

Homeopathics

By Tarang Bates

Seen any of the unexplainable lights around the valley recently? You may be one of the more sensitively, intuitive homeopathic types. By all accounts the light activity has accelerated in recent months.

Often people are alone, but it is not unheard of, for a group of people to have a sighting and weirdly enough, it can happen that in a group, one or two people will see nothing. It seems as though it may be a matter of interdimensional perception – some are capable of this and some are not. A bit like changing channels or frequency, effortless for some, others can't find the switch and others would say there is only one channel.

These unexplainable visual delights, may be a bit frightening at first, just keep in mind that there are heaps of local people, who have had experiences of this nature. Most would consider themselves quite honoured and often the experience has been exciting, amazing and enlightening, particularly when there has been communication involved. It is natural to be fearful as we have become so used to our tangible and mostly explainable, three dimensional existence.

The hardest part is often convincing others that your experience is genuine. There are a plenty of sceptics out there, but when you have had an experience of this nature there is an element of sacredness about it that defies logic and explanation – it's a knowing – and that's something you will always have.

The Homeopathics I am going to concentrate on this month relate to remedies that suit people who are often considered to be quite psychic, mystical or intuitive. Perhaps more likely to be open to interdimensional communication, on a number of different levels.

PHOSPHORUS people have an innocence and openheartedness about them which makes them very trusting, even gullible at times. Excitable and playful people, who are naturally tuned into their own inner joy, radiating love and happiness which



is infectious to others. They can be impulsive, generous and possibly a bit irresponsible. Sociable and inspirational people, who love company and who easily, absorb impressions from their surroundings. Sometimes called a "psychic sponge" because they are so sensitive to atmospheres and external impressions. Phosphorus people may have premonitions and experience clairvoyance (vision), clairaudience (hearing) or clairsentience (perception). **LACHESIS** are mystical and philosophical types, who have a passion for life, excitement and stimulation. They are refined and sensitive but can become overly talkative when feeling stressed. They are often hurried because of their hunger for experience and may become angry and irritable if others are not keeping up. Deep intelligent individuals, with the ability to have imaginative insights, they have the ability to heal others during bodywork, as they often feel the subtle currents of energy in the body.

MEDORRHINUM people are daydreamers who often feel space out, they may even experience mind expansion similar to someone who has taken hallucinogenics. If they do indulge in drugs or alcohol, they will be affected very quickly. These types are intuitive, imaginative, and capable of mystical and clairvoyant insight and predictions. When feeling under stress, they may have a sense of feeling hurried and become forgetful but they have a natural enjoyment of being themselves, embracing all experiences, adventures and opportunities.

The aspects of these remedies discussed here, relate mainly to the subject of psychic abilities. There are many other characteristics not mentioned.

These and other remedies are available from Nimbin Homeopathics. Contact Tarang on 02 66891452 email tarangbates@yahoo.com.au

WAR: the futility and waste of it all PEACE: an end to war for the sake of our children

by Arthur Pike

On Armistice Day, I finished reading Northern Star editor Russell Eldridge's moving story of his visit to the Somme. He wrote, 'it was the nature of the slaughter that has burned the Great War into our collective consciousness.'

I sipped the last of my coffee and looked up from the photo of a village war memorial in Provence, away from the Somme battlefields, across Nimbin's main street to our own village war memorial,

The Provencal village, like so many places around our country, honoured those who served in the first Great War:

A La Memoire
Des Enfants de Gordes
Morts pour La France
1914-1918

(Translation: To the memory of those children of Gordes who died for France 1914-1918).

The Nimbin memorial lists 114 who volunteered to serve in World War One. A cross against thirty names records those who 'paid the supreme sacrifice'. Unlike the French and many other memorials throughout Australia, which feature a mourning soldier standing to attention with crossed hands over a reversed rifle, the Nimbin plinth is mounted with a broken column, symbolising a life cut short.

When the war began, Australia's population was just under 5,000,000. Australia suffered disproportionate casualties in WW1. Of the 356,000 who served in the forces, 61,000 were killed and 156,000 were wounded. The British High Command used Australians relentlessly, because they proved to be outstanding shock troops. So, Australian casualties were high.

The Nimbin broken column reminded me of Bill Gammage's *The Broken Years*, published in 1974. He told the story of Gallipoli, with his reading of letters from the front and changing attitudes of the men as they moved from initial patriotism to disillusionment, as British generals and Imperial policy exploited their fighting qualities and the casualties mounted to some 8,000 killed in a few short months. Is there any wonder about how the ANZAC legend has grown in the Australian psyche?

An examination of background info on Gammage's subjects raises the question of many of these being born in the United Kingdom; this accounting for much of the early very pro-British attitudes.

The Nimbin broken column and Gammage's *Broken Years* prompted a recall of my father's life and the aftermath of his foot soldiering in WW1. His experience as a private in the 18th Infantry Battalion on the Western Front, on the Somme and in Belgium left their mark in the post-war years.

His life in the trenches does not bear description – enough to say it covers a range of hardship; for example, trench fever, shell shock, ill effects from gas attacks. Then, on 27th July 1918, when Australian infantry had already created the tactical model opening the offensive that ended the war, he was caught in a night patrol in no-man's land at Villers-Bretonneux.

From field hospitals in France, he was eventually transferred to Bath War Hospital in England for follow-up treatment: for gun-shot wounds to both thighs (severe), amputation of the right foot, wounds to both wrists and other parts of the body.

During the two decades after the war he was admitted some twenty-odd times to Randwick Repatriation Hospital for removal of shrapnel pieces from his body. Every winter he suffered chest problems as a result of his wartime exposure to gas attacks..

Regardless of policies declaring that returned soldiers were entitled to employment preferences, he was declared redundant by the NSW Government Railways in 1929 and was unemployed for four years. His heart could not cope with pneumonia when he died. He was buried on his 47th birthday. His parents reached their 70's and 80's.

When I wanted to join up in WW11 my father said he would not sign my application, declaring his own experience had convinced him war was a futility and a waste of resources, an obsenity, that ordinary people had nothing to gain from war. Eventually, when the extremes of the war in Europe and Asia began to emerge he signed my papers.

My father and I, between us, served eight years in the A.I.F as combat foot soldiers – his service was three and a half years and mine four and a half years.

I believe my father was right in opposing war and since my army discharge have always supported the peace movement. Our so well-trained forces should be involved in peace-keeping ventures. Let's have no more of the killing century we've just had; no more Koreas, Vietnams, or WW11. We need peace in our time, for the sake of our children.



The cards kept coming in ...then I knew I had not, had not sent my cards to others...

and older men, who'd never been to war, talked in their bellicose way, of committing younger men to war.

Heralding a repeat of the killing century, the president talked of the first war of the twenty-first century;

I turned to Picasso who used his work for an end to war; to stop slaughter of innocents; telling us to demand

**peace in our time
an end to war.**

by Arthur Pike

(Picasso image used with permission, courtesy A.P.)



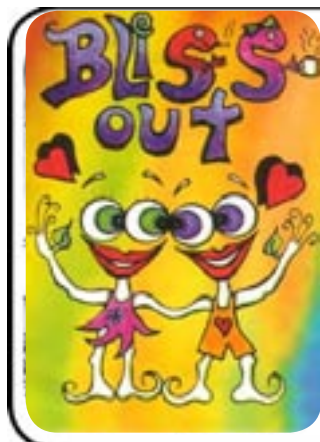
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