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DOLPHIN FUNERALS



by Michelle Chapman
Seedtree Maps

I'll tell you a seedy secret. All nuts are fruits, all fruits have seeds, and all seed collectors are nuts!

You would have to be a little nuts to dangle off the edge of a cliff with a pole pruner just to snip off a few follicles, to dodge and weave between peak-hour traffic to get onto a roundabout of revegetated rainforest to collect capsules, to dive and roll under barbed wire fences being chased by cows just to get particularly

precious pods.

If you've read this far, you're probably a little nuts too. Or maybe you've sat around the dinner table when someone very knowledgeably proclaims, "Did you know, a tomato is not a vegetable?" A mind-blowing moment for most.

This is usually only topped by, "And, did you know that a banana is a herb, not a fruit?" At which point the entire table goes completely silent, then erupts with various Wiki facts about the presence of seeds being an indication of fruit, bananas all being clones and

the lack of seeds in anything being the work of Monsanto. It's a great conversation starter.

But to say all nuts are fruits? That's just crazy talk. Crazy botanical talk. Technically speaking, nuts are a type of fruit, along with follicles, pods, and capsules. And along with berries, as in our tomato and banana fruits. The definition of a fruit is "the fleshy material surrounding a seed or seeds".

Most of the foods we commonly refer to as nuts, are seeds or fruits. The macadamia 'nut' is a type of fruit, a follicle. The hard woody stone that we crack to get into the seed is the middle layer of the fruit, with a thin papery layer within, and a leather protective layer outside that splits down one side.

The delicious creamy 'nut' in the middle of the woody stone is the seed. If you resisted the urge to devour it, you could propagate it.

The opportunity to collect, process and propagate seeds is passing us by all day every day. This Seedy Secrets column is hoping to plant

the seed that you, yes you, could develop the innate DNA-driven ability to collect seeds like we all used to, and potentially grow them too.

Why? It's a beautiful way to connect with country. It's a way to be a part of the reforestation revolution. It's a chance to stop, to observe, to learn from nature.

Secret seed

In May, look out for the rosy Red apple lilly pillly (*Acmena ingens*). It's technically a drupe, with pink-red skin, an apple-like white flesh and a single seed. Insects love it. Collect fruits without insect infestation.

Soak fruits in a bucket of water for two days to kill insects. Continue to soak until the flesh softens. Use a sieve to separate the flesh and seeds. Sow the seeds with a light covering of seed-raising mix in individual pots.

And for those around the dinner table, the entire banana plant is a herb, the largest herb in the world, which bears the banana fruit.

Survival Matters: Now to the basics, the Roux

by Thom Culpepper

You will not rue the day you discovered the genius of the Roux.

Today we will make the 'Sort-of-inedible', the tough, appear tender. Avec sauces! Viva les Rouxes.

Ingredients – basic

650 gms butter
50 gms 'flour' of your choice (note below)
250ml clean water (basic roux)
250 mls milk or veg-stock of your choice.

Say, a bechamel. A seafood dressing on salmon or crab, or by the birds, the duck, the guinea-fowl, the Cornish hen or the French goose, Rouxs softens the pallet-bite.

Butter, flour (of choice) and milk for a bechamel, a white spiced sauce, with brassica etc on spiced pasta or grilled lobster or steak on salad with a warm sauce, such as a herbed Bernaise, so to say.

The first and foremost, the roux! Butter, or fat (of choice), flour, (of choice) cooked to colour of choice, by weight NOT by volume, with water, milk or a stock of your choice, to make a basic roux.

Method

To make a roux, take equal parts of



fat and flour by weight, not by volume, melt the fat and slowly blend in your flour, (by the way, coconut flour is an excellent participant in this caper) add a bit more, 15% coconut flour, it's very absorbent, until the flour has absorbed all of the fats.

Cook on low heat, stirring all the time until the roux is of the desired colour (light cooking is white cooking, eg for cauliflower), browner roux for stews, and darker again, for meat sauces. Do not burn the roux mix!

Butter has 15% more water than clarified fats. Reduce the butter to butter fat, and gone is the water. Gentle cooking!

For Béchamel, cool and then blend into 250 mls of warm milk in a ratio of 2 butter to 2 flour. When coconut flour is used (it absorbs more water from the butter), add a little more butter to

the coconut flour to all other flours, at a 2.25 butter to 2 flour ratio. Spelt, buckwheat etc can also be called on to make a gluten-free, basic roux.!

Skirt steak, mature pork, hogget chop, beef-cheeks, neck-meat and all of the general stewing muscletti, are made useful and masticate well with these sauces.

There's a plethora of influencer-gals out there on social media videos beating their drums on cooking-stuff, including the Rouxes. They are in the end mostly all about, "Look at me, look at Me." Some are useful via their ChatGTP and Yankee Youtube video accounts. We will see! But do take a peek, they put some competent effort into some of these productions. And there's a plethora of other stuff out there!

In Pax

Thom wants to relate to a 'survivalist', food-growing, food-cooking partner. Maybe it's you! Must be over 70. To make a few extra cents and enjoy the end of a productive day. To age-proof our pensions! Do get in touch.

Take a peek at France. Time to whistle again, La Marsellaise.

thewholeearthveg@gardener.com

Harvest Food Trail takes a fresh look at Lismore

For the first time, Lismore City Council is co-sponsoring the popular Northern Rivers Harvest Food Trail, creating the opportunity for a record number of Lismore's food producers to be involved.

The Trail, on the weekend of 6th and 7th May, is an annual event which showcases unique local food and beverage producers and has become a major tourism drawcard for the entire region. It extends from Tweed in the north to Grafton in the south and provides an opportunity to visit some of the best farms, distilleries, breweries, and food outlets in the Northern Rivers.

Northern Rivers Food Trail Co-ordinator Lorissa Barrett said the Harvest Food Trail provides a much-needed opportunity to promote the amazing farmers, produce and food establishments after they were hit by Covid-19 followed by the February 2022 natural disaster.



Farmer Kerry Wilson and cheesemaker Paul Wilson from Nimbin Valley Dairy

"Businesses in the food trail all offer something outside the usual, such as farm tours, 'pick your own' experiences, sampling, demonstrations, sit-down meals with producer talks, behind-the-scenes tours, or festive experiences such

as live entertainment on a farm," she said.

This year, the line-up of food experiences across Lismore, Nimbin and local villages is diverse. Local participants include:

- Nimbin Valley Dairy – a tasting, cheese talk and farm tour;
- Nimbin Bush Theatre – lunch, producer talk and local musician;
- Dhezi Deli, Bexhill – selection of tastings from around the world;
- Stockpot Kitchen BBQ Smokehouse, Lismore – feast event with local beverages and music;
- Five Sixty Farm, South Gundurimba – a look at an organic micro farm, long lunch and producer insights; and
- Clift Sugar Cane Farm, South Gundurimbah – meet the farmers, farm tour and industry talk.

For further information on the Harvest Food Trail, visit: www.northernriversfood.org/harvest-food-trail

After the flood

by Mathew Healy and Jane,
Daley's Homewares and Uniforms
Interviewed by Yagia Gentle

Jane

It was my husband's birthday the day of the first flood. We thought we were prepared. My brother Mathew put everything up, and then the devastation hit.

Nobody was really prepared. Mathew stayed in the shop. I stayed home, in Alstonville, managing his anxiety over the phone and posting his pictures on social media because I knew that other businesses wanted to know what was happening.

It was absolute, utter devastation everywhere. We kept thinking that there are people around who need help.

When the water receded we came back to town for the clean-up. I couldn't bring myself to throw everything into landfill.

We had staff, family, established customers, and even strangers taking anything that was possible to wash. There were at least twenty washing machines operating at any one time.

It was incredible the way passing strangers would come and help, and even take soiled stock home and bring it back looking new. Those same people would then purchase stuff to give to flood victims.

Our shop evolved to become a central point for distributing food and blankets. The only way we were fed was through people donating

food, and then we would go over and support the rescue centres.

We were all helping each other. It was extraordinary.

Three weeks later we had to pack again for the second flood. We lost everything.

Like everybody in Lismore, we had no flood insurance. We had to rely on our suppliers for extended credit and selling stock that we had managed to salvage.

Over the years we have donated and supplied lots of organisations with bedding and bath-ware, and they supported us. Some of our suppliers gave us good discounts which we passed on.

The community has just been amazing, how it's rallied together. The quantity of donations, the practical and emotional support that's been given. Lots of people have bought gift vouchers from us for flood victims. It's a win-win that's helped keep us afloat, and people came from all over Australia to help in the disaster. Some would buy a gift from our shop and that was a big help.

Actually the hardest thing in our recovery has been the council closing Keen St for renovations. That's another story. The council got a grant to fix the footpath, and the work was extended to six months because of different issues they had. We missed out on Christmas trade and foot traffic. That really set back our return to business.

Now we're taking it one day at a



time. I don't get traumatised when I hear the sound of rain like many of the people who experienced the flood, but I do get emotional when I talk about it. I try to live for the present and the future, not for the past.

Mathew

Daleys was started in 1989 by my cousin. We started in Molesworth Street, then in Woodlark, and we've been in Keen Street for nearly nineteen years.

In the flood the water came halfway up the window of the second floor. We lost everything. All up it has cost me about \$300,000. We got a tiny portion of assistance from the government, so we just had to suck it up, dust ourselves off and see if we could trade our way out.

We have a well thought-out flood plan, sleeping in the shop and

moving everything up to the top floor. But this flood was different. I was woken at four in the morning, the water breached the levee and then roared through town.

An absolute torrent. Ripping off doors and sending big rubbish skips down the street. We had a big steel counter in the shop that floated away. I don't know where it went. The water kept rising and rising and getting louder. I kept moving stock up, but the water got to everything.

When it started to recede I followed it, hosing the mud off the walls. I know that if the mud sets it's difficult to clean.

All the established businesses in town know what to do in a flood, but this one was so big, it got to the plaster ceiling where all the infrastructure is held. The air conditioning, lights, data cables etc. When the ceiling collapsed it

all came down. We're still not fully recovered from that.

So after the flood it took us a couple of days to take stock. We decided to try to recover what we could, rather than throw it away, and work on fixing up the shop.

We had strangers and customers washing stuff for us. We were constantly getting help from the community. It was just astonishing. We knew that this place has a big heart, but to actually see it first-hand it was so humbling. What really got me was the rallying around afterwards, when people made an effort to come to town and support the businesses that had re-opened.

We're the ones who support the netball and soccer teams. We're the ones who support the local kids. The big chains don't sponsor community events. There's no K-Mart netball club, but there's a Daleys netball club. The community knows this, and they have been supporting the small, local businesses.

Now it's a year after the flood and we've had to re-imagine our business into a manchester, homewares and uniform business. It's slowly picking up. Lismore is slowly waking up from the beating. It will take us years to fully recover and it will be different than before, but Lismore will be back, and once again be the pulsing heart of the Northern Rivers.

Daleys on Keen St Lismore sells high quality sheets, towels, bedding and uniforms. Open during business hours.

The art of practice: walking

by Susan Paget

“How lucky am I?”

That's something I say a lot up here, but I seem to do it the most when I step outside my front door and put one foot in front of the other.

Walking has been my go-to physical practice for over 30 years now. And while I've walked in all kinds of scenarios, from city to the beach, trail walking is my favourite, which is why walking at home along our tree lined gravel road gives such a feeling of great fortune. Between the crunch of the ground, the sound of the birds and rarely a car, I could be in a national park.

When I first started walking, it was my work out and I pushed myself hard. But over the years, my walks have morphed into a practice where the physical exercise is less important. Walking has become a time of steady contemplation. While there's no doubt about its fitness benefits, it's how walking makes me feel on the inside that is the driving force to hit the road.

Studies show that a regular walking practice of just 30 minutes, increases feel good hormones and can have the same effect as antidepressants. Whether I'm listening to music or just taking in the sounds around me, I absolutely feel a mood shift when I return. And that's what keeps me going. Knowing that my mental health will be supported if I can just spare a short amount of time taking a walk is My Big Why – my non-negotiable reason to step outside.

If you're intrigued by the idea of having a walking practice, here are a few tips that I use for mine.

Starting is the hardest

The hardest part of a walking practice is simply putting on your shoes. It's the most important part though because it builds discipline. If you can just overcome mood, lack of motivation and every other obstacle that life will throw at you, you're golden.

A helpful hack to bypass every reason to skip your walk is to create your “Big Why” for committing. Why MUST you do this? Once you decide on a compelling case you can't argue against, you'll find it a lot easier to tie up your laces.

Discover your pace

While the latest science tells us how fast or how far we should walk, I've never regretted meandering versus power walking or enjoying a short walk rather than a long slog. Anything is better than nothing. It takes time to discover the pace that feels good so let yourself move to your own rhythm, whether it's walking for 10 minutes and turning around or strolling at a snail's pace.

As long as you're consistent, simply walking in your natural way is enough. Chances are good that as you develop fitness, you'll naturally adjust your effort to what you need.

Play mind games

On days when getting out the door is tough, I reach for reinforcements courtesy of my phone, which is a good thing to have for safety in this rural area anyway. I might make calls or dictate some writing. Or I'll listen to school lectures or podcasts. I've even used an app that clocked me through virtually walking the 772 kms of the famous Camino de Santiago trek right up here in Tunttable Creek.



Multi-tasking, whether it's using my hike to tick off some of my to-do list or getting a little push from technology is one of the ways I stay consistent. In the end the job gets done!

Autumn and winter are wonderful times of the year to begin a walking practice. The air is crisper and pretty much any hour of the day can be a window to get outside. I can't help but feel grateful for a road in a forest almost to myself. My biggest practice is to walk in this beautiful area and never take it for granted.

Susan Paget is a television producer and well-being writer who teaches yoga classes online and at her home in Tunttable Creek. Instagram: @therainforestfarm or email: susanpaget@gmail.com for more info.

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– Franca Wolfe, January 2023

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"Who will be the last person on Earth to touch your beloved?" - Mimi Zenzmaier
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Poor, poor pitiful me

by Magenta Appel-Pye

The ironic thing about having cancer is that I can no longer indulge in self-pity.

It is a time in my life when it could be excused but I find, unfortunately, it is not a viable option. I know that it is now vital to train my mind to be zen.

By calming my mind, I relax my body. I notice that feeling sorry for myself depletes my energy and will to live, which is the opposite of what I need to survive.

Ten months on and I am still experiencing the full gamut of emotions that come with a cancer diagnosis - disbelief, fear, sadness, anger, futility, eventually spinning around to acceptance and gratitude for all the good things and people in my life.

Even now I find it hard to grasp what has happened to my body and that I had no control over it.

But self-pity is something I must control otherwise I could stay there until death's sweet embrace. I feel like I have been on spiritual boot camp. I notice every thought and how it affects my body.

I realise that happiness is a choice, no matter what is going on. I have learnt to take each day as it comes and look for joy.

Some friends have been wonderful, helping me the whole way through. Others have delivered a meal and left it at that, and some, sadly, have disappeared from my life.

The book *How the Brain Works* by Peter Abrahams states that scientists have discovered a part of the brain related to compassion and that some people are strongly wired in that area and others are not. This helped me accept those from whom I heard nothing.

Feeling extremely vulnerable, now is not the time to be losing good friends. By honoring another's pathway even if it brings me sadness, means that I don't feel self-inflicted pain and that they may still be there when the wheel turns and my life improves.

There are also unexpected gems. Those on the periphery of my consciousness, people I helped long ago, or taught their child or an old neighbour, who put up their hand to help, and made good on their offer.

There is beauty all around and I am keen to see and experience it. One day at a time.

"I want to be alive to all the life that is in me now, to know each moment to the utmost."
- Kahlil Gibran

Goldenrod - golden harvest



Nature's pharmacy

by Trish Clough, herbalist

Recently my husband returned from a manure-gathering adventure and excitedly told me he saw a huge stand of flowering goldenrod.

We rushed off to harvest some, as the perfect time to gather the herb is at the peak of flowering. Traditionally the tincture is made from the fresh flowering tops.

Goldenrod makes a sunny display in the Autumn. It grows in large stands, often in places abandoned by humans, eg. beside disused railway lines.

It is considered invasive in many places, but it is such a useful herb which unfortunately isn't as much in favour in modern herbalism - these things tend to have their 'fashion trends'. It is also useful as it attracts bees and butterflies.

Identifying the species of goldenrod is challenging, as there are apparently 80-150 varieties worldwide (information sources vary).

The main variety used medicinally is the European goldenrod, *Solidago virgaurea*, which is a much smaller plant than the local ones



naturalized here. The *virgaurea* grows to a height of only 40cm, whereas the ones in our local area are taller than I am.

Ours is more similar to the Canadian variety, *Solidago canadensis*, but it doesn't have the toothed leaves of this variety. Another common American variety is *Solidago altissima* ('tall goldenrod'), which doesn't match as *altissima* has short hairs on the stem and underside of the leaves, and my harvest doesn't.

Fortunately, the majority opinion amongst herbalists and scholars is that the medicinal properties are much the same, so I am happy to use my wild-harvested flowers.

One herbal medicine textbook with authors Mills and Bone states that the tall and the Canadian goldenrods do not contain two specific phenolic glycosides that are present in *S. virgaurea* but acknowledges the other species may have medicinal properties.

Given that there are numerous other constituents eg flavonoids, anthocyanidins, diterpenes, tannins and essential oil, it is safe to say the medicinal actions are



widespread. Traditional use in the US and Canada is much the same as in Europe.

Goldenrod's key medicinal action is for everything related to the urinary system. It is the classic kidney herb, with actions to help with kidney stones, infections, and under functioning. Herbalist Matthew Wood (*The Earthwise Herbal Vol 1*) states that exhausted kidneys can either present with dark scanty urine and dry skin, or with copious pale urine and swellings.

The skin on the legs and scalp tends to be dry and scaly with scabs and crusts. As well as strengthening kidney function, goldenrod opens the pores on the skin of the legs and scalp.

Research studies indicate the diuretic effect of the tincture. A European study found 70% of patients with urinary tract inflammation or bacterial infection experienced complete disappearance of symptoms when treated with a fresh plant tincture.

Goldenrod is also known for its benefits in upper respiratory tract symptoms of excess mucus, allergies

(including cat allergy), and red irritated eyes. It is also a warming digestive tonic, mainly from the leaves which are best harvested before flowering.

One of its common names is woundwort, as it is useful as a topical treatment for wounds, and also as an anti-inflammatory balm for sore muscles and joints.

Goldenrod is generally considered a safe herb, with the slight caution that it can cause allergies in people who are sensitive to the *compositae* (daisy) family.

My car-load of goldenrod when stripped down to flowers and leaves from the upper branches shrank to less than 1kg of plant material. It is currently infusing in 70% ethanol (in the European standard) in glass jars. It will make a welcome addition to my herbal dispensary soon.

Trish Clough is a Lismore herbalist who has been practising for more than 30 years. She now conducts her own clinic practice in Iluka. Trish is available for consultations by appointment on 0452-219-502 or email: trishclough@internode.net.au

What caused your discomfort?

That's a good question! Where did the root of your pain or discomfort start?

Here are a few examples. A man came with a clicking jaw, which he's had for years. His jaw was out of balance, and the cause was probably from him swimming every day, mouth breathing to one side only. Eventually his neck muscles tightened on one side and caused the imbalance in the jaw.

Another man came with sciatic pain in his right butt cheek. It turned out that he sits on his wallet when he's driving, and it was impinging on the sciatic nerve. He stopped sitting on it in the car and the pain disappeared.

Another man experienced pain in his back and it turns out he was wearing his belt too tight on his trousers, and it was pressing on a nerve.

A man came with shoulder pain, I questioned when did the pain start? It was eight

months ago, he said. When I asked about what was happening in his life eight months ago, it was when his father died, and he had not given himself any time to grieve. It was like he was 'shouldering' his pain. I asked if he had had any counseling and he said no. The penny dropped for him, he was holding onto the emotional pain and realised he needed to go to see someone to process it. He was grateful for the insight he got from our conversation.

My website designer came to see me with RSI (repetitive strain injury) in her arm, of course she was spending too many hours typing on her laptop. She managed to do some work using the opposite hand to give the injured hand a rest and it began to heal alongside the Bowen treatments she was having. She was so impressed with her result that she went and trained as a therapist herself.



by Sonia Barton

A lot of women come to see me when they've done a lot of brush cutting on their land. They come with a sore back and it is relieved greatly with a session with me.

A few people come to see me with pain in their sacrum or pelvis, a niggling pain, usually it is the sacro iliac joint that is aggravated and inflamed. I know straight away it will be coming from their jaw being out of alignment. Once the jaw is reset, then their pain goes away. The jaw could be out of

balance by having their mouth open too long in the dentists' chair, or from a whiplash injury or from being stressed.

Some people have scar injuries that haven't healed properly from the inside, even from 30 years ago. They cause discomfort, itching, restriction and sometimes tingling, and they don't realise that it's the scar that hasn't healed 100%. This in particular can happen with caesarian scars. I can help you with any scarring that is causing you problems.

If you have any issues that I might be able to help you with please give me a call for a chat first.

Have a lovely month and I hope you get some time to go to the MardiGrass and the Aquarius festivals this month.

Sonia Barton is a Bowen Therapist and Reiki Teacher practising in Nimbin and Murwillumbah. Phone 0431-911-329, web: BowenEnergyWork.com.au

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Legal writes

by John Adams

Business has picked up a bit since the flood. Rose is clearing the decks, closing old files, finding some I've forgotten to bill, leaving at times to oversee the rebuilding of her house.

Hilina's completed the sale of Dr McCardell's house, her client already in my old stamping grounds of Fremantle.

A mate rings to ask if I can help his friend who's been charged with arranging for someone to do a home invasion and beat up the incredibly annoying next-door neighbour. Says he'll pay me.

I tell them to bring me the paperwork. When they arrive it's an inch thick, the complete brief. I tell them to call me in the morning and go home to read it. This takes two hours.

The evidence is damning. Police have recovered the text messages she deleted. They can do that. All I can think of is to plead her guilty at the earliest opportunity, to claim the 25% discount on sentencing.

Crime and madness

Then it's a matter of addressing all the relevant considerations the judicial officer has to balance under the *Crimes (Sentencing Procedure) Act 1999*; punishment, deterrence, rehabilitation, retribution, protection of the community et cetera, not an easy job for the judicial officer.

But when our mutual friend calls me in the morning, he tells me the accused was beaten up some years ago, and nearly killed, suffering serious brain damage. Which changes everything. Charges can be dismissed under section 14 of the *Mental Health and Cognitive Impairment Forensic Provisions Act 2020*. The cognitive impairment bit is a recent addition.

I text her, suggesting she take her medical records to her lawyer and instruct them to make an application to dismiss the charge under s14. I bill my friend for two hours reading and one SMS.

I'd recently been brutally reminded of the section by a client in custody, charged with making annoying telephone calls to police. He's pleaded not guilty. Police evidence is unassailable. They, of course, record such calls. He wants me to defend the matter by attacking police. However justified his belief that some of them are targeting him, it doesn't amount to a defence. I tell him so in a prison visit. An officer enters to tell him to stop shouting.

He's freaking out and wants me to contact all his friends in the legal profession and give them copies of the copious and repetitive material he's written about his case. I make



the mistake of giving him my mobile number. In some calls, before I decide to hit 'do not disturb', he starts off quietly but then the shouting begins. I contact a couple of his friends before I remember that Legal Aid doesn't pay me for this.

It turns out that he's had matters dismissed under s14 before. If he confirms his not guilty pleas and goes to trial, he could do serious time. If he changes them to guilty, a bit less time. To have charges dismissed under the section, a Mental Health Plan is required. This means hospitalisation. But he's not a fan of psychiatry and anyway, keeps on insisting he's innocent. He has difficulty instructing me to go this way.

He needs help but I'm having trouble here. I used to think the criminal justice system worked reasonably well. Now, more and more, I see the widening cracks and the people falling through. I could seek leave to withdraw, say to the learned magistrate, "I have no instructions, Your Honour", but hang in there, stay with the stress, call Dr McCardell in Fremantle and arrange a hypnotherapy session by telephone.

Falling on my feet

As my previous articles have been documenting, I am making a conscious effort to explore the *bardo*, the "between spaces" in my life.

I first became interested in the Tibetan Buddhist concept of the *bardo* many years ago, stumbling upon it in relation to *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, which is where the most common understanding of it is attributed.

The more I studied, the more subtle I realised the idea represents. It isn't just that state between being alive and dead, or between death and rebirth, it's every moment, from this to this to this. It's in here that we populate our experiences with psychological noise, much of which is quite unconscious.

The *bardo* is a thick space, as the writings on the matter in Tibetan Buddhism demonstrates, where figments of the imagination, of fears, of dread, of desires, of neediness, of habitual responses, of hungry ghosts loom to the surface: matters of psychological and emotional distress. Figments, nevertheless, of one's psyche.

The what, the why, the which triggers are interesting, I think. Putting one's focus of attention on

these inner fabrications is really useful in stopping habitual reactions and behaviours before they take hold and interfere with one's life.

Too much of our behaviour is unconscious conditioned responses that may, or may not, be actually terribly helpful in our day to day life. Just because this reaction is familiar to us, doesn't mean it's appropriate right now. Too much of our conditioned responses give rise to high levels of anxiety, which we probably don't need.

The exploration of my conditioned responses gave rise to the experiments I've been practising on myself in recent months.

I put my Lismore house on the market (it's sold now); I set off for Western Australia without a home and stayed with friends; I travelled overseas to the Shetland Islands and swam in the freezing Atlantic (fantastic!); I returned and had to face not having anywhere to stay as my friends needed the space for other people, and I came back really ill from a virus (not Covid) picked up in one of the aeroplanes I flew in.

I contemplated sleeping in my car, airbnbs, hotels, even flying back to Lismore to stay in a friend's flat. I was



by Dr Elizabeth McCardell

really scared. I've never done anything remotely as unsafe as this in my life. I've always been very security/safety conscious, and yet here I was potentially homeless.

All the terrors of my childhood (and nightmares) welled up in horrible forms. This was exploring the absolute edge of existence for me.

And there, in the midst of all this, the settlement on my house came through and on that very same day, within minutes, I'm contacted by a relative of someone I know well, saying they have a flat in Fremantle they wish to sell and that they'd be happy if I stayed there while the process of buying the unit was happening.

So here I am, writing of

the generosity of people, as well as my own extreme feelings of terror in a quiet, lovely home in a place I have wanted to settle all my life. Beneficence!

I have resumed daily swimming in the Indian Ocean and I can feel my body/mind recovering. I notice that the undoing of anxiety knots is happening as I recover my equilibrium. Dreaming is starting to happen again. It was as though even dreams were put on hold as I stumbled from feelings of terror to the conjuring up of horrific what ifs.

Interesting times, these, and interesting to me how all this has played out. This experiment on myself is useful in helping me understand better how others explore and overcome their existential terrors.

We are all vulnerable creatures on the way to healthy conscious life and bringing awareness to this process is helpful for all of us. As a therapist, I can only be effective if I too know this process inside out.

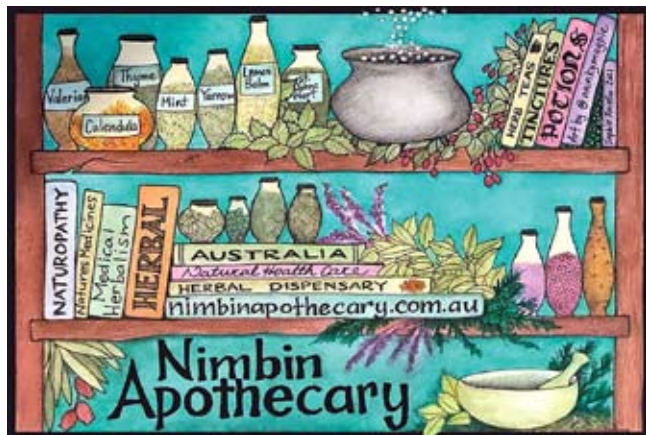
Dr McCardell has relocated to Fremantle, but is still available for on-line consultations. Phone/text: 0429-199-021, email: dr_mccardell@yahoo.com

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WJ WALLIS AND JAZZ

Relief from anxiety

I remember well, when I experienced the confusing journey of menopause.

At the time I made the bitter decision, while battling with depression and panic attacks, that God has serious issues with his mother.

Since then, having observed men who are also facing the unpleasant symptoms of their latter years, I have been left with the suspicion that perhaps he is a sociopath, who secretly dislikes everyone.

Then again, there are those, who maintain that the Great Spirit, being of unconditional love, is happy to allow anything to happen on this most complicated planet, called Mother Earth and all is perfect.

Perhaps artificial intelligence in its seeming state of rapid evolution has the answers, if it is asked the right questions. And I truly wish I was just kidding around with that thought.

One of the gifts of latter years for many, women and men alike, is a feeling of anxiety that presents itself in many forms. And one thing is for certain, it interferes with us moving forward and enjoying all that life has to offer.

Thems that knows maintain the feeling is more prevalent in women because they have more hormones than men, so the stress hormones released by mental anxiety enjoy a larger playing field.

I have my suspicions about that one as well. Let's face it, if we begin discovering that men, in their own unique way are as sensitive and anxiety prone as women, we may end up lacking in fodder to send to war.

Considering that anxiety is supposedly behavioural, rather than a genetic or physical disease, my theory about men has merit. After all, little boys are taught very early on, both consciously and subliminally by society, that being ten feet tall and bullet proof is paramount if one is a bloke. I wonder to what extent that suppresses, who they really are, or can be?

Anxiety shows itself in a myriad of forms and before one decides one is drinking too much, taking too many drugs, or perhaps suffering from congenital heart failure or a late onset of mental illness, it may be wise to peruse www.anxietycentre.com/anxiety-disorders/symptoms/

Of course one must have

access to a mobile phone, or computer to do this. And after reading about the symptoms of anxiety, you will understand better why your heart rate increases considerably when you are having difficulty downloading information of life changing importance from a machine that lacks any consideration for your welfare.

Anxiety begins in the mind with our thoughts which in turn puts our emotions out of kilter. Then, because we are one unit where everything affects everything else, our physical bodies also suffer.

Body aches, stiff backs and necks, shoulder problems, headaches, digestive problems, allergies, skin problems, or shortness of breath, to name but a few, can all be anxiety based.

Alternative therapies such as Bowen therapy, acupressure, kinesiology, remedial massage and pranic healing have the ability to decrease the effects of anxiety by rebalancing the body back to a state of harmony. The mind and emotions receive a rest from anxiety, wiping the whiteboard clean so that one has the ease to think more clearly and make positive decisions, which solve problems.



by Tonia Haynes

Meditation also decreases anxiety. But assistance from the above-mentioned therapies helps one meditate more easily.

As already mentioned I have had personal experience with anxiety and I know that the tips I give here do actually work.

I also know from testimonials from my clients that the techniques of healing I offer – a mix of Bowen Therapy, spinal realignment, pranic healing and remedial massage – do improve their feeling of wellbeing, physically and emotionally. This has given them the opportunity to view life with an increased perspective of self empowerment.

I am in clinic in Nimbin on Mondays and also work from my peaceful cabin in the bush. Phone for an appointment: 0439-794-420.



Undercover Cop
This guy says he wants to be my boyfriend, but I suspect he might be an undercover cop. I'm worried because I grow and sell a little bit of pot. As a single mother this helps pay my kids' school fees. Any advice?
– Indi Carr, Nimbin, NSW

by Uncle Norm & Aunty Maj

She says

Dear Indi, even though you may be wanting a purple kiss and a blue dream, it seems your female intuition is giving you a red light here.

Despite no hard evidence, you feel uncomfortable in your gut. It is always best to listen to that little voice that keeps us safe.

Once, in Samoa, I took a lover. I noticed a tattoo, SP, on his arm. I asked him what it stood for and he said, "Samoan Police." The next time we shared a joint, I took a photo of him smoking it to use as evidence if I ever needed it. Luckily I didn't.

I suggest you watch some police movies together and see if he knows more than usual. You could get him drunk and stoned and ask him directly. Give him the third degree and read his body language and you should know. If in doubt, throw him out.

In an ideal world I'd think you were being paranoid. It makes no sense for police to pick on a single mother who is growing and selling a few plants. Beautiful gifts from Mother Earth that help us relax, enjoy and heal.

No, they would be spending their time, and our money, working on serious drug problems like Ice and heroin. Or concentrating on the big issues; companies that pay no tax and thus massively increase the divide between rich and poor. Unfortunately, this immoral greed is almost condoned.

The sad reality is the police are told to go after people like you Indi, who are not hurting anyone and just trying to support your family.

If you were growing grapes and making wine, you would be applauded for your efforts.

It's high time that they made marijuana legal and the police stopped picking on the good folk of Nimbin.

HE says

When I was a young fool I used to score off a copper. The pot he sold was primo and, funnily enough, I felt safer buying it from the police than some shady dude in a pub. Ironical?

I only got into trouble with him once. Being the idiot that I was, I drove a car you could hear a mile away and always laid rubber. He told me that if he ever saw me fishtailing down the street again he'd throw the book at me. He was a cop after all.

It ended when he found God and 'fessed up his sins. He was dishonourably discharged, although I'm not sure if it was for dealing pot or finding religion.

I first tried pot 45 years ago. Back then we all thought that it would be legalised in a few short years. That it hasn't after all this time, is a damning indictment on the generations of politicians who were/are too gutless or stupid to do the right thing.

So unfortunately Indi, you have to watch your back. What is it that makes you suspicious of this guy? Have you noticed his police issue Glock peering out from under his jacket? Does he often talk into his shirt collar, or is there a pervading smell of bacon whenever he's around?

It ain't worth the risk. To borrow a bit of cricketer terminology, let him go through to the keeper, and leave the ball tampering to the professionals.

There was trouble at the nudist colony. A policeman was sent. He reported back that all was OK but his badge was killing him

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

Sustainability with herbivore savings

Shapeshifting
by Anand Gandharva

Soonish, no more countries. People adjust from being separated by predatory double standards to herbivore strength, health, unity, savings and a straight deck. Go with the flow, or evolution sweeps most humans away as failed experiments.

Old fashioned tastes were often wanted in parent's time. Nature needed conquering; pockets were dispensable. This is extinct now, like Dodo, Dinosaur, and Sabretooth Tiger.

Population growth has made living off mammals and forests into unsustainable habits: crude, limiting, ecosystems are collapsing.

Great expansion and opportunity in a vast universe call, but only if humanity is peaceful. Balanced creators/gardeners.

It is not only, 'look after yourself', but also, 'we stand or sink together'. There are two sides to any coin or story. Self-serving may be necessary, but by itself can go nowhere fast.

People sometimes fret needlessly about altering mindscapes, skin colour, belief, sex, self-reliance, creativity, liking nature, logic, farming, small business,



or being unemployed. In the Global Village differences still exist. Cultures and languages may not disappear either.

Humans live with likes, whether agnostic, or practising Buddhist, Christian, Hindu, Muslim, Confucian, Pantheist, lukewarm something or other. All say: 'do not harm nature.' Yet most now consume fellow mammals, including their DNA. It normalises jungle ethics, natural law and cheating, making many people now defacto or secret predators.

Animals may be 'humanely' euthanised before butchering, but use valuable resources. 70% of land. Land clearing and livestock are main drivers of environmental destruction.

Carnivore humans are violent to beasts, believe it is necessary to keep strong, and may come as gift of nature or 'God'. Mammals are deemed 'lowly animals'; behind illusory walls. Yet being a predator is optional, acquired taste. Dispensable. Plant-based diets nourish.

Most people are good to each other, but some are not. Don't feel part of community.

Anyone can think and do as they want but environments and communities are limited.

Lots of humans grew, hunted and ate animals for millennia. Why not now?

Simple: the sheer amount of people dictates: nature's regrowth is running on empty.

Stimulating unhealthy manufacturing and consumerism, hunting, destructive logging, farm animals are not alone responsible for disappearing nature.

Many of 1.5 billion pets of 'irresponsible' owners may wreck flora and fauna. Like wild horses, cane toads, rabbits, foxes, and introduced species. Cats eat mice, birds, lizards and so on. Dogs harm snakes, wallabies, bandicoots.

There are over a billion cows. They create a lack of natural space for humans.

Some say bugs or animal GM are future food. But their obnoxious chemicals are even worse. The same problem: living off nature's seeming abundance. Useful strategy for millions, but not billions.

We have almost run out.

A little while ago a letter writer from Kyogle to *The Nimbin GoodTimes*, with an abusive start in life, commented that lying is prevalent in society. Sadly, he is right. Jungle law. Cruelness, paranoia, cheating, double dealing and abuse are all-pervasive illnesses.

These are traits of predators: 'might is right'. It is wrong, but many consume like that.

To remain thriving, individual and community have to turn herbivore.

The scale of four

Tarot musings
by Amy Scott-Young
(Amy.B)

The four-lettered name of God, or the tetragrammaton, can be seen on the Rider-Waite-Smith Wheel of Fortune card.

It is the Hebrew name of the Latinised word Jehovah and is actually read from right to left.

Agrippa tells us that there are in fact seven names of God and they each correspond to their own magical number as well as one of the seven Chaldean planets. For example, Saturn uses a three-lettered name of God and so its magical number is three.

In Medieval Astrology, these correspondences are used to make planetary talismans, usually on a metal coin. One side of the coin is engraved with geomantic figures around a wheel of eight radii and the other side is engraved with the planets magical number, in the form of a kamea or magical square. These talismans are made when the planet is considered most beneficent and are simply representations of their spiritual forces in a mathematical format.

Jupiter (the planet associated with the Wheel of Fortune card by The Golden Dawn) is the planet associated with the number four and therefore corresponds to the tetragrammaton. This was published in great detail by Agrippa and later confirmed by Blavatsky, who also tells us that Jehovah is a form of Jove or Jupiter.

The scale of four corresponds to anything that makes use of the number four. Such as the four elements; the four zodiacal triplicities; the four seasons; the four suits of the Tarot, etc.

The number four also has a special relationship with the tetractys and the number 10, which is the number designated to The Wheel of Fortune card. The tetractys is represented graphically by a triangular arrangement of ten dots. It is formed from the addition $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$.

"All Pythagoreans hold it in highest esteem because it seems to outline the entire nature of the universe" (Tyson). When we consider that the scale of four is said to complete all knowledge and forms the basis of the many Laws of the Universe then we begin to see the truth behind this statement (Agrippa).

These laws include:

- The Law of Providence (archetypal);
- The Law of Fate (intellectual);
- The Law of Nature (celestial);
- The Law of Generation and Corruption (elemental);
- The Law of Prudence (the lesser world of man); and
- The Law of Anger and Punishment (the infernal world)

If we would like to bring about more peace and a greater sense of purpose in our lives, then meditating on these laws and the tetragrammaton may be of great benefit; for one cannot make peace with what one does not understand.

To help us do this, we can first ask the self a series of questions: What do I want? What do I have? What is happening around me? What is happening to me?

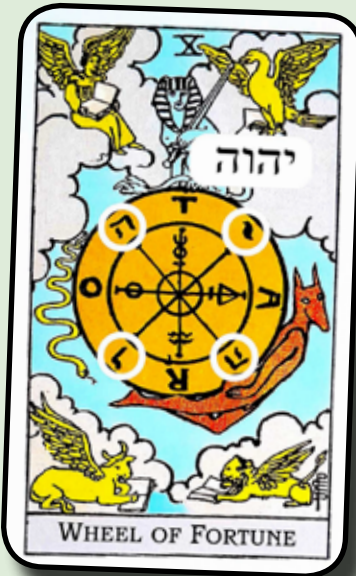
Then, if we look through this concept of the self, we might find that although we have the desire, we do not yet have the executive function of the will. And it is here that we begin to recognise the impulses of the mind or body that might be causing us unnecessary limitations or suffering.

The age-old Serenity Prayer of Reinhold Niebuhr may also be worth considering throughout this process:

"God grant me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the Courage to change the things I can and the Wisdom to know the difference."

"Living one day at a time. Enjoying one moment at a time. Accepting hardship as the pathway to peace. Taking this world as it is and not as I would have it."

Amy.B is the researcher and illustrator of *The Unveiled Tarot*
www.AmyB-Chalk-Art-Tarot.com



Past life answers to present day problems

by Auralia Rose

Do you have a niggling feeling you may have lived other lives before this one? Many people do.

There may be a fascination with a particular country or time period in history, perhaps a natural talent that comes very easily to you.

Sometimes meeting someone for the first time elicits strong feelings of affection or even aversion towards that person which we don't understand.

Many young children retain memories of previous lifetimes, which often fade as they grow older and are told it's just their imagination.

Exploring past lives is fascinating and can explain many of life's mysteries and is often a wonderful tool for healing and solving present day problems.

As an example, I will share three stories from regressions I have facilitated.

• A 35-year old woman introduces herself as "Hi I'm Toni, I'm a lesbian" wishing to understand and heal her hormonal problems.

She regressed to a lifetime in Australia in the early 1800s where she lived in a rustic cabin with at least eight children under ten.

She was overworked, exhausted and overwhelmed by her workload.

She kept repeating in her mind, "I don't want any more children, I can't have any more children," and felt

she had to protect herself from having sex with her husband. She carried that strong memory over into this lifetime; the subconscious need to protect herself from further pregnancies resulting in an imbalance of her female hormones and aversion to men.

She had no desire to change her sexual preferences, but she did have happier hormones after that.

• A man in his 50s had a life-long fear of intimacy. He regressed to a life in ancient China where he was seriously wounded in battle when his village was attacked.

He witnessed his wife being killed, his injuries rendering him helpless to do anything to help. He managed to crawl off into tall grass, watching in agony as all he loved was destroyed.

He survived but was left feeling bitter, depressed and isolated and spent the next seven years as a beggar, taunted by others, ultimately being arrested, tortured and killed for being a vagrant.

He took the feelings of extreme guilt and acute self-recrimination to his death, carrying deep psychological wounds over into this life where he always felt unworthy of having deep connections or a loving relationship with anyone.

Understanding where these feelings originated from brought much peace and started him on a journey of learning how to relate to



people.

• A middle-aged man wanted to understand why career success had eluded him. He relied on his wife's income to support their family, feeling guilty and a failure that he couldn't provide for them. He also wondered about his distrust of Italians.

His regression revealed a lifetime in Italy where he was a very successful landowner. His lands were eventually seized, leaving him penniless and he spent the rest of that life longing to have his estate back. In this life he longed for greatness and financial success.

Deep in his subconscious he realised he held a belief that having a lot of money was unsafe, that wealth

would make him a target, that money was fleeting and amassing it would end in some kind of catastrophe. Hence he kept himself safe by keeping his income low.

If you are curious about past lives and would like to know more about this fascinating subject, I will be presenting at the Aquarius Festival in Nimbin on Sunday 14th May, 1-3pm where you will have the opportunity to explore one of your significant past lives, or just listen and ask questions.

I look forward to meeting you.

Past life and higher self sessions available in Murwillumbah, phone 0422-481-007.
auraliarosewellbeing.com