



- GUIDE TO SYDNEY CRIME -

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Australia's significant
online cultural resources

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Cover image: **Martin Adams**

**From Dispossession, across brutality to
“I thought it was a good idea at the time”
Sydney has been one crooked city.**

**Browse this selection for an overview
across generations, enjoy the work
of some of Australia’s leading
writers & photographers.**

Click on the links below to explore a crime...

DISPOSSESSION

MURDER

MONEY

"SHE WAS ASKING FOR IT..."

COLOUR

ARSON

PERJURY

The BUGGERY ACT 1533

BATTERY

NIGHTLIFE

STALK

THE KIDS

ORGANISED

CORRUPT

TOOK

CANNIBAL

INEVITABLE?

"JUST A DOMESTIC"

VAGRANT

LAND

DISAPPEARED

SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DISPOSSESSION

Brenda Saunders

Garama-marri: the great steal

Let us search deeper to hold our first language
in place, remember our roots are ancestral

enduring as the great figs circling *Gingaculla*

These dirt-covered hands reach and sift, uncover
traces of a world before the smoke from *Boree*

warned of white clouds, big canoes floating in

I dig up songs under the sand, hear music
in names for headlands, islands, fishing bays

walla-mulla, matta-wunga, yarong, karajeen

tunnel through hardened rock, catch echoes
of the *Gadigal, Kamergal, Bidigal, Warigal*

laughter under shell middens at *Were-Were*

*

Stranger spirits from the east created new words
for this place, denied the truth of our belonging

set down their own roots in our camping places
spread as white ants to Nations beyond the coast

brought a sickness that changed our lives forever

People ask, how do you find the forgotten words
so I dig until mud settles under my fingernails

unearth verbs that will carry our story, shape
our lives into something more than stolen or lost

carry us beyond the past into a present tense
baiya-barrabugu, barawu-warra, old sounds

old meanings to heal this forgetting country.

Gingaculla: Rose Bay

Boree: North Head

walla-mulla, matta-wunga, yarong, karajeen: harbour landmarks

Gadigal, Kamergal, Bidigal, Warigal: the Sydney clans

Were-Were: Kirribilli

baiya-barrabugu, barawu-warra: to speak strongly, look forward



images: [Wikimedia](#)

Racial Hygiene

In the rough-and-tumble
we hear the gutter
of dirty talk
the intermingling
of male and female germs
a terrible wonder

The unwed are bundled
through hushed streets
clutching their Dettol and sanitary pads
splayed on the kitchen table
like last Sunday's roast
a rag for stuffing

For Empire's sake submit
to the gloved hand before marriage
we must segregate the duds and
sterilise the deficient
nature cut and carved
at her unseemly joints

Grow glowing postwar children
with milk & sunshine
scrub them with carbolic soap
teach them that fornication
is the factory of disease
your mothercraft on active service

Racial hygiene was promoted by members of the Women's Reform League, especially Lillie Goodisson who established the Racial Hygiene Association of New South Wales in 1926. They advocated selective breeding, the segregation and sterilisation of the 'mentally deficient' and the introduction of pre-marital health examinations. At a time when backyard abortions were commonly available, highly dangerous and illegal, they also provided advice about contraception. Their program reflected broadly circulating ideas about eugenics in the 1940s.



MURDER

Mark O'Flynn

Lonely Hearts on Shell Corner


*Lonely guy wants to meet like-minded girl,
non-smoker, non-drinker, marine biologist
searching for a partner to share his happiness...
He forgot to mention Satanist.*

What was it about that sad motel on Shell Corner leaning towards the wounded side of dusk that made him want to draw them to his bosom? Once is bad enough, but to return, is that being a sucker for punishment, or lack of imagination?

Sixteen years he paid the Queen for that first one. Out early for good behaviour with a new wife into the bargain, what, perhaps, they call animal magnetism. So why return like a dog to its own boneyard?

Six women responded to the lonely guy's request for love. One he chose. The same modus operandi on the creepy edge of town, the same yellow handkerchief stuffed down her throat, as before, like an atrophied lung.

Alive, he insisted, when he left the room. Said that once, when he stepped through the gate of Rushworth cemetery, the temperature of the air rose ten degrees or more. The future, maybe, beckoning.



REMEMBER:
When you bury
a body, cover it
with endangered
plants so it's
illegal to dig it up.

**Follow me for more
gardening tips!**

Legends

Legends in their own minds they
were legends like when Darryl killed
a bloke in his own street just hit the guy
full in the face with a garden spade 'cos he
wanted to hear the bloke's head go bwang
though he only thought he would knock the c...
out cold the poor fuckin stupid c...
just dropped dead so now poor Darryl's on the lam
Queensland. Darryl's brother Darren never got
in bad trouble but he sure was a poofter for a fight.
He didn't look much but he hospitalised
so many poor bastards for looking sideways
or getting in the way, it's bad luck
when your luck runs out, hey?

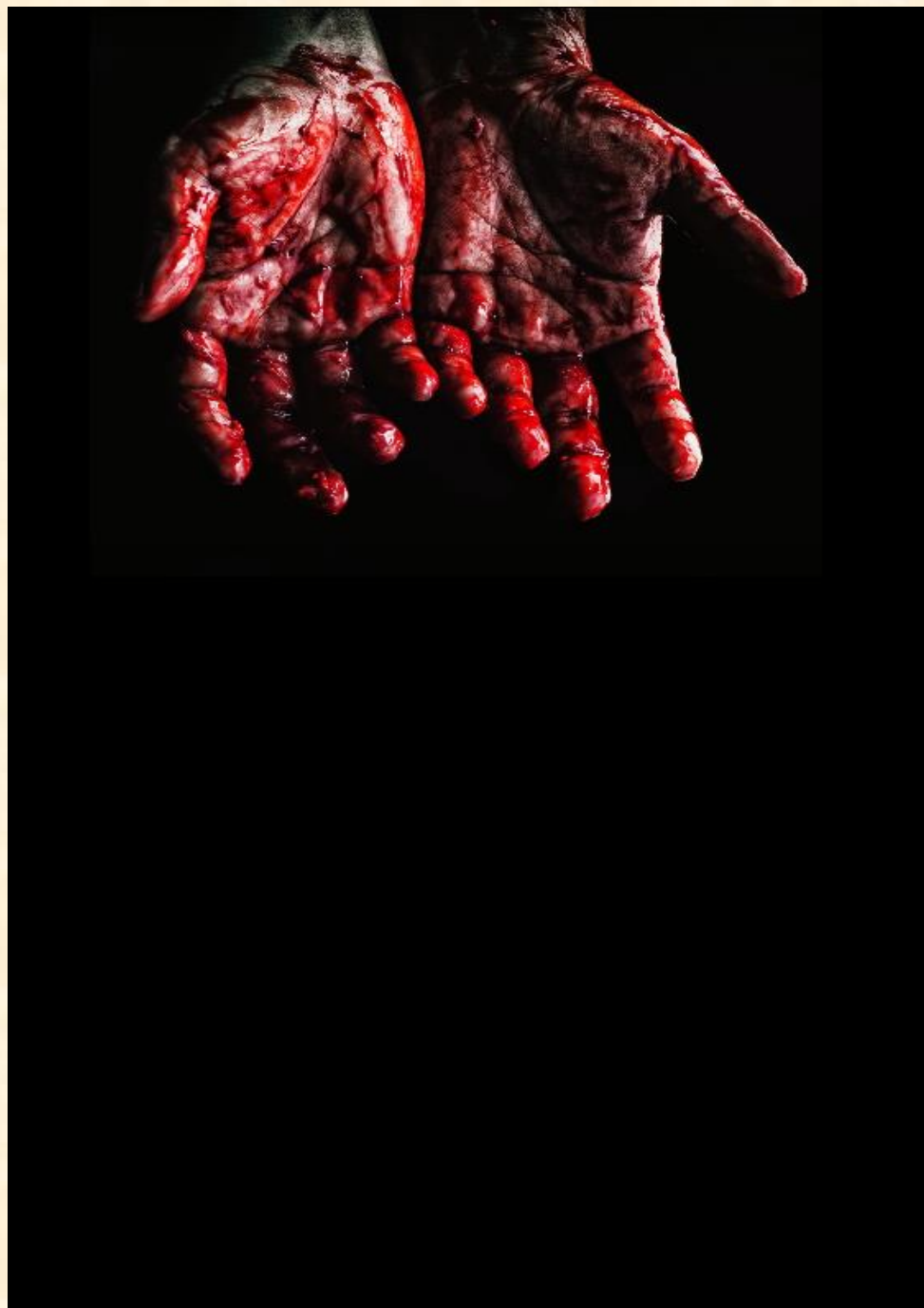
Rapture

Her immaculate bedroom
mermaid sculptures in miniature,
shells, dried sea horses, dead puffer fish.
Butterflies mounted on pins, blue wings speared.

Only one encounter tonight
a gentleman of deceit
not a regular he wore black satin gloves.
poised with a need of cold steel.
Inhale and exhale will collide.

In early morning he stepped up
into a halo of sunlight.
A strand of champagne hair clung to his collar.

A sparrow fell unfastened to lie on the concrete doorstep.



Carolyn Bruyn

Gumshoe

The shoe is still in the old garden
of the factory on Broadway.
One shoe, squashed and dirty,
sprawled across its laces on the bitumen.
It's not much of a garden now.
All the same, there's a high wrought iron gate
with shiny padlock. That shoe is there to stay.

The right shoe. Lying there
remembering the awkward running footsteps.
Come on. Come on !
Out of breath.
Quick, let's duck in here.
Over the gate. SHH h h h

It's okay now. All quiet.
But we can't stay here. What's wrong?
I'm hit. I can't go on.
Try. I'll help. Just follow me.
Do what I do. You'll be right.

No, I'm finished. Lost my sock. My soul.
I've nothing left. You go on. Leave me.

I can't. You must. Are you sure?
Yes, yes. Go on. *I'll get some help. Just rest.*

< *F a d e* >

Wait !

What? Breathless.

We were good together, weren't we?

Yes. Yes, we were.

The sound of one shoe hopping



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