

THE STARS ARE DEFINITELY CRAZY

HORRORSCOPE FOR THE AUTUMN MONTHS OF 2019:

To allow for the vagaries of the universe and interpretive inexactitude, it might pay to read everyone else's stars as well.

AQUARIUS

You could do with a bit of support today. It could be financial, emotional or perhaps athletic. Try yogaponics, that's where you use bend and stretch exercises to plant vegetables and pull out weeds. Keep your chakras and chokos apart or you might end up blocked and bland.

PISCES

Certainty can be found lurking in the bottom of a beer glass. In fact the more you drink the more certain you become that the whole joint's stuffed and it's some other bastard's fault. The night will start well with you neat and tidy, but by closing time you might be tight and needy.

ARIES

You will see dark clouds on the horizon, as we have every second day around these parts just now. The other night we had 'the big bang theory' meets 'groundhog day'. For hours the universe sounded like it was either starting or ending, only to do it all over again ... and again.

TAURUS

Chill out and watch the tele. Switch to current affairs for the latest instalment of 'Britain Fuxit'. If that makes you mad or sad (and you'd be astrologically certifiable if it didn't), you could try the latest stud-meets-babe mockudrama, 'Divorced at First Light'.

GEMINI

The old people who drink every day (and that's fine as their drug of choice) seem to think it's reasonable to call young people irresponsible when they save their drug taking for special, social occasions such as music festivals. Of course there would be outrage if they had to risk skulling dangerous moonshine because alcohol was illegal and testing it was banned.

CANCER

The full moon finds your new ruler in Pluto. Bad dog! When life becomes chaotic it's time to rule a line under the past and move on. Now where did I put my ...? Oh blast! The new era is off to a sketchy start when you use a table mat to draw a wobblyish delineator between your old self and the new look you.

LEO

A message from the prime minister: jobs and growth C jobs and growth O jobs and growth A jobs and growth L jobs and growth I jobs and growth S jobs and growth G jobs and growth O jobs and growth O jobs and growth D jobs and growth N jobs and growth O jobs and growth N jobs and growth E jobs and growth E jobs and growth jobs D and growth T jobs and growth O jobs and growth W jobs and growth O jobs and growth R jobs and growth R jobs and growth Y jobs and growth.

VIRGO

Go to the movies or stay at home and watch another relentless episode of 'The Trumpire Strikes Back'. The pasty comb-



over really did say, "I shouldn't be telling you this because the top brass don't want to alert the baddies, but we're pulling out of Syria". What must the dusty frontline troops surrounded by mistrustful villagers think of their Tweeter-in-Chief?

LIBRA

Every cloud has a silver lining especially if you're a top public servant. Politicians must keep a gift register so Clive Cappa can't curry furtive favours. But the people who actually run the place day to day can take whatever from whoever and not tell a soul. You can tell this works well by the lack of inexplicably dodgy public works.

SCORPIO

'Hardly Normal "WOW!"' Get on down for more new goodies, no repayments, until it breaks or becomes redundant, and no interest for ever it seems in how to deal with all the old stuff. Braidwoodians will soon be under the influence of a sign that says, 'what it weighs you pays'.

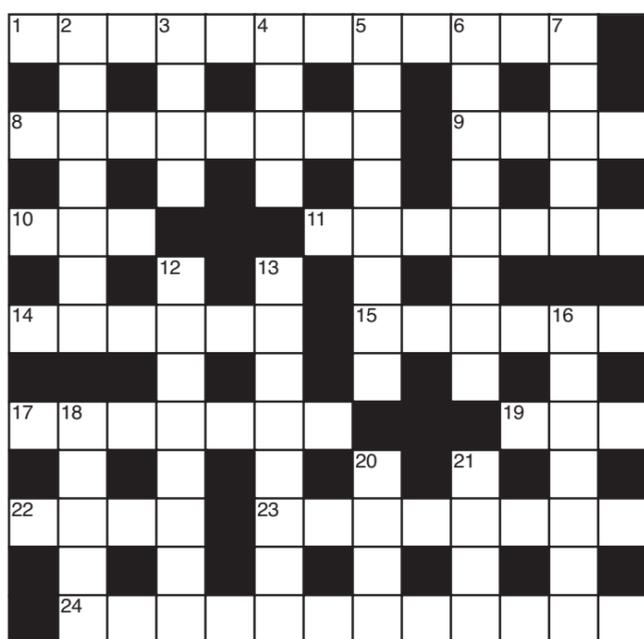
SAGITTARIUS

There are multi-dimensions out there. Music festivals can provide transcendental inspiration but if you want to plunge into an out-of-this-world experience, it should be through a portal not a portalo.

CAPRICORN

A.A. Milne has some wise words of political comfort in these trying election times: "Halfway down the stairs is a stair where I sit. There isn't any other stair quite like it. I'm not at the bottom, I'm not at the top; so this is the stair where I always stop. "Halfway up the stairs isn't up, and it isn't down. It isn't in the nursery, it isn't in the town. And all sorts of funny thoughts run round in my head. It isn't really anywhere! It's somewhere else instead."

BRAIDWOOD BAFFLER BWD 18



ACROSS

- Workers for a candidate or party. (12)
- Places to be on the campaign trail. (8)
- Annoying automated phone call (4) and 22 Across (4)
- Rock or sediment from which metals can be extracted. (3)
- Greek drama or election loss? (7)
- Great White or loan? (1,5)
- Braidwood's electorate. (6)
- Braidwood has one of these buildings where items of historic, cultural or religious significance are kept for public display and research. (7)
- Female former journalist, editor and latterly champion for medical research into arthritis and Alzheimers. (30)
- See 9 Across.
- This sort of vote is also called a donkey. (8)
- Do this and avoid the queues on election day! (5, 7)

DOWN

- Window blinds or shutters with horizontal slats. (7)
- Larger than a town, smaller than a country. (4)

4. Hostelries (4)

- Quack medicines (8)
- Extremely annoying (8)
- Lost the election? Cheer up! Its not .. (2,3)
- One who applies pricetags on goods or nametags on clothing? (8)
- It's been so hot, who can blame anyone for dressing this way? (8)
- Learn new skills after other employment. (7)
- Utilization (5)
- Frizzy hairstyle (4)
- Spoken, not written (4)

SOLUTION TO BAFFLER BWD 17



WHAT'S ON THIS PAGE?

Why aren't we getting anywhere?

Drunk on prosperity, with closing time fast approaching, it would appear that we still have no plan B

I bumped into a friend at the supermarket the other day and we got talking about renewable power for Braidwood.

"We've been talking about it for ages," she said. "When are we going to actually do something?" And that's a good question.

I went looking through my *Time & Energy* archive and it was depressing reading. For those of you weren't here at the time, I wrote eighty-five weekly columns under the *T&E* banner for the *Braidwood Times* between June 2007 and August 2011.

Looking back at the writings of twelve years ago does make it look like we've stood stock still on any meaningful



towards the future by Paul Cockram

movement towards renewable energy coming from policy at a government level. Sure, there have been many solar panels put on roofs and a few in larger arrays, but it's been despite government policy rather than as a result.

As we head into double election mode it also enlightening to hear the voices

from the past. Do we remember Michael Costa standing, dancing almost, on stage in front of the NSW State Labor conference telling the rank and file they'd be 'dreaming' if they thought he could be stopped from selling our electricity assets.

How about Martin Ferguson, Labor Resources Minister who reassured us in 2008 that he was, 'finalising the world's first legislative framework for carbon sequestration' as if that was all it took to make a hopeless idea work.

Remember how the Greens scuppered Kevin Rudd's Carbon Pollution Reduction Scheme on the flimsy grounds that it didn't go far enough. That they voted in solidarity with Tony Abbott's mob, who at that time didn't even pretend to believe in climate change, was a terrible error of judgement.

It was the making of the self-serving term 'carbon tax' as if we were being unfairly punished for something we didn't do.

Will another decade fly past with little to show? Will this next lot of party politicians serve us any better?

I hope so because the clock is ticking a bit louder every day.

And just in case you're interested in what seemed like a plausible scenario ten years ago ...

Braidwood Times — November 14 2007

2019: a vision for the future

I was going to call this story a '2020 vision' which I thought sounded a bit clever but luckily I thought first I'd better look up Google, the columnist's new-found friend.

Every organisation on the planet appears to have a 2020 vision, about 2.2 million of them, so I'll settle for a 2019 vision of which there are fewer than 850,000. So anyway, on with the story: One morning in the year 2019, Tom woke and looked out the window. Hmm, overcast and not much wind, not a good power day, he should've washed his clothes the day before. In the kitchen the power meter was showing in the red zone, meaning fossil fuel was burning to keep up with the current demand so the price was a bit high for using the washing machine.

Not to worry, he put his dirty clothes in the machine anyway, set the usual dials then set the energy timer to start the machine if the power meter went into the green during the day meaning that solar and wind were now online. Of

course he could just bung the machine on like people used to do in the old careless days, but he would pay a hefty price.

Everyone these days had a power meter inside the house that showed how the electricity was being made at any given moment, green for renewable, red for fossil and a black zone meaning imminent outage. It also showed how much was being used, or in some people's cases supplied, at any time by the house's occupants and best of all, a counter in dollars and cents with the amount owing to, or owed by, the electricity supplier.

It looked like toast would cost \$3.50 today so he settled for a bowl of meusli and skipped his cup of tea. He jumped onto his bike and pedalled away down the road to the bus stop.

All the regulars were there - school kids, workers and shoppers. Right on time, up glided the 'DannVan', as it was known locally in honour of the old fella who lived up the road. He had been one of the first voices to point out the all-round benefit of people working collectively.

The light-weight electric bus made easy work of the short run into Braidwood where the Canberra bus was waiting at the interchange. Tom swiped his car-

bon card as he got on the big highway cruising bus and headed for a comfy seat in the music section.

The turning point for public transport had been the introduction of the carbon card. Travelling by bus or train clocked up far fewer carbon debits than were imposed at the petrol pump. As more people used public transport, the carbon emission of the nation was reduced and the government soon realised that every dollar spent upgrading public transport was a win for everyone.

Tom really liked the bus. He passed the journey time checking out the latest demo music from the onboard multi-channel music player. Other passengers chatted or read, the nerdy types plugged into the blisteringly fast wireless internet and got straight on with the day's work.

Before the bus arrived in Canberra, because it was now raining, Tom and the other passengers selected their destinations using the console on the seat back in front of them. The route computer at mini-bus central worked it all out and dispatched the appropriate vehicles to meet them at the terminal. Once again, a swipe of the card was all that was required.

It was a good life.