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# the word

PABLO NERUDA

... you can say anything you want, yessir but it's the words that sing, they soar and descend ... I bow to them ... I love them, I cling to them, I run them down, I bite into them, I melt them down ... I love words so much ... The unexpected ones ... the ones I wait for greedily or stalk until, suddenly, they drop ... Vowels I love ... They glitter like colored stones, they leap like silver fish, they are foam, thread, metal, dew ... I run after certain words ... They are so beautiful that I want to fit them all into my poem ... I catch them in mid-flight, as they buzz past, I trap them, clean them, peel them, I set myself in front of the dish, they have a crystalline texture to me, vibrant, ivory, vegetable, oily, like fruit, like algae, like agates, like olives ... and then I stir them, I shake them, I drink them, I gulp them down, I mash them, I garnish them, I let them go ... I leave them in my poem like stalactites, like slivers of polished wood, like coals, pickings from a shipwreck, gifts from the waves ... everything exists in the word ... an idea goes through a complete change because one word shifted its place, or because another settled down like a spoiled little thing inside a phrase that was not expecting her but

obeys her ... they have shadow, transparence, weight, feathers, hair, and everything they gather from so much rolling down the river, from so much wandering from country to country, from being roots so long ... They are very ancient and very new ... they live in the bier, hidden away, and in the budding flower ... what a great language I have, it's a fine language when inherited from the fierce conquistadors ... they strode over the giant cordilleras, over the rugged Americas, hunting for potatoes, sausages, beans, black tobacco, gold, corn, fried eggs, with a voracious appetite not found in the world since then ... they swallowed up everything, religions, pyramids, tribes, idolatries just like the ones they brought along in their huge sacks ... wherever they went, they raised the land ... but words fell like pebbles out of the boots of the barbarians, out of their beards, their helmets, their horseshoes, luminous words that were left glittering here ... our language. We came up losers ... we came up winners ... they carried off the gold and left us the gold ... they carried everything off and left us everything ... they left us the words.

**Chilean Poet, Diplomat, Politician. Words from his Memoir.**

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RUSTY'S BYRON GUIDE

# 2018

**Publisher/Co-editor: Rusty Miller**  
**Production/Co-editor: Tricia Shantz**  
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**Printing: Fergies**  
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**w: [rustymillersurf.com.au](http://rustymillersurf.com.au)**  
**[byron-bay-guide.com.au](http://byron-bay-guide.com.au)**

**Print run 50,000 copies distributed throughout Australia and the world.**

Cover photo: David Young.  
 Contributing photographers: David Young, Tao Jones, Nelly Le Comte, Rusty Miller, Jeff Dawson.

The views of the authors are not necessarily those of the publisher.

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# kids dogs and dreams

RUSTY MILLER & TRICIA SHANTZ



Sitting outside on blankets one warm Monday evening at Broken Head Hall we were enjoying the Pizza nights that have

given the old hall a new lease of life. We were amongst a group of young people aged in their 30s and 40s, (yes, we call these ages young) who all seemed to have either kids, dogs or dreams or all three. It was a pleasurable experience. We listened to people talk about their dreams of owning land, building a house, raising their children, and, starting businesses – all the same things we dreamt about when we first came here decades ago. You can say we are all dreamers, but we're not the only ones. Broken Head Hall was built by the community in 1937 to host the district's dances and get together – where people came to meet each other, to share food, dance and listen to music.

That dream is still alive, even though the talk of affordable housing in our region reached a fever pitch this past year, and with good reason. Because getting somewhere to live in Byron is close to being a nightmare. However, young people are making their dreams happen through sheer hard work and focus, and usually holding multiple jobs. Jobs are not on tap here. This forces people to be creative if they want to stay. A high percentage of our businesses come out of the dreams of individuals.

That night at Broken Head Hall reminded us of what it is about Byron that drew us here and keeps us here all these years. People joke about living in the Byron Bubble. Or they say, Byron isn't the real world. Well, what is the real world? – Syria, the USA under Trump, Palestine? Byron is real. It exists. People rent houses here, buy houses, buy land, find jobs,

find love, have children in school, go to work, need their car fixed, struggle with all these things. Isn't that the real world?

Michael Ignatieff, the academic and former Canadian Liberal leader wrote, "We eat well, we drink well but we do not have good dreams." Paul Barclay, on his ABC Radio National show, Big Ideas, asked the Indian-born British social philosopher, Kenan Malik, "Why don't we have good dreams?" Malik replied "it goes back to loss of faith in human capacities to change the world for better and that really is what Ignatieff is describing there. That we've lost faith in ourselves. And we've lost faith in ourselves because many of the organizations and institutions that we created to help make the world better have themselves lost influence and have themselves been eroded and corrupted. This is more a political argument than a moral argument."

Byronites believe they can change the world. Or, at the very least, try to do so. They protest against the issues that matter such as the proposed Adani coal mine in North Queensland, the dying of the Great Barrier Reef, and the unjust detention of refugees. And they also create organisations such as the Ngara Institute so that they can influence and make change.

Engraved on the tomb of the American architect/inventor/engineer Buckminster Fuller were the words, "CALL ME TRIM TAB". It is his metaphor for leadership and personal empowerment. Fuller explained it in 1972: "Something hit me very hard once, thinking about what one little man could do. Think of the Queen Mary—the whole ship goes by and then comes the rudder. And there's a tiny thing at the edge of the rudder called a trim tab. It's a miniature rudder. Just moving the little trim tab builds a low pressure that pulls the rudder

If there is magic on the planet,  
it is contained in water.

LOREN EISELEY



around. Takes almost no effort at all. So I said that the little individual can be a trim tab. Society thinks it's going right by you, that it's left you altogether. But if you're doing dynamic things mentally, the fact is that you can just put your foot out like that and the whole big ship of state is going to go. So I said, call me Trim Tab."

Fuller's connection to our region was his geodesic dome design prominently displayed at the 1973 Nimbin Aquarius Festival. While the legacy of Aquarius seems to be hippies, sex and drugs, the reality is that it was about building, living self-sufficiently and questioning the societal norms. It was planned and organised by the Australian Union of Students, mainly by architecture students.

Parking in Byron Shire, be it paid or just not having enough of it, also dominated our conversations over this past year. Richard Senna, Professor of Sociology at the London

School of Economics and Fellow for Capitalism and Society at Columbia University, talks of public space as being owned by the private sector. Most of the public space we know in cities is streets and every time somebody parks on a street they privatize public space. About 70% of most western cities is in the form of streets and they're being privatized all the time by parked cars. For this reason, when we pedestrianize public spaces we ensure that cars won't be parked there. We take back the public space. It's a victory for public occupation.

Is there magic in Byron? You bet there is. There used to be a purple bumper sticker that said, Magic Happens. And, it does, every day. Just look out at the blue Pacific, the rolling green hills, and the mountains rising through the mist, and then walk across the white sand, to the clear ocean. You might be tempted to dive in. This could give your dream a kick.

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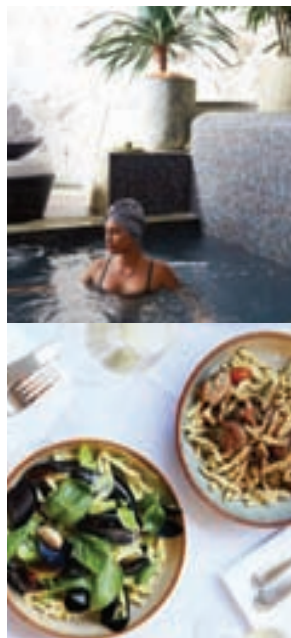
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# byron by osmosis

AC GRAYLING



There are places which, when one first sets foot in them, prompt a sense of familiarity and welcome, almost like a homecoming. Byron is like that for me. It is not

that such places look like somewhere familiar; it is instead that they feel right. Most cities look like other cities these days, but that is not why one likes them, if one does. Rather, it is an assemblage of cues, both overt and subliminal: in Byron it is the relaxed, unbuttoned, open-minded atmosphere, and the quiet beauty of the coast, which together conspire to produce that effect.

Contrast the hard pavements and anxious tumult of a city with the view from Cape Byron under the lighthouse, not least when whales

are passing: two worlds, and one of them a better world by far.

There is much to like even in the connotations of Byron. In calling it 'meeting place' its original inhabitants had it right. In being named after the grandfather of the poet it brings literature to its beaches. You might think that the romance of Byron is a late thing, given how slaughtered meat and butchered whales so recently unperfumed its air; but the 1960s changed a lot of things for the good, and personally I am glad that the surfers found it then, and that Schoolie memories are made there now.

I came to Byron first, and have revisited since, to talk about books. It's a phenomenon that small places relatively remote from major cities are best for literary festivals. Hay-on-Wye in the UK is one paradigm case; Byron is another. What great audiences for book talks you find in

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Byron! They are responsive, interested, good-humoured, and askers of excellent questions. You know them to be members of that highest of human aristocracies: Readers!

There are of course likenesses with other places that please by association. The beautiful Pembrokeshire coast of Wales, a small seaside town in Rhode Island in America, beaches guarded by a lighthouse at the Cape in South Africa, have that marriage of ocean and small settlement that puts them all into a category of similarity. But Byron has two additional flavours in the mix: the weather, and the people.

Now: you might say that 'the weather and the people' are the essence of anywhere. (One remembers the remark of the army officer asked what it was like at Dunkirk: 'My dear! - the noise! And the people!') A grim industrial city full of miserable folk sloshing about in continuous rainfall is unlikely to draw one back. A sunny beach town with relaxed friendly denizens will do the opposite, just in the nature of things. But there are in fact sunny beach towns with relaxed inhabitants which are not as nice as Byron. Byron is distinctive. It has character! It has whales. It reaches further out of Australia into the ocean eastward than anywhere else: it is the place whose association with freedom and fun – a Schoolies capital – and thinking about things – the literary festival, the seekers of asylum from the asinities of politics and the attritions of getting and spending – make it a byname. You can indeed well imagine how people might say: 'X (some town somewhere) is the Byron Bay of Y (some country somewhere)' if it fits the bill: a bit alternative, a bit surfer-ish, a bit intellectual, a lot relaxed, a very lot pleasant.

I had an adventure in Byron in the flooding caused by Cyclone Debbie, late March 2017. My brother John and I had to catch a flight from Ballina early on the morning after the night of rain, but Ballina had to close. We rescheduled

from Brisbane, still very early. The rain fell and fell, unrelentingly heavy, all night long, drumming on the roof like a million demented demons dancing. I'd never known the like, even in tropical storms in mid-Africa, or the monsoon in Sri Lanka. It was dark when I stepped out of the hotel into thigh-high flood waters; the hire car was over its wheels in water, but (Japanese engineering) it still worked. We half drove, half swam up the M1 towards Brisbane just minutes before it was closed to traffic. The water inside the car was over our ankles, and the view from the windows made it feel as if we were Captain Cook and Lieutenant Byron afloat and seeking landfall.

The previous night I gave a book talk to a marvellous audience, undeterred by the rain and full of cheer. It was already raining but when you live next to the ocean, in a part of the world where cyclones can happen, getting wet appears to be no problem. Rain is anyway a fine excuse to tuck up indoors with a good read, and accordingly welcome. As a small child in central Africa, remote from the oceans and indeed the world at large, I regarded tropical thunderstorms as a welcome diversion in the otherwise hot afternoons that sank our small colonial town into stupor. We had a long fly-screened verandah looking out onto a very big lawn which the daily storms always flooded. That turned the verandah into the bridge of a battleship, with me as captain: 'half ahead; hard a-port; steady as she goes.' Piloting a battleship with nowhere to go naturally palled after a time; so I read instead, to the sound of rain on the tin roof, a pleasant sound, a comforting sound – but all the more so for the book in hand. If I'd been staying on in Byron during the aftermath of Cyclone Debbie, I'd have done the same.

Byron Bay is open to the sky; its streetscapes let in light, and its breezes have a bright crisp ocean-quality. On my first visit a few years ago I saw a whale from the lighthouse railings, some

way out at sea, breaching only enough to blow a little spume that might not be noticed unless one were really looking. How marvellous it is to think that the light traffic of the streets, and the pedestrians on the oceanway, are part of the same coming and going as the whales in their own oceanway not far off, along with the teeming life where warm and cool waters, flowing southwards and northwards respectively, meet at Julian Rocks. Another right meeting note for 'Cavvanbah'! One has everything worth having at Byron, therefore; no wonder it is a destination, and those who visit are so strongly drawn back.

I look forward to my next visit. I'd like it to be a much longer one. I'd like to finish work on a book there, writing in the morning and in the afternoon sitting on the main beach people-watching and wave-watching, thinking, dreaming, being soothed by the sound of the sea and the touch of the sun. I'd like to take up by osmosis the unhurried magic of Byron, so that – if I find that I can tear myself away – I will leave refreshed enough to last until the next time I'm there, once again feeling very, very happy to be back.

*AC Grayling CBE MA DPhil (Oxon) FRSA FRSL is the Master of the New College of the Humanities, London, and its Professor of Philosophy. He is also a Supernumerary Fellow of St Anne's College, Oxford. He is the author of over thirty books; former columnist on the Guardian, the Times, and Prospect magazine, contributor to many leading newspapers in the UK, US and Australia. He has twice been a judge on the Booker Prize panel.*



Photo: Tao Jones

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# architecture for social change

HAYLEY PRYOR & HARLEY GRAHAM



If you have a surfboard made, you are going to want it hand crafted; and more than likely by a local shaper who knows the type of waves you will be riding. Similarly with a piece of furniture, you would want to have it designed and built by the craftsman that has hand selected and locally sourced the piece of timber he will use; or

know the family at the farmers' market who has home-grown and picked your fruit.

In Byron we support local trade, recognising the local artisans who care about their craft, who design and carefully curate for place and the people that live in it. The same can be said for architecture and built environment.

Over the last number of decades Byron Shire has avoided major development, which has aided in its unassuming charm. But with over two million tourists annually in 2016-2017 (between 2014-2017 these numbers grew by 50% compared with 8% for NSW), Byron is experiencing an unprecedented influx of social change driven by a significant increase of external interest. With transformation imminent, it is important to ask what role architecture plays in place making and to use this growth as an opportunity to clearly define a local response that addresses the unique and eclectic character of Byron.

We are at a crossroads, where we have the opportunity to re-develop mindfully with the long- term interests of the community at heart. More than just expanding and progressing, there is the potential for the community to evolve and expand on the notion of Byron as a 'Blue Zone', enabling positive change.

The 'Blue Zone' concept (coined by Dan Buettner for National Geographic Magazine in 2005) aims to identify the happiest and healthiest

regions of the planet. It recognises the factors that contribute to livability and longevity, many of which, we think, can be seen and grown within the Byron Shire; a strong connection to community and a social fabric that inspires a lifestyle of outdoor living and a plant based diet. Architecturally, it encompasses the notion of de-convenienced living - where everything isn't automated by the click of a button, with happiness decidedly attainable by enhancing the community's social and physical environment.

There is a certain vernacular to the Byron Shire, a sense of place that seduces its visitors as well as its residents. It is a distinctive ecosystem that encourages uncomplicated living within the landscape through de-convenienced living. From lightweight surf-shacks, farmer's cottages and atypical communities in the hinterland, Byron encompasses more than the mainstream development of false facades and glossy-new aesthetics.

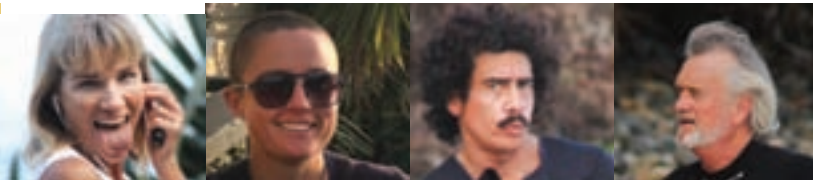
Byron hasn't suffered the same ill-fate of conventional and unconsidered profit-driven '80s development that has defined mainstream Australian suburbia – a framework that still stands today. A 'green' Council, as well as a moratorium on development due to an under performing sewage treatment plant 'kept a lid'



Photo: Tao Jones

Unfortunately, America has degenerated into politics without democracy when it should aspire to democracy without politics.

PARAG KHANNA



on progress through the '90s and early 2000's. As a result the Byron Shire has deconstructed the conventional notion of 'suburbia' and has engrained in the land a connection to community; a meeting place of song-lines and creativity – evidently a contemporary 'Blue Zone'.

Architecture can facilitate these symbiotic relationships by placing value on the simple things; capturing the nor'easter through passive and solar design that encourages a reduction in the conditioning of spaces. Similarly, sourcing local materials with low lifecycle costs, that not only support local businesses but also create affordable, functional and sustainable designs, essentially change the philosophy of our relationship with the built environment. Considering the Blue Zone concept in parallel with design can provide Byron with an alternative framework and a set of guidelines that can define our growth; an architecture of reduction that intends to respect the existing

landscape and is conducive to a responsible, relaxed lifestyle.

With our growing population, the built environment is evolving and whilst this is an unnerving prospect for a community that embraces the understated, there is the possibility to view these circumstances as an opportunity to guide how these spaces are designed. By defining a role for the community, and re-defining the role of the private developer





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this could open opportunities to encourage socially minded interventions; laneways, public art, and permeability for the general public.

The old Byron Bay Hospital site on Shirley St (closed down in 2016 as the new hospital was opened at the highway entry to Byron Bay) presents us with an opportunity to exercise the Blue Zone framework, by designing for social, economic and environmental change. A triple bottom line development could be achieved where architecture provides us with a community run site that is ecologically and financially sustainable. This site could be a local asset rather than another tourism asset; locally run and owned the site could become a community facility rather than just another roadside attraction.

Keeping the old Byron Bay hospital site in community hands, not only allows the benefits to stay within the Shire, it gives the local public a voice as to what the facility could offer: a centre for the homeless that could operate like the model of the displaced Fletcher Street shelter – a safe place that provides somewhere to go during the day to shower with access to local

services. This function of the facility could be funded by ancillary components of the building, such as a co-working space, or long-term affordable rentals for residents. The community could let the building inform the program and rent the space out to health professionals at a subsidised rate that would in turn allow them to provide pro-bono services to the public. The provision of a commercial component or a long-term residential development to run in conjunction with a public service would alleviate funding requirements and allow the site to become financially sustainable.

This opportunity for architecture and social change is a topic widely discussed in the architectural realm. Removing the authority from the 'developer' and 'sales teams', and giving decisions back to the community and socially minded designers can allow us to create buildings that not only value people and community but can address housing affordability.

The Nightingale model in Melbourne looks at implementing the above-mentioned measures to achieve a bottom line development, a design that encourages social connection and achieves sustainability by designing through reductionism. It is a financial model that provides high quality and affordable apartment housing to owner-occupiers. Under this model any savings from excluding sales teams and developer overheads, minimising carparks, excluding air conditioning and not having second bathrooms are taken off the selling price. Additionally, importance is placed on community interventions that foster relationships with your neighbours and encourage a sense of ownership over the entire building; roof top vegetable gardens, beehives and chicken runs.

With housing affordability a consistent discussion point in the Byron Shire, adopting a rural typology of the Nightingale model could begin to address this issue. Development that continually abuses the affordable housing NSW State Environmental Planning Policy (SEPP) (increasing yield to reduce carspaces and to rent 10% below market value) does not address



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housing affordability – especially in Byron Bay. A more realistic housing model should consider mid to low income residents of the shire, in a 'rent to buy' scheme – a scenario that could be initiated privately or as a public/private partnership with state government or local council. This could involve adapting large parcels of land and dividing them up to contain a series of sustainable New Zealand style 'bach' houses. Residents could be part of a ballot system, in which there was the opportunity to rent for a number of years, and then buy using a portion of the rent to go to a deposit.

In this wave of change Byron's future is uncertain and we can only speculate on the impact of internal growth and external interest will have on our built environment. As old houses are repeatedly demolished, it is fundamental that Byron is rebuilt with consideration for context and the wider community. Considering alternate frameworks and models for design could help

us ensure our community can be affordable, sustainable and consistent with Byron's ethos. Fortunately, the inspiring notion of architecture is that it lets us dream of the future. It inspires us with the ambitions of the everyday; the experiences of community, family and the surrounding environment. Architecture can put a roof on all of this.

*Hayley Pryor holds a Bachelor and Masters degree in Architecture. Her continuous subtropical travels around the world have nurtured her strong interest in sustainable architecture and environmental conservation. When not designing, you'll find her on her single fin in her home town Byron Bay.*

*Harley Graham grew up in and around Byron Bay, he graduated from UNSW in Architecture, and was selected to be a part of a team working on sustainable masterplanned communities in Australia and the USA. He travelled to Berlin, where he worked with Studio Daniel Libeskind on large mixed use and cultural projects in Switzerland, the UK, and China. HGA was then founded in Berlin and slowly came of age in Byron Bay.* [www.harleygraham.com](http://www.harleygraham.com)



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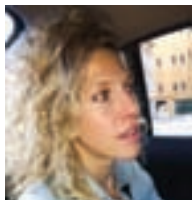
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# grand dictionnaire de cuisine

DAISY DUMAS



"Oh sea, the only love to whom I have been faithful." It was Lord Byron, appropriately enough, who wrote those words. But it was another writer, Alexandre Dumas of The

Three Musketeers and The Count of Monte Cristo fame, who fancied them as his life motto - and who tells us about his love of the ocean (and women) and its sea life (mostly dead and buttered) in his epic cookbook, the Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine.

The author of swashbuckling bestsellers, it turns out, was also a dedicated and curious gourmand and bon vivant - in his 1150-page opus on food, Dumas regales readers with stories of omnivorous kangaroos that drink wine and brandy, a war that started with the bite of a fig and the merits of ostrich eggs. He includes in his "alphabet for food lovers" a recipe for bamboo pickle that "agrees only with people of phlegmatic temperaments" and approaches bear, nightingale, dog, frog and flamingo egg with equal gusto. In the 'O' section of his culinary A-Z, he tells us how to make strawberry omelette next to a lament for the sensory-deprived oyster and excuses himself for using the word "dribbling" (context, dear initiated gourmets). He avoids foie gras because of the tortures geese are put through for the sake of the delicacy and fondly remembers sipping violet syrup in nursery.

Dumas wrote about food for the love of food, but even 150 years ago, his choices were dripping with values and circumstance. What we eat has always been influenced by more than our hunger but instead of once indicating little more than where we came from, food has become a quagmire of upselling, misinformation and fashion. It's become political, it's become obsessive, it's become bankable and it's become distracting.

Take TV cooking shows, or our coffee culture - when early surfers came to Byron Bay's quiet working-class community, exploring its empty waves and planting roots in its even sleepier hinterland in 1970, there was one place where they could find a coffee. At Ryan's Cafe, International Roast simmered on the wood-burning hearth and cost a lot less than \$4.50 a cup. There are now more than 70 cafes locally and buying a coffee is not the simple act it once was. And so, with apologies to the other Dumas, an alternative A-Z of food:

A is for A bit out of hand. We talk about it too much, photograph it too much, think about it too much and eat way too much of it.

B is for Blogger. With the internet has come the rise (and I put my hand up here) of the citizen critic and the constantly scrutinised kitchen. Name a chef who loves a food blogger.

C is for Coffee. Dumas spoke of its origins and how adding milk was a matter of taste. What we now have is blanket, near-religious dedication to hot milk with espresso - a drink that the Frenchman might barely recognise.

D is for Definition, self-definition. It's been this way forever: every part of cooking is part of a process by which we shape who we are, who we want to be - and who we're not. D is also for delivery (of lukewarm pad Thai).

E is for "Excellent vegetable" - which is how Dumas describes potatoes. Less meat and more vegetables on our tables is, the author might agree, an excellent thing.



Because you are alive,  
everything is possible.

**THICH NHAT HANH**



Photo: Tao Jones

F is for Fast. Antidote to the Maccas strips of Australian suburbia, Byron Bay is lucky enough to have access to growers, makers, markets and cooks whose priority is squarely on the land, real flavours, the future and taking it slow.

G is for Gastric band (not gluten-free, although intriguingly Dumas does give instructions for squeezing gluten from onions).

H is for Hummus, the flag-bearer for every wonderfully diverse flavour and dish that have now become part of the way we all eat, every day.

I is for Infertility (of the land) and intolerance (of foods that were once just foods).

J is for Jack's as in Hungry Jack's. Because for every pricey new food fad are millions of families relying on fast food for an affordable hot dinner.

K is for Kangaroo. Dumas goes for broke with foods we'd now consider, let's say, ethically challenging, despite some of them being on our back doorsteps. It's funny how we're more connected than ever and so now have access to whatever we feel like for dinner, yet we eat a more limited selection of animals and parts of those animals than we once did.

L is for Learning. Paying attention to the origins and impacts of what we eat is probably the only way to change habits for the better, which is easier than it sounds given the mysteriousness of so many highly processed foods.

M is for Markets, not super or mini, but the way brilliant growers and producers come to our meeting places to sell their hard work.



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N is for No, thank you. Communities can and do question the corporatised way of buying and selling food in favour of fresh, seasonal and local.

O is for Organic. He picks violets from woods, drinks cool spring water and eats young wild boar, yet I haven't found a mention of the word 'organic' in Dumas' A-Z - and that is refreshing.

P is for Providence and porn, food porn. If you've ever stared at an Instagrammed picture of a plate of food, you've dabbled in the food porn craze.

Q is for Quantity. See A and R.

R is for Regular. As in size. There must be a good reason why it is not standard practice for restaurants to offer all meals in different portion sizes, thereby cutting back on waste and adding value.

S is for Single origin, superfoods and the silliness of food-meets-fashion.

T is for Throw away. Let's forget paper cups and takeaway containers and instead slow down and eat in - or Carry Your Own.

U is for Unicorn. Also, uniformity. Tuna/salmon. Chicken breast/steak. There's a lot out there but we tend to eat the same things, cooked in the same ways, day in, day out.

V is for Values. What, how, where and why we

eat matters. Perhaps we eat in protest, drink to send a message and buy groceries as activists, or perhaps our food choices are not nearly as important as all that - but in some small way, what we cook and eat affects someone, somewhere.

W is for Water. Not the bottled, shipped stuff, but what's under our noses - and how we must protect it.


X is for X-ray, Well, it was either that or xylophone.

Y is for Youth - and you. Because all this starts when we're tiny and, at its most unadorned, is about only one thing: fuelling ourselves. At its best, it unites.

Z is for zest, as it was for Dumas and as it is for Byron Bay.

Amid the noise, we could do worse than reminding ourselves that we eat to live and not the other way round. Let the town be filled with laughter, with love and with a zest for life beyond our next meal - after all, above everything he ate and drank, Dumas' one true love was the sea.

*Daisy Dumas is a writer with one eye focused on exploring Australia and the other on examining humanity. She's written about food (in moderation), politicians (in excess) and adventure (never enough), and is producing her first short film.*



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# that trump bloke? he's barking mad!

PHILLIP FRAZER



## A letter from Australia.

I arrived in New York in 1976 intending to spend a few weeks investigating the role Washington had played in the downfall of the Australian government

the previous year – and got waylaid for 37 years in America. A lot happened over those decades: I met a feisty New York labor activist named Cydney and we had two children, the CIA's contribution to the overthrow of Prime Minister Whitlam was exposed, and I was elected president of the Neighborhood School's PTA in the East Village. But by 2010 my marriage had ended and New York had lost its edge for me, so I returned to Australia, and an Aussie writer named Kate and I resumed a relationship we had started back when we wore flowers in our hair. We now live in a sub-tropical paradise near a town called Mullumbimby, 90 minutes south of Brisbane on Australia's eastern coast.

When I left for the States in 1976, Australia had 15 million citizens who enjoyed the ninth highest per capita income in the world. The nation's wool, meat, and wheat provided the largest share of export earnings followed by mineral ores and coal, both of which were firmly controlled by multinational corporations.

Today the population is 25 million and Australia is fifth in the world rankings of Gross National Income per person (the US is eighth). Minerals and carbon-based fuels dominate export earnings, just ahead of tourism and educating foreign students, while agricultural production has shrunk due to competition from low-wage regions of the globalized economy. Global finance, meanwhile, has moved in, led by Goldman Sachs and American Express, and so have the internet behemoths Google, Facebook, and eBay. All these mega corporations are expert tax avoiders, though none surpass News Corp, the propaganda empire run by Rupert Murdoch,

who has duded his fellow Australians out of untold millions in taxes.

The passage of time has also dramatically changed the country's trading partners: the top five export destinations in 1976 were Japan, Europe, USA (10%), New Zealand, and the Soviet Union – China barely rated at 2%. Today, the top five are China (32%), Japan, South Korea, United States (5%) and India.

Equally dramatic are changes in who lives here. Australia now has twice as many people born overseas, by percentage, compared with the United States (28% versus 13%). Our new citizens immigrated from – in order of magnitude – England, New Zealand, China, India, the Philippines, Vietnam, and Italy.

While 82% of Aussies called themselves Christians in 1976, only half of us did so in the 2016 ABS census, while 30% declared no religion and another 10% declined to respond to the question. A mere 2.6% checked Islam (the same proportion as Buddhism) but that hasn't stopped the One Nation Party, dedicated to making-Australia-white-again, from railing against a Muslim invasion. The party founder-leader Pauline Hanson took her seat in Parliament in August 2017 wearing a burqa in symbolic protest.

Most of my Aussie friends, old and new, are generally cheerful about the major shifts in the country's social mix, but some mutter disconsolately about how Sydney's commuter trains and buses are full of Asian students. It took a while for me to adjust to the fact that these teens who looked foreign in the Aussie context mostly talk "Strine," which is how the word "Australian" sounds when spoken with a virulent form of the nation's accent. I heard an exchange among Chinese, Pacific Islander, and Somali kids strolling along bouncing Australian Rules footballs: "Aw no mate, it's your shout 'cos I paid at Maccas yesterday arvo," (translation: You must pay for today's food since I paid the

Youth is a gift of nature,  
but age is a work of art.  
**STANISLAW JERZY LEC**



McDonalds bill yesterday afternoon) -- and in reply -- "Yeah but you just did that to show off to the spunk from the servo." (You were impressing the good-looker who works at the petrol station).

Aussies of all ethnicities retain a cynicism toward things political, though the tone has shifted from amused tolerance to anger, because even though Australia survived the global financial crisis in 2008 with less carnage than any other wealthy nation, both major political parties have followed the neoliberal agenda of "liberalizing" economic controls and reducing social spending, making corporations and individuals wealthier and regular citizens poorer.

Since World War II, the two business parties -- the urban Liberals and the rural Nationals -- have copied American big business ideas and practices, and from the 1980s on the Labor Party adopted the same "globaloney" policies. The current Labor leader Bill Shorten, previously a union boss more prone to schmoozing than breathing fire and brimstone, understood his

job as a battle with Liberal Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull for "the sensible centre" of the electorate. At least he saw it that way until last year when he saw Bernie Sanders and British Labour's Jeremy Corbyn winning over people under 35 with their old-school social democracy -- and voters young and old rejecting "free trade" deals that mostly set multinationals free to make more money. Nor was it lost on him that many of Trump's 66 million voters chose him because he said he'd ditch those not-so-free trade deals.

Shorten's Laborites are now running against the worst excesses of neoliberalism and Trumpism, while Turnbull and his shaky coalition of businessmen and conservatives keep trying to give themselves tax cuts. Turnbull has a hard time dumping on neoliberalism given that before becoming PM he made \$50 million running the Aussie office of uber finance dealer Goldman Sachs. He isn't finding it any easier dealing directly with Trump. Their first phone chat, which went viral, was detailed in Jonathan Chait's New York



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magazine article titled "Australia's PM Slowly Realizes Trump Is a Complete Idiot."

Just before the election, at a Politics in the Pub event at my local, in Mullumbimby, I said that Trump could pull off a razor's edge victory. The well-informed crowd were aghast.

Around that time, Australian Labor leader Bill Shorten opined that Trump was "barking mad", an assessment widely cheered across the nation. Since then we've watched the meltdown of the Trump circus with shock and awe, but most scary to all of us in the outside world are his face-off with a nuclearized North Korea, the escalations in Syria, Iraq and Afghanistan, and the expansion of drone assassinations across multiple borders. These and future military ramp-ups could sour Australia's relationship with the US more than anything since GIs came here on their R&R break from fighting in Vietnam.

Severe Trump-induced disillusionment has already set in. A Pew poll in June revealed that over 70% of Australians are not confident that Trump will "do the right thing regarding world affairs," and over 80% said he was dangerous. Almost 60% said they believe China is already the largest economy on the planet – and 64%

have a favourable view of China versus 48% for the USA.

Just before his death in 2015, former Liberal Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser reversed his long-held belief that Australia was existentially dependent on the US alliance and the cooperative "five eyes" arrangement among US, UK, Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand spy agencies. Fraser's last book, titled *Dangerous Allies*, argues that time is up for Australia's policy of being the idiot ally of the US in all its military and spycraft misadventures. This from the man who as Minister for the Army sent Aussie troops to join the Americans in Vietnam.

Fraser itemized the many US military and intelligence bases on Australian soil, the most crucial of which is a spy base called the Joint [US/Australian] Defence Facility Pine Gap, located in the heart of Australia's vast red desert. It's National Security Agency (NSA) codename is RAINFALL, and NSA documents from Edward Snowden published on August 20, 2017 spell out what Fraser and all Australian spy-watchers already guessed: that this base downloads electronic data from US spy satellites to guide possible attacks on targets such as major



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Chinese military facilities, and are routinely used now to locate the cellphones of individuals selected for drone assassination.

Since Trump and his generals took charge, another former PM, Labor's Paul Keating, has spoken out against US destabilisations, assassinations and invasions – past, present and future. The US under Trump has “pawned its crown”, says Keating, and that crown will never again command its prior value.

Beyond former prime ministers, the liveliest signs of political life hereabouts come from the fringes. The Greens (that's their whole name) have nine of the nation's 76 senate seats, and one member of the House of Reps, plus numerous positions in state and local governments. (They run my local Shire Council quite well.) Greens were at the forefront of the drive in parliament to recognize same sex marriage, which a faction of the conservatives attempted to sabotage by holding a vote via the Australian postal system, believing that young Aussies wouldn't know where to post a letter. They were wrong. Over 70% of voters supported same sex marriage.

There are more campaigns for change percolating up from people's movements, most notably to follow the lead of the state of Victoria in banning fracking, and a drive to have Australians whose ancestors came here in the last 230 years – that's 97% of the population – sign a treaty recognizing the rights and legacies of the indigenous people whose ancestry dates back at latest estimate 70,000 years. There's also renewed enthusiasm to declare Australia a republic and install an Aussie head of state to replace the Queen of England, who still stares out from all the coins and the \$5 notes, frozen in a decades-old visage.

Whatever else happens, we hope that our quirky version of preferential voting will keep producing our most unlikely politicians, such as a bloke named Ricky from the Motoring Enthusiast Party (sadly now defunct) and a sheila named Fiona in the Victorian state parliament from

the Sex Party (sadly now renaming itself the Reason Party).

Though it's always rewarding to glean truth from the margins, I'll give the last word here to ex-PM Keating, who has reminded us that Australia lives in the Asian hemisphere, and we cannot be linked to a US government that treats China, and the whole world except Saudi Arabia and Israel, like contestants in a TV show dedicated to their humiliation.

*Phillip Frazer was the founding publisher of the Australian edition of Rolling Stone in 1971. He was publisher of the Washington Spectator from 1992 to 2000 and publishes these days at [coorabellridge.com](http://coorabellridge.com)*



# surfing mate

JOCK SERONG



So I've opened the old plastic lunchbox that lives in the corner of the back of the car just inside the tailgate. Car's facing east so the norwester blows in and stirs the old newspapers in the footwells. Fin key is where it always was, glued into a meltywax Dali that takes all my fingernails to penetrate. I set about installing the fins in the board, cold fingers a dysfunctional second behind my thoughts, like a movie when the sound has slipped by just enough that the mouths move independently. My sleepycold fingers know the rails of the board, know the nicks and shatters. But there's so much the rest of me doesn't know.

He's round the front of the open passenger door, one foot off the ground pulling his legs through

the wetsuit. Always been uncannily quick at turning from a streetgoing human into a sea thing. Talking while he does it, nontalk about the rip to the right of the bank, the white board or the fish, the southerly change that's due but we'll probably get away with it. The roots of the coast beard heath snake their way through white sand under my feet. There's a nick in the legrope, threequarter thickness, which I don't like and which will probably fail under pressure, but that will be then.

The car is pushed as far as it can go into the dunes before we would risk burial. He'd always got those fine margins just right. The tolerances. On a day that clearly calls for the fish, he's taken his choice of board; the pintail, which tells me what he won't say about his internal state; the need for traction. He's still talking, talking as a diversionary tactic. Water's strangely warm for this time of year, he observes, and of course

Photo: Tao Jones



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**MONTAGUE**  
VIA **RICHARD FLANAGAN**



it is. Perhaps he is accidentally telling me that nothing is as it once was.

Clump down through the dune, by invariable ritual him going first and me landing my feet in his divots. The loop of the legrope slaps his thigh with each stride, and I realise that I've known the shape of him since we were children. I know his hips. He'd laugh at the notion and look at me sidelong, not that I'd say it anyway. On the high tide line he loops carefully near a kelpdrift and I see he's avoided a pufferfish; desiccated, thorny and hollow-eyed. He hadn't alerted me because he knew I'd know. His assumption that I'll know is why nothing is committed to words. And to be fair I've never trodden on anything that he'd passed without comment.

He's already in the wetsand, spill of a dying wave curling round his ankles. The laindown board rocks slightly under the passing water as he concentrates on the legrope. So I stop to do the same. Which is, of all times, the moment he chooses to puncture the membrane between us. You know this is the last time.

Struck dumb, I am, because we don't talk like this. I'm kneeling in the shallows with the enormous sky watching. Statement and question. Invitation to talk and firm assertion that we won't. But he can't get away that easy.

I know. We wade a dozen paces into the sea and we're chest-deep as a question forms all

over his face, so big that I can nearly see it in his shoulders. It has to be a question, can't be anything else when his eyebrows do that, but what trips forth is the beginning of another statement. She's...

The ocean won't honour these moments, and the first wave has rushed at us. I spear the board under and then follow it. He will have done the same, and the rills of aerated water will follow his cheeks as they caress mine. Buoyancy will demand his return to the world above, just as I can feel it calling upon me. But for the life of one long breath I know we are both suspended in space under the wave, floating through the halflight, metres apart. And this is the thing he hasn't accounted for, all this time. Every swell that came to him, rolled him over, pushed him under, held him down, all these years.

Every one of them came to us both.

*Jack Serong is the author of three novels and has written in the Australian surf media (mostly for Surfing World) for ten years. He lives with his family on the western Victorian coast.*



Photo: Rusty Miller

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# letter from Iraq

CHRISTOPHER HOLT

*Whenever I read about Australia in the news, it is because someone has been attacked by a wild animal, you have changed your Prime Minister or you have treated refugees badly.*

This zinger was delivered by a Canadian friend of mine in the garden of a Kurdish bar in northern Iraq. Byron Bay is a long way from Iraq, where I work in camps for refugees and Iraqis displaced by conflict; however, while chatting to Rusty about Australia's treatment of refugees after a surfing lesson I was reminded of my friend's comment.

The reputation Australia has developed for depriving asylum seekers of human rights and locking them up in offshore detention centers, does not sit well with a large number of Australians. It is a source of shame for many of us living overseas.

The Australian government's treatment of asylum seekers gained particular notoriety in November 2017, when Papua New Guinean (PNG) police, according to the UN Refugee Agency (UNHCR), removed asylum seekers by force. Some were also beaten and arrested. Those unfamiliar with Australia's refugee intake would be forgiven for assuming that Australia's inhumane treatment of asylum seekers was a last-ditch effort to prevent a massive influx of refugees, comparable to the numbers seen in Germany, where 745,545 applications for asylum were lodged in 2016. It is not.

Australia's overall intake of refugees has varied little over the last 20 years, generally between 12,000 and 13,000 each year. The number who arrived by boat has fluctuated: the Australian Parliamentary website shows the highest number was 18,365 in the 12 month 2012/2013 period.

In 2015/2016, Australia accepted 17,555 refugees, slightly more than in previous years, but a drop in the ocean compared to the more than 65 million people forcibly displaced globally

or even the 190,000 non-refugee migrants who arrived in Australia over the same period.

When you look at total refugee intake, the Australian Refugee Council states Australia ranks 25th in the world and 32nd on a per-capita basis. In addition to ranking below fellow wealthy nations like the US, Canada, France and Germany, Australia also ranks below developing countries like Rwanda, Lebanon, Ethiopia and Uganda.

Of the refugees resettled to Australia in 2015/2016, the largest number, 4538, were from Iraq, the country from which I write this piece and where over 3.2 million Iraqis have been displaced by an egregiously violent civil war. It is heart-breaking to know that people who have managed to escape from countries like Iraq have been sent to Manus where they are facing what the UNHCR describes as another "unfolding humanitarian emergency". Only this time, Australia is responsible.

As one of the wealthiest nations in the world, whose modern foundations have been built on immigration, Australia must do more. Refugees, who have escaped persecution and horrific violence and survived the long and treacherous trip to Australia by boat, deserve more than the inhumane conditions dealt them in Manus. Deterrence does not justify violations of human rights and our obligations under international law. Sitting on a board behind the break in Byron Bay, I am reminded why so many Australians view our country as a paradise. But it is a paradise built on migration and a fair go and we must never send innocent people fleeing for their lives to a hell-hole, because we claim to be protecting it.

*Christopher Holt is an aid worker currently based in Iraq and has also worked in South Sudan, Tanzania and South Africa. Prior to moving overseas, he worked as a lawyer in Australia supporting people affected by homelessness and asylum seekers seeking refugee status.*

# don't waste your life

LUKE MENZIES



My name is Luke. I have been developing a waste recycling concept here in Byron Shire for a number of years. My passion for waste recycling comes from researching and understanding what landfill is, and the harmful effects landfills have on the environment we live in. The main problematic waste stream that ends up in landfill sites is food waste. Food waste from commercial businesses and households is organic matter, and when placed in a landfill environment cannot break down aerobically (means with oxygen). This causes an anaerobic environment (without oxygen), which then creates methane, a harmful greenhouse gas (GHG). It has become well known through scientific research that GHG emissions caused from food waste entering landfill sites worldwide, over the last 30 years especially, is one of the main reasons for global warming.

I grew up in Byron Bay and Bangalow in the late '70s and through the '80s. Going to school here, having fun playing in the ocean, and exploring local creeks and rainforests with my brother were my favourite things to do. Byron, Bangalow

and the other towns in Byron Shire were different back then; they were a lot quieter as the tourist scene hadn't really hit. My first taste of recycling was when I was around six or seven years old collecting aluminium cans at the Red Devil footy grounds, which then were located where the cricket and soccer grounds are now at the end of Marvell St. My brother and I would walk through the crowd watching the footy and pick up as many cans as we could, then take them back into town to cash them in at the Cash for Cans collection point. We would save up the money and buy things we wanted, which was a good feeling, and an early experience of working for ourselves and getting a reward. Other recycling strategies were in place then as well, like the local 'Milko' delivering glass milk bottles and taking back the old ones, all supplied in a neat little metal crate that took six milk bottles. There seemed to be less waste then, maybe it was because I was young and naïve, but having talked to my parents and friends who were adults, they all seem to agree that there didn't seem to be as much waste as there is now.

One of the larger waste issues in Byron Shire now, is the amount of food waste coming from all the restaurants, cafes, pubs and clubs that operate on a daily basis, feeding



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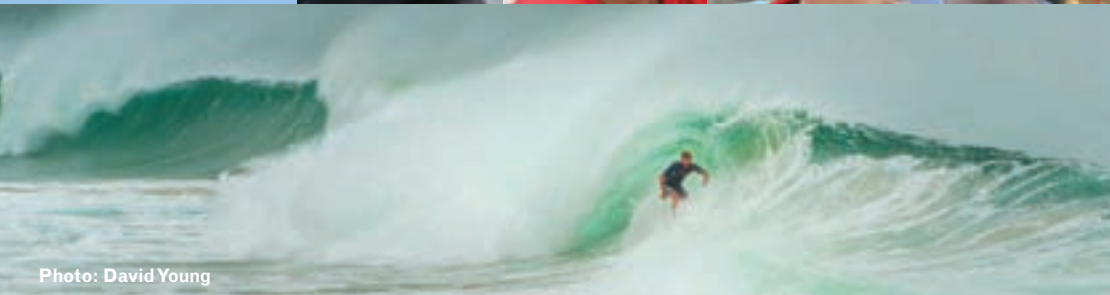


Photo: David Young

the millions of tourists that are visiting Byron Shire increasingly each year. I decided a few years ago to have a crack at designing a food waste collection strategy for a local pub, to see if it was possible to separate the food waste from all the other waste a pub creates, and divert it from landfill to make compost to feed my vege garden. I researched and researched, did a few food waste collection trials at the local shopping centre in Suffolk Park, and after about three years of development I decided to take on my first client to see if I could make the concept a business. I was lucky enough to have the support of The Beach Hotel in Byron Bay as soon as I put my feelers out, as they were experiencing issues with birds foraging for food waste in the landfill bins in Bay Lane, as well as odour and mess coming from the bins in the summer months. The management and I worked together and developed a strategy,

which diverts all of the food waste from the kitchen, bars and accommodation from landfill, and is now composted into a rich fertilizer to grow plants in.

It has been nice to have a dream to help the planet out a little, and then have the opportunity to make the dream come to life. I have a beautiful little daughter now, and I want to her to grow up in a clean environment around Byron like I did. There is lots of work to do, to turn our environmental problem around, but if we can all think of a problem around us in our day to day life which has a negative environmental effect, research and find an answer and turn the problem around so it becomes a solution, our beautiful planet, and our kids, will have a chance.

*Luke Menzies has spent much of his life on a mission to eradicate landfill. After developing a system to recycle waste for large scale music events, proving the concept nationally and internationally, he has recently introduced the system into the Byron Bay commercial waste market.*

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# the audacity of ngara

RICHARD HIL



In Australia, some think tanks have sought to cultivate the appearance of serious, independent research and scholarship aimed at informed policy making. This is open to

question. The Centre for Independent Studies, the Menzies Research Centre, the Sydney Institute and the Institute for Policy Affairs, inter alia, are devotees of the so-called “free market”. They issue carefully crafted research papers and reports, host conservative guest speakers, and their representatives appear regularly on TV forums like The Drum and Q&A. The funding of these hot houses remains something of a mystery but it’s widely (and safely) assumed that most of their backers are from the big end of town.

The few progressive think tanks that exist down under – the Green Institute, McKell Institute, the Australian Institute – are generally not as well funded or influential as their conservative counterparts. Most struggle to get their message across to a wider audience or to convey a convincing and coherent vision of the future. Let’s face it, we all struggle with this stuff. But if ever there was a need for a compelling progressive narrative, a convincing story of an alternative future, it’s surely now.

Enter the Ngara Institute and its merry band of dedicated volunteers. Located in Mullumbimby, the Institute is less concerned with responding to current government policies, than with what can replace neoliberal capitalism. Neoliberalism is an ideology which insists that the free market rather than governments should determine economic affairs – and everything else for that matter. The effects of this reductivist worldview have been devastating. Over the past 40 years neoliberal policies – more often than not cobbled together by conservative think tanks – have served to drive down wages, increase inequality, expand precarious employment,

reduce the power of trade unions, and foster greater social disconnection, leading to what writer George Monbiot describes as “a plague of loneliness”. Some estimates put the number of neoliberal think tanks globally at around 400, all committed to advancing the interests of the rich and powerful.

Founded in 2015, the Ngara Institute is a grassroots, not-for-profit think tank which, according to its mission statement, offers “an intellectual and engaging space to critically reflect on how we can achieve a more just, peaceful and sustainable world based on the common good rather than private interest.”

Over the past two years the Institute has hosted a regular and highly successful Politics in the Pub, a Beyond the Pub discussion group, an Annual Lecture (at which the Australian Activist of the Year is awarded), Café Conversations, as well as supporting seminars, conferences and other forums. Ngara’s reach extends far and wide through its digital platforms, filmed events, and affiliations with other progressive organisations in Australia and beyond. Importantly, Ngara is a small part of a global social movement that promotes the life-affirming ideas of society, community, connection, co-existence, cooperation, as well as values of kindness, care, respect and compassion – values which have been consciously undermined by neoliberal capitalism. [ngarainstitute.org.au](http://ngarainstitute.org.au)

*Academic, activist, columnist and still aspiring tennis player, Dr Richard Hil is Convenor of the Ngara Institute and author of numerous books, the latest being Whackademia and the recently completed, Fallujah – A peoples’ history.*





It is sometimes easier to make the world a better place than to prove you have made the world a better place.

AMOS TVERSKY



# what is a think tank?

According to American historian and writer, Jacob Soll, the term think tank is modern, but "it can be traced to the humanist academies and scholarly networks of the 16th and 17th centuries." He notes that "in Europe, the origins of think tanks go back to the 800s, when emperors and kings began arguing with the Catholic Church about taxes. He also writes, "independent research teams became common in the late 16th and early 17th centuries, when states often depended on independent scholars and their expertise."

Several major current think tanks date to the 19th century. For instance, the Fabian Society in Britain dates from 1884. The oldest American think tank, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, was founded in Washington, D.C. in 1910 by philanthropist Andrew Carnegie. Carnegie charged trustees to use the fund to "hasten the abolition of international war, the foulest blot upon our civilization," according to Osmanczyk and Mango's Encyclopaedia of the United Nations and international agreements. The Brookings Institution was founded shortly thereafter in 1916 by Robert S. Brookings and was conceived as a bipartisan "research center modeled on academic institutions and focused on addressing the questions of the federal government." writes Tevi Troy in Utne Reader.

After 1945, the number of policy institutes increased, with many small new ones forming to express various issue and policy agendas. Until the 1940s, most think tanks were known

only by the name of the institution. The phrase think tank in wartime American slang referred to rooms where strategists discussed war planning. Later the term think tank was used to refer to organizations that offered military advice, such as the RAND Corporation, founded in 1946 as an offshoot of Douglas Aircraft and became an independent corporation in 1948.

For most of the 20th century, independent public policy institutes that performed research and provided advice concerning public policy were found primarily in western social democracies. There has been a veritable proliferation of think tanks around the world that began during the 1980s as a result of globalization, the end of the Cold War, and the emergence of transnational problems. Two-thirds of all the think tanks that exist today were established after 1970 and more than half were established since 1980, according to James McGann, Director of Foreign Policy Research Institute's Think Tanks programs.

Think tanks vary by ideological perspectives, sources of funding, topical emphasis and prospective consumers. Funding sources and the consumers intended also define the workings of think tanks. Some receive direct government assistance, while others rely on private individual or corporate donors. This will invariably affect the degree of academic freedom within each policy institute and to whom or what the institution feels beholden. Funding may also represent who or what the institution wants to influence.

Photo: Justin Bevan



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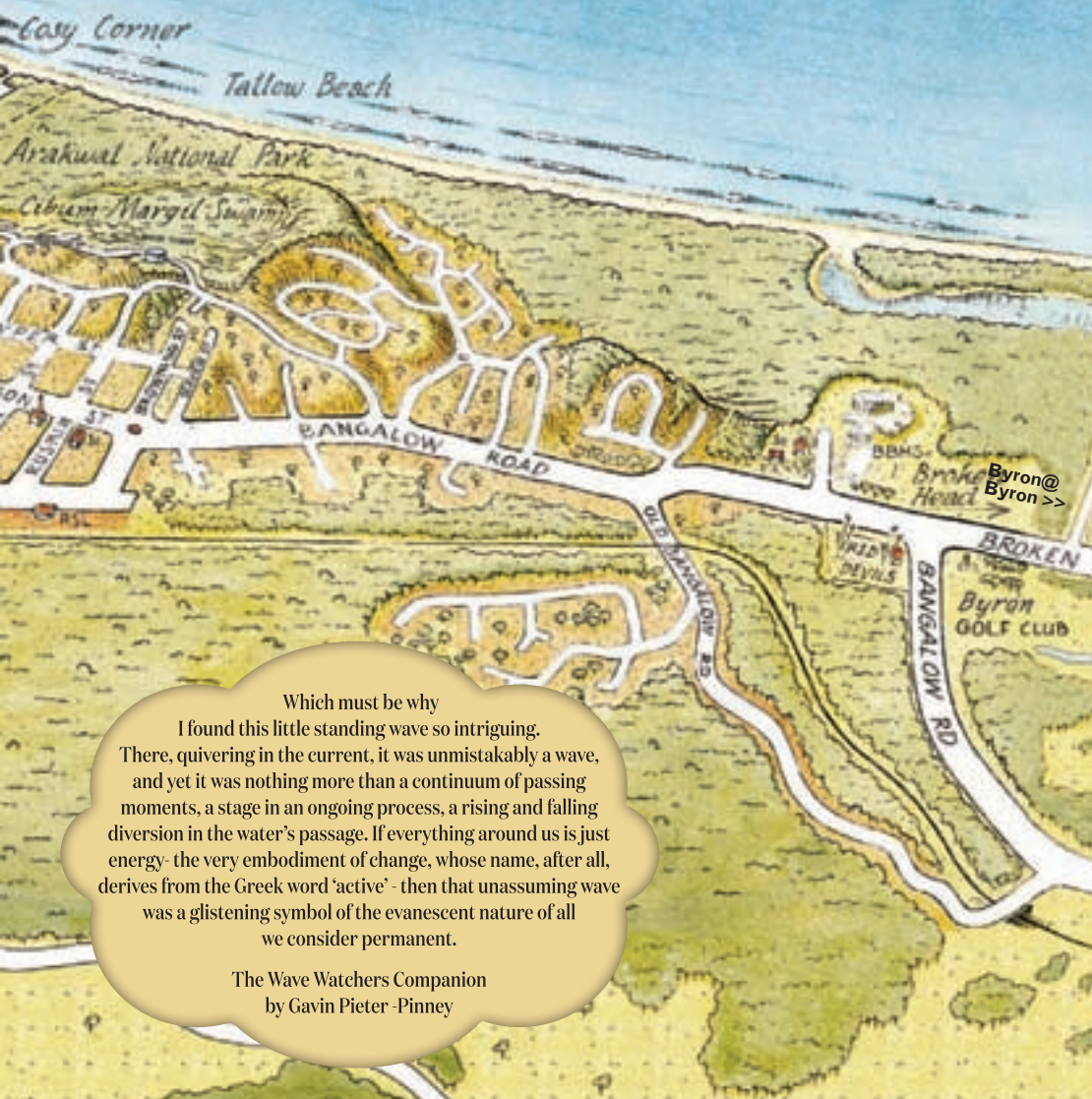
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# ageing into strength

KEVIN MCQUADE



Being a Physiotherapist and Exercise Scientist, I often get asked at my gym and by friends about various aspects of exercise. Recently I was invited to give a presentation to a group of about 200 people on exercise. The title of my talk was "Ageing into Strength". I chose this topic because I felt there is a real need for correct information and to promote the importance of "real" strength training as we age. Admittedly my target is baby boomers, and especially women. So, I'll try and make my case here for Byron Guide readers.

People do many different types of exercise, and it's all good – anything that gets you moving. But walking, swimming, jogging, and yoga, etc ..., while having their own benefits – they do not make your muscles strong and affect your bones – They are not strength training exercises.

I'll explain why it is important to do specific muscle strengthening exercises as we age, and what it requires.

First, let's define "strength training exercises". These are exercises that provide sufficient load to the muscles to induce physiologic adaptations to muscle, bone, tendon, and other metabolic processes. A couple other definitions are in order: Strength is the maximum force generating capacity. Muscular endurance is an ability to maintain sub-maximal forces for sustained repetitions of time periods. The bottom line here is that many people confuse muscular endurance exercises with strengthening exercises. For example, if you are doing multiple repetitions of a Pilates exercise or able to hold your warrior-one yoga positions for longer periods of time you are developing your muscular endurance not necessarily your strength,

because the muscular demand is below the necessary training threshold requirement for strength adaptations. Similarly, hiking up hills may develop your aerobic capacity (assuming target Heart Rate (HR) thresholds are met) and your muscular endurance of the leg muscles. But the loads to the large leg muscles are relatively low each step, as a percentage of the muscles' maximum capacity, too low to be considered "strength" training loads.

While I am on my soap box, let me address the common refrain: "I just want to tone-up" or these exercises will "improve your muscle tone". In my best Brooklyn, NY accent: "Forget-about-it". Exercise "tone" is an erroneous concept. Resting muscle tone is a central nervous system activation state. Resting muscle activation is increased or decreased when there is damage to the central nervous system. When you say someone looks "toned" it is because they have high lean muscle mass relative to fat. Believe me, you don't want to walk about with increased resting state of muscle tones - this would be very metabolically taxing and counterproductive for efficient movement.

Let me step back and make a few points why I am adamant about including real strength training in your routine. First, we lose muscle mass as we age, we lose muscle fibers and the associated motor neurons that drive the fiber activation. This loss of muscle with ageing is



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**MICHAEL POLLAN**



called Sarcopenia. This results in decreased strength, muscle power and the rate of force development during muscle contractions. This can affect force steadiness and motor control. Specifically, we preferentially lose our fast-twitch, higher force, larger muscle fibers and motor units (a motor unit is a single motor nerve and all the muscle fibers that it innervates). These muscle fibers are only recruited with higher loads on the muscle, hence as we gravitate to lower muscularly demanding activities we don't recruit these muscle fibers so this just compounds the sarcopenia problem, (use it or lose it). The second important issue is the loss of bone mineral content with ageing – in men and women but especially in post-menopausal women. This loss of bone mineral content results in stiffer and more brittle bones. The bone requires stress to continue to remodel. And although we cannot say that strength training will prevent or reverse osteopenia or osteoporosis, it can slow down the rate of

bone loss. And in younger persons strength training definitely is a bone growth stimulus. Muscle contractions generate more bone stress than simple weight bearing activities. This is because muscles have very small lever arms on the bones so they have to generate very large forces in order to move our limbs.

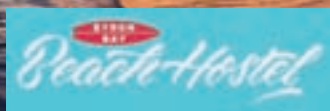
The good news is that people can improve their muscular strength at any age, and several studies have shown no increase in adverse effects or injury from doing higher intensity strength training in the elderly.

Let me finish off by briefly outlining the requirements for effective strength training. It's all based on target thresholds and providing sufficient resistance loads to muscles to promote adaptations. We do this by doing progressive resistive exercises (PRE) where loads are sufficiently difficult. What is sufficiently difficult? While there are several PRE-protocols, the simplest is the Delorem method of performing three sets of 10

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repetitions with each set increasing the load for 50% of an estimated maximum capacity to 75% and the third set at 100%. The trick is to determine what one's maximum capacity is. Again, for our purposes I'll suggest that you simply try to find the maximum amount of weight for a given exercise that you can perform 10 repetitions full range of motion with good form. Basically, it should be very difficult to finish 10 reps – If you can perform 15-20 repetitions of a given exercise, then the exercise is not in the strength training target zone. Yes, you are developing or maintaining your muscular endurance but not stimulating strength gains. It's exactly the same concept for Aerobic capacity training and exercising with the heart rate in your target zone.

There are many variations of this concept and none have proved to be superior to the basic

idea of PRE. Yes, if you stop training you will lose what you gained. So keep doing what you are doing but try to incorporate some higher resistive strength routines at least a couple days a week. Keep those muscle fibers, stay strong and keep moving.

*Kevin J. McQuade PT, MPH, PhD is associate professor in the Department of Rehabilitation Medicine, University of Washington, Seattle, WA, USA. He teaches in the Physiotherapy program, and is involved in Clinical Biomechanics research related to movement and joint injury assessment.*



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# taking the long road to byron

RON ARMSTRONG



Recently I moved to Byron to become a full time writer. Not very original eh? So rightly so a bookstore owner asked me why I made the move. Oddly I didn't really have an answer. I had recently returned from a three-year secondment to the UK where I lived in the English countryside. Upon return to Brisbane I just felt I wanted to take life down a notch. With this in mind I gave a very clumsy and ill-contrived response to why Byron that went something like 'Oh the city is too busy and I missed the beach'. Hardly inspiring right? The man who asked me the question certainly didn't look like he was inspired by my answer. To make matters worse I hadn't cut my hair or shaved for twelve months, which left me looking a little like Tom Hanks out of 'Cast Away'. I can just imagine what he was thinking, 'Just another Byron wanna-be'. But it did get me to thinking why Byron? What was this irresistible pull that brought me here and caused this sea change?

To find an answer I walked down to the beach and sat there gazing out across the pristine white sand to the aqua water that rhythmically pulses in the Bay. My eyes then scanned back towards the striking volcanic formed hinterland. It is a beautiful place, but it still doesn't answer why here. It didn't take long before I started to examine the life road that lead me here. You see I have spent a great deal of my life living overseas. Originally from Sydney I joined the Australian Army at age eighteen in a relative time of peace. To me the military was a fun game. Running through the bush with your mates, playing rugby and doing adventure-training activities like abseiling, it was everything a hyperactive boy could want. I first clapped eyes on Byron Bay in 1995 while I was posted to an Army base in Canungra that is located in the Gold Coast Hinterland near Mt Tamborine. Byron Bay was a bit of a trip when I first saw it,

full of natural beauty and people who seemed relaxed and free. I started to regularly visit Byron Bay. At the tender age of 25 years old I always had a good time and always left wanting more.

In the late '90s I had come to a decision. Two of my good mates had recently died in a Black Hawk helicopter crash in Townsville and the Army had lost it's innocence in my eyes. I was going to leave the Army and return to the Byron region. In 1999 I had penned my resignation, but then, BOOM! The world for me changed. The Government decided to help the oppressed people of East Timor. The world had largely ignored the atrocities committed against the indigenous people that had been governed by Indonesia for the previous 25 years. I was to deploy on operations as part of a multinational force headed up by the Australian Defence Force. When I studied the history of the place I couldn't believe the trauma these people had been subjected to. Forced to be colonised by the Portuguese, caught up in the fighting between Australia and Japan in WWII and then invaded by Indonesia in 1975 were just some of the highlights for these people. In late 1999 I stood proudly in an East Timor village that was still smouldering from the fires caused by rioting militia. The Australian soldiers had cleared the protagonists from East Timor and the citizens were starting to return to the streets. With big smiles on their faces the kids would run up to the Aussie soldiers chanting 'Australia No 1!' Everything about the tour felt right to me. The people of East Timor were safe and we had freed them with restrained force. The support from the people back home was overwhelmingly positive. That's when you know you have done right, the public let's you know. A US Colonel sent from the Pentagon was standing next to me surveying the scene. He looked over at me and in a thick Southern drawl said "Well Captain, you Aussie boys have really stuffed this up". I looked at him with mild annoyance and responded, "I don't agree Sir. The Aussie military





did a fine job. Mission was accomplished quickly and decisively". The Colonel smiled and patted me on the shoulder, "That's what I mean son. You guys have done a good job and now Uncle Sam knows you are capable he will drag you into every war he can find. Trust me, you guys have really stuffed up".

Unfortunately the US Colonel was right. Australia supported the US military interventions in Iraq and Afghanistan. As for many Australians these conflicts would be the focus for the next ten years of my life. Often people ask me what serving in Iraq and Afghanistan was like. I tell them it was violent and life changing.

Post Iraq when I walked down the street in uniform there was a different feel, people looked at you differently. For the first time I would be subjected to anti-war protestors. I was called a 'baby killer' by a kindly looking elderly lady. Other Australians I met would shake my hand followed by a big 'Well done'. I'm still not sure if our involvement was right or wrong. I know Australia has an ethical and professional military that always tries to do the right thing. My last tour was marred with sadness. Our unit did not go unscathed as one of my young soldiers was shot and killed in the Chora Valley of Afghanistan. It broke our hearts and those of his family. Added to the sadness was the constant suffering of the Afghan people. I wished them well for the future as I left the Middle East for the last time to return to Australia.

So here I am. Sitting on the beach looking out over the ancient volcanic rim that now forms Byron Bay. A dude walks past me with a surfboard perfectly balanced on his head. He

says G'day as he passes by. Many of the people I talk to here seem to share a passion for the environment, healthy living and peace. Some are a little anti-establishment and are cautious of the Government and developers. So why do I want to be here? Well here is what I offer in response. This place is uniquely beautiful; Not like the French Riviera, Gold Coast or Hawaii pretty. These places all feel the same to me in a pleasant, overdeveloped consumer driven kind of way. Byron is different. When I lived in the UK you could buy popular products like Byron Bay Cookies and Stone & Wood beer. My Brit friends would talk about Byron even though they had never been. They dreamt about it, a place of natural raw beauty where wildlife and sea life could coexist with some of the most content people on the planet.

My wife is a yogi and a nutritionist, so she has grafted well with the people here. She just loves the vibe of the place. Me, well I'm enjoying the moment. Maybe Byron will stay this way for a long time or maybe the concrete and steel from the Gold Coast will stretch to Byron, scarring the landscape and destroying endangered frogs in it's relentless march down the East Coast. To quote Midnight Oil 'Who can stand in the way when there is a dollar to be made'. Does my background provide me with divine insight to judge what development should occur in the Byron region? Well no, it just taught me how to fight injustice.

*Ron Armstrong. Author of Tiger Tears*  
[www.ronarmstrongauthor.com](http://www.ronarmstrongauthor.com)



# racing with machines

ANDREW CHARLTON & VERA SPROTHEN



Byron Bay's mobile parking technology is just one example of how robots are creeping into our workplaces. But rather than fear automation, we should trust in human ingenuity and embrace it.



Driving down the narrow road from The Pass towards Wategos Beach, the Council Rangers soak in the view: the dolphins

gliding through the turquoise waters surrounding Cape Byron, the waves peeling towards the beach dotted with surfers on longboards, and there, overlooking the pandanus palms, the conglomeration of station wagons and SUVs in a car park frequented by backpackers and millionaires alike.

Not long ago, the rangers would have roamed the area by foot, leaving white chalk marks on car tyres to track which visitors exceed their allotted parking time. But today, mobile parking technology has replaced the "walk and chalk" system, allowing rangers to drive around in special vehicles, fitted with GPS systems, laptops and cameras. On a drive-by, the system automatically scans the number plates of parked cars and fines overstayers.

Byron Shire Council told local reporters that Rangers can now monitor the entire Byron Bay

CBD in less than 20 minutes, compared with the more than two hours it used to take them to walk and chalk. The technology frees them up to cover a larger area and variety of requests, including showing tourists the way to the next restaurant.

What happens in Byron is a telling example of how the power of technology is upon us. But watching automation and artificial intelligence increasingly creep into our workplaces can be daunting. It seems every day brings a new story about how robots are set to take our jobs: Driverless cars, Algorithmic journalism, Robotic-assisted surgery. It is one of the defining anxieties of the developed world: will machines soon force millions of people out of work? Of course, Byron Bay with its strong artisanal culture and down-to-earth lifestyle is far from becoming a robot town.

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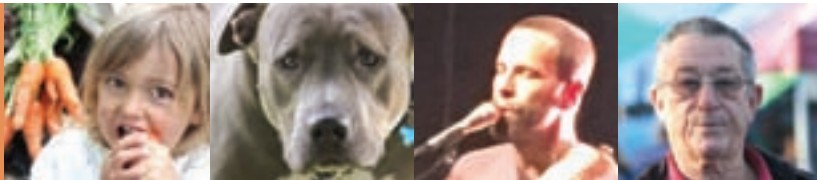
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connection with robots. They tickle our fancy, but also touch our deepest fears. From Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* to *Blade Runner*, we are gripped by a fascination with machines built in our own image, but cannot shake the dread that they can and will do us harm.

These fears are nearly as old as technology itself. Already in 1589, Queen Elizabeth I refused to grant the inventor of a mechanical knitting machine a patent for fear of putting hand-knitters out of work. In 1980, a *Time* magazine cover titled "The Robot Revolution" showed a tentacled automaton strangling human workers. And more recently, former US President Barack Obama warned that "the next wave of economic dislocation won't come from overseas. It will come from the relentless pace of automation that makes a lot of good, middle-class jobs obsolete."

And yes, it is undeniable: technology has destroyed millions of jobs around the world. Mechanical knitting machines eventually put

Ned Ludd, who later became a folkloric symbol to "Luddites", and his fellow weavers out of work. The industrial revolution saw machines replace laundry maids, blacksmiths, cotton pickers and thousands of other occupations. The trend continues, as new office technology – from accounting software to cloud computing – is automating many administrative tasks.

Yet the fears of mass unemployment haven't come to pass. It seems the gloomy soothsayers didn't overestimate the capability of machines; they underestimated human capacity to change existing jobs and create new ones. Byron Bay's automated parking technology shows machines change the way humans work, but they don't make human work redundant. Automation is not a zero-sum game, in which machines advance and humans retreat. Rather, machines and humans are racing alongside each other.

That doesn't mean that the transition from old to new jobs will be seamless, that workers will

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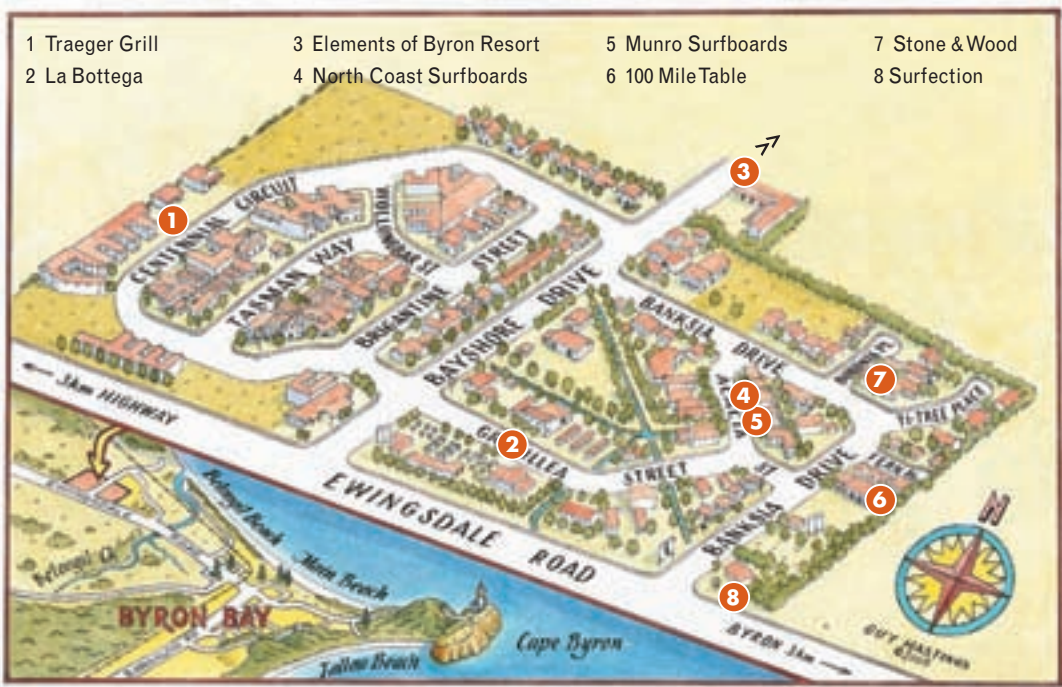
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I don't want to get to the end of my life and find that I lived just the length of it. I want to have lived the width of it as well.

**DIANE ACKERMAN**



be able to trade their hard hat for healthcare jobs easily. The rapidly changing nature of work is one of the key challenges of our time and the worries people have about the future are very real and understandable. But governments can make a conscious choice: trying to halt technological progress and miss out on its benefits, or embrace change, backed by strong political institutions

We need strong political institutions to ensure fairness in the labour market. Technological progress is creating value and lifting corporate profits, but wages growth has never been lower. We also need strong training, education and labour market policies to ensure people have the right skills for the automation age – where more of us will work with our brains, rather than our hands. The question is what makes us uniquely human and how do we want to work in the future? History offers a lesson. Byron people have embraced technology that allows them to live here but work somewhere else.

The answer then, as now, is confidence in human ability to use technology for the mutual good.

*Andrew Charlton is a director of AlphaBeta Advisors in Sydney. He was senior economic adviser to Kevin Rudd and has published two books, *Ozonomics* (2007) and *Fair Trade for All* (2005), co-written with Nobel laureate Joseph Stiglitz.*

*Vera Sprothen works as editor at AlphaBeta Advisors. A keen surfer and former reporter with *The Wall Street Journal*, she loves words as much as the ocean.*







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# big picture from coorabell

ANDY MARTIN



I came to Byron Bay in September 2017 to talk about my book, *Reacher Said Nothing: Lee Child and the Making of Make Me*. But I ended up

mainly discussing Ted Deerhurst (Aristocratic English surfer who died in mysterious circumstances), surfing, and videotape at the house of the filmmaker, Dick Hoole, in the Coorabell hills.

"I'm dysfunctional," Dick said.

He didn't seem that dysfunctional to me.

For one thing, even at the age of sixty-something, Dick Hoole clambered around the vertiginous rock on which his house was built like a particularly agile mountain goat in shorts.

And for another thing he always had the big picture in his mind. He was good at the small picture too, but the thing I remember most is

the big picture. That and the view. Up here in Coorabell, you could see Byron Bay several miles distant, way down, where the sky meets with the ocean. There was a lot of space between his place and there, together with cows, sheep, some mad dogs, and bats too, if not in his belfry at least flying freely through his living room at certain times. The sound of waves breaking was only rarely going to keep you awake at night.

Dick thought that if not for the animals keeping it at bay, and the occasional chainsaw, the rain forest would soon take over here. And there were a lot of trees roundabout, some of them bearing fruit – avocado, mango, Tahitian lime and mandarin. And macadamia nuts. We had fresh milk from the cows and nuts from the trees. We were poised between self-sufficient and suicide. If you slipped it was a hell of a long way down.

I thought he could have mentioned that I

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**Echo**

Nature is my religion and the earth is my church.

**ANONYMOUS  
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really needed a 4x4 even to drive up here. The "driveway" was like an assault course, fraught with peril, and almost impassable to my little rented Hyundai. He said he liked it that way, it tended to deter unwanted visitors. He told me that an Australian pop star was clamouring to move up here to escape her fans for a while. He liked the splendid isolation and tended to scorn the madding crowds down below.

"Turns out surfers are not idiots after all," he said, as we sat on the verandah, surveying the surf from our high point.

"Never thought they were."

"Look at the solar system," he said.

"I'm looking at it," I said.

"Ours is the only blue planet. You'd better get out there and enjoy it while it's still around." He was conscious that there was only a finite amount of water in the solar system and we were using up a lot of it.

"I don't know how long the universe has been

around," he said, contemplatively. "Or how big it is exactly." He was always contemplative and he had these blue eyes that seemed to see a long long way, like some kind of telescope or x-ray device. I was surprised he didn't know, to be honest. I think he had a pretty good idea. "But I don't think God made it in seven days flat."

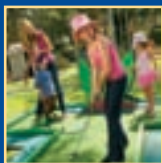
"It was only six," I said. "One day of rest."

"Either way. Let's say the Earth is around five or six billion years old. It wasn't that much fun for a long while. Took a lot of trees to make all the oxygen we need to keep breathing. And surfers have been the great explorers. They are the Vasco de Gamas of our day. They're the thin end of the wedge. Always pushing further - whether it's out here, to Byron, or Indo - G-Land, Cloud 9. Strictly for selfish reasons, but they do it. And they've changed the world. For good or ill." He thought it was mostly good. Which would include Ted. Dick filmed Ted in "Storm Riders" (1982), in which he is in training to be a pro surfer, and "Asian Paradise" (1984), in which

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*train rides*



*mini golf*



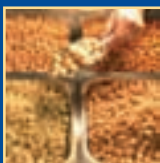
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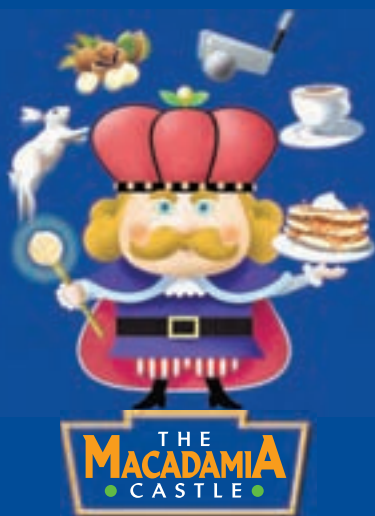
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he rides possibly the tube of his life in Padang Padang. Ted was like a small version of the big picture.

Very small. Everyone was small. "Look at us," Dick said. His partner of many years, an Indonesian woman, had died only a year or so before and he was mostly living on his own and he had been storing all this up for a while. "If you consider the billions of stars that litter the universe..." (yes, he used the word "litter", as if they had been tossed out of the passing car of some tearaway young deities) "then ours is just a speck. It's like a single grain of sand in the Sahara."

"Yeah, true," I said. "But every grain of sand contains infinity," I said.

There was a lot of sand in Byron Bay. And Lennox Head. Which is what had drawn the surfers here back in the sixties. Not so much the sand as the perfect waves breaking off the headlands, peeling slowly, geometrically, forgivingly. The Americans who came here thought it easily surpassed Malibu and the whole of the West Coast. This in fact was the most easterly point, on another continent, in a different hemisphere, and therefore a natural destination for Californians: Also Australians

running away from the big cities to the south and north. Byron Bay is somewhere in the middle between Sydney (New South Wales) and Brisbane (Queensland). Whales sail majestically by on their mysterious migratory way north or south, in search of sex (south) or food (north). Maybe it wasn't that mysterious. Sheep were the same, Dick said.

"They only come to me for food though."

Ted had set up in Burleigh Heads, an hour's drive to the north. But he watched Dick building this house (back at the beginning of the '80s) and he was inspired to build his own house in Burleigh Heads. And then he married Susan.

*Andy Martin writes for The Independent (London) and teaches at the University of Cambridge. He is currently researching a book, Excalibur: The Epic Life and Times of Edward Omar Deerpark. And he is also a surfer.*

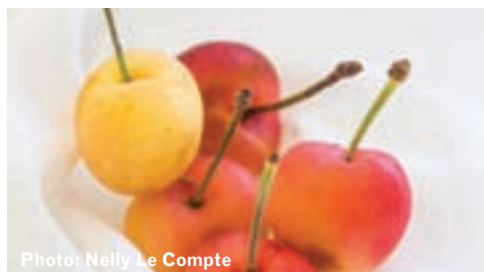


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with too much, as they that starve  
with nothing.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Photo: Nelly Le Compte

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# mookx's salute

MOOKX



I first came to the Bay on my own in 1974. Loved the place. Life took me away for a couple of years but I was already hooked. Consequently, myself and my then-partner rolled into Byron from Melbourne, on

April Fools Day 1976, with a baby almost due. We were in a small, converted taxi truck full of musical equipment, a bed, stove, sink and fridge. We parked and camped on the edge of the small cliff overlooking the mighty Pacific in the First Sun Caravan Park. Unmade roads, vacant lots and other open spaces abounded through the district. Little drifts of sand would swirl up Jonson St. as I sat playing bluegrass banjo on the steps of the "Rib Cage", a cafe that did famous and much sought-after Teriyaki burgers. I would wave to a guy on horseback clip-clopping by, in a street that sometimes had no cars parked there at all, especially on a winter's evening. Hard to believe Byron without gridlock traffic or any traffic at all but that's how it was.

A sign on the way out of town said "Byron Bay" Population 3000. Local industry was all about killing. The years of 1947 to 1966 had marked the peak of Byron Bay's industrial era. The town



John Wright photo 1979, now Main Street Burger Bar.

was unkindly (albeit accurately) described as "reeking from the stench originating from the piggery, meatworks and whaling factories with their effluent colouring the sea and washing on the shore". Not to mention all that blood and guts attracting sharks to arguably one of the world's best surfing locations. This "Top Surf" reputation was borne out and stamped in time with the early and continuous arrivals of a bunch of absolute champion surfers who came, stayed and grew a new Industry. There was no tourism per se,

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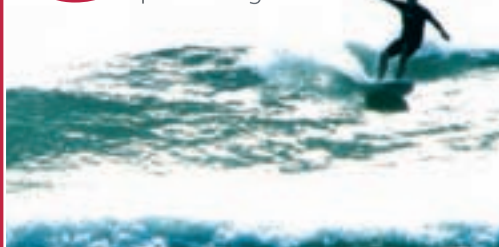
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That jolt of perception is constantly what an education should be about. It should be inviting people to see things.

THICH NHAT HANH



due no doubt, to the stench of death permeating the town most of the time. Whales, cows, pigs, sheep, trees, radioactive sand-mining: the place stunk, especially with a Northerly wind and was being ripped off at the rate we now know is a standard all over the planet. However, over the Xmas break, when the meatworks knocked off, people in-the-know (mainly inland NSW folks) would drive over to the Coast and have the cutest, multi-beach, uncrowded, non-smelly, seaside resort you could imagine to themselves. Also, there must have been 1000 or so 7th Day Adventists who used to arrive and build this astonishing tent-city at Belongil Fields every year. They kept most of their activities to themselves, as you would, so you didn't see much of 'em around town. Then, in time, the killing fields all closed down leaving a Council full of ex-meat-workers wondering where to go next. The word "Tourism" popped up and the rest is history!

All this coincided with the Mullum/Nimbin Aquarius festival and a little later with the creation of the Beach Hotel. The Aquarius Festival had brought a whole different genre of people into the region who started seeing the beauty of the town without the industry around it. One such person was John "Strop" Cornell who purchased the town's grotty old 'top pub' and with genius Architect/friend Ian McKay built the "Beachy" as we know it today.

"The top pub and the town prior to Cornell was under-developed, (read "scungy"), but John Cornell rebuilt the pub and it changed the Bay

unbelievably. It raised the standard and all of the other shops in town realised that unless they met the standard the Cornells had set they would look like a sow's ear instead of a silk purse".

And so Byron was thrown open for biz, and indeed it's what we got. Lotsa biz. And it's growing! It's now home to many of the most popular festivals in the land, a growing number of top resorts, housing estates, tours, dives, surfing, kayaking, restaurants: you name it. Lotsa biz! And music everywhere you look or listen!

And despite complaints and whatever else from some disgruntled locals, the creative community, the classic breaks and unending beaches in both directions, make Byron even more popular than before.

Same as it ever was! Go the Bay!

*Songwriter, activist, and musician extraordinaire Brendan 'Mookx' Hanley contributed widely to the world of the musical culture in and beyond Byron Shire since the '70s. Mookx passed away in December 2017.*



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Byron Bay



# aquatic wonderland

MALIA ROUÏLLON



I began writing this article on a flight into central Queensland, my usual route, into the solitude of the Great Barrier Reef. I had just travelled from the Split Solitary Islands, situated

240 kms south of Byron Bay. With the fossil fuel industry, unregulated systematic hierarchies and the largest coal mine in the southern hemisphere in preliminary production, it was only a matter of time until the coral bleaching became present on our transect survey.

The ocean was unusually warm in Spring 2017 on the East Coast of Australia. Predictably, this has detrimentally affected the delicate demographic health of coral ecosystems with sporadic temperature influxes from the East Australian Current (EAC). This surface current is very low in nutrients, yet it remains important for the marine ecosystem. The EAC removes heat from the tropics and releases it to the mid-latitude water and atmosphere. It does this by producing warm core eddies, which allows biodiversity. As instabilities in the current develop due to a westward front, the meander pinches off to form eddies at a rate of one to two times annually and it also experiences seasonal variations. Over the decades its movement has shifted. This has resulted in the current strengthening and extending southward, then becoming controlled by the Southern Hemisphere subtropical ocean circulation, partially contributing towards the minimal regrowth of coral communities.

The ocean, with its enormity and mystery has ever been part of human consciousness. As mystery gave way to mastery, whole bodies of custom, tradition and law arose, defining the rights of the ships and mariners who plied the waters of the oceans. On a modern scale we believe that our oceans are a vast, unlimited resource. Yet physical and biological changes prove otherwise. We are a high paced, consumer focused society and unfortunately some hold

the mentality of ignorance given the facts; we believe what happens to the ocean doesn't affect "my life". Whatever happens to the Earth and the ocean happens to us. If the planet heats up, we heat up.

On a scientific level, recent climate consensus research by the Australian Marine Observing Systems suggests that the southward movement of the EAC will impact other systems, including our health. We rely on fish stocks such as those from the southern ecosystems as a source of omega-3 fatty acids. But the concentration of omega-3 fatty acids in fish is likely to decrease with global warming. The original source of fatty acids come from algal species, so as our waters warm we will see more of the algae from the tropics take up residence in the south as well as northern marine species. However, the algae from the tropics are much smaller which means more steps in the food chain from the algae to the fish we eat. The more steps in the food chain, the more the omega-3 fatty acids in the fish are replaced by fatty acids that are less favourable to human health. Furthermore, the domino affect of tropical bio-disease and coral born illness outbreaks within migratory pelagic species in turn will impact us too.

Whatever way you perceive it, without the ocean there is no life on Earth. Most of the oxygen we inhale comes from tiny ocean plants called phytoplankton that live near the water's surface

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and drift with the currents. Like all plants, they photosynthesize, that is, they use sunlight and carbon dioxide to make food. A by-product of photosynthesis is oxygen. Additionally, coral reefs play a critical role in the carbon cycle of our planet by taking calcium ions and dissolved carbon dioxide from the water, turning it into calcium carbonate, which forms their hard skeletons. This allows our oceans to become a sink for the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

My heart becomes heavy while observing the dead zones and industrial plumes below as the flight makes its descent along the industrialized coastline of what was once thriving Gooreng Gooreng country, that now seeps coal toxicity. I acknowledge the contradiction to be contributing towards the carbon emissions that have evidently fuelled the coral graveyards via my mode of transport. As a species we are here for such a minimal amount of time yet our impact continues on.

You may have read, or heard about, the “death” of the Great Barrier Reef, one of the most staggeringly beautiful features of the natural world, passing away in 2016 at 25 million years old. That particular statement circulated global media headlines with the initial outcry being

nothing short of heartbreaking frustration directed towards the governing bodies, the climate commission and the politicians.

The Great Barrier Reef recently suffered two mass bleaching events, the worst in its evolutionary history; polyps stripped bare to lifeless formations during the largest commodity production cycle in the history of Australia. As a result, an estimated 67% of the shallow-water corals have died, and 10% of coral reefs have been damaged beyond repair. If we continue with business as usual – overfishing, supporting fossil fuels, emitting harmful chemicals, and industrializing the natural world - scientists predict that 90% of the world's coral reefs will be in critical danger by 2030. It's no small task.

The Reef is an international treasure and critically important ecological system and home to one quarter of all marine species. Many environmentalists, citizen scientists and lovers of the Reef are working harder than ever to protect what remains, notably Australian coral Scientist Charlie Veron. The Great Barrier Reef is an aquatic wonderland that has survived ice ages.

Anchored at my usual atoll residence, I put on my mask and weight belt, take a breath and slowly drift underneath the waves quietly observing a textbook that continually writes itself; the colour palette of Staghorn & Flowerpot forests fills my vision. I can hear the Wrasse crunching away amongst reef peak hour; Humpback acoustics in the distance, a juvenile Black Tip stalks nearby and the anemones dance as the sun begins to set. There is no silence, only the noise of life and even though I'm 30 nautical miles out here on my own I realise that I'm not alone. Peering over starboard side the aqua blue shallows form into a state of breathtaking bioluminescence. The Reef begins to phase into its annual mass spawn, an opportunity for life, a chance for the coral graveyards to regain vital signs. It is here that the foundation and balance of aquatic life begins again. It is here that the Great Barrier Reef heart beats. Mother Nature will always win.

*Malia Rouillon is a quiet observer, freethinker, physical oceanographer, Director of Protect the Reef. Her scientific career has taken her to some of the oldest and most inaccessible, fragile ecosystems on the continent throughout ground zero sites of the mining industry.*

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# why is art?

ILONA HARKER



Our ancestors spat ochre hand silhouettes on cave walls throughout the ancient world perhaps for the same reasons some scratch genitalia into the dust on dirty cars. Today we line up in

religious reverence to see the RBF on the jocund Mona Lisa but yet we collectively scoff at the outrageous prices on modern art works.

At some point we have to ask ourselves, why do we do art? Why is art?

Why do we create for seemingly no purpose?

Architecturally designed buildings use artistic principles of ergonomics and aesthetics to create spaces that inspire, yet a building has purpose beyond art. It shelters us.

Monolithic bridges that span serpentine rivers connect peoples, yet these also use artistic

bends in their primary purpose of joining two points. The gorgeous curves of the E Type Jaguar only exist because the engine inside the erotic chassis transports people to places. A novel about a woman needing a room so she can live her life with agency isn't nearly as practical as a medical journal for saving a life.

Art doesn't obviously offer shelter nor connect us nor move us nor save lives...

Or does it? I remember clearly my quickening walk every Tuesday from West End to the deep worn chesterfield at the Queensland Art Gallery.

After dropping my son to kindy, I beelined to the bookshop and would grab art books and feast. As a newly single mum there was no money for essential luxuries like books, yet still I felt giddy, if not a little guilt-ridden with the richness of my one indulgent day of art, critical thoughts and ideas.

This gorging would satiate me for days and my little world of struggle would be transformed through the lens of art, ideas and theory. High on art, I'd skip along with my son pointing out dragons playing in the clouds and we'd discuss the purpose of graffiti, critiquing the pissy tags of teenage hubris yet celebrating the illegal genius of certain overnight spills, sprays and dollops. We'd watch monster buildings with crane arms slow motion roar on the too blue Brisbane horizon and steal into broken cathedrals with bricks jutting teeth and talk about why god was.

On these sacred art days, I would whisper through the gallery like a caretaker at a luxury resort, shyly smiling at the guards and assistants who recognised my weekly pilgrimage. I'd sit for hours in the bookshop reading and doodling in my sketchbook; I was always relieved never to be asked to leave.

This concrete behemoth of a gallery saved me from the insane process of separating from a violent relationship, the fear of sole parenting and the terrible absolute truth, that at 23, I had completely stuffed my life up.

This gallery also housed two of the greatest

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Poetry is an act of peace. Peace goes into the making of a poet as flour goes into the making of bread.

PABLO NERUDA



artworks\* that I have beheld.

So how did art transform this poorly educated single mother shop girl into a curator, musician and the beautiful creative cluster fuck I now am?

Well quite simply... art helps sort your shit out, from dance, to design, with words and music, with mess and finesse, art takes the mundane and transforms it into the profound and art does the same with our lives.

It transformed mine and after saying no to working as an art director on a film because I knew I'd never see my son, I moved to the then quite daggy Brunswick Heads and started working for \$14 per hour as a contractor at a local art gallery.

Our life had begun again and the natural art of the beaches and rainforest inspired me to art like I'd never arted before. Painting, singing, poetry and dress up nights at a small arts collective called La Mer in Byron throbbed with chatter, dreams, art, characters, clichés and cliques but oh, it was glorious and we frolicked in the wave of what became the Byron Arts and Industry Park.

That was a great wave to catch after the first breaking sets caught by the deadbeats, hippies and surfers that flowed into the Bay in the '60s, leading to the Epicentre parties and the establishment of Byron as an arts Mecca. Now the new guard of visionaries come from all over the globe to experience the Byron vibe and while that brings with it a crass commercialism, there are also the seers and the hammerers and the glass artists who sit and contemplate and then

bring a stone from a field and pound precious metal into a circle of commitment or bellow a constellation into molten sand. There are the shapers and makers who quickly weed out the fakers and these sweaty beauties dance in their creations as they hustle and hone.

Art fights the forced optimism of a commercial society, just as it holds up a light to the darkness of the terror and pain we are subjected to with our media addiction. We need art to shelter us, to build bridges between notions, to transport us, to inspire us.

So when art becomes the status mark for the insecure trying to outdo each other in a vulgar show of wealth and power, art reacts by becoming ridiculous and morris dances between anger, hilarity and nonsense. In this space the art we need to comfort and inspire us can turn and alienate us. A cow in formaldehyde, MONA's poo machine, and a movie about eating ourselves to death are all giving a big brown eye to the wank of art yet in a dark absurd twist of crass commercialism, these works can often end up being critically praised and lauded. In this environment we lose the ability to use art as play and see art as piffle poffle gilded in mock gold. I reckon that's a damn shame. Maybe it would be beneficial for us all to go back to the simple act of creating something, anything, just to say to the great void, I am here and I art.

*\*Anish Kapoor - Mother as Void Lee Mingwei - Writing the unspoken  
Ilona Harker describes herself as a 'doer of stuff'. She does quite a lot of stuff and when she's finished doing her stuff, she likes to sleep. She has a website that is a little more in depth. [www.ilonaharker.com](http://www.ilonaharker.com)*



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The Guardian



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AC GRAYLING



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[evolveyogafestival.com.au](http://evolveyogafestival.com.au)

BRUNSWICK HEADS FISH &  
CHIPS FESTIVAL  
[brunswickheads.org.au](http://brunswickheads.org.au)

### FEBRUARY

BYRON BAY SURF FESTIVAL  
[byronbaysurffestival.com](http://byronbaysurffestival.com)

### MARCH

BRUNSWICK HEADS KITES AND  
BIKES FESTIVAL  
[brunswickheads.org.au](http://brunswickheads.org.au)

### EASTER

BLUESFEST  
[bluesfest.com.au](http://bluesfest.com.au)

BOOMERANG FESTIVAL  
BI-ANNUAL  
[boomerangfestival.com.au](http://boomerangfestival.com.au)

### MAY

BANGALOW BILLYCART FESTIVAL  
[bangalowbillycart.com.au](http://bangalowbillycart.com.au)

### JULY

SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS  
[splendourinthegrass.com](http://splendourinthegrass.com)

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[byronbaywritersfestival.com.au](http://byronbaywritersfestival.com.au)  
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[visitsw.com](http://visitsw.com)

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[bbqbluegrass.com.au](http://bbqbluegrass.com.au)

### SEPTEMBER

SAMPLE FOOD FESTIVAL  
[samplefoodfestival.com.au](http://samplefoodfestival.com.au)

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[bbff.com.au](http://bbff.com.au)

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[byronlatinfiesta.com.au](http://byronlatinfiesta.com.au)

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MULLUMBIMBY MUSIC FESTIVAL  
[mullummusicfestival.com](http://mullummusicfestival.com)  
BANGALOW SHOW  
[bangalowshow.com.au](http://bangalowshow.com.au)

### DECEMBER

UPLIFT BYRON BAY  
[upliftfestival.com](http://upliftfestival.com)  
SPIRIT FESTIVAL, MULLUMBIMBY  
[spiritfestival.com.au](http://spiritfestival.com.au)  
FALLS FESTIVAL NEW YEAR'S  
EVE  
[byron.fallsfestival.com.au](http://byron.fallsfestival.com.au)

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[www.feroscare.com.au/care](http://www.feroscare.com.au/care)

[advisors@feroscare.com.au](mailto:advisors@feroscare.com.au)

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\*Subject to eligibility and income testing. Time and frequency of services depend on the Home Care Package level approved.



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australia





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**ANONYMOUS**



# BYRON GUIDE DIRECTORY 2018

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## ACCOMMODATION

ArtsFactory Lodge: 1 Skinners Shoot Rd  
[www.artsfactory.com.au](http://www.artsfactory.com.au)

6685 7709

Byron Bay Holiday Village Backpackers: 116 Jonson St  
[www.byronbaybackpackers.com.au](http://www.byronbaybackpackers.com.au)

6685 8888

27

Byron Bay Beach Hostel: Cnr Lawson & Fletcher Sts

6685 8750

37

Byron Bay Holiday Rentals: [www.byronbayholidayrentals.com](http://www.byronbayholidayrentals.com)

6684 7728

Byron at Byron Resort & Spa: 77-97 Broken Head Rd  
[www.thebyronatbyron.com.au](http://www.thebyronatbyron.com.au)

6639 2000

9

Byron Cove Beach House: 10 Kendall St  
[www.byroncove.com.au](http://www.byroncove.com.au)

6680 7595

Byron Palms Guest House: 7 Browning St  
[www.byronpalms.com.au](http://www.byronpalms.com.au)

6685 7737

Byron Springs Guest House: 2 Oodgeroo Gdns  
[www.byronspringsguesthouse.com](http://www.byronspringsguesthouse.com)

0457 808 101

Cape Byron State Conservation Area: [www.nationalparks.nsw.gov.au](http://www.nationalparks.nsw.gov.au)

6620 9300

Elements of Byron: 144 Bayshore Dr [www.elementsofbyron.com.au](http://www.elementsofbyron.com.au)

6639 1500

44

Feros Village: aged/respite care Marvell St  
[www.feroscare.com.au](http://www.feroscare.com.au)

6685 7676

59

Julian's Apartments: 124 Lighthouse Rd [www.juliansbyronbay.com](http://www.juliansbyronbay.com)

6680 9697

Reflections Holiday Parks: [www.reflectionsholidayparks.com.au](http://www.reflectionsholidayparks.com.au)

53

Tallow Beach Motel: 108 Alcorn St Suffolk Park  
[www.tallowbeachmotel.com.au](http://www.tallowbeachmotel.com.au)

6685 3369

The Garden Burees of Byron Bay: 17 Gordon St  
next to Arts Factory [www.gardenburees.com.au](http://www.gardenburees.com.au)

6685 5390

## ARTS / CRAFTS / PHOTOGRAPHY

David Young Photographer: [www.davidyoung.com.au](http://www.davidyoung.com.au)

0428 187 025

Nelly Le Comte: [www.nlcphotography.com.au](http://www.nlcphotography.com.au)  
[www.byronbay-cookbook.com.au](http://www.byronbay-cookbook.com.au)

0418 753318

Sharky's Tattoo: 103 Jonson St [www.sharkys.tv](http://www.sharkys.tv)

6680 8234

51

Tao Jones Photography: [www.byronbayphotographer.com](http://www.byronbayphotographer.com)

0422 614 245

## ATTRACTIONS/ACTIVITIES/TRAVEL/TOURS

Ballina Byron Gateway Airport: Southern Cross Dr Ballina ballinabyronairport.com.au		60
Byron Bay Ballooning Tyagarah Airport byronbayballooning.com.au	1300 889 660	4
Byron Bay Surf Festival: 22 - 25 February 2018 byronbaysurffestival.com.au		
Byron Bay Writers' Festival 2018: Level 1/28 Jonson St August 3 - 5 byronbaywritersfestival.com.au	6685 5115	58
Byron Car Hire: at Byron Service Station at railway crossing simmonsbyronbay.com.au	6685 6638	51
Byron Visitors Centre: Behind the bus stop visitbyronbay.com	6680 8558	
Cape Byron State Conservation Area: Visit the lighthouse & Australia's most easterly point. www.nationalparks.nsw.gov.au	6620 9300	
Cape Byron Marine Park: www.dpi.nsw.gov.au/fishing/marine-protected-areas/marine-parks	0439 485 266	
Crystal Castle: Monet Dr Montecollum crystalcastle.com.au	6684 3111	68
Go Sea Kayak: opp 56 Lawson St www.goseakayakbyronbay.com.au	0416 222 344	57
Macadamia Castle: Hinterland Way, Knockrow macadamiacastle.com.au	6687 8432	47

## BUILDING

Arcbuild Pty Ltd: Specialises in architect-designed residences www.arcbuildinsurance.com.au	1300 095 393	57
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## FASHION & CLOTHING

Dr Moose T-shirts: 48 Jonson St www.drmoose.com.au	6685 5825	48
Patagonia: 1/58 Jonson Street. www.patagonia.com.au	6685 8528	5

## FOOD & ENTERTAINMENT

100 Mile Table: 4/8 Banksia Drive www.100miletale.com	6680 9814	44
Alive and Wild online store: www.aliveandwild.com	0412 400 085	20
Byron Bay Cookie Company: Shop 3/4 Jonson St Ozigo Bayshore Drive. BB Ind Estate. www.cookie.com.au	6685 5143	10
Byron at Byron Restaurant: 77-97 Broken Hd Rd www.thebyronatbyron.com.au	6639 2111	9
Byron Bay Services Club & Pandanus Room: Jonson St www.byronbayservicesclub.com.au	6685 6878	13

The opposite of poverty  
isn't wealth. It's justice.  
**BRYAN STEVENSON**



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Byron Corner Store: 7/47 Jonson St www.facebook.com/byroncornerstore	6685 6672	
Byron Farmers' Market: Byron Butler St. Thurs morning Bangalow Sat morning www.byronfarmersmarket.com.au		19
Duk - Chinese Eating House. 9 Bay Lane www.dukbyronbay.com	6680 9606	15
Earth 'n' Sea Pizza : 1/4 Byron St www.earthnsea.com.au	6685 6029	24
Finn Poké: Shop 5, 8 Fletcher St.	6685 8156	21
La Bottega: 1/7 Grevillea St Arts & Ind Estate www.peppepizzabyronbay.com	0404 508 041	45
Legend Pizza: 90 Jonson St www.legendpizza.com.au	6685 5700	12
Main Street Burger Bar: 18 Jonson St	6680 8832	25
Salumi: Quality Meats Rajah Rd Ocean Shores www.salumi.com.au	6680 1577	23
Slice Pizzeria: Shop 5 Cavanbah Arc beach end Jonson St www.slicepizzeria.com.au	6680 9357	34
Sparrow Coffee: 1 Byron St Byron Bay & 32 Byron St Bangalow www.facebook.com/sparrowcoffeeco		20
Stone & Wood: 4 Boronia Place Arts & Industry Estate www.stoneandwood.com.au	6685 9220	67
Terra Catering: contibruno8@gmail.com	0424 530 390	16
The Bread Social: 11 Ewingsdale Road at The Farm www.thefarmbyronbay.com.au/community/the-bread-social	6684 7940	2
The Cellar: 4 Lawson St Byron Bay Byron St Bangalow	6685 6455 6687 1262	30
The Italian: 2 Bay St adjoining Beach Hotel www.italianatthepacific.com.au	6680 7055	17
The Pass Café: Brooke Dr	6680 8028	18
The Roadhouse: 142 Bangalow Rd www.roadhousebyronbay.com		20
Three Blue Ducks: 11 Ewingsdale Rd at The Farm www.threeblueducks.com	6684 7795	2
Velvet Byron: 3/30 Fletcher St. www.velvetbyronbay.com	6680 7841	15

## GIFTS & SHOPPING

Bangalow Rug Shop: 11 Byron St Bangalow www.orientalcarpets.com.au	6687 2424	38
Bay Gems: Beach end Jonson St	6685 7437	49



Byron Photo Magic: 4/108 Jonson St The Plaza  
www.photomagic.com.au

6685 5877

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Déjà Vu: 34 Byron St Bangalow  
www.facebook.com/Deja-Vu-Bangalow

6687 2622

36

Eden at Byron Garden Centre: 140 Bangalow Rd  
www.edenatbyron.com.au

6685 6874

42

Smith Optics: 63 Centennial Cct Arts & Ind Est www.sb8.com.au

6639 5555

Traeger BBQ Grill: 63 Centennial Cct Arts & Ind Est  
www.sb8.com.au

6639 5555

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Turning Point Books & Prints: www.rustymillersurf.com

0428 847 390

65

## HEALTH, BEAUTY & HOLISM

Feros Care: www.feroscare.com.au

1300 763 583

59

Fusion Health: P.O. Box 1999. Byron Bay. www.fusionhealth.com.au

1800 550 103

3

The Spa & Wellness Centre Byron at Byron : 77-97 Broken Head Rd  
www.thebyronatbyron.com.au

6639 2110

9

## OPTOMETRIST

Byron Bay Eyecare: Stephen Brady, Fiona Eising, 6 Lawson St  
www.byronbayeyecare.com.au

6685 7025

## PRINT, MEDIA & COMPUTERS

Byron Shire Echo: Village Way, Mullumbimby  
www.echo.net.au / www.echonetdaily.net.au

6684 1777

46

Rusty's Byron Guide: PO Box 851, Byron Bay, NSW, 2481  
rustym@iinet.net.au / www.byron-bay-guide.com.au

6685 5776

## SERVICES

Atlas Currency: Exchange 4/47 Byron St, www.atlascurrency.com.au

1300 261 090

50

Byron Community Centre: 69 Jonson St www.byroncentre.com.au

6685 6807

Byron Community College: www.byroncollege.org.au

6684 3374

Byron Car Hire & Service Station: NRMA at the Railway crossing  
www.simmonsbyronbay.com.au

6685 6638

51

Enova Energy: Australia's first community-owned renewable  
energy supplier. www.enovaenergy.com.au

5622 1700

42

Future Dreamers Girls Club: 24 Marvel St  
www.futuredreamers.com.au

0416 066 434

Labor: Justine Elliot. 107 Minjungbal Dv. Tweed Heads South.  
justine.elliottmp@aph.gov.au

07 5523 4371

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Awareness involves a stepping back  
creating enough space to witness  
oneself as one truly is.

DR. MARIA SIROIS



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Ngara Institute: The Activist Think Tank - Mullumbimby  
www.ngarainstitute.org.au

Northern Rivers Community Foundation: We help you help others.  
PO Box 1426 Ballina info@ncrf.org.au www.ncrf.org.au

The Greens: Tamara Smith. 1/7 Moon St Ballina.  
www.tamarasmith.org.au

The Nationals: Ben Franklin. ben.franklin@parliament.nsw.gov.au

Tricia Shantz TS Consultants: Social Planning,  
Social Geographer / Planning / Research PO Box 851

6686 7522

26

9230 3793

43

0421 422 645

SOLICITOR

BVK: Suite 2 /13 Lawson St (upstairs) www.bvk.com.au

6680 8522

54

Ramsey Moloney: 1/6 Jonson St

6685 6400

52

SURFING

Black Dog Surfing: 4/5 11 Byron St. www.blackdogsurfing.com

6680 9828

39

Boards in the Bay: 12/12 Lawson St www.boardsinthebay.com.au

0412 081 546

31

Let's Go Surfing: 84 Jonson St 6/4 Cavanbah Arcade Jonson St  
www.byronbay.letsgosurfing.com.au

6680 9443

56

Munro Surfboards: 29 Acacia St Arts & Ind Est  
www.munrosurfboards.com.au

6685 6211

7

North Coast Surfboards: 1/29 Acacia St Arts & Ind Est  
www.vouchsurf.com & www.hawaiianprodesigns.com.au

6685 6896

6

Rusty Miller Personalised Surfing Instruction  
www.rustymillersurf.com

6685 5776  
0422 099 684

33

Surfection: 2 Banksia Drive Arts & Ind Estate www.surfection.com

6685 6022

45

TURNINGPOINT BOOKS  
rustymillersurf.com





**Police Station**  
**Marine Rescue**  
**Byron Central Hospital**  
**Byron Bay Community Centre**  
**Byron Bay Library**

**6685 9499**  
**6680 8417**  
**6639 9400**  
**6685 6807**  
**6685 8540**

**Byron Shire Council**  
**George the Snakeman**  
**Byron Bay Visitor Centre**  
**NRMA**  
**WIRES**

**6626 7000**  
**0407 965 092**  
**6680 8558**  
**13 11 22**  
**1300 094 737**

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[crystalcastle.com.au](http://crystalcastle.com.au)

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81 Monet Dr, Mullumbimby NSW, Australia