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**DOLPHIN FUNERALS**

# Sweat of the gods

## Food matters

by Neil Amor

Although cabbage has an extensive history, it is difficult to trace its exact origins owing to the many varieties of leafy greens classified as "brassicas".

Cabbage, as we know it, was probably domesticated later in history than Near Eastern crops such as lentils and summer wheat.

In various mythologies and folklore, the cabbage is often associated with interesting origins and symbolic meanings. The ancient Greeks adored cabbage, and invoked Zeus, king of the gods, to describe its origin.

One story goes that Zeus was struggling to explain two oracles that contradicted each other, began to sweat from the effort, and from a drop of his divine perspiration, a cabbage miraculously sprang up.

In Egypt the cabbage was worshipped as a god and, to show their great respect for the vegetable, it was the first dish Egyptians touched at their banquets.

The Ionians believed that fairies rode on cabbage stalks and held it in such high respect that they swore their most sacred oaths on it. "I swear on the cabbage" was a very solemn promise, not lightly broken.

Medieval folklore suggests that newlyweds were given cabbage soup the first day into their marriage to ensure that their love stayed strong. Cabbage is also said to be a powerful bringer of fertility.

Historically, the cabbage has been used for various medicinal purposes, from preventing drunkenness to treating headaches and stomach ailments. Raw cabbage is a rich source of vitamin C and vitamin K.

Cabbage seeds travelled to Australia in 1788 with the First Fleet and were planted the same year on Norfolk Island. It became a favourite vegetable of Australians by the 1830s, and was frequently seen at the Sydney Markets.

According to Guinness World Records, the heaviest cabbage in the world was grown in Alaska at 62.71kg.



## Cabbage and chorizo smoked paprika soup

Chorizo is a spicy pork sausage made with herbs and Spanish paprika.

Use a good quality Spanish smoked paprika as a vegan alternative.

3 tbsp olive oil  
5 cloves garlic, roughly chopped  
1 long red chilli, deseeded and roughly chopped  
1 white onion, diced  
3 chorizo, sliced (or 4 tbsp smoked paprika)  
¼ white cabbage, shredded  
2 litres of chicken, or veggie stock  
1 bunch parsley, roughly chopped  
1 lemon, juice and zest  
salt and pepper.

Place a large cast iron pot

on high heat. Add olive oil, garlic, chilli and onion, and saute until the onion becomes translucent.

Add the chorizo and cook until you start to see the red colour the oil (or add smoked paprika and stir through).

Add the cabbage and stock and cook until the cabbage becomes soft (about 30 minutes on a low simmer). Add the parsley, lemon juice and zest and serve immediately with your choice of bread.

Tip: Be sure to cook the cabbage thoroughly, otherwise you risk a severe case of flatulence. This is tried and tested.

Until next month, eat well.

# Flourish Sanctuary events in July

by Jagad Samuel

July at Flourish Sanctuary finds us in a beautiful in-between moment, celebrating the fruits of recent events while preparing the ground for what's to come.

The fire is warm, the land is peaceful, and our calendar is full of gentle opportunities to come together in stillness, movement, and song.

We're especially excited about two upcoming events:

A by-donation Silent Retreat in August, offering a chance to unplug from the noise of the world and return to inner stillness.

The return of the 5th Annual World Peace Festival in December, which will once again bring together a heartfelt collection of performers, facilitators, and festival goers in celebration of peace. If you are interested in being involved, please check out our website: [www.worldpeacefestival.com.au](http://www.worldpeacefestival.com.au)

## Recent highlights

At the end of June, we were honoured to host two contrasting events:

Sattwa's Beyond Asana. This event moved beyond simple postures to more intense yoga practices. Through breath, silence, devotional chanting, movement, and energy work, participants were invited to reconnect with their essence. Sattwa held the space with wisdom and humility, and we are excited to have him return at the end of July.

Andrew's Awareness Play. Andrew's workshop was both light-hearted and profound, inviting participants to explore relationships through inquiry into the unconscious. Laughter and stillness danced together. Thank you, Andrew, for reminding us of the value of awareness.

## Weekly offerings – Open to all

Monday Morning Meditation with Jagad, 10.45am-12pm

Ease into the week with a peaceful



morning of meditation at the Compassion Temple. All are welcome – no experience needed. Lifts are available from Nimbin Town Hall. Contact Jagad on 0433-173-508 to arrange a ride.

Wednesday Practical Permaculture with Bodhi, 9am onwards

Join Bodhi in the garden for hands-on learning about permaculture, natural systems, and sustainable living. This is an open, earthy gathering that blends practical skills with deep care for the land and our relationship to it. Perfect for beginners and experienced gardeners alike.

Thursday Sound Healing with Michael, 9-10am, \$20

Michael brings a deep and intuitive approach to sound, creating a sacred space using didgeridoo and bowls. These sessions are a profound way to help with your lymphatic drainage, realign your nervous system, and float gently into inner harmony.

Saturday K.Y.M. – Kirtan, Yoga, Meditation, 9am-12pm

Our much-loved KYM program resumes in full this month in full.

9am – Gentle Yoga  
10am – Group Meditation  
11am – Kirtan (Devotional Singing)  
Followed by Chai and connection in the warm sun.

Come for one part or stay for the

whole flow – enter your weekend grounded and uplifted.

Sunday Satsang – July 20 (to be confirmed), 1-3pm

Join Jagad for an afternoon of spiritual reflection and self inquiry. This will be followed by a potluck meal, so please bring something to share if you can. This session is tentative as Jagad is preparing for long-awaited ankle surgery. Check the website or call ahead to confirm.

## Friends returning to the fold

We're delighted to welcome back Douglas, who returned to Flourish for deep meditation and consciousness exploration. He is quietly preparing for a longer silent retreat in the future, and we are honoured to support him in that journey.

And in what is becoming a bit of a legend, Brad has returned as part of his mission to become the world's oldest WWOOFer. While he still has a few years before claiming that title, we love his spirit and dedication.

Also returning is Katie, whose joy continues to light up the land. Welcome back, dear sister.

## Jagad returns to the airwaves

After a short break, Jagad's radio show is back on NimFM 102.3, now airing Monday mornings from 7.30 to 9am.

Featuring regular guests Bodhi and Pritam, the show weaves music, meditation, and musings on everything from Taoism to music. Tune in for a fascinating start to your week.

Unless otherwise mentioned, all our offerings are by donation. Flourish Sanctuary is a registered charity, and every contribution helps keep the gates open for all who seek refuge, and renewal.

We also offer our space for people wanting a low cost place to run spiritual retreats.

For more details, visit: [www.FlourishSanctuary.com.au](http://www.FlourishSanctuary.com.au) or call 0433-173-508.



# Why the plastic cap is not a good invention

It is just a small stretch along Sydney's northern beaches at Pittwater. The bay is shallow, and at low tide we can walk across the sand flats, watch sea gulls, pelicans and eagles flying high above our heads.

Opposite lies the small marina, and houses are nestled in the steep slopes, looking down on sailing boats and other craft. The clusters of mangroves add to the idyllic picture.

Sometimes, my thoughts turn to reverie on the light breeze, the warming sunrays and at the sight of the quaint, mostly unoccupied weekenders at this side of the bay.

Kayaks are parked on the shore. They don't get much use either. Only occasionally, we meet dog walkers. It feels like being miles away from the hustle and the noise. A rare enclave of peace, and I am uncommonly aware, how precious it is.

The bay's sweetness and tranquil existence is slightly disturbed once you bend down to pick up the odd piece of rubbish the tide brings in overnight. Among the organic driftwood and seaweed cocktail sits the evidence of modern civilisation, and it is not pretty.

Just this morning, my bag was filled with plastic pieces, wrappers, and unidentifiable



by Antionette Ensbey

litter within five minutes. I picked up larger finds, broken plastic possibly once part of a functioning instalment.

In these last few weeks, we carry bags full of colourful debris dutifully to the bins. Every little piece of hard plastic in yellow, red, sky blue, green and pink could potentially land in the stomach of cormorants, egrets, pelicans, flying kites, fish, turtles and dolphins causing wildlife agony and immense suffering.

There are discarded fishing lines, hooks, and plastic bait. I investigate the strange little plastic devices that served some kind of purpose, who knows what, manufactured for convenience. Our convenience.

Pittwater's world famous beaches feature the golden sand that floods the bays with that mesmerising glow at sunset. However, and you guessed it, the sand is not

"pure" any more. Apparently, it carries an overload of micro-plastics of all sorts, beginning with microfiber, so small that you can't see it with your naked eye.

While the peninsula is an outpost of Australia's Eastern Seaboard, exposed to the Pacific ocean's swells, the micro-plastics may have their origin in Southeast Asia, or South America, or even further away.

Water transports not only container ships and ocean liners, but everything that falls overboard or is dispatched from coastal towns via storm water pipes or careless littering, and which floats.

It floats, it collects and pools into carpets covering large areas out to sea. Exposed to sun and salt, the plastic soup disintegrates and gets dispatched again on foreign shores by wind and ocean swells as micro plastics.

My daily exercise is picking up plastic. Like shore birds picking their way through the once pristine foreshores of these beaches, whenever something looks suspiciously inorganic and alien among the flotsam on the shore, I bend down.

Twenty years ago, these same beaches were clean. Now, Palm Beach offers the keen environmentalist the opportunity to do their bit.

Citizen activism. It feels good. After the morning clean-up I feel like I am on 'holiday' walking along the same path I've cleaned up having nothing to do but enjoy.

When I look across the ruffled water with its rolling small craft, look to the distant humpback hills where the National Park restricts development and delights the eye with its dense green native forest, I am thinking, nature gives generously.

The playful patterns of jaunty waves, the wind in majestic sails, the screeching of the white cockatoos, and the silent circling of eagles on the warm up draft, nature gives of itself and in abundance the comfort and freedom we cannot live without.

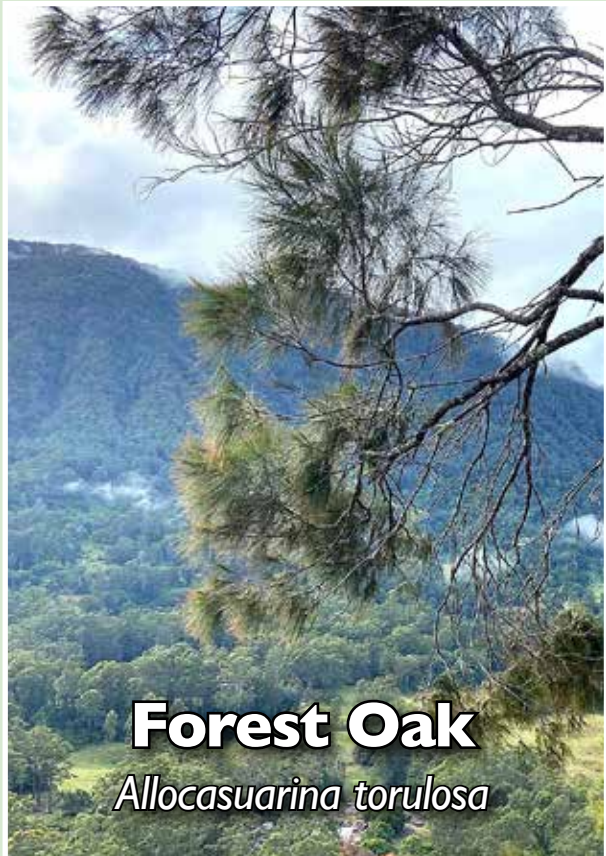
It's time to give back. I am today sending out an SOS, asking for an urgent reappraisal of plastic use and manufacture.

Practice active hope, at your own locality, and pick up plastic. For a bit of fun, watch Plastic Change Animation by Ocean Unit.

On a more serious note, watch: Plastic pollution is killing wildlife at: [Oceana.ca/plastics](http://Oceana.ca/plastics)

For parent and relationship counselling, email: [newpacificpublishing@gmail.com](mailto:newpacificpublishing@gmail.com)

## Plant of the month



**Forest Oak**  
*Allocasuarina torulosa*

by Richard Burer

A small tree in the mid-storey strata, Forest Oak is a well-known plant growing throughout the valleys in Nimbin and the Northern Rivers area.

Often found in woodland, open forest, on the edges of rainforest and wet sclerophyll forest, this fast-growing common tree is invaluable habitat for a range of native fauna, including threatened species Koala and Glossy Black Cockatoos.

Often forming dense groves, particularly when regenerating after fire, Forest Oak grows to around 15 metres and is flowering this month, with its weeping needle-like leaves turning brownish red, its flower often going unnoticed to the untrained eye.

It is one of the few local tree species to flower in these winter months, its

shape and presence in the landscape endemically iconic.

A beautiful timber for internal bits of construction, my old mate Merv Igoe told me how hippies salvaged trees on Blue Knob for shingles for use on roofs after forestry just cut them down to rot in the early 70s.

A good tree on the farm and in the large garden, the average tree looks good and stays healthy for over a decade or two if conditions are perfect. It needs well drained, fertile soil overall.

On your conservation projects, it's highly recommended when planning open forest plantings like koala habitat projects.

It's easy to grow from seed, just collect the decorative fruits and leave in a paper bag until they fall out as a small winged seed that will readily germinate in a sandy potting mix.

Richard Burer is a Nimbin-based natural area restoration contractor and consultant: [richard.burer@gmail.com](mailto:richard.burer@gmail.com)

# Hypnosis as everyday trance

Quite a lot of people are frightened of hypnosis.

They immediately think mind control and stage performances where people are made to do bizarre things, but clinical hypnotherapy is no more threatening than reading a book, walking on the beach, watching a movie, listening to music. It's just an extension of a common, everyday trance state.

You know the sort of thing I mean here: you're in the zone, you're not really aware of what's going on around you even though you can still hear extraneous noises (a dog barking, the wind in the trees), you are aware of passing thoughts, but – like clouds in the sky, they arise and depart; your focus is on reading the book, listening to the song, the rhythm of the walk. You are in connection with the process of where you're at.

As a hypnotherapist, I'm uninterested in attempting to persuade you to do anything at all. That strategy would, anyway, lead to a massive resistance on your part! Instead, I invite you to explore your own experience and inner resources to resolve the thing that is bothering you. Hypnosis isn't a violence against you,

but a gentle exploration. It is felt as deep, supportive, safe relaxation.

Hypnotherapy can have immediate results, or you can notice change happening over time. You may feel different or you may just notice that trepidation, or intrusive thoughts, or feeling compelled to do something habitual has evaporated.

I worked with a woman with a fear of flying. She had planned a trip to Bali but was really worried about getting on a plane. I discovered through the first session (usually about three one-hour sessions are what is minimally required) that she used to do really exciting things like scuba diving and motorbike riding.

Given that I also have done these things, I know the excitement. I know also that the body perceives excitement and fear in about the same way (a rush of adrenalin) and thus feeling afraid to fly can be experienced not as fear, but as excitement. By this suggestion alone, when my client flew, she was happy and delighted by the whole experience.

Intrusive sounds can likewise evaporate under hypnosis and be translated into the spaces where they used to be a massive bother.



by Dr Elizabeth McCardell

Several years ago, I had a client having to use a dialysis machine at night that made a particular intrusive noise while he was trying to sleep.

Instead of trying to persuade him not to hear the sound (have you ever been successful not thinking about the elephant in the room?), I encouraged him through hypnosis to listen to the sound in the same way as he heard the wind in the trees outside his bedroom window, or voices in the street, or anything else going on in the night. In this way, no sound dominated and he was able to sleep.

A woman came to me with a fear of falling and was planning a hiking trip through the Grand Canyon. I discovered in her first session with me that her birthday is in January, like me, and I

commented that we were both goats.

And thus, the hypnotherapy sessions were about the magnificence of mountain goats and how they/we are able to climb mountains with great agility and ease. There is caution, carefulness and confidence in distributing weight and movement. And so my client had a wonderful hike.

The process of hypnosis is an interesting one. Brain wave research shows that in a hypnotic trance state a person brain exhibits deep alpha and theta brain waves. Alpha is associated with imagination and theta, with meditation. When the therapist's brain waves are measured while doing a hypnosis, both alpha and theta are also present, but with the addition of beta waves. Beta is connected to conscious thought.

So, in other words, the therapist experiences what the client is experiencing, with the addition of conscious thought in the presentation and shaping of the hypnotherapy session. You can see why receiving hypnotherapy feels so good, and why I enjoy doing it.

I offer hypnotherapy online, which works very well. Contact: [dr\\_mccardell@yahoo.com](mailto:dr_mccardell@yahoo.com) for more.



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# My travels to the West Bank

by Talitha

In the face of on-going ethnic cleansing, genocide, and a humanitarian crisis spanning Palestine, Gaza and Lebanon, Yemen, Syria, I chose to travel to the Occupied West Bank, to listen to the people, the land, and their stories.

I joined the International Solidarity Movement (ISM), a Palestinian-led grassroots organisation committed to nonviolent direct action.

On the ground, protective presence involves living in Palestinian homes to protect families, homes and land from illegal settler expansion, as well as documenting human rights abuses, and being in solidarity with communities facing extreme aggression and systemic violence.

The reality is really harsh. Palestinian families endure continuous settler violence, state-backed demolitions, restricted access to basic resources, and a pervasive military occupation that strips away their dignity and rights.

This mission, to bear witness and provide nonviolent support, was deeply important to me.

Amplifying the voices of Palestinians resisting apartheid, occupation and genocide remains central to my work.



Following my time in the West Bank, I joined thousands of people from across the world in Cairo for the Global March to Gaza, a historic, peaceful effort to break the siege of Gaza by land and open a humanitarian corridor to allow aid and relief to flow freely.

People from all walks of life left jobs and families to make the journey, united by a belief in human dignity and justice.

We did not make it to Rafah, and many faced harsh repression, including arrests, beatings and deportations, yet our presence sent a clear

message: “We will not look away, and we will not be silenced.”

Egypt’s response revealed the complicity of governments in maintaining the siege and denying humanitarian access. Yet, our collective spirit, like the resilience of Palestine itself, remains unbroken.

Now back home, I am committed to sharing these stories and realities through education, vigils and organising events with Northern Rivers Friends of Palestine, helping to build solidarity and pressure for justice here in Australia.

## How intuitive healing supports health and wellbeing

When we talk about health and wellbeing, we often think of nutrition, exercise, sleep, or maybe even supplements.

But what’s rarely spoken about is our energetic health – the subtle, unseen layers that influence our mind, body, and emotions long before symptoms appear.

This is where intuitive healing comes in. It works with the energy body – the blueprint that holds your thoughts, emotions, memories, and soul imprints – and brings your whole being back into alignment.

Intuitive healing is about listening deeply. Not just to what someone says, but to what their body, energy field and spirit are communicating.

Often, the root of an issue isn’t physical – it’s energetic. A tight chest may carry unexpressed grief. Chronic fatigue might be the weight of years spent over-giving. Digestive issues could stem from deep-seated anxiety or unprocessed fear.

In my sessions, I gently guide clients to uncover the hidden emotional or energetic causes behind their physical or mental discomfort.



by Lisa Camilleri

We work together to bring awareness to these inner imprints, clear stagnant energy, and reconnect to the body’s natural flow.

When energy flows freely, the body can begin to heal itself. The nervous system shifts out of fight-or-flight and into a state of calm.

The mind softens, clarity returns, and the body feels safe again. People often leave feeling lighter, clearer and more in tune with themselves.

Intuitive healing supports wellbeing in many ways:

- It reduces stress by helping regulate the nervous system through grounding and energetic release.
- It clears emotional blockages stored in the body, supporting both mental health and physical

- vitality.
  - It reconnects you to your intuition, helping you trust your inner guidance and make aligned decisions.
  - It restores energetic balance, allowing your life force energy to move through your body with ease and flow.
  - It creates a safe space to feel, release, and rewrite limiting patterns or beliefs you may have outgrown.
- The truth is, our bodies are always trying to communicate with us. Pain, tension, fatigue, or anxiety are often messengers – not enemies. When we take the time to listen, we can begin to understand what’s really going on underneath, and offer the compassion and care we truly need.
- Wellbeing isn’t just about managing symptoms. It’s about coming home to ourselves – body, mind, heart, and soul. Intuitive healing creates the space for that return, one layer at a time.

Lisa Camilleri is an Intuitive Energy Healer practicing Lismore and Nimbin. Phone 0420-943-887; email: [lisa.camilleri1@gmail.com](mailto:lisa.camilleri1@gmail.com) Web: [lisaenergyhealer.com](http://lisaenergyhealer.com)

# Respect of process lacking

It’s a strangely brutal time when clowns are in control.

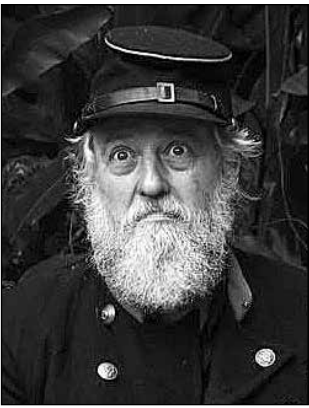
What they do appears laughable, but on the ground the reality is anything but amusing.

Laughing at the buffoonery of Trump’s ‘liberation day’ tariffs on penguin-only populated islands deflects from the realities of Trump’s America.

An America where ICE (Immigration and Customs Enforcement) neo-death squads arrest and deport hundreds of innocents to brutal mega-prisons.

Where political opponents of his regime are brutally attacked and murdered.

It’s impossible to listen to the apparently bubbling moron in the White House proclaiming how big and beautiful his big beautiful bill



## Revenge of the Loon

by Laurie Axtens

is without sniggering, but the reality of his big beautiful bill is the systematic demolition of liberties that stretch back to the Magna Carta.

Fascism’s face is one of a dancing fool – and behind him, criminal minds studied in the destruction of

democracy and installation of lasting authoritarianism are hard at work.

I hear commentators regularly flick it all off by saying the next election will save them.

They’re in for shock if they think the system will look anything like it did before Trump.

Laughing at the Orange Idiot is easy... too easy. The reality is no joke... look at the detail of what’s happening, the brutal reality.

We must free ourselves from knee-jerk determinations and populist approaches to policy and governance.

Process needs to be respected, as it is the very form and nature of democracy; without it we are not involving or protecting the people.

## Free Bowen therapy for children and babies

I love to help babies that are struggling with issues, that’s why their treatment is free, and for children up to two years old.

If your baby is a restless sleeper, teething, or suffering from colic, the Bowen technique could help you and your child.

The exceptional gentleness of the Bowen movements, combined with their effectiveness, makes the therapy a powerful tool for treatment and relief of discomfort in babies.

Newborn babies often have delayed intestinal peristalsis due to an immature digestive system. This can lead to constipation, reflux, difficulty in digestion, or restless sleep. Bowen treatment for babies is very effective in releasing tension in the diaphragm, possibly a contributing factor to colic.

Only four movements on the back and three more on the baby’s stomach are enough to soothe the affected areas. The baby is held by the parent, or he can lie down, or sit and play while the procedure lasts. It is important for the baby to feel comfortable and safe at all times. The treatment also tells the baby’s nervous system that the emergency is over, from the birth.

All babies are different, and the number of treatments required depends on the complexity of their problems. However, usually after one to three treatments, colic completely disappears or significantly decreases. The baby becomes more relaxed, sleeps deeper and longer, feeds better, and has more frequent bowel movements.

A therapy session for babies lasts only about 10 minutes.

Remember babies are still getting used to this world, and with their growth, their colic will gradually disappear as their digestive system



by Sonia Barton

learns how to function better. However, the use of the Bowen technique can shorten this period.

Bowen therapy is extremely effective in treating many other causes of discomfort in babies and children.

Some examples that often respond favorably to treatment are: bedwetting in children; unsettled or distressed babies; restricted neck movement; babies with poor or disrupted sleep; babies with feeding problems; bloated stomach and gas, constipation; colds, congestion, sinusitis and similar infections; asthma, respiratory problems and allergies; projectile vomiting, reflux, impaired digestion or other gastric disorders; postural imbalance, pelvic misalignment and uneven leg length; feet turned in or out or lying flat.

## How can I help Mum?

Are you looking for a safe, natural way to keep the body in balance throughout your pregnancy?

There are no contraindications to Bowen therapy which means it is safe, even in the first trimester. Postpartum pain can be relieved as well as restoring your vitality after childbirth, stimulating lactation and helping with any mastitis issues.

Bowen therapy can be used safely throughout pregnancy, to relieve many discomforts, such as back pain, as the

centre of gravity is changing and causes problems to the back, pelvis, diaphragm and spine. Other complaints are emotional fluctuations, neck tension, sciatica, aching legs, fatigue, headaches, heartburn and decreased energy. Most of those complaints can appear, as the growing baby gets heavier, and the muscular skeletal system is out of balance and leads to strains.

Mum and babies in third trimester relax and harmonise well together and the treatment helps to encourage the head down position for the baby to ensure a smoother birth. The Bowen treatment can be performed in its most comfortable ways, either by sitting or lying on the side. This holistic treatment is built on what the body knows best already and is very beneficial right through to labour.

It is very beneficial for a new mother to have a gentle “rebalance” session after giving birth.

Nurture yourself and give your body the kind of care it deserves, especially when you are supporting another life in addition to your own. You and your baby will both benefit from the extra attention.

## Labour and birth

Stimulation of specific moves is also widely used for inducing labour of full term pregnancies.

It can help to trigger contractions and allowing the womb to relax and stimulate the birth canal for a smooth birthing process.

I work in Nimbin on Saturdays and Murwillumbah during the week. If you have any questions just give me a call for a friendly chat.

Phone 0431-911-329 or go to: [bowenenergywork.com.au](http://bowenenergywork.com.au)



A moment

by S Sorrensen

I had a dream. I dreamt I was living in a beautiful garden under the cliffs. Lucky me.

It was Eden. I didn't have a fig leaf to wear (fig leaves are so scratchy), but I strolled about in my sarong (unscratchy hemp), selecting fruit to eat, and a song to listen to.

In the centre of that Eden was a house of wood and tin, a house where my children had eaten and played, where their children would eat and stay, where I slept under a window to look out at the stars.

I dreamt I was eating a mandarin and listening to Japanese hip hop, when – lo – I was rising into the air! Up, up and away to heaven. Like that good guy. With one arm pushed forward, I flew from my house into the valley, my sarong flapping like a cape, until, like fear, it let go.

I flew across field and forest, over a town straddling a clean river, all the people housed, their houses twinkling with solar panels.

I followed the river to the sea, turned north following the whales to trace a gigantic lace of coral atolls and islands, home to dugongs and seagrass, turtles and fish, dolphins and people.

Faster and faster, I flew. Looking over my right shoulder, I saw an ocean of peace spreading to the horizon, the very womb of life, and a climate manager. Ahead of me were the breathing jungles of the equatorial lands, the patchwork rice paddies of Asia, the mighty Himalayan mountains capped in brilliant snow, glaciers flowing slowly down the gorges, as they have for millennia. I jetted over the dry lands of the Stans, the sparkling Mediterranean, the mighty rivers and



deep soils of Europe.

And here and there were the bustling cities of humans, bristling showcases of art and science, testament to a growing understanding of how everything works, how everything is elegantly connected.

Nordic fjords and huge reindeer herds follow the snow melt as they have since before the Sami followed with them. A huge sheet of ice at the world's pole reflects heat back into space, helping to keep the world's temperature just right for all of us who live here.

Exquisite. A tear formed – and froze. I speared through the Earth's atmosphere – such a thin layer of gases barely held by the planet, a cigarette paper around a tennis ball – until I escaped the Earth's pull and was in space.

I dreamt I passed by the moon, a gigantic rock formed when an asteroid slammed into the Earth when it was newly born. That collision tilted the planet's axis and created the moon from

its debris.

Here I stopped, breathless, hanging in space, surrounded by a galaxy of a hundred billion stars and a trillion planets, and that galaxy surrounded by a hundred billion other galaxies.

I looked back at my planet. It was beautiful, blue and alive, the result of unlikely and unpredictable events: an asteroid collision creating seasons and tides; Earth's gravity clutching a fragile tissue of air; climate regulation by forest, ice and ocean. Without these, there would be no life. Lucky us.

Earth called me back to her. I belong there. We all do. She evolved us to understand the processes that created her and give her life; to be her voice and ears so she can speak and we can hear.

I drop quickly past the satellites, the clouds, the tree canopy, the rusty roofing, and into my bed and sarong. There I lay, grateful to be waking into the improbable fragile wonderful Earth, feeling so happy...

Then I looked at my phone.

The lawyer and the writer

Last week I drove to Sydney for a four-day trial and came down with a powerful case of 'flu on the last day.

At Newton's Pharmacy I was prescribed appropriate remedies before collapsing for the next three days.

Arriving back midweek, the office was running smoothly. I was impressed. I can start taking days off to write and paint.

For those who've never visited our new office, please don't imagine the standard layout, with a lone welcoming receptionist and carpeted corridors with designer pictures on the walls, neat soundproof offices concealing lawyers and somewhere, the boardroom.

Occasionally people still make it to our stairs before realising the Lifeline op shop is no longer here.

Maybe it's the ambience, the deconsecrated Presbyterian church, the building-site state of the office, or just us, but we find ourselves throwing lifelines to those drowning in legal nightmares. It can get noisy. People feel comfortable here.

My father, who miraculously survived WW2 as chief officer in the

merchant navy, and whose word ruled, had decided that his eldest son would be a lawyer.

Compliant, I enrolled in first year law at the only university in WA. While the new Law School was being built, tutorials were held in demountables. Only law students had to wear black gowns to lectures. Crossing the quadrangle, we were a mob of crows.

I liked the idea that the whole edifice of the English Common Law was preserved in the new Law Library. We were to be professionals, special people.

Most law students came from private schools and already thought they were. Oppositional Defiance Syndrome wasn't a thing back then, so I secretly vowed I'd be a writer.

First year law included two arts units, so when I passed, second time round, and found myself faced with nothing but law subjects and law students, I'd fortunately collected enough arts subjects to change faculties. Captain Jack was not happy.

The universe offered tempting careers. Teaching was fun but that only lasted a year. At teacher's college I'd found I could paint,

then read Patrick White's *The Vivisector* and Joyce Cary's *The Horses Mouth*, and decided not to join that industry.

The apparatchiks in the uni branch of the party made me student rep on the Parliamentary Standing Committee on the Arts, but I'd spent three months as records clerk to a minister and soon had seen enough of that world.

Academia beckoned but I didn't bother with the scholarship to Cambridge and the idea of writing a doctorate about literature, rather than literature itself, seemed pointless.

In my late twenties a Young Writers Fellowship set me off on the path of the struggling writer. In 1984, still evading the publishing industry, by now with a wife and child, having settled down to become a stoneware potter in country Victoria, a ridiculously weird concatenation of circumstances tossed me into a Multiple Occupancy in the Border Ranges.

Then there was 20 years of being a New-Age therapist, studying law again, another 10 as an exploited employed solicitor before retreating to the farm, recovery, starting



Legal writes

by John 'Sindhu' Adams

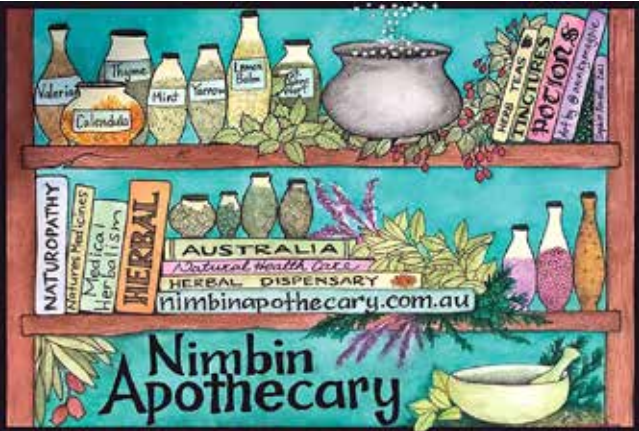
my own little firm, and moving back to Lismore.

I kept on writing, of course, my biggest addiction; prose fiction, for a few years performing confessional love poetry, but being a great procrastinator, haven't been ready to publish until now.

The book, *Shiva's Garden II* is a memoir, with a little true crime, and some miracles.

To avoid the industry, I'm sending it in pdf, by email only, in roughly monthly instalments of about 40 pages.

A donation of \$5 per instalment has been suggested. If you're interested, email: [sindhukripa@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:sindhukripa@yahoo.co.uk)



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# Conserving kidney Qi in winter

Winter is a time to slow down, rest, and focus on rejuvenation and renewal.

In Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM), this season is considered ideal for conserving energy, allowing the body to recover and build strength for the year ahead.


Central to this concept is kidney Qi, the vital energy stored in the kidneys that supports physical strength, growth, and overall well-being.

By nurturing your kidney Qi during winter, you can maintain your health and sustain steady energy throughout the colder months and into the seasons to come.

In TCM, the kidneys are referred to as the “Root of Life” or the “Root of Pre-Natal Qi” because they store essence (Jing) – the vital substance that supports growth, development, reproduction, and healthy ageing.

From this essence arises kidney Qi, the energy that helps keep your bones strong, your mind clear, your hearing sharp, and your reproductive system functioning properly.

When kidney Qi is abundant, you feel energised, focused, and balanced. However, when it is



by Chi Fung Lee

depleted, you may experience symptoms such as fatigue, impotence, chronic weakness or soreness in the lower back, weak knees, tinnitus, urinary incontinence, deafness, cold hands and feet, loose teeth, or even thinning hair.

As taught in the ancient text *The Yellow Emperor’s Inner Classic*, the wise nourish life by living in harmony with the seasons. They adapt to the cold of winter and the heat of summer, understanding the dance of yin and yang – knowing when to be gentle and when to stand firm.

In this way, they preserve their vitality and follow the path of long life and inner peace.

Just as trees shed their leaves and animals hibernate during winter, our bodies crave stillness and restoration. Your metabolism naturally

slows, and your energy turns inward.

By honouring this seasonal shift, you give your body a chance to recharge and remain strong for the more active months ahead.

There are many ways to support kidney Qi during winter, and diet is one of them. Focus on warm, nourishing foods like soups, stews and congees. Avoid raw foods, salads, and icy drinks, as they can weaken digestion and drain your yang Qi.

Include kidney-nourishing foods such as root vegetables, black sesame seeds, walnuts, seaweed, black beans, bone broth, animal kidneys and liver, and dark leafy greens.

Adding warming spices like ginger, cinnamon, garlic, and cardamom can also aid digestion and circulation.

Other ways to conserve kidney Qi in winter include going to bed early and rising late. Stay warm, wearing a belly warmer to protect your kidneys and lower back.

Avoid excessive exercise; instead, engage in gentle activities like yoga, tai chi, Qigong, and walking, which can help maintain circulation without depleting your stored energy.

One cannot conclude this

### Chicken soup with Chinese herbs

This is a typical Chinese winter soup.

**Ingredients**  
A whole organic chicken  
1 cup dried shiitake mushrooms  
One large piece of fresh ginger, sliced  
3-4 cloves of garlic, minced  
2-3 large carrots, sliced  
1 cup sliced daikon radish  
2-3 sticks of astragalus root (Huang Qi)  
4-5 dried jujube dates (Chinese red dates)  
1/4 cup dried goji berries.

**Method**  
Simmer and slow cook the entire mixture for at least three hours, and if you want to extract even more nutrients, slow cook for longer until the chicken bones are soft and the meat comes off effortlessly.

## So they say...

### New dress

When my wife buys a new dress she asks me what I think of it. I always end up in trouble because I can never come up with the right answer. What is the right answer and what is it with women and their obsession with clothes?

– Mal Function, Wollongbar

### Magenta says...

Women have a brain compartment for dressing. Men don't.

You can tell a single man by his clothes. Old, faded, browns and greys, missing buttons and stains that never come out. He stands out a mile.

There are exceptions, like the local cowboy who can be seen a mile away, hitching in his resplendent lime green trousers with fluoro pink jacket and matching shoes and hat.

Not to mention the beads. Some days he wears a bright orange shirt and yellow pants. Maybe it's a safety measure, but he is always a joy to behold.

Then there's the old homeless guy sporting his all-weather jacket made out of a big, black garbage bag. This is brilliant recycling. Despite the constant rustling, he appears warm, dry and happy in his own peculiar way.

After being in a new relationship for a few months, a man reappears with new, clean, modern clothes and an aura of being cared for. He's amazed that suddenly women notice him and he enjoys all the attention.

Mal, when she asks what you think of her new dress, tell her its beautiful, then ask her to turn around so you can see the back. Say it also looks fabulous from this angle, compliment her on her good taste and you'll be assured of a good night.


But what if you don't like it? You should ask her, before you go shopping, what she wants you to say. Does she want the truth or is she after reassurance of her attractiveness?

Take this advice and you will save a lot of time and energy on fights. I trained Uncle Norm to say what I want to hear, and even though I know he is playing from a script, somehow it pleases me greatly.

Ridiculous I know, but there you go.

Send your relationship problems to:

**[magentaappelpye@gmail.com](mailto:magentaappelpye@gmail.com)**



with Uncle Norm & Auntie Maj

### Norm says...

Corker of a question Mal! I can tell you this is complicated shit. Like a lot of these weird female tendencies, it can be traced back to the natural world and our prehistoric beginnings.

Birds and fish use spectacular plumage and colour to attract a mate. Mammals go by visuals too, mainly focussed around the fun bits. They also use smell and violence to attract a mate.

If evolution was left up to us geezers, we'd still be rolling around in our own faeces head butting each other like wildebeests to attract a girlfriend. Much like footballers, I guess.

The problem here, Mal, is when you see your wife in a new dress, you don't see the dress, you see what's in it. Especially if said dress is tight-fitting and has a plunging neckline. We can't help it; we're wired that way.

When I was little, whenever I picked up a doll, I would tend to undress it to see what was under all those petticoats, but soon realised there was nothing to see there. I'd then run it over several times with my tricycle.

Apart from a brief period in our teens, men only wear clothes to avoid being arrested, or for protection when operating machinery. Our wives however, like to dress up not so much for our benefit, believe it or not, but for their own. Basically, for some unknown reason it makes them feel good.

The trick here is that they can't completely feel good in a new dress until they have an affirmation from someone else, namely you.

Honesty in marriage is bullshit. Learn the art of flattery, even if you don't mean it. Use words like “absolutely fabulous”, “it really suits you”, “beautiful, gorgeous and stunning”.

Just don't try it out on your mates lest they either punch you or come on to you.

*“The desire of the man is for the woman, but the desire of the woman is for the desire of the man.” – Madame Stael 1766-1817*



# CONSCIOUSNESS AND FOOD: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

There is a direct relationship between awareness and nutrition.

Our core personality is a gift of birth, maybe linked to genes shaping our body, but fine-tuning comes with food and drink.

It helps determine how you deal with nature: twofaced or fair dinkum, exploit the here and now, or look after it for future generations.

Wise hunter gathering chiefs stated long ago: "Treat Earth well. It was not given to you by your parents, but loaned to you by our children."

This unresolved question – how to regard nature – is at the heart of political debate.

We may want it all – comfort, merit, justice and healthy environments – but many established habits drive to climate tipping points, (<https://esd.copernicus.org/articles/16/565/2025>).

Not only fossil fuels, but foods and wrong lifestyles heat Earth, erase wildernesses.

Humanity's numbers exploded. We want easier and better things, and are at the door of new respect for nature.

Our attitude to environment as an 'endless resource' must turn into investing in Earth as recyclable:

**Shapeshifting**  
by Anand Gandharva

looking after the land more than some farmers already do, by being aware of the cumulative impact of our choices on ecology.

If one Earth is not enough, make it larger. Recycle: 2,3..., 6,7 x. Circular environment.

Indigenous hunter gatherer cultures could harvest wildlife. Weaker beasts were culled and in time the herd regenerated. Empathy for many not an issue.

But there are now so many people, we have to become more efficient. Species disappear, water scarce, rubbish piles.

Animal farming has Achilles heels, like land and water. There now is more land for cows than people. We have to become a crop society, herbivores or fermented protein fans.

What we buy depends on who we want to become. Labels and nourishment matter. We do not only digest needed nutrition, but all elements.

Animals make us mean, nervous or too docile; some plants are violent and pass these instincts on, other plants make us healthy.

Look at it like a ship. You get the basic vessel and crew from birth, but the decisions to go left or right may come from the clues in nutrition.

And how is the surface your boat navigates on? Is the water calm or choppy? Windy or not? Are there submerged rocks, hidden icebergs to deviate our course to safe harbours?

What kind of food is your current want? Mother's milk, raging bull or balanced? Is nutrition that is taken in violent or not? Diets assist with determining the quality of your thoughts.

Consider fermented proteins, foods of the future. (<https://gfi.org/initiatives>).

The process wears new clothes and shiny vats, creating new plant-based foods, smoothies, egg and meat alternatives.

Fermented in bulk, it uses only a tiny fraction of land and water, vastly improves on animal farming, can restore environments, feed more people and save money.

It is not about having animals, but how you treat them. True, beasts can be beastly to all who are not kin; but we should be better. Caretaking nature is in our collective interest.

Not only animals, but plants and fermented foods too have vibrations. Choose good over bad.



'The good, the bad and the ugly' by Anand Gandharva

## Pondering the imponderable

by Michael Brooke

A question: look at humankind, and look at their forever wars, and on-going wars there are, and tell me what judgement to make of us?

The poet W H Auden (1907-1973), mourns "If I could tell you I would let you know." And like Auden, this writer doesn't know what to say, except to say it's all a muddle.

'If I Could Tell You' is a villanelle that speaks of love, dedication and humanity's inability to understand the progression of time. See Auden's tired sad face on this page; the face of a man who ponders humanity's inability to know, to love itself. His poem begins:

"Time will say nothing but I told you so/ Time only knows the price we have to pay/ If I could tell you I would let you know."

The price we have to pay for not knowing ourselves or others. Others who are always a threat. The Arab who threatens the Jew who threatens the Christian who threatens those who are pagan or Buddhist or anything other than I, I who am a capitalist or a communist or a democrat, for which belief I, he, you, we will go to war. We go to war again and again because not knowing ourselves or others frightens us.

"The winds must come from somewhere when they blow/ There must be reasons why the leaves decay/ Time will say nothing but I told you so."



It's local. The homeless Aboriginal family living under a bridge. A fight in the street outside a pub. The cop in a peaceful Australian town who carries a gun. Australia the fifth richest nation on Earth with 130,000 homeless people. Why? Auden: "Time only knows the price we have to pay."

The question is, and I ask again, what judgement shall we make? There must be reasons why the leaves decay.

"If we should weep when clowns put on their show/ If we should stumble when musicians play/ Time will say nothing but I told you so."

The most powerful man on Earth is a clown. Musicians play God Save the King, The Star Spangled Banner, Advance Australia Fair, High We Exalt Thee Realm of the Free – hard to believe but it's true, people kill and die for sentiments like these – the Motherland, the Fatherland. Oh, and dear me, shame on us if we should stumble when the clown proclaims "Make America Great Again".

"There are no fortunes to be told, although/ Because I love you more than I can say/ If I could tell you I

would let you know."

Three good things to live for: having someone to love, something creative to do, and something worthwhile to achieve. For me, it's as simple as that. But then, I can't help it I'm addicted, I turn to the media, to that little oblong gizmo in my pocket, and everything gets complicated.

I tell her "I love you more than I can say" but my voice is drowned by media babble, by roaring traffic, by some bellowing pop star, by some damned lying politician – I think if only she could hear, if only I could tell her I would let her know. That there are no fortunes to be told, although...

"Perhaps the roses really want to grow/ The vision seriously intends to stay/ If I could tell you I would let you know."

This writer doesn't know what to say, except to say it's all a muddle. I don't know why I should hate the Chinese... if I could tell you I would let you know. Why do Russians hate Ukrainians? Israel is bombing and killing Iranian people... if I could tell you why I'd let you know.

I thought Israel was a holy land. Perhaps if I was a saint I'd know why it's not and I'd tell you so. As it is I'm left wondering. All I can do is wonder, as Auden does:

"Suppose the lions all get up and go/ And all the brooks and soldiers run away/ Will Time say nothing but I told you so?/ If I could tell you I would let you know."

## Safe flying

by Magenta Appel-Pye

I think winter is the most beautiful season of the year in this region, but it seems every second person is flying away to some exotic destination.

A fascinating book called *What it Takes to Survive* by Ben Sherwood tells of the secrets and science that could save your life, and especially interesting is the chapter about flying.

Most people think that if the plane goes down, we're all dead and there's nothing we can do about it. Wrong. Intensive research on plane crashes concluded that even in bad crashes, more than three-quarters of the passengers live.

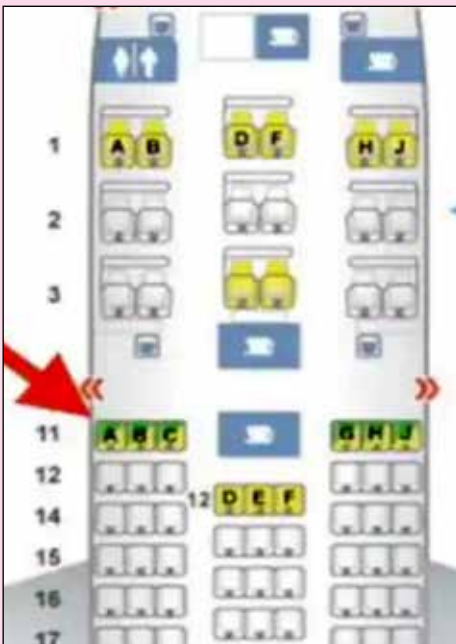
The reason people perceive the danger to be so great is because of sensationalist coverage. On your next domestic flight, your chance of being killed is one in 60 million. Contrary to popular perception, the most likely outcome of an accident is that most of the occupants survive.

Apparently, the biggest problem in cabin safety is "a failure of passengers to understand and properly execute emergency procedures". Researchers found that 61% of fliers don't bother to listen to the safety briefings or read the cards, and the worst are frequent fliers.

They think they already know it and are a bit arrogant. They often have a few drinks, take off their shoes and put on an eye cover so they may be drunk, barefoot and blindfolded should an emergency arise. New fliers are the most attentive.

In plane crashes, many people go into behavioural inaction. It occurs when people turn into statues and do nothing to save themselves. You need to get past this quickly because every second counts.

So, above all, memorise where the emergency exits are located and count how many rows away, they are. In thick smoke,



you can feel your way by counting the rows with your hands. Always have a plan B in case your first choice is blocked, broken or on fire. Again, count the rows to the alternative exit.

Memorising the safety card and your evacuation plan can significantly improve your chances. Make a big fuss about reviewing the safety card. People are more apt to pay attention if others are doing so. To influence those around you, talk loudly about the nearest exits and ask neighbours to explain the safety instructions. It may save everyone's lives.

Buckle the belt low and tight across your hips. Understand that the brace position can really save your life.

In an emergency you're going to want solid shoes – preferably lace-ups that won't fall off. Running barefoot through broken glass and burning metal isn't fun. Women should travel in flat shoes – no high heels – and they shouldn't wear stockings or synthetic fabrics that can melt on the skin. Short pants or skirts are another no-no. In a fire, you'll want your body covered.

Another life-saving tip: in a crash, don't try to rescue your laptop or anything in your carry-on luggage. It would slow down your escape and block others too.

So, enjoy your next flight, but remember to be safety aware.