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Parabens.

Parabens are known endocrine disrupters that influence the hormonal system.

Ethoxylated Ingredients (...eth..)

Is suspected kidney toxicant as well as respiratory toxicant. Includes SLS found in many soaps, shampoos, toothpaste etc.

Formaldehyde.

Some ingredients release formaldehyde. The EPA classifies it as a possible carcinogen.

Nitrosamine contaminants.

Nitrosamines have been identified as one of the most potent classes of carcinogens, they occur in cosmetics and therefore are absorbed readily through the skin.

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Nourishing the soul, Balinese style

By Fiona Harper



Submerged to my chin in tepid water pumped from the Indian Ocean at the base of the cliff, my body is being pummelled on all sides from ankles to neck. I maintain my footing by gripping the handrails while wedging my feet against the sides of the enclosure to prevent my body being jettisoned into the main pool. Hydro massage is just so pleasantly weird it makes me giggle amidst the bubbles bursting on the surface. Powerful jets of water, not dissimilar to the pressure of a fire fighting hose are making deep indentations into my muscles. Massaging, coaxing the tension away, my skin tingles almost to the point of itchiness. I'm immersed in the Aquatonic Therapy Pool at Ayana Resort and Spa in Bali. Here for some emotional and physical healing following a period of personal stress, I'm loosely following the 'Eat Pray Love' trail across Bali, the Island of the Gods. Idly I wonder, as a geyser of water massages my head from above, if this was what Liz Gilbert (author of the bestselling book, and subsequent movie *Eat Pray Love*) had in mind when she lobbied into Bali searching for reparation of her soul after a messy divorce. Later, I book myself in for a traditional Balinese massage combined with energetic yoga classes at dawn to soothe both mind and body. Yoga classes on the cliff top overlooking Jimbaran Bay and the Indian Ocean beyond prove to be popular with both in-house guests and visitors. Indeed, Bali proves to be the perfect soothing tonic for unwinding and relaxing. Heading into the artisan district of Ubud high up in the jungle-clad mountains, I've a meeting lined up with well-known Medicine Man Ketut Liyer. Highly respected amongst locals long before Julia Roberts rode through the rice paddies looking luscious on her way to visit Ketut, his fame has soared since the movie was released. Ketut, it seems, is in demand, with a large gathering of visitors waiting to see him when I arrive mid-morning.

But being a healer of renown, he is nothing if not organised, and I'm told by his manager to take a number from one of the plastic tags hanging on the verandah post. My driver, who's seen it all before, tells me not to bother waiting, rather to come back in around three hours when it's likely to be 'my turn'. "Everyone knows Ketut," Putu, my driver says. "Sometimes I take people to see him and they wait two or three hours." When I do return, Putu's enquiries discern that Ketut is at lunch. I'm second in line and soon find myself sitting on a verandah cross-legged in front of a frail elderly man dressed in sarong and loose cotton shirt. Deeply etched crow's feet fan outwards from red rimmed eyes. He beckons me forward with his toothless grin, his voice so soft I have to lean forward to hear his first question, which relates to my age and marital status. Unfortunately, on this particular day it seems that Ketut is rather distracted, as after some fidgeting and rather vague declarations about how lucky and beautiful I am, his third question to me is also about my age and whether I'm married. Further barely audible exhortations about my fortune and attractiveness follow before he closes his eyes, his head falling on his chest. Ketut is asleep. His manager, putting his hand out for payment tells me Ketut is 'very tired'. I'm left with the distinct feeling I've been had, though the throng of people beyond the porch reassures me that I'm not alone in that respect.

Retreating to my villa overlooking water sodden rice paddy fields, the balmy warmth heightens the aroma of frangipani mixed with satay vendors' charcoal fires. Sure, my visit to Bali's famous Medicine Man was disappointing. But, tucking into half a dozen smoky chicken satays dripping in peanut sauce, my stomach is nourished, my body's been soothed and stretched, even if my soul is left wanting.

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