have been enjoying counting while skipping with the big rope.

When we go inside from the garden, we gather for our morning circle of movement, verse and song. Our last Spring circle for the year is about the storm clouds gathering and bringing us much-needed rain.

After morning tea, we have our inside play. Houses are built from frames, planks



and sheets. Marble runs are created in the block area. We bake for afternoon tea and continue our craft projects.

As an end of year gift for families, the children are sewing little sun pillows to celebrate Summer. They are decorated with finger knitting and filled with lavender which has been picked, dried and plucked from the garden.

After play, we gather for circle games and story, followed by lunch. Then we go outside for more play in

the shade. We have been enjoying caring for pet rabbits and rats that come to stay in our animal palace that was built by the older children in the primary school.

To finish the day, we go back inside for drawing, bread-making, painting or beeswax modelling. After a rest and afternoon tea, the day is done.

We are preparing for our Summer celebration and getting ready to farewell the children who are going to class one next year. At this time, we are also welcoming new families to the school. We are accepting enrolments for children turning five in 2021.

It is a wonderful place to be.

Rainbow Ridge School:
6689-7033.



Kindy transition

Nimbin Central School has had 2021 kindergarten students visiting for transition. These visits ensure we build relationships and a sense of belonging for our new friends.

They have enjoyed trying out new play-based learning activities and listening to fun and engaging stories. There have been some big smiles and lots of wondering.

We look forward to seeing them every day after the holidays. If you know any children who are yet to enrol for 2021 please contact Nimbin Central School.



The bitter-sweet day

by Ginger O'Brien

The children from Tuntable Falls Community School's Guruman (kangaroo) class embarked on a bitter-sweet journey to Dr Jules Petroff and wife Robyn's home in Dunoon.

The Petroffs have called this land home for generations, and have a stunning highly established pecan farm running along the beautiful creek that is also the home to many endangered fish, native wildlife and sacred burial sites.

The children were invited to spend the day connecting to and appreciating this natural gem. They swam in the idyllic creek, made cubbies in the bush, fished and foraged for bush tucker.

They utterly fell in love with the place in a way that only children connected to country can.

At the end of this sweet day as we drove up the steep Eastern slope, we stopped to look back over this beautiful valley, it was then that the bitter news came that the whole valley could potentially be underwater if the proposed 50 gigalitres mega-dam is successful.

You could feel the sense of loss in the air. They fell in love with this place after being there for one day.

We couldn't even imagine how the Petroff family feels to lose this land after calling it home for generations.

Or for that matter begin to fathom how the Indigenous people feel after thousands of years? The stone tools still remain, the spirits and bones of their ancestors in the land.



When Dr Petroff was asked in a recent interview with *EchoNetDaily* whether compensation would be an option he explained:

"It is a sensitive issue that touches the heart-strings. I'm nearly fifty and the vast majority of my life has been spent with some connection to this landscape, and I'm watching my children enjoy the creek system as I did, and I hope to one day see their children enjoy this environment, and I think that's been pushed into jeopardy.

"My work can be quite stressful and I find this a deep spiritual source. When I've been at points of my life where I've been at crossroads, it's a place where I really come to reconnect with myself."

It is so evident in our plights for the environment when the spiritual connection one has with a place, a tree, a waterway is constantly overlooked.

The children have this innate ability

to be so fully present with their surroundings that the connection comes so naturally. Those of us who spend time nurturing this connection feel it too and it's a shame that it can't be felt by all.

As we returned to school, the sides of The Channon road were full of placards objecting to the proposed dam on the grounds of cultural, environmental, and the need for ethical water use.

A child asked, "Why can't they spend \$220 million on water tanks, like we have? Why do they have to destroy that beautiful place?"

This is but one of the heart-wrenching questions that fill my ears so often these days.

Thank you so much to Jules and Robyn Petroff, all the parent volunteers and Cath Smith for accompanying the children on this memorable excursion to this unforgettable place.

Orientation and echidnas



Kayden drawing his echidna

by Carina, Annalyce & May

The children from Nimbin Early Learning Centre had an adventure over to the Nimbin Central School to explore the Kindy room for Orientation.

Everyone was really excited to meet their new teacher for next year, to explore the room and meet new friends who are going

to be in their class.

Also in November we celebrated NAIDOC week with lots of activities, one being the children creating their own echidna from the book The Echidna and the Shade Tree.

Please feel free to call the Centre on (02) 6689-0142. We are open Monday to Friday, 8.30am-5pm.

Relationships a feature of Nimbin preschool

by Katie Pennant, director

What a year of opportunity, frustration, laughter, tears, isolation and community!

Yet there is a rainbow on the horizon, with the state government provision of two fully-funded days at preschool. Your child will need to be immunised (or on a catch-up schedule) and be over three years old to qualify.

All our educators are qualified and have enormous amounts of experience in teaching the smaller people of our town. They have their own interests and passions and love to share them: Barb and her pollinators, Sara and her guinea pigs, Leeanne and her gardening, Gordon and his woodwork and Katie and her dog Giddy too. Children need to view us as people not just their 'teachers', as this creates solid loving relationships.

Relationships are our foundation. Nothing happens without trust. Children need to feel that they are accepted and valued, that they belong to the modern tribe that is our preschool.

If you would like to enrol your child for next year please call us on 6689-1203 and organise a time to come and visit.

From humble hippy beginnings

by Nigel Hayes

Juniors come on board

While 1985 was a struggle of a season, but club numbers, enthusiasm, ambition and support stayed strong, as did our spirit.

In fact, in 1986 the Nimbin Headers won the 4th Division minor and major premierships double and had the player numbers to form a second men's team! The top team was promoted to 3rd Division in 1987 and again won the premierships double (and over those two years went on a run of 28 undefeated games).

In 1988 the Headers were again promoted into 2nd Division, where we stayed for three years until winning the title in 1990. This meant being promoted into the Premier division for the 1991 season. The Headers stayed in the top flight, competing against much larger clubs for three years until being finally relegated back to 1st Division.

However, the Headers spirit shone through again and were reinstated in Premiers after winning the 1995 1st Division title. We only stayed there for two years until relegated once again and are yet to return to the top flight... but after the Division 1 premierships this year, watch this space!

Thanks to the efforts of Ronnie Potter, Rhonda Campbell, Margaret Roffey, Julie Germain and others, a women's team was established in 1987. They soon found success, winning B Grade in



Nimbin Headers



1988 and rising to the top of A Grade with the 1993 Premiership double. For most of the past 10 years, the Club has fielded two women's teams in various divisions.

In 1997 the Headers established Junior teams, ensuring the long term future of the club and establishing both a family-friendly and equitable orientation for its activities and purposes.

The Headers consistently field junior teams in all age groups from the Mini-Roos up to Grade 16s and most years almost 100 children are enabled and supported to play for fun, friendship and competition.

The Headers formed a cricket team in 1990 and it competed in the Kyogle District competition for several years, with me as its long-standing captain. Around that time, the club also formed competitive netball teams and ran social volleyball competitions, and currently it also runs the Nimbin tennis courts.

This interest in other sports led the club to change its name from Nimbin Headers Soccer Club to the Nimbin Headers Sports Club at the 1993 Annual General Meeting, where I was also made the first life member of the club. This honour was bestowed on Fred Waters in 1996, and in following years to Bruce Hatfield, Andy Kinderman and Gary Whisker.

A community-owned sportsfield

The other great foundational story is that of the Headers' grounds. In 1989 the Club bought three hectares of land from Steve and Marion Janezic at a very much reduced market price.

When the Janezic brothers' plans to develop the Faulks estate met Council obstacles, they decided to resell, but to do so in a way that would benefit the community.

The brothers approached the Headers and offered to sell us a 'very cheap' parcel of land sufficient to establish fields and facilities, as long as we also paid for the subdivision and the legal fees.

While the final cost was substantial for a fledgling club, it needs to be stated that this was a very generous and community-minded gesture from Steve and Marion, for which the Headers are ever grateful.

The wider Janezic family roles also need to be noted, with Wendy, Megan, Steve, Frank, Kaylene, Darren, and Justin playing for, coaching and supporting the Headers over many years.

Funding for the land purchase mainly came in the form of donations, and this aspect of the Headers story was organised, run and collated by me. The 32 Nimbin Headers foundation members each donated \$500.

The Headers' grounds were designed by Lismore City Council after various representations were made to them by members of the executive committee who were buoyed by strong Nimbin community support. The playing fields were constructed by Harding Brothers Earthmoving, based in Uki.

Barry and Diane Harding were approached by a Headers delegation led by me. They provided a quote for the job and agreed to construct the fields on the understanding the club would pay them back in yearly instalments.

It took the club just over six years of fundraising to finally repay Barry and Diane, but when the last payment was made, a fantastic celebration/thank you took place at the Nimbin Bowling Club.

Of course, fundraising is a continuous part of club life and history, and many stories could be told of our family fireworks and fun days, and our pub and game-day raffles, our car rally and our days of running the Nimbin Market.

We will always thank and celebrate our volunteers, fundraising in the canteen, on our committees, building, maintaining, coaching, mowing and marking the fields, and building the famous Headers spirit.

This spirit continues to shine bright and continues to grow, and everyone is invited to be part of the continuing Headers story.

Uri Ross wishes the Nimbin Community a Merry Christmas and a successful New Year. His first year in business has been amazing, lets see what 2021 can bring! 🔥

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