

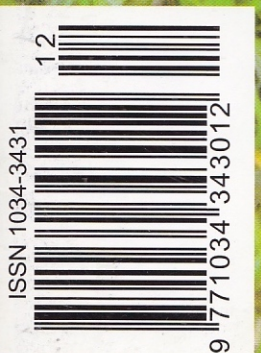
Issue 10 - Summer 2008

# Australian *Sun and Health*

***Clothing Optional!***



Aust \$6.00 (incl GST)



Exploring the **Carnarvon Ranges** naked,  
**4WD to Cape York**, a summer in **Europe**  
**AND caravanning through WA**



# Ed Says...

It's been a busy three months since last I wrote... for those who spoke to me on the phone in mid August you know I was rushing my bum off trying to get the magazine to the printers before my wonderful boy John was born. Well I made it... with about six hours to spare! And now that I have my new little boy, I've been doing some thinking about the options for young naturists families.

While I'm very fortunate that my daughter Callista loves swimming, camping and nature, not all kids do. This makes it difficult for parents who want to enjoy a naturist holiday at one of our many fabulous venues, who want to take the kids along only to hear the words "I'm bored" within hours of arriving. Let's face it, not everyone likes camping and every parent knows you can't travel with kids these days without the obligatory iPod, Nintendo and portable toy store.

I can't help but notice that the successful business seem to be the ones that are continuously changing things to make their venues more appealing to their target audience or to perhaps try a different angle in reaching new people. And while not all venues have the money to do major overhauls, little things count. The things that are important to your target audience, a target audience that shouldn't, but all too often does seem to exclude kids.

Sure the kids don't have the money to

spend, but that hardly matters. When trying to capture the "part time naturist" market, we have to remember that many families will just as happily stay on the Gold Coast as visit a naturist retreat, if only to appease bored kids (and why not, the kids should get a holiday they like too). Most naturist families are part time naturists and when you compete for their business, you're competing with mainstream attractions as well.

On a recent trip to River Island I discovered they'd been very busy over the winter months. They replaced all their old bbq's with new ones, put in some new boardwalks, revamped amenities and installed T.V.'s and dvd players in the cabins. The bbq's are fantastic but I immediately thought about how taking a few DVD's (there's no TV reception) on holiday would now stop boredom setting in for even nature loving kids like Callista. But what impressed me the most was that along with these improvements, they also changed their prices, with kids "14 and under" now free, a step I feel that has got to be in the right direction and something that's certain to encourage families.

Travelling around our beautiful country I've noticed a few clubs seem to have got it right. Sunseekers in Western Australia is a standout with their impressive clubhouses and playground; along with Rosco in NSW and I'm sure there are many more that I have yet to see. While the demographic may be different, it seems to me that the clubs are far more conscious of making their venues attractive to kids, and while you certainly need to attain a critical mass to make it work, it's no different than any other investment or improvement made.

So, maybe it's a case of "build it and they will come", I know one thing for sure. The first resort with a water slide and jumping castle, has at least this families business for life!



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 Australian Sun and Health ®  
 ABN 42 120 378 903

**Published by:**  
 Australian Sun & Health  
 P.O Box 720, Riverwood  
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**Deadlines:**  
 March Issue - 13th January  
 June Issue - 13th April  
 September Issue - 13th July  
 December Issue - 13th October

**Printed by:**  
 Stanley Printing, Riverwood, NSW

**Prepress by:**  
 Graphic Preprint, Kirrawee, NSW

**Front Cover:** Lara, Photo by Gari  
 - www.artuncovered.com.au

Australian Sun and Health is a registered Trademark.

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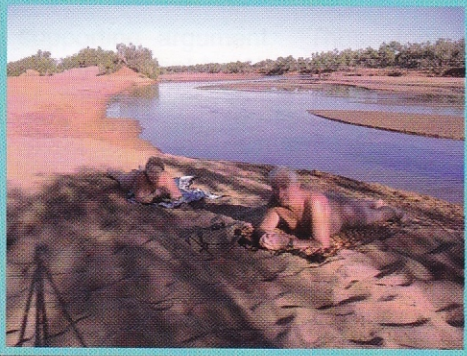


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# Caravanning through the west

## - Part 1



Words and photos by Alan and Carol Stalker.

The trip had been planned for many months, the reason simply being that we wanted to get away from the cold winter months at home. Home is Mandurah, Western Australia some eighty Kilometres South of Perth. In the winter it can get rather cold, wet and miserable, not at all conducive to the naturist lifestyle. The answer was simple, head north, closer to the Equator the hotter it gets, right? Winter in the North of W.A. is normally absolutely beautiful. However, you do need to go at least a thousand Kilometres north to make any large difference.

During the months prior to our trip we made several improvements to our twenty foot caravan. Another solar panel was added to give us a total of one hundred and twenty eight watts of power. A new LCD television was purchased to reduce our power usage, it is important to keep up to date with the news and of course we wouldn't want to miss an episode of "The Bill". A Satellite receiver is already a part of the caravan's equipment; this allows us to receive perfect television anywhere in Australia. Wireless internet was added to the van to increase our communication prospects and modifications were made to the water system to save more power. The rising fuel prices tended to dampen our enthusiasm a little, but as our vehicle uses LPG and petrol it does tend to reduce the expense.

On our first day on the road we covered a healthy three hundred kilometres, pretty good for us as we don't tend to get away very early, we made camp at a "free camp" area just north of a small fishing town called Leeman. Perhaps I should explain. In Australia, because of the large distances, the government now provides camp areas off the road a little so that travellers can get a good nights rest before continuing on their way in WA. These sites are usually only a twenty four hour stopover, although there are some that allow up to seventy two hours, and have toilets, rubbish bins and sometimes BBQ's. Of course because of the distances from any authority your stopover can usually be stretched a little.

To compliment this, a company has now published a guide to all of the known "free camps" in Australia, loosely known as the 'camper's bible'. It gives explicit directions to all government camps and many others. We tend to



use this guide, as do many others, to seek out the best camping areas.

Our second night on the road was spent in a 'free camp' that we have used before at "Galena Bridge", on the banks of the "Murchison River", five hundred and fifty kilometres north of Perth. The weather was still a little chilly for naturism. We do like our privacy, so when we move into one of these camps we always move to the extreme edge of the area and park so that our outdoor living area (our awning and door) face away from the road and to the bush. This allows us, weather permitting, to roam 'au naturale' when ever possible as these camps are unfortunately not 'clothing optional'. This particular camp is a huge area, several acres in fact, so when we moved many hundred metres away from the rest

of the campers (and up against a rocky outcrop) you would think that our privacy was assured. Not so, about an hour after we had settled in, two huge four wheel drives towing large caravans moved in close to us on our 'private side'. (Amazing, in an area this large people have just got to rub shoulders)

Our next stop was one of my favourites, another 'free camp' some thirty kilometres south of Denham (better known as 'Shark Bay'), another camp suggesting twenty four hours only; we met people in camp who had been there for a week. This area is right on the coast, and I mean 'on the coast', some vans were parked no more than two metres from the water (high tide). We were about twenty five metres from the shore, just over a small sand hill, again as private as we could get. The area was great; we were able to use the wireless internet, easily set up the satellite telly and get plenty of sun onto the solar panels for power. We spent many long ours exploring the long stretches of unpopulated coastline in the area, nude of course, as the chance of running into any one else along these beaches is very remote (unless they are of like mind). It was on one of these walks about a kilometre north of our camp that we came across a small bay, a better spot for camping (very private and quite secluded). Here we met a woman who was camped there on her own although unfortunately she was not a naturist. We are quite sure that we could have still camped there quite privately without affecting her as the area was quite large. In fact we have already chosen a parking position some four metres from high tide for a future trip. I am sure that nudity would not have bothered her, because as we returned from a nude walk further north of the bay we almost ran into her walking along the beach with her dog. I am sure that, although we covered up quite quickly, she was probably close enough to notice that we were nude. We chatted to her for a while and discovered that she was from the south of Western Australia. She was up in the area doing some business at a local cattle station; she appeared to be an owner. She told us that she would camp here, on her own, for a week of two before heading south to her home.

We met several other people at our camp who were on the road travelling around Australia. One such couple, who were from the east coast of Australia, had a rather unique way of conserving water (few of these camps have water, you must carry your own supply). When the first person was having a shower they would leave the plug in the shower recess drain, thereby leaving enough water for the next person to just bathe. To be fair, they would alternate this each day, so that each person would get a shower every second day. As we left Shark Bay we called in to see an old telegraph station, museum and the famous "Stromalites" display. As we walked back to the car we came across an area where hundreds of butterflies fluttered from bush to bush.

We pushed on further north and by now were almost a thousand kilometres from home. The weather by this time was a little more to our liking, although it was still a bit chilly at night. We spent a night at a camp called "New Beach", a tidal creek beach some forty kilometres south of Carnarvon. As we were now running low on food and water we decided to spend a night in a caravan park in Carnarvon after doing some shopping. Moving on still further north, our goal now was to catch up with some naturist friends holidaying in Exmouth



which also has a legal nude beach. We camped again in another camp area, discovered by us, an old gravel pit which had been used to build the road. It was great as there was no civilization for more than twenty kilometres and we were able to wander around nude at all times. Our next stop, Exmouth!

When we arrived in Exmouth (the most western point of Australia) we did some more shopping and then went searching for our friends who were staying in a caravan park about forty kilometres north of Exmouth. The park is located on the most northern tip of the Norwest Cape just below the lighthouse. Our plan was to stay in a national park campsite another twenty kilometres around the Cape. However, when we arrived at the rangers post we were told that there were no campsites available (national parks campsites have toilets, a camp host and are quite inexpensive). She advised us to return the next day before eight AM and join the queue for a place. Cape Range National Park campsites are very close to the beach and there is a lot to see and do, which makes them very popular. Well, back to the search for our friends. Funny thing about naturists, we had not known them for very long, we knew what their van and car looked like, but we did not know their second names. Just try finding someone with this information in a park with two hundred sites almost booked to capacity. After a long search we discovered their car and van and were lucky enough to get a site close to them, just for one night.

Next morning, after a very quickly making the van ready for travelling, we arrived at the rangers post in time to be second in the queue (even though we were over an hour early). While waiting for the ranger to show up we set up and had breakfast. The National Park has nine such camp areas and there were several vacancies in only three of them. We chose the closest, as we planned to go back to the nude beach with our friends as soon as we were set up (some are up to fifty kilometres inside the park). We set up in a camp called "Mesa" and luckily were able to find a position on the end of the camp assuring us of a good deal of privacy. All camps at Cape Range are close to the ocean, Mesa was only some eighty metres from the shore over a small sand hill. The coastline there is absolutely beautiful and the "Ningaloo Marine Park" with its coral reefs runs for hundreds of kilometres down the coast. There is lots to see and do and should you wish to do some sunbathing you only need to walk several hundred metres along the beach in any direction and you have it all to yourself.

Having set the van up the way we like, we had some lunch and headed off to meet our friends on "Mauritius Beach", the clothing optional beach. Unfortunately there had been a strong on-shore wind over the past few days; it was still blowing very strongly, which in combination with the large wind swell had seriously eroded the shoreline. We had to do our sunbathing in amongst the sand dunes so as to keep out of the wind and swimming was out of the question. Needless to say the wind swept beach was not too crowded.

Not far from where we were camped there is a large gorge which has a marked trail which takes you through the gorge to return along the top of the ridge. When we drove into the car park at the start of the trail there were no other cars to be seen. So once out of site I slipped off my shorts and went nude. The gorge is about two kilometres long and dry with plenty of trees and shrubs. Along the way we saw lots of wildlife and a lizard or two. However, when we reached the end of the gorge, the point at which we were supposed to make our way onto the ridge, we discovered that the trail was a little more adventurous than we had thought. We did start to climb to the top of the ridge and with some effort managed to get around twenty five metres above the floor of the gorge. At this point we stopped for a rest and looked ahead to the next marker or two, these were each another twenty five metres higher.

The same again with the next two markers, which we could barely see, then the trail ran along the very edge of the ridge. The vote was unanimous, take some photo's turn around and go back the way we had come.

After spending a great week in the Cape Range National Park it was time to head further north!



**Above:** The trail was more adventurous than we thought

**Right:** Sunbathing in the sand dunes



# Naturism – Family and Children

Written by Earth Waratah

Growing up as a child, it was a common to see children up to 8 years old playing at the beach naked. Nobody cared then as it was seen as natural for children to run about the beach minus their cotton wrappings. Even as a teenager in the 1980's this was still a common sight to see but sadly, not any more.

Social conservatism has taken such a stranglehold on society that nudity has become something to be feared. Even the vision of a dog's genitalia captured by camera is censored for television. I never realised just how insanely conservative we as a nation have become until I saw a warning of sex scenes before an animal documentary began.

As a parent, I would like to see my children grow up understanding that life around them is natural, including nudity and sex. We allow our four young children to be clothed or naked as they wish so that they learn not only that their body is natural and something to be cherished, but also to develop an ownership of their body. Forcing a child to be undressed is equally dangerous as forcing a child to keep all their gear on. Allowing a child to have this decision making process is the very tool a child needs to acquire in order to see that they, and only they, are in charge of their bodies. Not the churches, not the governments, not the parents, or fashion industries. Only they own their body and hold ownership of the decision making about what they do with their body.

I also believe that by instilling such a private ownership of the body amongst children from a young age, the market forces of fashion, entertainment industry and others have little control over the emotions of children. Both my 11 and 7 year old daughters are a living example of this as they see children in their own age groups being ashamed of their bodies. When my second eldest was in grade 1 last year, they were being a read a story about a man who loses his pants. This made all but a few children cover their eyes at just the thought of nudity.

My eldest is currently in grade 6 here in Queensland. She told me that she is glad that she and her siblings are raised in a nudist household. When I asked her why, she had two reasons. One being sad about those around her at the tender ages of 10 and 11 years old are ashamed of their bodies for they believe that they are ugly and fat. Only those on the tv, magazines and movies are attractive. With these bags of bones being the "standard" of good looking bodies, the natural bodies these children have are felt as ugly, unattractive and unhealthy. Seriously folks, what are we doing to our children when they come home from school, holding fears of dying from eating a piece of cake?

Unfortunately we don't have any legal nudist beaches in Central Queensland. At the time of writing, Queensland has no legal beaches, which is a shame, as taking children to such a beach would be good for them. I once took my eldest child to a nudist beach near Byron Bay while driving from Sydney to Brisbane. She was 8 years old then and asked me if I could take her to one, so I did. She loved it and wants to go again. My second eldest, who is now 7, has also asked me to take her to a nudist beach or somewhere nudist families gather. There is no such place here in Rockhampton. On talking with other parents who raise their children in a clothing optional household, I found that we nudists have also fallen for the fear of pedophilia. We as a society have decided that instead of correctly punishing child sex offenders, we should cover up our children, denying them the development of self ownership. As a society, and sadly many of us in the naturist communities, we are ignoring the growing violence and sexualised nudity in our media.

It is my belief that we, as Australia's naturist communities, must take charge of correcting such an evil outlook on life. Yes, I said 'evil', for society is twisting the minds of children to grow up in angst, to be scared of life around them, and to feel ashamed of themselves. I place a large share of the blame for this mentality on organised religion for brainwashing people into being fearful of the body, of sex, and of the natural states of life in general, so they could control us. Religions do it. Governments do it. It is our role to first teach our children how to use their own mind, to own their self and take responsibility for their own actions in life.

We must take the lead in teaching that the body is not wrong, just as it is wrong to portray the body solely as the vessel of sex. We must teach by example that the body is good that it is natural, and it is to be loved.

# The Carnarvon Ranges

Words and Photos by Frank Maundrell.

The Carnarvon Ranges occupy a large section of rugged bushland, mountains and gorges in Central Queensland. Four separate sections form the Carnarvon National Park. The Carnarvon Gorge Section comprises less than 10% of the total area, but receives about 98% of all visitors!

People flock to see the magnificent scenery of the main Gorge with its beautiful creek and many side gorges. I, too, have tramped along that track, over the stepping stones as it criss-crosses the creek and up to the Moss Gardens, Amphitheatre, Cathedral Cave and all the other features. Unfortunately, it is not a place to go nude. In fact, opportunities to practice nudism at Carnarvon Gorge are basically limited to your shower cubicle!

To the nudist, the other 90% of the Park, with 2% of the visitors, sounds more attractive.

So I headed for the Mt. Moffatt Section and soon found I could be nude almost all day!

In earlier times, cattlemen, lured by lush mountain pastures, established a Station up there. You can still see relics left by those toughest of all bushmen.

I had read about Mt. Moffatt in Dr. Len Dawson's book, Skydoctor. Dr. Dawson was a Flying Doctor based at Charleville during the mid-1950s and Skydoctor relates some of his experiences during those times. He devotes a whole chapter to a hair-raising mercy mission to Mt. Moffatt. There were no roads for an ambulance, no airstrip on which to land a plane and a life was in peril!

There was the Marlong Plain, but that was more than thirty kilometres from the homestead and all the creeks were in flood. After two days of searching from the air

## Nude of course!



and on the ground, no other possible place could be found, so the Marlong Plain was it! With the incredible skill of many years' experience, the pilot succeeded in landing the plane. The injured patient had to endure an epic in horseback transport through the flooded creeks and rough country. Against all the odds, and to the eternal credit of those concerned, he was flown out and the story has a happy ending.

The book is a great read and gives a fascinating insight into a way of life, gone forever, that is well within living memory!

Today, there is an all-weather airstrip not far from the homestead that eventually replaced the earlier bush shack. The homestead is now headquarters for the Park's Rangers.

Several camping areas, some only accessible by four-wheel-drive vehicle, provide plenty of options. An



extensive network of tracks allows you to drive through most areas of the Park and see its many scenic, historic and cultural features. I even found a magnificent, flowing creek, where I had a great skinny dip; very brief in the bracing mountain water! Birdlife was prolific and I had the good fortune to spot a new bird for their species list!

Of course, as with everywhere else in Australia, white history is preceded by thousands of years of aboriginal history. At Mt. Moffatt, this is recorded in various rock-art sites. Walking tracks lead to some of them and it was a good feeling to be able to walk around and see them in the same manner as the authentic, original Australian nudists!

Around Australia, many rock-art sites include stencilled paintings, usually of hands. This was probably done to denote the people belonging to the surrounding land. Perhaps it was a bit like a modern birth register! Mt. Moffatt has many of these, but in one cave there is a man's full body stencil. Nobody knows why he may have been painted. Was he a chief? Perhaps he was an important member of the tribe. Or was he simply a show-off; going "one up" on everyone else? Whatever the reason, the artists and the subject are long gone. Nevertheless, I found it quite moving to be there, naked, looking at this mute testimony to the presence of another, naked, person.

There are two other huge sections to Carnarvon National Park. But they will have to wait for another

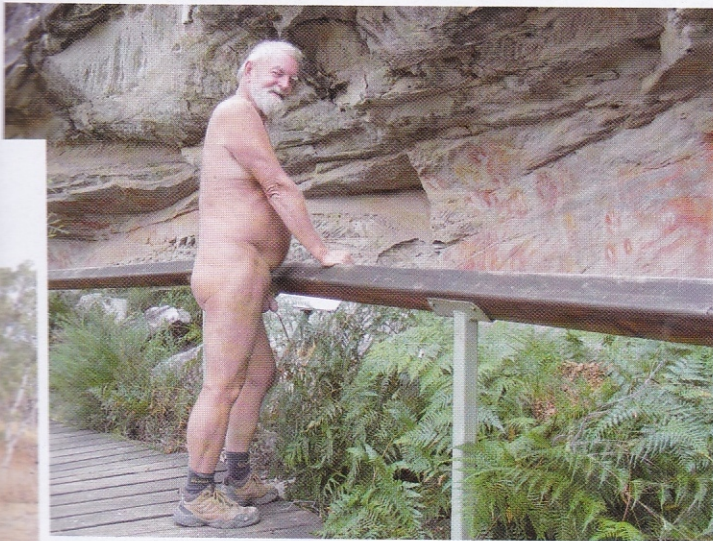


visit. Before I left the area this time, I called into Nuga Nuga National Park, a little to the east of Carnarvon.

Nuga Nuga is another less visited Park and thus, a haven for nudists. It is also a haven for vast quantities of birdlife. The Park preserves a recently formed, natural lake. A ghostly forest of dead gum trees provides evidence that this was once open bushland, and not too long ago!

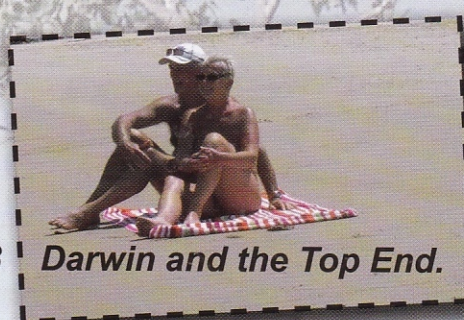
Campsites are available at several locations along the foreshores and the shallow water provides safe swimming spots for the whole family. I enjoyed several days there, paddling my kayak, swimming, walking and just lazing about; all nude, of course!

I have made the point many times before: when you travel, it is great to call in and stay at any of our nudist clubs or resorts. If you cannot get to a nudist resort, it does not mean you can't go nude! Look around. There are many great places to camp where you can get your gear off and be nude, at least some of the time. As a bonus, you just might discover some fantastic spots, scorned by the great majority of tourists.



# Jim & Twig's Journal

July 2008



Darwin and the Top End.

## Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> July

It is 7.00pm and we are only forty minutes away from take-off. And I won't regret for one minute leaving the NSW winter behind, if only for a couple of weeks.

It was only a few weeks ago that a bottle of wine and a printout of our frequent flyers account crossed paths on the bar as Jim and I were ready to conclude our happy hour and wander off to watch the evening news.

Our chat that night had again come around to the weather – not just the weather in general but the disgustingly cold weather we had been enduring over the past few weeks. For nudists, winter in Nelson Bay is a bummer – all those things we enjoy naked in summer are still there in front of you at every turn, yet they are still frustratingly just a track-suit or pullover away from full enjoyment. And it doesn't help when friends like Peter and Carol phone through from Darwin just to let us know that everyone is nude at their happy hour at TENRR.

That bottle of wine had left a smudge on the printout – “how many frequent flyer points have we got with Qantas? Enough to get to Darwin and back?” Jim asked as he held the soggy page up to the light. “I'll check in the morning” I offered. But that was enough to keep us at the bar for another hour, and another bottle, as we planned our surprise trip to Darwin. As it turned out we had just enough points to do the deal and the tickets I now held in my hand were purchased the following day.

## Monday 21<sup>st</sup> July

“So why do you live in Darwin?” I asked our taxi driver as we approached our hotel on the Esplanade. “The weather! Why would you live anywhere else?”

It was 1.00am as we stepped out of the taxi into a balmy 28°C Darwin City evening. “Why indeed!” I thought, as I took my jacket off for the last time, for a couple of weeks at least.

Our close friends Peter and Carol have been driving up to Darwin in their Winnebago to spend their winters at TENRR (Top End Nature Recreation Retreat) for the past five years. At least once a week they would call us during ‘happy hour’ to brag about the weather, about some new friends they have met, or about a nude outing to a local restaurant. “You must come up next year, you'll both love it” Carol would always end. “But we don't have three months holidays and a Winnebago” was our standard response.

This year we learnt that Garry and Jean had opened a couple of self-contained cabins at TENRR. So our decision to fly up to Darwin and surprise Peter & Carol was actually based on some common sense, even if it was contrived over a bottle or two.

We had booked our cabin with Jean and arranged for other TENRR regulars, Bruce & Julie, to pick us up today at 11.00am from the Novotel.

With shopping done along the way, we arrived at TENRR's reception at around 12.30pm. I gave Peter a call from my mobile while Twig did the paperwork with Jean. “Mate, can you do me a favour? I have just received a call from a couple we know from here in Nelson Bay who has just arrived at TENRR. They are new to naturism and I thought you might walk down to reception to meet them and show them around, make them feel comfortable – Joe and Beryl are their names”. “Hey, Carol, do we know a Joe and Beryl?” Pete yelled out.

Now, I know that the locals in the NT have learnt to move slowly to avoid stress, anxiety and sweat in the heat, but this was ridiculous - we must have waited for fifteen minutes or more and still no sign of Peter or Carol wandering down to reception – not as if they had to get dressed or anything! Jean convinced us to walk around the long way and sneak up on their van from the south (we had already snuck a long way from the south I can tell you!).

As is the way at TENRR, Peter had only managed to get 20 metres from his van before he was waylaid in conversation – we were soon to learn that while one could physically walk around the roadways past every van on the site in say ten minutes, in a practical sense it could take days to achieve such a feat. Carol simply watched us ‘sneak around from the south’ and strolled out from the shade when we got near their site to welcome us with that special smile and laugh of hers that you would walk to Darwin in your stocking feet to enjoy.

A surprise it was all the same, and certainly cause for an early celebratory drink! Here we are, just four hours flight out of shivery Sydney, sitting naked with a whole bunch of friends in brilliant sunshine, under the bluest sky you have ever seen and basking in 28°C warmth. “It doesn't get any better than this!” Twig sighed.



We settled into our cabin just in time to leave it for the short stroll over to 'happy hour' – but that is a storey for another day.

### Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> July

We have settled into the rhythm of TENRR, and it is just so nice. Daytime temperature is around 28° to 30°, a slight breeze wafts through to stir the air, the sky is blue – and I mean a rich, bold blue – like the 'blue bags' mum used to use – and the pace of life is 'laid-back' and that is just what I am doing today.

### Friday 25<sup>th</sup> July

We motored into Darwin with Peter and Carol in their 'Flivver' today. TENRR is approximately an hour's drive south from the city and the roads are all good. Before we hit the Stuart Highway, we called into Berry Springs, an oasis in the middle of otherwise open dry country. Here,

permanent spring fed water has created an exceptional environment with crystal clear pools, mini-waterfalls, and remnant vine forests. We were tempted to drop our gear and sneak a skinny-dip before the next tour bus arrived – we didn't, but had to smile as we exchanged greetings with two young couples as they skipped down the track towards the more secluded of the pools – "I bet they do!" remarked Twig as we wandered back to the 'Flivver'.

We had lunch at the Darwin Sailing Club. This is a 'must do' for all visitors to Darwin – great meals, pub prices and a view to die for.

Happy hour had started without us by the time we arrived back at TENRR – how rude!

Most nude venues have their 'happy hour' each afternoon these days, but here it is a little different. Everyone sits around in a circle, and as the group gets bigger, so the circle expands – and remarkably it retains its geometrical form, well almost. Garry and Jean always join in, new visitors are welcomed and departing friends are farewelled.

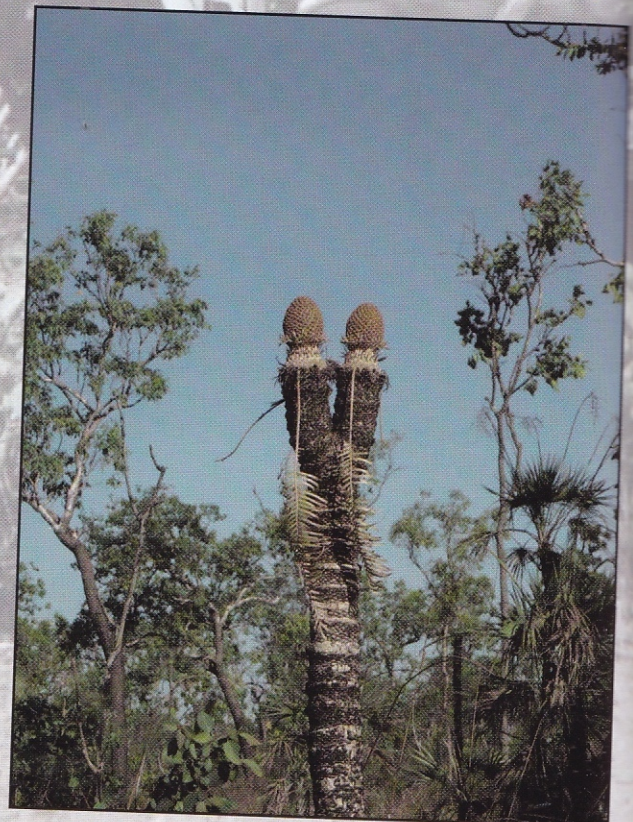
What we did find with this group of naturists was a rather special closeness, a bond if you like, that perhaps stems from the relative isolation of the park, together with the fact that many of the guests were either regulars, returning year after year to renew friendships, or long term stayers over the full winter months. A lot, like Peter and Carol, were both. I think this underlying bond of friendship was what made happy hour so much fun – conversations flowed freely and noisily, jokes were told across the circle, tales of travels past and to come and sports commentary from every state and code in the country. What a diverse group, a wonderful group and there was no 'us-and-them' enclaves – we were made to feel so welcome – this circle was more than a ring of chairs it was indeed a circle of friendship.

And to cap off another fantastic day in the tropical north we wandered back to our cabin under a clear sky, ate dinner under the biggest canopy of stars I have ever seen, and most importantly, still nude and comfortable in a balmy 26 degrees.

### Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> July

We were due to move out of our cabin today – there are only two on site and they are heavily booked as we had found out. Luckily for us, Sue and Grant, whom we'd met since arriving at TENRR, had set off for Vietnam yesterday. Over a 'happy hour' discussion earlier in the week they had offered their van for us to use for a few extra days – how good is that! Would you find that sort of trust and friendship at a textile holiday park? I doubt it.

Today we also celebrated 'Christmas in July' at TENRR. Festivities kicked off at lunchtime. We had Santa, the only one really dressed – well partially dressed anyway, as I noticed there





was nothing under that big red cape of his – well, yes there was something under that big red cape of his; well anyway, we also had presents for everyone and Garry and Jean put on a spread of food capable of feeding the whole Russian army, and good enough to have us all ducking back for seconds and thirds.

Needless to say that 'happy hour' this evening became 'ecstatic hour'!

### Monday 28<sup>th</sup> July

Sadly we left TENRR this morning. We promised Garry and Jean that we would be back. They are building more air-conditioned cabins to accommodate 'blow-ins' like us who are not into the "Nude Nomads" fraternity as yet.

Garry and Jean have developed a great nudist facility. They work hard to ensure that it is maintained to a very high standard; they have rules to save confusion and to ensure efficiency and cleanliness; and to their great credit they get involved with the local tourist community, which both keeps them up to speed with current industry trends and promotes our lifestyle to the uninitiated. Well done to both of them!

Peter and Carol drove us into Darwin where we met up with Bruce, Julie, Brian and Chris from TENRR for a farewell lunch. The venue was the restaurant at the very end of the Darwin Wharf

– great location, good food but a sad occasion.

### Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> July

Twig and I have enjoyed a few days looking around Darwin City. We had an interesting few hours at Crocosaurus Cove – a fascinating exhibit right in the centre of the city, offering a unique insight into these amazing creatures. They even have a 'swim with the crocs' cage – I tried, without success, to get Twig to do it nude, obviously I couldn't join her as someone had to man the camera!

Another famous attraction is the Mindil Beach Markets – I am not big on markets, but here the combination of music, crowds, warm weather and sunset over the harbour creates a euphoric atmosphere that I can see could become a little addictive.

Last night we enjoyed a sunset dinner cruise on Darwin Harbour – For the first time since landing in Darwin Twig actually felt a little cold – the chill factor from the on-shore breeze dropped the temperature down below her comfort level. Somehow I think her comfort level has gone up since we arrived in the Northern Territory and I fear she might be searching the Darwin real estate web sites when she finds herself back in the 'below-twenties' climate at home.

As I write this we are back at Darwin airport awaiting departure at 1.40am (Friday). We've had a great holiday – a true 'escape' in every sense of the word.

Darwin holds a special place among Australian cities and 'The Top End' is a very special region in a country of so many splendid and diverse environments. We haven't scratched the surface of things to do up here, so we will be back.

And for naturists, TENRR does indeed offer a unique and special experience among the many excellent nude holiday options in Australia. Thanks to the foresight of Jean and Garry, it is now not just for those nomads who make the trek up in their vans and motor-homes each year – our bare bums will be occupying one of those delightful cabins again next year.



From time to time we refer to the late Magnus Clarke's book "Nudism in Australia", ISBN0949823082, a great reference book on nudism. Although coming apart at its spine, the book contains all manner of treasures, including the following "beauty" on page 104, where Magnus refers to a book titled, "Mixed Nudist Camps Throughout the World", published by a Sydney company during 1939. A story is mentioned about two girls, 'over 20', who regularly visited the sea near Warrnambool (Vic) walking fifteen miles from the railway station to do so. One Summer they had lived in a cave near the beach for two months.

***"We, of course, exercised regularly for an hour morning and evening and .... our limbs began to lose that flabby feeling ... our breasts also got firmer, more rounded and, I think bigger, losing their pendulous shape... we were soon a pair of lovely brown Greek goddesses to look upon. When necessary, we walked to town to get "eatables" only putting on dresses when within half a mile. In February had come some rain.***

***We wondered what it was like to feel the rain on our bodies so out we went into it and got a great thrill ... we walked and ran alternatively for two miles in the pouring rain"***

What a fascinating story we thought! Acted out in the 1930's and probably very risqué for that era. We just had to find that cave and at the same time turn our minds back 70+ years to that era. Somewhat of a challenge we thought.

Fortunately we have aboriginal contacts in the area, at Framlingham Aboriginal Mission, just out of Warrnambool. Aboriginal people have continuously inhabited the area for thousands of years. We soon found out undoubtedly, the girls would have been living in "Gaul's cave" located a safe distance out of Warrnambool, and east of the Hopkins River Outlet - Logan's beach.

On the down side, our timing was not good, Winter tides being much "higher" than the Summer tides when the girls would have been living in the larger cave. The cave is also tricky to reach down the cliffs with the girls being able to easily reach it from the beach during summer time (Jan - Feb). Also in the last 70 years, the coastline has changed somewhat, according to our Aboriginal friends, but we decided to have a go anyway. High tides of course at this

time being disappointing during daylight hours, the weather also being less than nudist friendly. (Check the Warrnambool Standard Newspaper for tide times if planning a visit!)

We found that from the cliff face, the cave goes inland some distance, in fact under the property of Mr & Mrs Bill Wilde. Interestingly their property is named "Narkinie" a word emanating from Central Australian Aboriginal people meaning cave.

We have now spoken to

the Wildes on several occasions spanning our month long investigations regarding the cave. We trust that any adventurous nudists, will do likewise, rather than venture onto the Wildes property unannounced. After all, this is common courtesy and heralds a good image for nudism which at present it especially needs. Mr Wilde also explained that he is reluctant to have any visitors on his property as previously one "visitor" was injured when on the property resulting in legal action against the Wildes.

We also reiterate that Gaul's cave is tricky to reach from the cliff tops and is much more easily reached at low tide in summer time; a 3.5 - 4 km stroll along largely deserted beaches from the Hopkin's River mouth.

Unfortunately we could find out nothing more about the girls as mentioned in Magnus Clarke's book indicating that the girls must have been discreet with their activities. This is reinforced further when we were told that years ago the particular coastline concerned was a popular picnic spot for (clad) families.

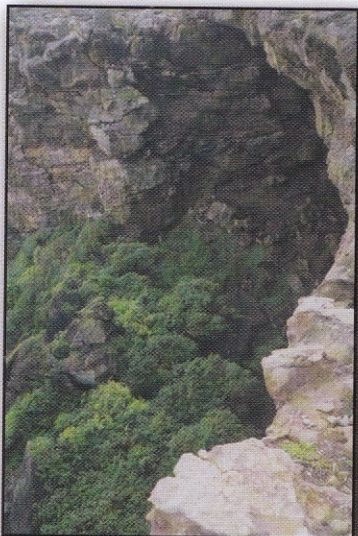
We also spoke to local historian Mr Les O'Callahan, but again he knew nothing of the girls nudist activities. Like our guide however, Les did mention the existence of bats in the cave, adding that 100 years ago Guano or bat poo was mined in the cave, bagged up and sold as fertiliser to local farmers. We located their mine shaft, now covered with logs which was sunk through the roof of Gauls cave, miners thereafter being said to be lowered in a bucket in order to carry out their activities.

A now deceased Fred Shirrefs studied these bats, tagging them etc. but we did not sight the results of this work. If it is Guano which was mined at the cave, animals must have indeed occupied the cave for centuries in order to build up mining quantities of material.

We discovered that during white settlement the whole of the land in the area was owned by the Allen family, the nearby town of Allensford being named after them.

Although unsuccessful with our quest to enter the cave itself, we were able to snap several photos of the area.

We trust that this enlargement of the story which Magnus Clarke wrote of will be of interest to some of our more adventurous nudist readers, but again we ask that if visiting the area, please respect the rights of adjacent land holders, as all properties extend to the "high water line" along the coast.





# A Summer in Europe

Article and Photos by Charles Macfarland

- Part 1

What is it about Europeans that makes them so happy to enjoy naturism and so tolerant of those who do?

I was lucky enough to spend twelve weeks in Europe this (northern) summer, and enjoyed many naked opportunities. I met lots of people who were happy to go naked, found lots of places to go naked in, and did lots of naked video for my company, Synetech.

My visit started with the Greek Islands. I visited them once before, in 1999 with a friend named Uti. We found them enchanting, and did video in several locations on the islands of Santorini, Crete, and Syros, which can be seen in *Surrender to the Sun 1 and 2*.

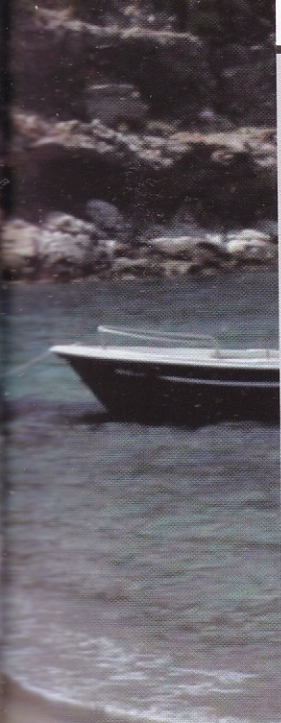
Well, I'm happy to say the Greek Islands are still enchanting. Perhaps even more so for me this year, because I visited them with Shannon, my favourite model and a good naturist friend.

Shannon, just to fill you in, is a dancer whom I met in Byron Bay in 2003. In 2004 we travelled together to

Ibiza and the Czech Republic, where we shot *Adventures in Freedom 1, 2, and 3*. In 2005 we went to the World Salsa Congress in New York City, where she met and fell in love with a young man from Montreal. She now has a great job teaching dancing in Montreal, and loves the city, but she says it has one big fault: it's too far from the beach.

Well, we fixed that. We went to the Greek island of Naxos, which is known for its great beaches. On many Greek islands, the beaches are mostly rocky or pebbly, which can make getting into the water difficult. But Naxos has pure sand everywhere.

We stayed at a hotel about one kilometre outside of the main town, which is also called Naxos, and most days we walked into town on a beautiful long curving beach with pure sand and gentle waves, to get breakfast. Shannon loves waffles, and these seem to be rather a speciality of Greek cafes, with endless good varieties and toppings. It was very pleasant to eat right



on the harbourside, with waves lapping the boats all around, and the sun shining down.

One of the great things about the Greek Islands is that there are lots of restaurants, called tavernas, right on the beaches, where you can enjoy a drink or a meal with the beach right in front of you. We wondered why Australian beaches don't have the same sort of thing, but of course the reason is simple: on the Mediterranean there are no tides and few big storms. If Australians built restaurants right on the beach, they might soon be washed into the ocean, but there's no likelihood of that in Greece.

Shannon loves adventuring, so she

persuaded me to rent a four-wheel all-terrain vehicle. These are popular on the Greek Islands, much simpler and cheaper than renting a car, and more fun because you ride in the open air. She did the driving, and I loved being able to sit behind her and watch the stark mountainous beauty of Naxos.

We found a small ancient temple, and it was fascinating to look at the stones laid more than two thousand years ago, and think of the people who laid them, and what they believed, and how they lived. We visited the charming central town of Halki, where we had lunch, and then headed on toward Alyko Beach.

Alyko is a nude beach, like many of the beaches in the Greek Islands, except the ones that are densely crowded with tourists. Even some of the tourist beaches are nude beaches, for there is widespread tolerance of the naturist lifestyle here in Greece as in most places in Europe. Greece has few legal nude beaches, but that hardly matters. If you want to get your gear off, just avoid the crowds – which is what Shannon and I like to do anyway.

For more complete information, visit [www.barefoot.info](http://www.barefoot.info), a well-organized website with lots of good information about official and unofficial nude beaches in Greece. It has many comments posted by visitors over the years, so you can find the likeliest places.

Naxos, like all the main Greek Islands, offers lots of shopping opportunities. We found a great shop which featured handmade glass art and jewellery, where Shannon bought a small brightly-coloured and original pendant. She also found a shop run by a shoemaker who crafted leather shoes. She bought a pair of these which were perfect for her to wear while dancing. As you can imagine, good shoes are important for Shannon, and the stuff you often get in stores nowadays are too ill-made and fragile for her dancing.

Just for fun, we did a shoot where she modeled her new pendant and shoes, wearing nothing else. It was great to see how happy she was, dancing with her new finds.

After Naxos, we went to Ios, which has the reputation of being the party island of Greece. This is because there is a whole section of all-night dance and pickup bars on the hillside of Chora, the main town. (Actually the word "chora" means "main town," so there is a Chora on many of the islands.)

Shannon visited some of these, but I didn't go. They don't even start till after midnight, which is an annoying aspect of many parties and events for young people nowadays. Shannon found there was lots of drinking, and indeed she said it was the sort of crowd that couldn't even begin to have fun till they were drunk like pigs. She went out on the dance floor early and sober, and was regarded as an oddity by those present. So much





for "the party island."

Fortunately, the party crowd takes up only a small slice of Ios. Once again we rented a four-wheel all-terrain vehicle and chuffed off across the island. We found the beach of Agia Theodoti on the other side of the island from Chora, and Shannon once again went naked for video. There were several people around, but nobody minded. There is also a small naturist beach called Kolitzani near to the main beach Mylopotas where we stayed.

Ios has many delights. Shannon had never tasted lobster, so we went to the Drakos fish restaurant at the far end of Mylopotas Beach, where they had a selection of small, medium, and large for us to choose from. The restaurant has the charm of many Greek Island restaurants, being right on the water, with beautiful views of the bay and mountains beyond. We watched a fisherman catch a large octopus (a favourite of Greek cuisine) right in front of us while we ate.

Another prominent source of food on the island are goats, which produce the milk for the delicious feta cheese which is a staple of Greek salads. One day while crossing the island we were treated to a goat migration. There must have been about a thousand of the animals being moved from one grazing area down the road to another. Each goat wears a bell, and the sound of a thousand bells was beautiful as we watched them from a mountain pass high above.

We also travelled to the far end of the island, a distance of about 30 kilometres, to Manganari Beach, which has beautifully clear water and a curving bay of smooth sand. Once again there was a restaurant right on the beach, and the meal, as always in our experience, was wonderful. This beach too has plenty of room for naturism, being off the beaten track.

If you want to maximize the opportunities for nakedness on the Greek Islands, it is a good idea to go as we did in June. Most Europeans take their

holidays in July and August, so the islands are more crowded then. It also gets very hot in those months, so unless you like blazing days, June is the time to go.

The islands are very windy and chilly in the winter, so almost nobody stays there. This means that in May or June the seasonal waiters, store-keepers, etc., have all just arrived, and are fresh and happy to see the new summer's flock of travellers. You get sincere greetings and enjoy a more open and happy time.

Our final island was Santorini, which many consider to be the most beautiful of the Greek Islands. The island was much larger, with a huge volcano in the centre, until around 1600 BC, when the volcano blew up in a titanic explosion. After the explosion, what was left was a crescent-shaped island with a deep natural harbour. The harbour is very popular with cruise ships, which drop anchor at the rate of several a day, and fill the island with one-day-only tourists.

If you can cope with this, Santorini is certainly worth a visit. You can see its beauty, and its two nude beaches, in the Synetech video Surrender to the Sun 1. Shannon and I enjoyed the wonderful views from a restaurant as the sun set over the harbour, and I lingered on a week to enjoy hiking on the desolate volcanic slopes and visits to Oia, the artist community on one tip of the island.

After Greece, Shannon went back to Montreal, with a stopover in Paris to savour the tango scene there. I continued on to the Czech Republic and Barcelona for lots more naked video. All of the shoots I did in these places will go into a new set of videos for Synetech Video Co. Perhaps I will call them Splendid Summer.

to be continued . . .



# To the tip!

## a Cape York adventure.

Story and Photos by Greg & Nicky Munro



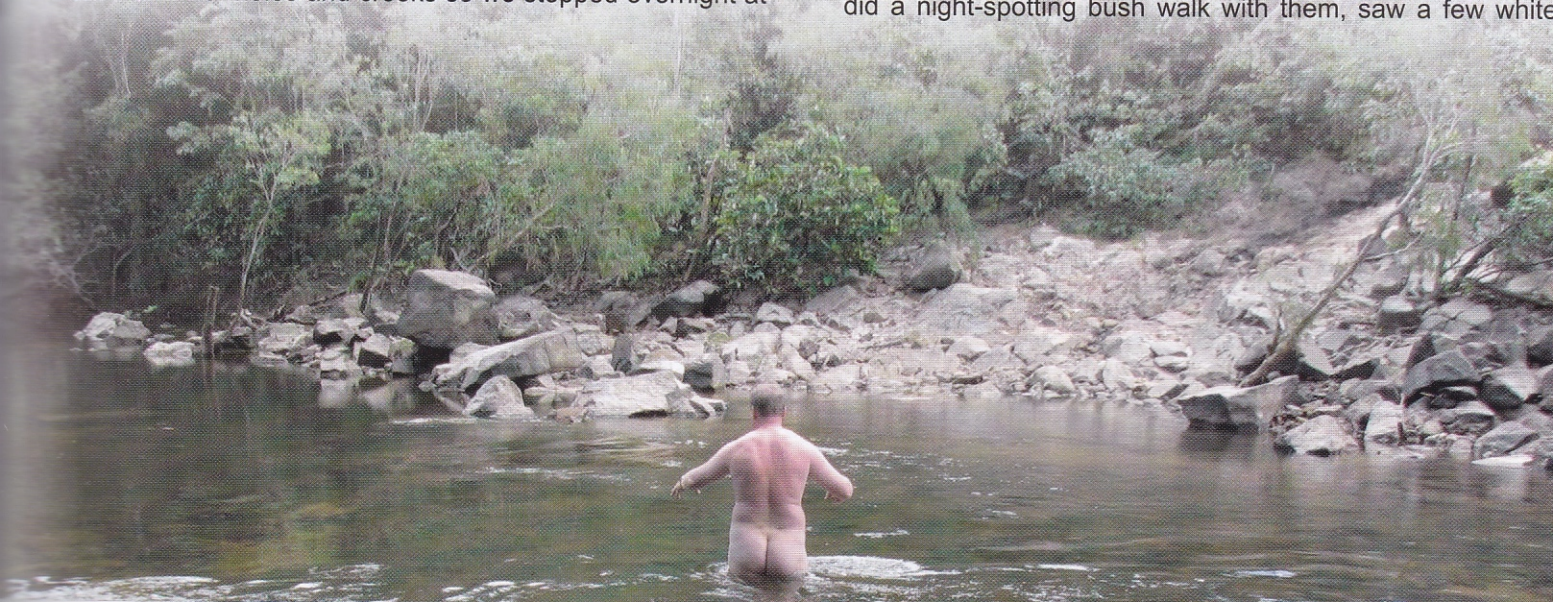
Wow! The top of Australia is an amazing place, warm 30 degree sunny days (in winter), Crocodiles, Palm cockatoos, wild pigs, huge fish and remoteness, not to mention endless four wheel driving opportunities. Nicky and I have been wanting to do Cape York for year so we headed up in May. It was a late wet this year, but the RACQ web site said all the roads were open. We did a quick run up the east coast stopping at three nudist resorts on the way. First was "Savannah Park" where it was nice to meet Elaine and David, the new owners. They did the Cape last year and we really picked their brains, thanks guys. Next we stopped at "Taylorwood", where I was keen to see how Rogin and Linda's new house is progressing, and I'm pleased to say it looks fantastic and then "Murrigal" at Tully. It was our first time there and we were happy to find a nice place and lovely people. While there we went for a drive to a local waterfall for a skinny-dip and saw our first ever wild cassowary.

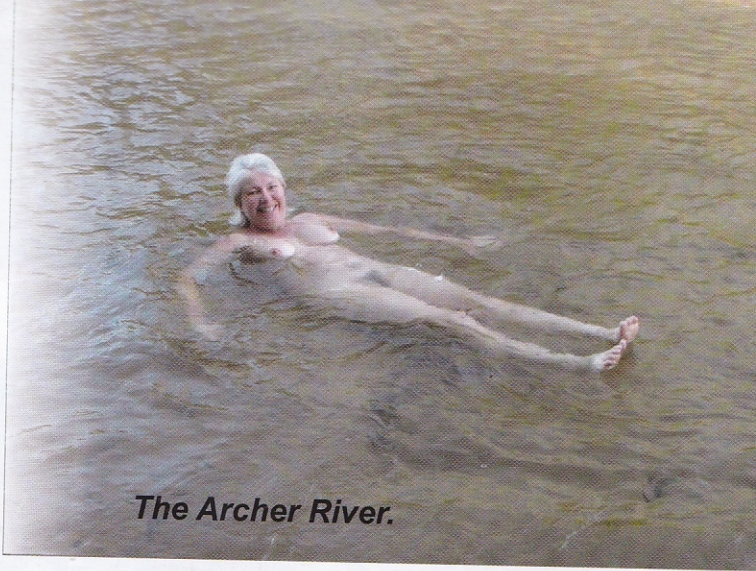
We travelled up the Bloomfield track to Cooktown; it is a 4wd track but nothing too difficult. From Cooktown we drove across Lakefield National park via Battle camp track (a lady at the Cooktown info centre told us Battlecamp rd was shocking and should be avoided, but sometimes it pays to check things yourself as it was fine). Lakefield has some beautiful water holes and creeks so we stopped overnight at

a national park campsite and managed a bit of nude camping as the other people were well away from us. I tried a spot of fishing with no luck and we saw our first croc for the trip, he wasn't too big but fun to see anyway.

Out of Lakefield and on to the Development rd, (another bonus of travelling early is the roads are graded at the start of the season and aren't too corrugated). We stopped at Archer River overnight and we went for a nude walk up the river, it was too shallow for crocs but we saw heaps of bird life and there were no other people.

We headed to Chilly beach on the East coast, what a beautiful place. It's in the middle of Iron Range national park where the rainforest is right up to the beach. We met three mad young Kiwi's who had done the Telegraph track and had come down another track which I hadn't heard of before called 'The Frenchman's Track'. They said it was fun but had some deep water crossings where they jammed their fan against their radiator and didn't notice till they overheated the car but luckily it didn't do much damage. We did a night-spotting bush walk with them, saw a few white





*The Archer River.*



*Naked at the tip!*

lipped green tree frogs but none of the rare Cuscuses found in this area. The next morning Nicky found some of the Palm cockatoos, found only in this area and right at the top (and in some parts of New Guinea). She was stoked as this was what she wanted to see up here and would have been very disappointed if she hadn't found any.

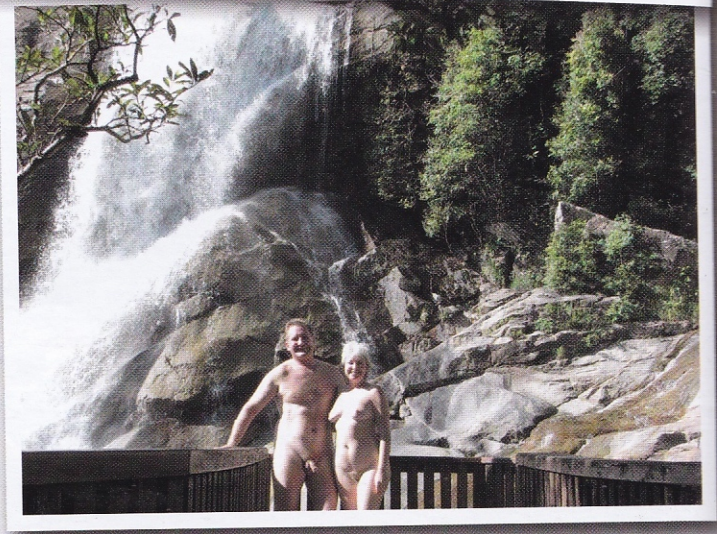
In the morning we headed up the Frenchman's Track and about 20 km's in we came across the Pascoe River where we stopped at the top of a long steep rutted descent. We decided to walk to the bottom. The water looked deep and was flowing quickly and across the other side there were plenty of boulders on a steep exit. The decision had to be made - do it or turn back. Well we thought, this is what we're here for, four wheel driving the Cape, "lets do it!" But there was no way I was driving this without walking it so I stripped off and tentatively walked in. I'm glad I did, as there were quite a few boulders in there with tell tale gouges from previous crossings. I put a tarp over the bonnet, as the water was butt deep, picked my line and drove in. Nicky was gripping the grab bar on the dash really tight, and I must admit my pulse had lifted a beat or two. Now we have done a fair bit of four wheel driving over the years, but this crossing really got the heart pumping! The next major crossing was the Wenlock River, which after the Pascoe seemed somewhat tame. The Frenchman's Track is only 53 km's yet it took us 3.5 hours to complete.

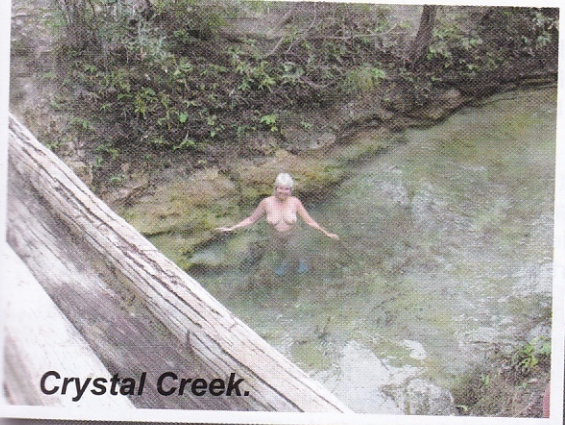
On to Weipa which is a nice town based around bauxite mining. We did a tour of the mines which was very interesting as was the fishing at the Weipa jetty, where I discovered the only way to catch fish up here is with a 100 lb hand line. My rod was repeatedly folded over on full drag till it wrapped around a pylon. We left the next morning and headed up to the base of the Telegraph track, this was the part of the trip I was really looking forward to.

The Telegraph Track is a 4wd track which has about 15 water crossings and a lot of sideways angled stuff with some pretty rutted sections. If you leave from Weipa it takes a full day to do the bottom half, which we found to be the easier with most of the crossings knee to thigh deep. As always it's important you walk them first and I took the shallowest, easiest route everywhere I could as it's a long way from help should you break something. One bloke we spoke to said he went through a crossing up to his chest

which you could do if you plowed through the middle but instead a bit of common sense is required. We also heard of four landcruisers putting their fans through their radiators, they probably went in too quick and didn't throw a tarp over the front. I only felt the need for my tarp on three occasions.

We did the optional Gunshot creek as there is a bypass. The Gunshot is famous for its notorious vertical entries into





*Crystal Creek.*



the creek; they change every year and I don't think anyone has done the really vertical ones for some years as there were plants growing on them. The entry I went down was rutted and steep but easily tackled by anyone with a bit of 4wd experience.

Because it is so remote up here I managed to do the whole Telegraph Track nude sitting on my sarong. We stopped half way up the track at Elliot Falls and Twin Falls; two incredibly beautiful spots where we managed a bit of nude swimming. We could be nude around the camp as there was hardly anyone there and they were well away from us. We also stopped at Fruit bat falls and had a nude snorkel, it's one of the prettiest waterfalls I've seen.

In the morning we continued up the northern part of the track, which had trickier driving, but nothing too bad. The deepest crossing was the last on the track, Bridge creek, which was up to my waist, I put the tarp on and Nicky stripped off and walked across to get a photo. I kept to the right in the shallowest part, but the water still came over the bonnet and up onto the windscreen. Nicky unfortunately missed the photo at the deepest point. She suggested I go back through and do it again but I think once was enough; I didn't want to push our luck. We continued up the track to the Jardine River crossing, but you're not allowed to cross there anymore; instead you must use the Jardine barge... at the minimal cost of \$88!! Actually I was rather relieved as it looked pretty daunting.

I really enjoyed the Telegraph Track, it wasn't overly difficult, just a lot of fun. If you're going to attempt it make sure your vehicle is in good condition, and if you have no four wheel driving experience, it wouldn't hurt to try going to a local 4wd park and getting to know your vehicle and its limitations. I also carry a full set of belts and hoses, two spare wheels,



*A typical track.*

puncture repair kits etc. As availability of parts are limited up there, especially if you're not in a Land Cruiser or Patrol.

We continued up to Seisia, the most northern township where we set up camp at the caravan park and ended up staying six days, doing day trips out to the various rivers and beaches. A lady camping next to us overheard Nicky and I talking about driving to the tip, She asked if she could join us as her husband had done it the previous year and didn't want to take her; a bit miserable I thought, so I said no worries. She jumped in with us an hour later and we were off to the northern most tip of Australia about another 60 km's on from Seisia. Our new friend is a photographer and offered to take some photo's, she knew we were nudists and said she would take a couple of nudie pics which very nice of her. Now at this point I have to mention there's not much signage on the cape so you have to follow your books and maps religiously. When you come to the end of the road there is a 20 minute walk up over some rocks to the tip where you find the sign. Unfortunately the sun was at the wrong position for good photos but we tried our best.

Most evenings I went fishing off the jetty. I personally had no luck, but I did hook a few sharks and managed to pull an eight footer to within 10 ft of the jetty on a hand line. One night a lady hooked a 1m mackerel and was

pulling it in when the biggest Tiger shark I've ever seen, scooped it whole; then proceeded to do a victory lap across the jetty. The locals reckon it's 4.5m long and is a regular visitor.

On our last day we caught the ferry to Thursday Island, it was a beautiful day, the island is very pretty with spectacular views and of course I had to have a beer in Australia's northern most pub...

That was our trip to the tip; we came back down and stopped at Captain Billy's landing, and visited Vrilya point. We then headed across to Karumba and Normanton and Burketown on our way to Lawnhill national park, it was spectacular. We hired canoes and paddled the length of the gorge and managed a skinny dip right at the end, we stayed two nights and then headed for home.

We had a fantastic trip to the tip; I would recommend it to anyone who likes a bit of adventure. It's a paradise for naturists, but do your homework. Nicky borrowed plenty of Cape York books from the library. Preparation of the car is very important, as are good tyres; I run BF Goodridge mud terrains and had no problems. Have a pre-trip service done with your mechanic, and take your spares. There are plenty of opportunities to be nude and warm and you will have a wonderful time.

This is one place we'll definitely be back to!

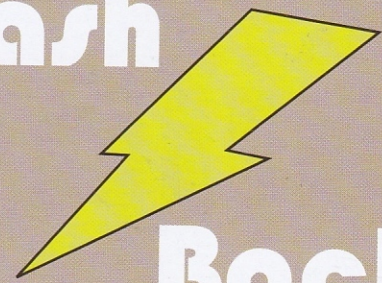


YOU ARE STANDING AT  
THE NORTHERNMOST POINT  
OF THE AUSTRALIAN  
CONTINENT





# Flash



# Back!

Do you have an old photo that shows you enjoying the naturist lifestyle? Big Hair? Great hat! Your best friends. Something from the 80's perhaps? An old photo that makes you giggle? Your favourite nude photo. Something that makes you smile.

We want them all!

The photos don't have to be perfect. Old scratched faded photos are fine. Just tell us who it is and what year (roundabouts) it was taken and we'll print it!



**Left and above:** These photos were taken by Trevor in the 1970's in "the golden era of naturism" as he puts it. Uncle Sams double decker bus was doing rounds of the shopping centres giving out freebies and Trevor managed to convince them to drop in at Woodlands club for xmas 1974. The Woodlands club sign had to be removed to so the bus could get through the gates. What a great story!

**Below:** Les doing his best Tarzan impersonation back in the 50's and still giving it a go in a photo taken earlier this year on the right.



# Sailing Away..

## Part 4

By Jim Nice



This has been so different to the first part of the cruise. After carrying out numerous repairs to the boat, motoring everywhere because there was no wind and then having the strong southerlies making it too cold to even get out of our tracksuits, it really is good to be able to tell you about the better part of sailing.

We stayed in Hinchinbrook Passage for almost a week because of the spell of good weather and we were finally able to shed our clothes and take advantage of the warm tropical conditions. With the extended periods of sunshine the batteries received a good top-up through the solar panels, so I didn't have to run the motors every day. The idea of slowing down to spend some time there was very appealing and we felt so much more refreshed when we set off at the end of our stay.

The next anchorage after Hinchinbrook was Dunk Island, and I was in two minds about calling in there because on previous visits we had felt decidedly unwelcome when we ventured ashore. Joan and I were there in the latter part of 2006 and witnessed the extensive damage caused by Cyclone Larry in March of that year, which only added to a feeling of unease about the place.

After that visit Joan said she didn't particularly want to go back to Dunk again. However as it turned out, my feelings of apprehension were quite unfounded and I was very pleasantly surprised. A brand new visitors' welcome centre had been built to replace the beach house destroyed by the cyclone, and when we went ashore both Annie and I were made to feel most welcome. What a huge change from previous visits!

Annie was keen to explore some of the walking trails on the island so we decided to stay another night. The next morning while she went for her walk I set out to look for shells along the south western beach, as it appeared that nobody was using it. When I was quite some distance from the beach hut, almost along the full length of the beach, I came across a couple enjoying the sun naturally and went over to talk to them. At first they were a little withdrawn as they didn't seem comfortable with the idea of some 'textile' coming over for a chat. Then the young lady asked if I owned a boat, which I thought was a strange question, but it turned out that she recognised me from one of my articles in Sun and Health, so they were fine after that. I found out

# Naked in the Tropics.



that not only do they sometimes come over from the mainland but several of their friends also visit the island with the sole purpose of being able to do some sunbaking. She added that they also like to use some of the more secluded beaches along the coast around Tully.

On the second afternoon at Dunk we were surprised to meet up again with our seafaring friends from Denmark. We had last seen them in Airlie Beach and I thought they would have been well ahead of us as we had spent a week in Bowen and then another five days in Hinchinbrook. It was great to see them again and catch up over a couple of drinks but unfortunately the news was not all good. There were now only two of them as they had had an argument at Airlie Beach and the third one left the boat. They were not at all happy as they now had no choice but to go to Cairns, sell the boat and fly back to Denmark as they had run out of money. The one who had left the boat was being sponsored to make a documentary about the trip, so without any financial help they had to sell up and move on.

After Dunk Island the next stopover was at Innisfail, which was another town that was devastated by Larry in

2006. Joan and I had also called in there on our last cruise and were amazed at the amount of damage to the town. Even navigating into the river was not without its problems as some of the channel markers had been washed away during the cyclone and had yet to be replaced. On our way up river to the anchorage it appeared that the majority of houses had blue tarps where their roofs used to be, and many buildings seemed to be damaged beyond repair. In the business district the damage was even more extensive and we couldn't even begin to imagine what it must have been like to be there when the cyclone hit. However this time it was a totally different story. The channel markers had been replaced, there were no blue tarps to be seen as all the houses had new roofs, damaged buildings had been repaired and repainted and the whole waterfront looked clean and tidy - a very welcoming sight. It was so pleasant that we stayed there for four nights before continuing on our way up to Cairns. It actually looked so fresh and 'together' that Annie had trouble imagining how badly damaged the town had been until I showed her the photos we took on that previous visit.

After leaving Innisfail we had an overnight stop at a reef south east of Fitzroy Island off Cairns, and again we were visited by a couple of inquisitive whales who came very close to the boat. It was a pity that it was too dark to get any good photos. Then when we arrived in Cairns we met up with the boys from Denmark once again; they had painted their boat and it was now ready to sell. Annie and I both felt sorry for them as the trip was supposed to be something very special but in the end it all came to nothing. We spent a week in Cairns, where Annie did the tourist thing and went for a train trip up to Kuranda to check out the markets, and then came back on the sky rail. She loved it and had a wonderful day.

We were finally starting to get some weather that would allow us to do some natural sailing, but only for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. When we left Cairns we headed out to Batt Reef but didn't stay there as it was a little too rough, so we turned west and anchored at Low Isles. This beautiful spot is a total green zone - no fishing, no collecting, and the only thing you can take from the island is photos. Fish come up to the back of the boat waiting for someone to throw them something to eat; there are bat fish, leather jackets, reef sharks and remora everywhere, and almost tame enough to touch. We did a little snorkelling while surrounded by these fish, and I was also able to check out the repairs to the hull that I had done in Bundaberg. It looked like it's all holding together so I was happy with that.

From Low Isles we did the short hop over to Port Douglas, and as it was Saturday the markets were in full swing. Once again I had a happy crew member as Annie just loves going to markets. While we were in Port Douglas Annie wanted to go on a tour up to the Daintree rainforest, so we stayed for another couple of days. She travelled by bus to the Daintree and then later transferred to a boat to explore the waterways.

After leaving Port Douglas we sailed up to the Daintree River and spent a night just inside the entrance, so now Annie has had the Daintree experience by land and by sea. In the morning we departed for Hope Island, which is only 20 miles south of Cooktown - it's a lovely reef which is exposed at low tide, displaying many soft and hard corals as well as the large clams that are there in abundance. We spent the night at Hope Island before continuing up to

The following morning we left Lizard Island and headed for Princess Charlotte Bay with the wind at our stern and only about one third of the headsail out. Because of the strong wind we set off doing our maximum speed and maintained that pace until we reached Princess Charlotte Bay and anchored around midday. It had been ten years since my last visit to the area and it was so much different to what I remember. In the morning we motored over to one of the many rivers and set four crab pots between two rivers, and in two hours we had a haul of 12 muddies. After feasting on some of the crabs we froze the rest of the meat to use in a seafood chowder, along with some prawns that I had caught in the cast net.

After a few days in Princess Charlotte Bay we continued our passage north to Portland Roads but with the 30 knot winds, we could once again only use about one third of our headsail. There's not a lot that can be said about Portland Roads, it's very isolated, only a dozen or so houses and not much else, no shops, nothing but a few boats who were also heading north.

Our next stop was Margaret Bay, which is a great anchorage on a narrow spit. We thoroughly enjoyed our time there but eventually decided to take advantage of the prevailing strong southerly winds and head further north, because as often happens in the tropics the wind can very quickly drop off to not much more than a breeze. We were feeling pretty good after our few days in Margaret Bay and it was probably better that we couldn't know what was ahead of us as far as the weather was concerned. I kept hoping that the winds would drop just a little to make the journey a bit more comfortable, but it turned out that they would remain at 30-plus knots and even stronger for quite some time, and it would be very difficult to get back south against the trade winds.

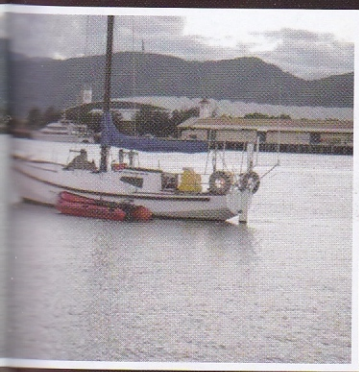
Our next stop was at Cape York and although we did anchor on the top of Australia we decided against going ashore for the photo opportunity at the Top End, which is almost obligatory when you reach Cape York. The conditions were very rough with extremely strong winds, and I wasn't prepared to leave the boat unattended while we went ashore in the dinghy. So we lifted the anchor and sailed over to Horn Island, which is close to Thursday Island but has a much better anchorage, and we were able to get in close to the beach where the water was much

Cooktown, the last major town on our way north to Thursday Island and Horn Island in the Torres Strait.

We didn't stay long at Cooktown as we only had to do some last-minute provisioning before heading off in the morning and anchoring at Cape Flattery around mid-afternoon. After the strong winds pushing us north it was a nice change to find calm water where oysters were readily available, so while Annie headed off for her walk I went searching for oysters to cook with a touch of garlic for our afternoon sundowners - yum! Although still a little chilly, it was a nice anchorage and quite deserted except for a couple of buildings on the foreshore. The following morning we set off for the short sail up to Lizard Island and after anchoring we went ashore to do some exploring.

calmer. At Thursday Island the beach would have been on a lee shore and with the strong winds and the water coming across the bay the boat would have been rocking day and night, making it most uncomfortable and very difficult to get to sleep. But even though we did have a good anchorage at Horn Island, it was heavily overcast and there wasn't enough sun to keep the batteries charged, so I had to run the motors for up to two hours a day just to keep the freezer running and have the use of my computer to check emails, etc.

We spent a week at Horn Island and while there we went by ferry to Thursday Island to do some shopping before sailing the short leg across to Bamaga. The community of Bamaga is situated three miles inland and is



accessed from the port of Seisia. We arrived there on a Thursday and were informed by other yachties that the local fishing club has a beer and burger night every Friday evening and they invited us to come along.

That evening we went to the fishing club for the beer and burger night, and a local band was performing. I had thought that Bamaga was an Aboriginal community but it

appeared to be mostly made up of Islanders, and the six band members were all Islanders as well. I don't know what I expected but I was amazed at how talented they were. They were very, very good, and were so entertaining that I could have listened to them all night. While we were enjoying the music a local skipper/owner of a charter fishing boat arrived - he took one look at Annie and that was that! He never left her side for the rest of the evening and he invited her to his home for dinner the following night. She obviously liked the look of him because she accepted without hesitation. She visited him for dinner on the Saturday evening and then when she arrived back on the Sunday morning she told me she was leaving the boat as she wanted to spend the rest of her time in Australia with him. Naturally I wasn't impressed because

when I took her on as my crew it was on the condition that she would stay with me for the entire trip. I guess she wanted more than just to crew for the season. I'm disappointed that a person who makes his living on the ocean and is aware of the dangers involved would stoop so low as to take another person's crew, just because of a little lust. The purpose of having somebody else on board was twofold - firstly as company because days at sea can be very lonely and boring, and secondly as a backup should the need arise. If I was injured or unwell, it would then be up to my crew to take control and try to get assistance.

Now I'll have to try to find another crew member but this will have to wait until I get back to Cairns - or possibly Cooktown or Port Douglas - before there is any chance that I can find somebody on such short notice. So for the next couple of months I'll be on my own but I guess that's all part of sailing - breakdowns, bad weather, and a crew who falls in love and leaves the boat.

After leaving the port of Bamaga I felt it would be too risky to continue on to my original destination by myself and reluctantly decided I should head back along the east coast. I planned to go up the inside of Possession Island and wait there until I could get around Cape York with the wind and current in my favour. Usually the wind is not as strong in the early mornings and if I took advantage of that I could have a good start on the way to my next anchorage. Late one afternoon while I was waiting in Simpson Bay, inside Possession Island, I was watching a family in a tinny when suddenly the man in the boat dived overboard. This really caught my attention as the place is infested with crocs and I had seen a couple of very large ones a short time earlier. I thought this bloke must have been crazy to be swimming there but it was not long before he was again back in the boat and they were

motoring across to the beach not far from me. I continued to watch them for a while but couldn't work out what they were doing, so curiosity got the better of me and I motored over in the dinghy to see what was going on. When I arrived I noticed a large turtle that they were trying to get into their boat but it was just too big for the man to drag by himself. The mother of the family said that the turtle would feed them all for a month and at first I was a little upset over this – turtles are protected but I also understood that natives were permitted to catch them. She answered all my questions and explained that they have the right to catch turtle and dugong by traditional means (and if that means they dive into croc infested waters to do so, then they are welcome to it). She also said they could only catch what they could eat but then added that there are some up there who spend a lot of their time catching turtles to sell and she was upset that some of their friends would do this. The lady also said that the turtle is the only animal that comes with its own cooking pot. The family was made up of a mum and dad, two young boys and three girls, ranging from around four through to the eldest child of about ten, maybe a little older. Anyway, I helped the dad drag the turtle into the dinghy.

It's a pity that the cruise had to be cut short but sailing across to the Roper River would be a three or four day continuous passage and I was not prepared to attempt that on my own. Somebody has to be awake at all times, so there would have to be at least two people on board to enable one to sleep while the other is on watch.



At present I am at Mount Adolphus Island, seven miles east of Cape York, waiting for the wind to either subside a bit before I punch into it, or turn further east or better still north east - one can only hope. When I finally get down past Cooktown the conditions going south should be much better. Up here the reef is so close to the mainland that tacking across the wind could only be done in very short hops backwards and forwards for very little headway. To advance 20 miles I would have to cover something like 45 miles by tacking to cover that distance. So I hope I can make it to Cooktown within the next three months.



# Politics and Religion!

Don't talk about Politics or Religion! This is an unwritten rule at many Nudist Resorts and Clubs, along with just about anywhere else people gather socially.

It is a simplistic statement and, I think, better expressed in one of the objects of Lions Clubs International, of which I am a past member. Their rule says "...the discussion of all matters of public interest, provided that sectarian religion and partisan politics are not debated by Club members...". The underlined words are critical. The truth is that many people are unable to debate either topic without being emotional or "one-eyed" about it. Of course, a distinction must be made between "debate" and simply trying to convert another to your own point of view. That is certainly inappropriate at a social gathering!

Nevertheless, whether we like it or not, both politics and religion are deeply involved in the nudism arena. We are frequently being asked to write to this that or the next Politician concerning some aspect of nudism, usually trying to gain legal recognition of our beaches or other venues. Consider the amount of effort that has been expended trying to get various Queensland Governments to allow even one beach for nude bathing. Consider also the amount of effort that was expended in NSW trying to retain Reef Beach. This is not "partisan" politics, but it most certainly is politics!

The more we can understand about the political system, the better we can use it to our advantage. Misunderstanding is also likely to lead to misuse of the system. Certainly, those opposed to nudism use the system to their advantage. They even have their own political representatives of which The Christian Democratic Party is an example. Every election seems to see candidates from this, and other Parties, claiming to espouse "Family Values", frequently a misleading ploy of the "religious right".

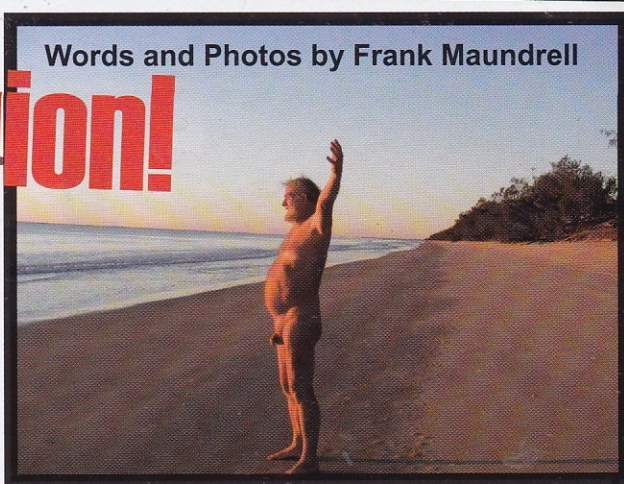
At this point, I will take care to state that I am not a member of any political party, nor am I a member of any religious organisation. This does not mean that I do not have views on either subject. I do. Quite firm views, actually! It never ceases to amaze me how the, so-called, religious right seem to have such difficulty separating sex from nudity. I think the Bible is actually rather quiet on the subject. Even though Adam and Eve are said to have "...covered themselves..." and Jesus says, in His sermon on the mount, "...I was naked and you clothed me...", there is nothing in the Ten Commandments about nudity, neither is it mentioned in Jesus' own commandments: Firstly to Love God and then to Love your neighbour as yourself. He was not referring to the carnal type of love, which seems to obsess many modern religious leaders.

An interesting example of the attitude of these leaders can be found in a speech delivered to the Upper House of the NSW Parliament on 4/12/1996 by Rev. the Hon. Fred Nile, when opposing the NSW Local Government Amendment (Nude Bathing) Bill. Rev. the Hon. Fred's main contribution to the debate was a proposal to change the title of the Bill to "Local Government Amendment (Indecent Exposure) Bill". For plenty more laughs, you can read the full text of this speech on the NSW parliament web site:

<http://www.parliament.nsw.gov.au>

Whilst we can gain plenty of humour from it, the speech was not intended as a joke. Today, some twelve years on, Rev. the Hon. Fred is still active in the Upper House of the N.S.W. Parliament and I doubt he has changed his views one iota! Plainly, his speech delivered a blueprint for action he and his ilk would take, should they ever gain the power to take it.

I am not concerned as to whether nudists actually have religious or



political convictions. What does concern me is that anyone practising nudism should do so free from any torment of shame, guilt or fear of eternal retribution, which seem to be the weapons of some religious leaders. In the above speech, Rev. the Hon. Nile frequently refers to nudity as a "moral issue". In other words, he regards nudists as "immoral" and nudity as a "sin", with all the connotations that implies for the faithful. I would urge any reader thinking along these lines to consider what they have. If God created the human body, it must surely be at the pinnacle of His creative genius. It seems strange to me that modern thought then goes on to say that God demands this body of His be covered and screened from view.

By coincidence, I recently met a chap at Samurai, whose identity must remain confidential. He was an Interstate visitor, but is an ordained Minister in a Pentecostal Church, a position many would associate with the "religious right". However, he is a committed nudist and is also bewildered by the attitude of most of his colleagues. We had a long and interesting conversation about the issues of religious belief in respect to nudism.

I guess a book could be written on this subject and perhaps one should be! Apart from urging readers to consider the issues and ensure they have a firm basis for their participation in nudism, I will leave the discussion there. Perhaps readers would like to express their opinion and share their thoughts with us all. I am sure Sarah would welcome letters on either subject, provided they do not press a particular partisan or sectarian viewpoint.



# The Auck

After a great experience at Cape Denison, back on the 'Orion' we were reminded that we were on an Antarctic Expedition, not on a cruise. We were to have landed at the French station Dumont d'Urville, but their supply ship L'Astrolabe which had been delayed by heavy pack ice would now be unloading when we were due to arrive. This meant they would have enough on their plate without worrying about us. The same pack ice also ruled out landing at either Cape Jules or Port Martin. So it was decided to have a look at the Mertz Glacier and then have an extra day in the Auckland Islands.

On the way we did some zodiac cruising through some light pack ice to a large tabular ice berg. They look quite impressive from a distance, but close up! Wow!

From a distance of 100 metres it was truly magnificent. You could get a stiff neck looking up, it was so high. Incredible cliffs of ice, which we were told was around 150,000 years old. In some places you could see distinct layers showing the original snow falls. There were many fractures in the ice and cavities like caves. These cracks and caves almost glowed with an incredible blue light as if they were artificially lit from inside the ice.

We circumnavigated the berg twice, and although the weather had changed, with the wind rising with

flurries of snow, it was with some regret we headed back to the Orion which started to look like a ghost ship through the mist. Once on board we soon thawed out with bowls of hot soup, which is a tradition when returning from a zodiac cruise.

We duly arrived at the Mertz Glacier and because we were not going to land, the engines were cut and we admired this great river of ice. Then we realised something was going on in the bow. Going forward we looked down from the upper deck to see the captain marry a young couple with the Mertz Glacier as a back drop! Some venue!

By the way, in this area at this time of year there is no sunset or sunrise, just 24 hour sun. Now that really is daylight saving par excellence!

We now head for the Auckland Islands. On the way we celebrated Christmas day. I would like to gloss over Christmas dinner. Suffice to say the food was fantastic, roast turkey, beef, pork and ham and all the trimmings. But I was not feeling the best, again, so I made do with three King prawns.

Arriving at the Auckland Islands we rounded the bottom of Adams Island and into Carnley Harbour. To go ashore here we were split into two groups, as there are limits on the number of persons who may be ashore at one place as the environment is so sensitive. The Islands are quite rugged with the lower slopes being covered with Rata forest which has been pruned by wind to around five metres. Under the canopy is a depth of several metres of peat which supports a lush growth of ferns, lichens and mosses.



# Land Isles

Words and photos by Mike & Elaine Arnold.

Many ships came to grief here in the 1800's. We visited the site of a depot built in 1877 to shelter castaways and which was used by survivors of the 'Anjou' wrecked in 1905.

Heading north we anchored in Port Ross and went ashore to see the remains of the settlement of Hardwicke which was established in 1850 for whaling and agriculture. It had soon failed with no whales, unsuitable soil and climate.

Our last zodiac landing was at Sandy Bay on Enderby Island. Here there was more to be seen of bird life and flowers and on the beach an amazing sight of hundreds of New Zealand Sea Lions. Many females giving birth, young pups, and females trying to escape the attentions of the huge bulls which were often very brutal; some of our fellow passengers got quite upset.

In a walk across the island there was a Royal Albatross nesting just off the track. A truly magnificent bird with a wing span of almost three metres, all beautiful snowy white, that calmly just sat on the nest, while we clicked away from about five metres. Again we were walking on a great depth of peat. This was most evident when we stepped off the narrow track to let others pass. You felt the ground go up and down as they walked by.

Next stop was Bluff in New Zealand and the conclusion of an incredible voyage, even with the sea sickness. What a great ship, crew and fellow passengers.



And so we started on the last phase of our holiday. We hired a car and toured through the South Island of New Zealand to Picton and then up to Rotorua.

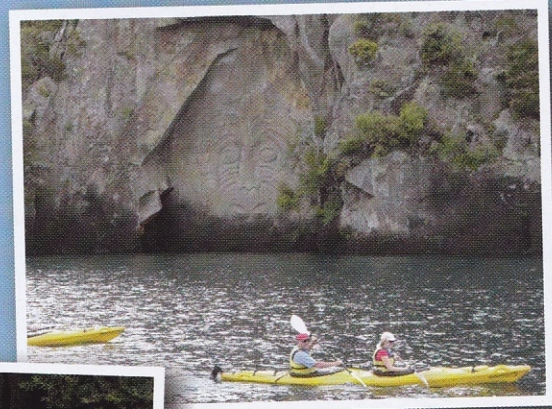
I won't bore you with the details except to say the south was really beautiful country. We did make one mistake. We planned on doing 400 or so kilometres every day! While this is easy in Australia it is not in New Zealand.

However we arrived at Rotorua on time for our pre booked "Private Mud Bath & Massage". We were handed our towels and bathrobes by Dave who to me was obviously a Kiwi. I passed the comment that he had a beautiful country. He informed me he was from Marrickville (Sydney) and this was his summer job. Oh well it's the thought that counts.

You have a private enclosure for your mud bath so you can go naked. Having luxuriated in the mud bath, it's a quick shower and then swimmers on and into the hot pool. The smell that accompanied all this was not as strong as I thought it would be, but the eyes certainly stung after wiping the brow with a wet hand! Another shower and then came the massage. My masseuse was a lovely Maori lady, Hoya. She really knew her job. At one point I must have let out a groan and she asked was she too heavy with the massage. No said I, hanging onto the edge of the table and thinking, "the bruises won't last long"!

As we left I really felt I was walking on air. It was a great finish to a great holiday, and we were well and truly thawed out!

And so back to Oz and back to reality.





# Living Simply.

Article and Photos by James Dixon

One of the simplest joys of life for me is to live my life in the nude. What adds to that is to be able to live as simply as I can. But what exactly is living simply for me? For me, it's all about not having a complicated life. No deadlines, no meetings, no pressures, no rush hour traffic and taking the simple things in life and getting the most out of them. Good old fashioned things like bushwalking, fishing, going for a pushbike or motorbike ride, gardening, growing my own fruit and vegetables, cooking, reading a book, camping and even writing letters to my friends about the experience of doing it all. But ultimately, what gives me the greatest feeling of living simply is doing as much of that as I can in the nude.

We all have dreams of what we like to have in our lives and usually we all strive towards that dream. However, life just gets in the way and we find ourselves side tracked a little and sometimes never finding our way back. But the underlying thing here is that we have dreams and one of the most important lessons I learnt is to hold onto it and keep plugging away towards it. What we perhaps don't think about is how long it takes us to get to it; and that depends on how realistic that dream is; also in today's society, how cheap or expensive that dream costs. There is not much for free these days and it is no different to trying to live simply. Since I began living in the country what I have discovered is that one cannot simply just pack up from a city life and live a simple country life. What I have to

do is built on it; not just walk into it; that was another one of those big mistakes I mentioned a few issues ago.

My dream, believe it or not, started way back in 1989 when I first discovered the lifestyle without clothes. I was pretty green and naïve about many a thing in life but once I started experiencing nudism as a lifestyle, my destiny seemed clear. Live in the country and live a naked lifestyle. But there was one small problem; if there was a measurement of how far I had to travel to get to that dream from my current position, mine would have been about 3 Million kilometres away. If we look at that sort of distance as road travel, we would depress ourselves greatly because the average person usually does about 20 kilometres per year (in our car); more if we like to travel. That equates to 150 years. So how did I get from where I was to where I am so quickly? Well it first started when I picked up that nudist magazine some 19 years before and the foremost thing I had to do was to believe in myself. It is true, that has nothing to do with nudism nor living simply, but does it? I believe it does.

And why you may ask? Well because if I didn't, how would I actually get out of bed every morning and work towards that dream. I would like to say that my road to my dream of living simply was well planned and executed, but I would be lying. Indeed, my dream was a very simple one of just living my life naked on some



property in the bush. It was not really about living simply, making things for myself and so on. However as the years past I became more and more disgruntled with my current life, sick of being bombarded by the commercialist world; tired of being told I must have this and that because everybody else has this or does that. Something had to change.

So I started to set myself up and indeed I am still doing so. The end result is for retirement, but when living a simple life, retirement never comes. Only because as stated earlier, you never stop doing something. The one consolation is that it will get easier as the years go by. But it was very hard to walk into that supermarket with the new way of shopping because they, (the forces of the commercialist world) make it all too easy to be sidetracked. It was hard to stop reaching for those packets of chips, chocolate biscuits, super desserts, 123 meals but now I can proudly say I don't even do down those aisles. That is before they decided to rearrange the whole store and re group their wares. And why are they doing this? To make more money of course. They claim that by grouping things together it makes shopping a whole lot easier, but ultimately its to make more money. You go to buy a can of tinned fruit for a recipe, pick it off the shelf and as you turn around, staring you in the face is "x" that catches your eye. You never really thought of buying "x" but it triggered a response in your head and you pick it up and place it in your trolley. They win, you loose.

But getting back to living simply. I have set up the chook house to keep my little darlings sheltered but more so to produce eggs. I will never use the 8-9 eggs a day so I sell off the rest as this in turn pays for their feed. I have built myself a shade house to propagate the seeds I collect as they come on. I give those native seeds a chance to become wonderful healthy plants at the same time, re populate my paddocks (eventually). I don't buy plants at the nursery, I get cuttings whenever I visit friends. I don't just plant anything, I plant trees that give shade so in years to come I can garden in the nude

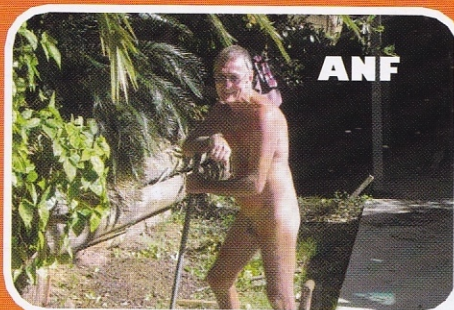
under the shade of those trees. The shade house also gives a good start to vegetables that cannot be planted directly. I have set up my water supply so I don't ever run out in the driest of summer. I have set up the fruit trees so eventually I will have so much I can sell what I don't use. I'm learning how to renovate my house instead of getting someone to do it and believe me, that is not easy because I know nothing about anything in this regard.

Living a simple life is not for every one. But that's like every thing; we all have our own interests. What I wanted was something that compliments the nudist lifestyle and living simply is the ticket there for me. There are many mornings where I sit on the front veranda enjoying my cuppa and hear the sounds of silence. I often think about what I was doing 5 years ago, and back then I was filling my brain with how to make the commercialist world more money. If I stopped to think about where I would rather be, that would be sitting in the sun in the country, enjoying my simple nudist lifestyle. Exactly what I'm doing now..



# The Nude

# Neighbourhood



Hi Everyone. I thought it was a good opportunity to fill you in on what is happening at the Federation.

Currently Tindo is working hard in preparing for the 40<sup>th</sup>

ANF Convention and Sports Rally. This will be held at the Club's grounds in the Barossa Valley, just outside of Adelaide. As well as having a great time at the convention, the General Assembly (AGM of the Federation) of affiliates will be held on 30<sup>th</sup> December. The Executive of the Federation is working hard getting all the documentation ready for this meeting.

This should be an exciting time as there are many motions on notice that will be discussed and decided at the meeting. Some of these motions are administrative and will change the constitution to make it better reflect the way we operate or make changes that will make management of the Federation easier in the future.

Some important changes that are being proposed are:

- The employment of a part time administrator to run the ANF office and provide support to all affiliates and be a point of contact for all matters relating to development of the nudist lifestyle in Australia. If this motion is successful, we will be advertising the filling of this position in the naturist magazines as well as seeking applicants through the affiliates of the Federation.
- We will also be considering extending voting rights in the Federation to all affiliates. This means that nudist/naturist clubs, resorts and bed and breakfasts will have a say in the running of the Federation.

These are just two of ten important motions to be discussed at the meeting. I look forward to telling you of the success or otherwise of these motion in the next issue of the magazine.

Several positions on the Executive of the Federation will be up for filling at this meeting. These positions are President, Secretary and Treasurer. Both the President and Treasurer's terms come to an end at the meeting (after a two year term) whilst the Secretary has to stand down due to ill health and pressure of other commitments. Therefore this will be my last message as President of the Federation. I wish the next person and the new Executive success and enjoyment during there term.

Finally, I recommend you make the effort to visit the convention. The Tindo Club is a great club and it has a terrific location. The members will give you a warm welcome. Details of the convention, contact information and the program are available on the Tindo Website at [www.tindo.com.au](http://www.tindo.com.au). Oh, and don't forget to take your ANF/INF Passport if you are attending the convention.

Lindsay Parkyns, President, Australian Nudist Federation



The long awaited signs at Samurai Beach are now in place. They contain information and conditions for

camping. In addition, for better or for worse, the camping area now has a heavy wire rope fence defining its limitations. Personally, I see little reason for a fence, which spoils the visual attraction of the area. However, on the plus side, it should effectively prevent any hooligans riding trail bikes through the camp.

A map highlights our camping area, which is called the "Designated nude camping area". Anybody intending to use the area will need to comply with the rules, which the Rangers are now carefully enforcing. These are:

- All camps must use/carry a portable toilet and dispose of waste outside the Park. A maximum of six people per portable toilet.
- Wood fires are not permitted. Gas BBQs are permitted except during fire ban days.
- Maximum stay is 28 consecutive days. Campsites are not to be left unattended for more than 24 hours.
- Samurai Beach is a declared nude bathing beach.

Other regulations provide that all vehicles driving on the Beach must be road registered. All normal road rules apply and speed is limited to 40Km/h. Common sense dictates that drivers should slow down when approaching people, especially children.

It was good to see the campsite in use over the October holiday weekend and I expect this will increase as the weather warms up.

Christmas will be looming close by the time you read this, so I wish everyone a joyous Festive Season and a Very Happy Nude Year for 2009! If you will be at Samurai for the Nude Year's Eve Party, I am told the theme this year is "Back to School". (No, Keith, caning campers is not permitted!).

Hi all, time for another update on the Adam and Eve social club's nudist activities, it might have been winter but boy, hasn't it been a busy couple of months. Visits to resorts have proven to be very popular as usual and a big thank you to all of the hosts who have accommodated us, couple this with camping weekends, house parties and a Christmas in July festival that will never be forgotten.

All of this and still time for more, a nude night at the movies, complete with hot dogs, ice cream and Jaffas down the aisle, our continued battle with the Free Beach Association in the nude volleyball challenge for the Grigg/Hotchkin shield, and to top it all off, a gambling night to end all nights, complete with Adam and Eve funny money and finishing off with a surprise auction to spend the profits. Now this night was so good that everybody had such a great time that they forgot to drink any of their chosen beverages and



the closest thing to a hangover was aching jaws from the excessive laughter during the night. We would like to thank once again Bruce and Cathy for all of their efforts in staging this event.

Attention! Attention! Attention!

This is an important notice, 100 fun loving, foot stomping nudists required!

That's right, 100 nudists required to attend the inaugural Adam and Eve nude Valentines Day Bush Dance, this event will be held on the 14<sup>th</sup> February 2009, it will be fully catered, totally nude and a whole lot of fun.

Accommodation will be available at a nearby nudist resort and onsite camping is also available, but we must stress that numbers will be capped at 100 so the first in best dressed (sort of), e-mail the A&E club for details or phone 0754653252, hope to see you there

The next Alex Bay carnival will be on the 08/03/09

## Nambucca Valley Nudist Club



The inaugural meeting of the Nambucca Valley Nudist Club (NVNC) was held at Sylvan Glade Naturist Bed and Breakfast on Saturday, 18 October. The

meeting was a great success with 13 people attending and many more giving their apologies due to other commitments.

The NVNG plans to have regular monthly social get togethers at venues around the Nambucca Heads area. The group welcomes people from Coffs Harbour to Kempsey who are interested in joining the group and wishes to be involved in social nudism. Our next activity is a picnic and beach fun day at North Smokey Cape Beach below the Lighthouse at Smokey Cape just south of South West Rocks.

At its first meeting, the NVNG decided that it would accept singles and children and would not insist that anyone should be forced to go nude. The group believes that there are many nudists who have partners who are not comfortable going nude but still wish to support their partner's interest. NVNG felt that these people should not be excluded from enjoying the lifestyle that we enjoy. As well as a business meeting, the NVNG enjoyed a Bar be que and a swim in the Sylvan Glade pool.

As part of the activities of the NVNG, we have made a submission to the Nambucca Shire Council for a section of Valla Beach to be designated clothes optional. This has been addressed by the Council and has been sent to interested parties for further consultation. We will ensure that we have a say at all these meetings as well as seek an opportunity of addressing the Council meeting that will make the final decision.

The NVNG wishes to thank the Australian Nudist Federation, Freebeach and the ANF Supporter Club for their support in getting the group established and in seeking the clothes optional beach in our area.

For information concerning the group, please contact Maureen or Lindsay on (02) 6564 8849.



Merry Xmas to everyone and a Happy and Safe New Year. We have a new grandson 'Korey Allan' he is a very happy bouncing boy who is now nearly 4 mths

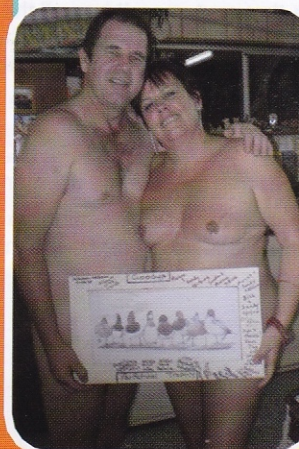
old. Since our last story we have been very busy and the season did start a bit later and is still busy now in November. We have been catching up with people we haven't seen for 3 – 5 years so it has been really great. The retaining wall is still a work in progress and hopefully will be completed by Xmas. The place is looking quite lovely with the old leaves fallen and the new blossoms, leaves and fruit now growing, we are still quite green considering its November.

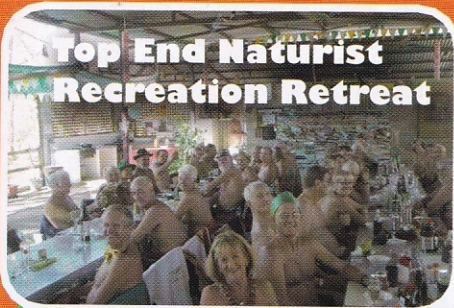
Last Issue I mentioned that we now have 5 on-site vans well change that to 6, we were lucky enough to come across a reasonable van that needed some work, however with some TLC, new cushions and a double bed it is turning out to be a great van it also has AC. We only have a couple of vans left for Xmas and New Year and a few Powered sites left so book in before its to late!

I am going to cook a traditional Xmas feast for \$30.00 per couple (you have to wash up though ha ha). Our New Years theme is "Futuristic" or what you think the future dress could be eg. Think of Star Trek etc. Look forward to seeing new and old friends and once again "HAPPY NEW YEAR"

Cheers Allan & Sandra

'The Goodys'





July 26th was the start of something new for TENRR

It was there first Christmas in July.

The party started at around 12.30 with

people gathering and having a few cold ales or champers before the dinner was served at 2pm where everybody enjoyed the chickens, ham and pork along with gravy and applesauce, they supplied there own vegetables, this was followed by fruit cake and custard. After everybody had eaten and had a few drinks, it was time for Santa to arrive.

Along came Santa in his sleigh behind Jean on the motorized reindeer ( lawnmower ) everybody was surprised, as nobody knew how he was arriving

There were presents for all and even Jeans little dog Kimmy had one as well.

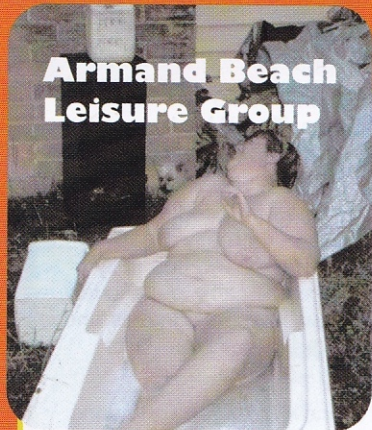
The party still continued throughout the day a few games a lot of laughter and joy was spread all through the park, for

some who needed a little granny nap went home, while others still stayed partying.

The party carried on and the others wandered back to carry on as the dance music started and all were up on the dance floor to the music from the juke box.

The first Christmas in July finished around 11.30

The next morning saw a few sore heads but they were all very pleased and happy that the TENRR Christmas in July was such a great success.



Strip, into Spring Dinner at the Murrah Hall was our first function for the coming summer. Not a large crowd but a very enjoyable night with first time visitors from Melbourne and Albury attending. Once again the camp oven food was excellent and savoured by all. Though the heat wave came to an end that day, some did not mind the cold and enjoyed an outdoor bath.

We have just come through the coldest winter on record and it is surprising the number of travellers who visited the beach. The warmer weather is bringing many people to our beach for this time of year. Numbers are up on previous years, which could mean we will have a busy summer season.

Our next night at the Murrah Hall will be Nude Year's Eve. This will be a BBQ night, we will supply food. BBQ, bed and breakfast for just \$20 per person. As always, this is a family function. Visitors are most welcome, bad behaviour is not.

Australia Day 2009 will be celebrated with a picnic at the beach with some lazy beach activities. A game of pentanque being the most energetic. Just swimming, sunning and socialising are our main objectives.

14th February is our National Naturists Week Dinner. This will be held at the Murrah Hall and is always a popular event.

The big event of the year, our family Fun in the Sun Day, will be held on Sunday 15th March. This is the weekend of the Bermagui Seaside Fair which makes it a great weekend away. Our Fun Day is becoming more popular each year and we hope to have 150 nudists on the beach for the day next year. It has all the usual games that re a part of a fun day for nudists. Also included is a fun run/walk, sand modelling and a first for 2009 a beach fishing event with a prize for the smallest fish which must be returned to the water after it is measured. It is a great day – remember to bring your own food and water.

We had hoped that by the time this editorial went to press we may have known whether we were successful in gaining a prize in the Clean Beaches Australia program. This will not be known until November. The judges who inspected Armands Beach were very impressed with how clean we keep it and also its natural beauty. Comment was also made that there should be more of this type of beach. Time for us all to stand up and be counted if we are to be successful in gaining more free beaches.

Armands Beach Leisure Group is in the process of setting up a new website. We hope it will be operational before Christmas. This address will be [www.armands.org.au](http://www.armands.org.au) and will carry heaps more up to date information on our activities at the beach.

For more info contact Errol on 02 6493 4108 (evenings best) or email Ashley at [akolele@hotmail.com](mailto:akolele@hotmail.com).



## Kiata Country Club



Web: [www.kiatacc.com](http://www.kiatacc.com) Email: [info@kiatacc.com](mailto:info@kiatacc.com)

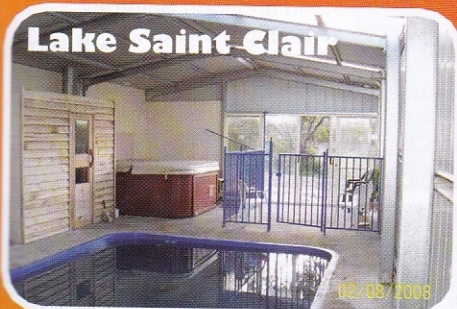
Despite the stormy wet weather during the Long Weekend in October, Kiata had many visitors flocking to the club for its Open Weekend. It was Tent City around the volley ball court with visitors staying for up to three nights. Every hire van and cabin was booked weeks before the event and organisers even managed to accommodate some extra visitors by squeezing them in to some appropriate lodgings. The function on the Saturday night was packed to the rafters with just over 80 people rocking and rolling to the live music. The spa was enormously popular throughout the whole weekend and with some respite from the rain on Sunday, games of Petanque, Tennis, Miniten and bushwalking were enjoyed by many.

Sunday night was very relaxing for everyone with a BYO BBQ while the footy was viewed on the big screen. This was followed by a film where everyone had the opportunity to wind down in front of the open fire, munching on supper with tea and coffee provided.

With a large amount of visitors passing through the gate, many membership enquiries were received with numerous applications made from prospective new members. A whole range of people applied for membership over the weekend including young couples, older couples, couples with children both small and older. It was great to see people with a wide range of ages all mixing together socially and willing to help with whatever activity was happening at different times throughout the weekend. The organisers went to a great deal of effort to make sure visitors and current members alike enjoyed the weekend and even though it was very inclement weather for much of the time, it actually brought people together in the clubhouse and the surrounding proximity, encouraging everyone to get to know each other.

Future functions are constantly being organised on a monthly basis. The November function consisted of a party theme with a special 60<sup>th</sup> birthday to celebrate. The Christmas Party will be held in early December followed by the annual New Year's Eve Party then another function for Australia Day in January. If you would like to visit Kiata with the view of becoming a member, the best way to see the facilities and meet other like-minded nudists is to attend a function. These are held monthly usually on a Saturday night and often with a specific theme or activity for entertainment. To book into a function, you can contact the club by telephone on (02)45750310 and leave a message on the answering machine. You will receive a response well in time for the function. You can also email the club on [info@kiatacc.com.au](mailto:info@kiatacc.com.au). The club's website will provide even more information so look us up on [www.kiatacc.com](http://www.kiatacc.com) which contains details on accommodation, how to contact the club, facilities available, upcoming activities and much more.

Kiata is a great place to get away from the routine of living, where you can unwind, relax and soak up the sun and the atmosphere at a leisurely pace. It's great for a day trip, a short weekend break or even your annual holiday. Families and couples are most welcome to visit and who knows, perhaps you'll enjoy it so much, you'll never want to leave. Hope to see you there.



We recently had a free open weekend (SA October long weekend) that was a huge success. About 28 of you turned up to help us christen the retreat.

While the weather wasn't too kind to us, everybody had a ball. It was also a good test to see how the place functioned and to make note of any improvements that could be made. Even though all the camping sites are quite spacious it was a little nerve wracking to see how they would be negotiated with vans and cars, but in the end there was no need to worry as it all went well. We had Pig on the spit, which had a bit of a hiccup, (The Spit that is, not the pig..he was already dead.) which was promptly fixed and sizzling again. The meat was oh so tender and moist and fed us all for 2 days! It's constant turning not only drained a lot of fat from the meat but it seemed to mesmerize everybody as well with at least one person standing there watching it each time I went down to check on it. After the meal many went off to explore the retreat

along the many walking tracks around the 80 acre property. While the retreat is fully functional, there is still a lot more work to do before Christmas, infact there will always be work to do, but there will always be time for some fun.

We believe that our hospitality is one of our greatest strengths, so if you would like to come along and sample what we have to offer, if you want a fun filled holiday, close to nature, with like-minded naturists, what are you waiting for! Give us a call or send us an email and book your next holiday now. Lake Saint Clair Holiday Retreat is a full affiliate of the A.N.F. and I have enclosed a Membership Application if you wish to become an inaugural member. You will also become a member of I.N.F./A.N.F., which will come in quite handy if you are travelling and wish to camp at other clubs. Hope to see you soon!



# Solar West - Winter Blues

by Ray Hand



Fed up with being an internet winter nudist? Stuck inside with your clothes off running up a huge heating bill? Or looking for that spot in your backyard where you just might be able to get your gear off and have a coffee or lunch in the sun only to find that an icy breeze whips around the corner chilling you to the bone and you end up back inside all rugged up and grumpy!

You reminisce about last summer and how much you enjoyed going to the clothes optional beaches, visiting a nudist venue, and bike-riding or walking nude through the bush. 4x4 driving to some remote scenic place, setting up camp and fishing in that beautiful babbling stream and doing it all in the buff. Most of all you miss sharing your nudist lifestyle with other like-minded people.

Do you want to lose those winter blues? Then Solar West is your answer. Now in its seventeenth year, this is one of the best winter nudist venues in Melbourne.

Run at a magnificent aquatic centre in the inner western suburbs it is equipped with facilities for all the family to enjoy. The spa is one of the biggest I have seen, accommodating over 40 people. Then there is the nice hot sauna

and steamrooms to sweat out all that stress. Your kids will love playing in their special fun pool with its many water features. Wheelchair



access into the 50-metre lap pool and warm-water exercise pool means that anyone can enjoy a good swim. Should anyone get into difficulties there are two professional lifeguards on duty the entire evening.

If a full body naturist massage is your go then for just a small fee you can enjoy one of the best in Melbourne. All the people and families are so friendly making you feel very welcome. I guess this goes with this beautiful lifestyle. Bring a plate and share a beaut supper. Some try to outdo each other by seeing who can bring the yummiest treats.

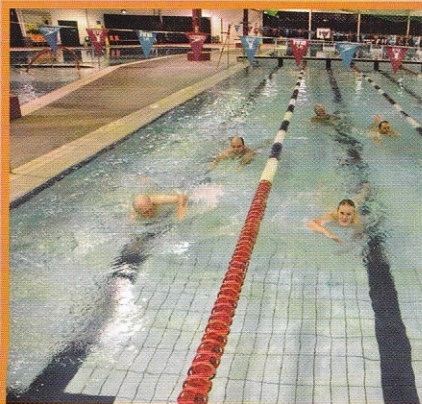
If you love this lifestyle and enjoy sharing with like-minded friends then its just great to allow your body to feel all those wonderful all over senses in such a relaxed and friendly nudist atmosphere So if you want to escape those winter blues then this is the place for you to go and enjoy.

Solar West meets every second and forth Saturday evening 7.00pm to 10.00pm at the Maribyrnong Aquatic Centre as well as several additional Open Days each year. For further information contact Solar West NLG Inc. PO Box 85 Hallam Vic. 3803

Phone: 0421 285 005

Email: [solarwest@optusnet.com.au](mailto:solarwest@optusnet.com.au)

Web: <http://solarwest.org>



# River Island Nature Retreat

# Skinny Dipping

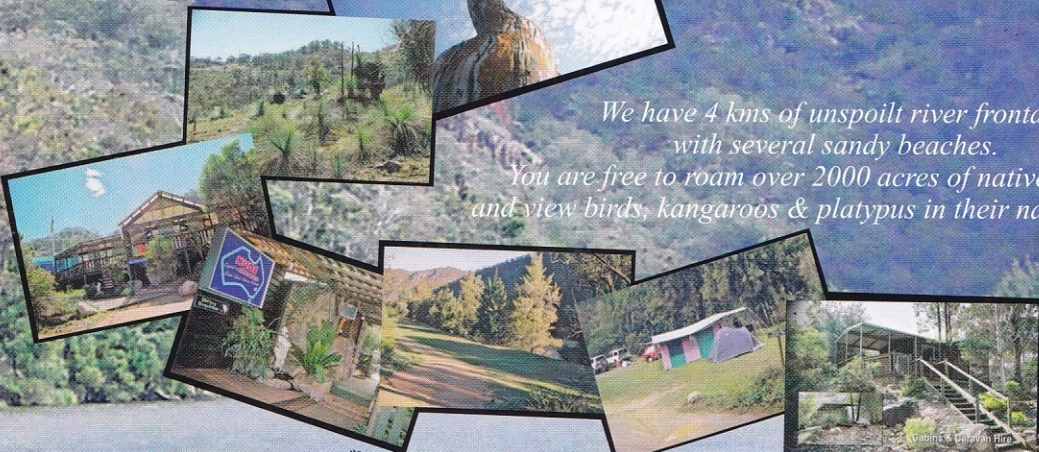


We are situated on the Wollondilly River  
Approximately 2hrs from Sydney,  
Wollongong and Canberra  
via Wombeyan Caves Road  
in a secluded sheltered valley.

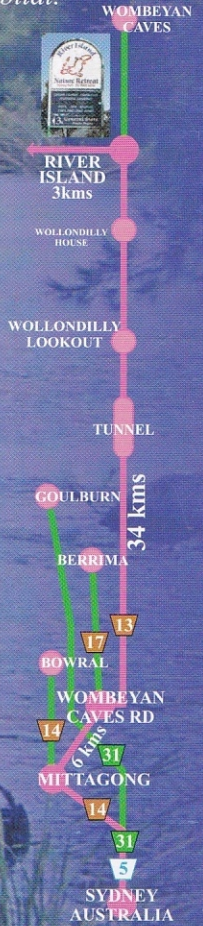


Nature Views. The Skies the Limit.

We have 4 kms of unspoilt river frontage  
with several sandy beaches.  
You are free to roam over 2000 acres of native Australia  
and view birds, kangaroos & platypus in their natural habitat.



Yes we are open 12 months of the year,  
so come and enjoy your holiday breaks or daily visit.  
We offer Cabins, Caravans, Camping & Holiday entertainment.



River Island Nature Retreat  
P.O. Box 456  
Mittagong, NSW 2575  
Phone (02) 4888 9236  
Fax (02) 4888 9242  
Email [skinnydipping@riverisland.com.au](mailto:skinnydipping@riverisland.com.au)

Clothing Optional  
**Holiday Park Resort**  
Your Hosts Katina & Colin  
[www.skinnydipping.com.au](http://www.skinnydipping.com.au)  
[www.riverisland.com.au](http://www.riverisland.com.au)