

“Drink your own” – a user’s guide to urine therapy

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A chance rendezvous with a fellow Kiwi overseas led me to start drinking my own urine.

I knew a meeting with Mark would be different. We had no past. I'd returned from South America and he India. So we started in traditional New Zealand speak: “Shall we drink some piss then”.

“I have”, I said.

“I do”, he giggled, mischievously.

I had once drank another mans urine after he handed me a warm Steinlager at a varsity party but Mark insisted I must drink my own.

He then told the story of how he came to drinking his urine. Mark researched Urine Therapy after listening to a 30-year-old-looking American man in India – who was actually 52 – boast about it's rejuvenating charms.

I logged onto generation X's cyber dictionary. I typed in “Urine Therapy” and “Urine” (www.biomedx.com/urine/). I struggled to bypass the mystical sites that transported my mind into enchanted territory (although I couldn't resist a paragraph dedicated to the Indian Goddess Shiva, and her urine baths 5000 years ago). I headed for the facts. Science. Validity! I needed clarity if I was going to drink my own – thus conquer allergies, improve my health, and look thirty at sixty, without botox injections or cheap plastic surgery from Rio.

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I needed to shatter a few myths. Urine, according to Dr A.H. Free, one of the founders of Miles laboratories and author of *Urinalysis in Clinical Laboratory Practice*, is not just waste. Dr Free found a lengthy list of nutrients in urine when he analysed its' contents – Vitamin B₆, B₁₂, Zinc, magnesium and iron to name a few.

I rewound my brain back to first year university and remembered physiology's fundamentals; blood gets detoxified as it passes through the liver before flowing to the kidneys where it gets embroiled in a complex filtering process that removes excessive amounts of water, salt and other elements. The body does not need these elements at the time. The excess elements collected within the kidney form a purified, sterile, watery solution called urine. Some of the urine's components

are returned to our bloodstream while the rest, including all those vital nutrients mentioned above, go down the toilet, or street, depending on our whereabouts.

Urine tastes awful. I thought there had to be an easier way than slurping half a handful of my midstream pee each morning. Not to mention asparagus! I continued reading until I discovered the formula for not having to drink a handful of my own urine, and I learnt about homeopathy too. Firstly, homeopathy is: “A therapeutic method which clinically applies the law of similars and uses medically active substances at infinitesimal doses.”

When you are flu-ridden your blood is altered by disease causing elements that bring your white blood cells into the fight, however, some white blood cells and other vital nutrients escape into the urine. If these white blood cells and vital nutrients are reintroduced – by applying the “Law of Similars” – our body can heal itself. This Law of Similars applies to allergies. Some researchers think allergic responses are caused by renegade white blood cells, otherwise called antigen receptors, they attack substances even when they pose no threat (just like Tony Blair and George Bush”. Dr William Linscott published a study in 1982 (in *Basic and Clinical Immunology*) that showed when these renegade white blood cells, or antigen receptors, are reintroduced into the body it develops antibodies to these antigen receptors, thus fighting the allergic response.

Homeopathy and its emphasis on infinitesimal doses is urine therapy's saviour. Take the initial substance, urine, and instead of drinking it add one drop to 1/6 of an ounce of distilled water. Shake fifty times. Homeopaths call this succusing. Take one drop of this mix, add another 1/6 ounce of water and shake fifty more times then place 1/6 of an ounce of vodka into this, the final mix. Now I can place three drops under my tongue, three times a day. If a scientific laboratory analyses this solution they will say it is water. Yet the power of any homeopathic remedy comes from the vibrational imprint which has been passed through the water thanks to an original “flu drop” and each successive generation. For anyone educated in the physical sciences, this is unprovable.

An inquisitive gentleman overheard Mark and I discussing urine therapy. He said he owned an open mind and numerous allergies but still thought we were “taking the piss”!
“Everyday” said Mark.

Cambodia 2002

Steve Tripp

As a final year medical student, I had the opportunity to do an elective anywhere in the world. Having had an interest in Cambodia for a number of years, I took the opportunity to do my elective there under the supervision of Dr Janet Cornwall, a Kiwi doctor living and working with slum dwellers in Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia.

For many years I have strongly advocated that the “haves” help out the “have-nots” so it was a way that I could get involved. I knew a short visit to Cambodia was not going to have a significant impact but it was a way of assessing the potential of future involvement and also, perhaps, the experience of seeing the life of the very poor first-hand could be a source of further motivation. It was a brilliant experience for my medical training but it was in the area of personal development that the journey had the most impact.

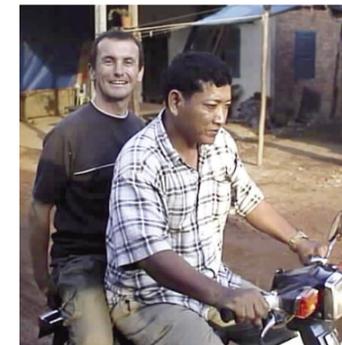
In New Zealand we expect to be able to provide food for our children. We expect that those who struggle will receive some assistance. Life in Cambodia seemed so much less taken for granted. Death and hardship are much more a part of everyday experiences. I remember clearly a Vietnamese family who lived in a small room with no water supply and no toilet. The oldest child was lying on a hammock dying of AIDS, the mother was sitting on the floor cooking rice soup – not to feed the children but to sell so she could pay the rent. Fifty percent of Cambodian children are stunted from chronic malnutrition. I found it disturbing to meet children the same age as my eight-year-old son that weighed the same weight of my two-year-old daughter.

Another huge contrast between New Zealand and Cambodia is in the area of civil justice. Walking down the road one day, a policeman decided to fine me \$US40 for walking on the footpath. After threatening to take me to the police station if I didn't pay up I said that would be fine as long as I let the British embassy know first. He misunderstood and thought that I said I worked for the British embassy. Before I knew what was happening he was patting me on the shoulder, telling me how we were great friends and letting me off with a warning. I promised not to do it again and wandered off – on the road. At the time it seemed very amusing but larger principles are at stake. What can be expected in the way of justice when the police are so corrupt? How can justice be served? Once again, in New Zealand we rightfully expect and demand so much more in terms of civil justice.

We enjoy many wonderful benefits of Western living – access to health care, access to education, housing, clean water, waste disposal, reliable phone and electricity supplies, bread-makers, DVDs, home computers and Playstations. We feel we deserve them. Have we lost our sense of proportion when we get so upset with having to wait months for a heart bypass operation and yet do not notice that children in Cambodia can't even get clean water?

These contrasts came to a head for me within hours of my return to Western civilization.

Arriving in Sydney from Bangkok I wandered off into central Sydney for a look around the shopping malls to kill time before I was to catch another plane in five hours. What I saw made me so angry.



Everywhere I looked I saw posters trying to sell me things. But they weren't just trying to sell me material possessions like clothes, perfume, and cell phones; they were selling promises – promises to fulfill longings. You buy this handbag and you will be popular and successful. You can have intimacy from this bottle of perfume or ecstasy from this pair of shoes. The advertisers know that we lack nothing material and yet we still have longings. How do you sell material possessions to a society that has it all? You promise to fulfill their deepest longings. As if you can fill a God-sized hole with a pair of Gap jeans.

The Kiwis I stayed with in Cambodia have sacrificed careers to live and work for little or no financial reward. They've sacrificed security and have little chance of saving for their retirement. They've sacrificed control as they return to a state of illiteracy in having to learn from scratch how to read and speak the local language. There are sacrifices of comfort, lifestyle, and safety as they and their children suffer from sickness and the risk of road accidents. Not to mention having to squat to do number twos. They don't, however, see it as a sacrifice. Through the dirt, the hardship, the extremes of poverty and facing death on a daily basis they have found life. By helping others they have really helped themselves.



One of Dr Cornwall's colleagues in Cambodia recently stated in a newsletter, “It's amazing what can be accomplished when we give up the American dream.” I guess it is a sacrifice. Sacrificing a myth for what is real. “The Bottom Line” is a catch phrase that gets flashed around a lot these days. My trip to Cambodia has led me to re-evaluate what my Bottom Line is. Is it to follow the American dream and seek to strive after security, comfort, remote controls and avoiding obesity? Or is it to live a life worth living? Do we become more real as we live more for others, giving up the easy and the mediocre for the challenging and the extreme.

What is this life for?