

# NUDISM

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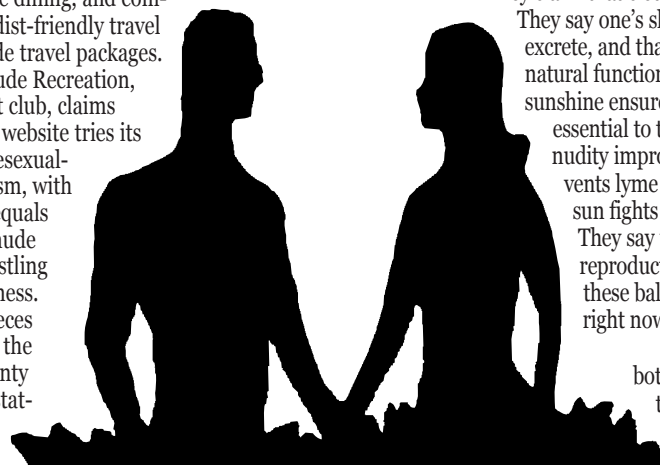


To the clothed world, the nudists might as well have been Martians. Colonies faced frequent police harassment, public ridicule, and evangelical outrage. Even so, pasty white mammaries and wrinkly white peni continued to flap defiantly under the open American sun. In the 1950s, courts decided once and for all that the idea of a cloistered nudist colony harboring consenting adults was perfectly legal.

Utopian nudist-colony culture became diluted (purists would say polluted) by an unwashed influx of free-lovin', hard-druggin', mass-orgy-havin' hippie culture in the 1960s. Public nudism became increasingly sexualized, more of a vulgar mass movement than an underground folk religion. It devolved from its lofty Edenic origins, becoming a haven for seedy swingers and pedophilic predators and thrill-seekers of all stripes. The culture of nude beaches and love-ins and Woodstock and smokin' hash oil naked in redwood hot tubs invaded the pristine culture of astringent nude diets and wholesome naked family living and 500 mandatory daily nude Jumping Jacks. Essentially, the hippies murdered the first wave of American nudist colonies.

The nude establishment (yes...sigh...there really is such a thing) has struggled to resurrect American nudism from the sex 'n' drugs image that has tainted it since the sixties. High-financed, tightly regimented nudist "resorts" catering to upscale couples and families constitute the modern Acceptable Face of American Nudism. Except for the clothing policy, many of these neo-nudist resorts are indistinguishable from high-tech health clubs. They offer nude swimming, nude ping pong, nude water skiing, nude badminton, nude dining, and communal nude Macarena lessons. Nudist-friendly travel agencies offer nude cruises and nude travel packages.

The American Association for Nude Recreation, currently the nation's largest nudist club, claims 50,000 members. Its bland-as-shit website tries its best to portray a safe/antiseptic/desexualized/family-oriented strain of nudism, with obvious reasons. Modern Nudism equals Big Bucks, and any intimations of nude meth-pipe circles or nude mud wrestling with children would only hurt business. Entrepreneurial nudism's mouthpieces cite stats claiming that the ranks of the American Nude are growing by twenty percent yearly. They trot out polls stating that Americans are growing more tolerant of nudism.



**SIDESTEPPING THE IRONY** of using computers to go back to nature, nudists have taken to the World Wide Web in order to proselytize their lifestyle and network with similarly nude individuals.

From what I can gather after reading a few dozen of their websites, nudists consider the "textile world" alien to their sanctified world. They view it as a corrupted, predatory, automated, sex-hating, fascistic mainstream *Überkultur* filled with meanies, a world whose violence and neuroses and fast-food wrappers and fall from grace are all rooted in the fact that its members AREN'T NUDE IN PUBLIC ALL THE TIME. Nudists use the word "textile" as both a noun (*he's a dedicated textile*) and an adjective (*it's a textile beach*), and it's usually used with some level of pejorative malice. Nudists refer to the textile world's pathological tendency to wear clothes as "clothes-obsessiveness" and "clothes-compulsiveness."

These days, many of the Socially Naked tend to shun the words "nudist" and "colony" altogether. Instead, they label themselves "naturists" who congregate with "traveling clubs" or at "resorts." It's a conscious distancing measure from any sleazy/creepy/cultish associations people might attach to both the terms "nudist" and "colony." Just like San Franciscans hate it when outsiders call their city "Frisco," modern self-described "naturists" frown upon usage of the term "nudist colony," because it makes the inhabitants sound like mindless ants.

That's really too bad, and I'm sorry to have to hurt their feelings, but I just can't use the word "naturist" seriously. I don't like the way it rattles off my keyboard or rolls off my tongue. It's pretentious and not nearly as sexually suggestive, in an erotically pre-porno way, as the delicious term "nudist." I prefer to use "nudist," and I'll call those freaky nude bastards nudists whether they like it or not, fuck them *and* their stupid colonies.

Nudists defend their lifestyle with the zealotry of the folk religionists they are. They say that social nudism relieves psychological stress, and they'll show you medical studies to prove it. They'll show you another survey that proves group therapy is more effective when conducted in the nude. They'll cite statistics that say nudists are typically richer and better-educated than your average textile-wearing drone. They say that nudists, rather than being sexual deviants, are statistically less likely to commit sex crimes or incest and engage in extramarital affairs than the sickos in the textile world.

They claim that clothing is a breeding ground for bacteria. They say one's skin needs to breathe, to absorb and excrete, and that clothing subverts many of the skin's natural functions. They claim that full-body exposure to sunshine ensures a higher absorption of Vitamin D, essential to the immune system. They assert that nudity improves fertility, clears psoriasis, and prevents lyme disease. They say that basking nude in the sun fights many types of cancer, even skin cancer. They say that clothes impede the body's circulatory, reproductive, and lymphatic functions. They say these ball-smashingly tight blue jeans I'm wearing right now could possibly lead to testicular cancer.

The devoted nudist feels, deep in the bottom of the sockless toes he squishes in the grass, that he lives in a fundamentally more moral, equal, and honest world than those in the textile world.



Employing desiccated grey-pubed leftist jargon and pompous, Francophilic gobbledygook amid feely-meely googly Edenic let's-all-mush-together-in-a-gooney-protoplasmic-Love-Soup aesthetics, the nudist

theorist proposes a loftier, more spiritually advanced mode of living which is available to anyone simply by droppin' trou. But don't be fooled—his form of nudism aspires to much *more* than mere triflin' nakedness—it seeks to create a utopian society, to champion the struggle for women's freedom, and to maybe even smash the patriarchy if there's any time left after all that other stuff. He proposes a world which accepts...nay, celebrates...the human body, with all its warts, rashes, sagging flesh, ingrown toenails, and swampy ass-stank.

**THE NUDIST WORLD**, despite all its delusions of philosophical grandeur and human uplift, will forever remain a severely *tacky* world characterized by goofy jokes, by *Elmer Fudpucker at the Nudist Colony* comedy albums, and by zany nudist-camp cartoons depicting a guy who can carry two cups of coffee in his hands and a dozen donuts on his boner. 'Tis a world encapsulated in irritatingly clever catchphrases such as "Skin does not equal sin" and "I've got a brand nude attitude!" and "We are nude, not lewd" and "Grin and bare it!" It's a world filled with an uncomfortably high quotient of pervy weirdlin's who, if it weren't for nudism, would be into, oh, *Star Trek* to satisfy their lonely itch for communal belonging.

In many ways, nudism is also the natural-born enemy of pornography. Nudism proposes that *all* of us should be naked, while porno posits that only a *few* of us should. That's a monumental difference. Porno depends on the general societal suppression of nudity, or it wouldn't be special enough that people would pay for it. Much of the sex industry's wealth is actually dependent upon the mainstream *suppression* of nudity. If nudity were commonplace, it wouldn't be so "exotic," and guys wouldn't actually PAY just to see a woman's bare tush.

I tend to side with the pornographers. My main beef with social nudism, apart from the oceans of aesthetic cheese, is the undeniable, proven-by-science fact that some people SHOULD be hung-up about their bodies. I'm currently seeking evidence for my anthropological thesis that clothing was initially invented not as vain, peacock's-feathers-style adornment...nor for weather-related reasons...nor to hide a sense of naked shame...but solely as punishment for unattractive people.

I *love* my body. Yours, I'm not so crazy about. There are so many people I wouldn't want to relate to on a nude level. If I don't even want to look at them clothed, why would I want to see them with their shit all up-front and in my face? I don't feel so swell about Utopia if it means I have to be naked along with everyone else.

Still, the warm wind feels great on my exposed skin. But for now, I'll raise the fence around my *own* garden of Eden and frolic there. Me and m'woman'll practice our own private brand of Antisocial Dystopian Nudism. I like the idea of nudity for me...but not for thee. Or as my girlfriend succinctly phrased it when I asked for her thoughts on nudism, "I don't need to look at somebody else's junk." X



## MILESTONES IN NUDIST CINEMA

Until the late 1960s, the only LEGAL way for Americans to ogle the naked human form in print and on movie screens...well, the naked Caucasian form, anyway, since *National Geographic* had no trouble showing dark-skinned "primitive" nudes... was via the purposely non-erotic genre of **nudist magazines** and **nudist-camp movies**.

Films featuring naked adults frolicking at nudist camps began to emerge in the early 1930s, coinciding with the first wave of American nudist-colony culture. The early films are typically imbued with a pompous, classically naturist, *Triumph of the Will*-style conviction that nudism will bring about a worldwide elevation of humanity. **Elysia: Valley of the Nudes** (1933—foreign-language poster pictured at right) was filmed at a California nudist colony. The film begins with a producer's statement that "Our purpose is to show the benefits derived from bathing the body in the sun and air. Our hope is to show that the rapid growth of the Nudist movement throughout the world is based on health—both of the body and mind." The film's plot (some nudist-camp films have plots, some don't) concerns a newspaper reporter who's assigned write about a nudist camp and winds up joining it. Other early nudist-colony movies include **This Nude World** (1932), a documentary featuring European and American nudist colonies...**Hesperia** (1937) filmed at an Oregon nudist camp that would later become Squaw Mountain Ranch...and **The Exposé of the Nudist Racket**, (1938), which melds Reefer Madness-style scare-tactic anti-nudist narration with, of course, footage from the evil camps themselves. At one point, the film's narrator makes an unflattering comment about a portly female nudist.

In 1954, New York authorities banned **Garden of Eden**, filmed at a nudist camp, because it allegedly portrayed nude humans in "unwholesome sexually alluring positions." The film's distributor appealed an initial court decision, and in 1957 the state court ruled in the film's favor, with one judge arguing that "nudism in itself, and without lewdness or dirtiness, is not obscenity in law or in common sense." The decision made it easier for wider commercial distribution of nudist-camp movies, and exploitation directors pounced on the opportunity, unleashing countless whimsically naughty "nudie-cuties" for the commercial market in the late 1950s and early 1960s.

B-movie legend Herschell Gordon Lewis produced nudie-cuties such as **Nature's Playmates** (1962), **Daughters of the Sun** (1962), and **Goldilocks and the Three Bares** (1963) before single-handedly inventing the slasher-movie genre with 1963's *Blood Feast*. Recently deceased cult director Doris Wishman was one of the nudie-cutie's savvy exploiters, concocting clever stunts such as transplanting a grindhouse stripper onto nudist-colony grounds and filming her—nothing illegal about *that*—in **Blaze Starr goes Nudist** (1965) and setting a nudist colony in outer space in **Nude on the Moon** (1961).

Since full-frontal cinematic nudity was considered legally obscene in America until 1968, the nudist-camp films were always careful to artfully conceal the subjects' genitals, especially swingin' weenies. A strong distinction should be drawn between **nudist** films and the **pornographic** films which immediately succeeded them. By definition, a nudist film prohibits any equation of nudity with sex. You'll see nude adults playing volleyball and rowing canoes (known as "canuding" among initiates), but you won't see any remotely amorous activity. When legal decisions allowed for naked onscreen sexuality in the late 1960s, the nudist-camp genre quickly expired, stamped to death under increasingly bold cinematic eroticism and, finally, hardcore. X

