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The Newsletter of the *Naturist Action Committee* and the *Naturist Education Foundation*

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The Naturist Action Committee (NAC) is a non-profit 501(c)(4) social advocacy organization, with a mission to advance and protect the rights and interests of naturists throughout North America..

The NAC Board of Directors are volunteers that are elected to a three-year terms. Currently, NAC Directors also are expected to serve on the Naturist Education Foundation (NEF) Board, though in an independent capacity.

If you have a passion for naturism, including being an advocate to protect the naturist lifestyle, NAC may be a great fit for you! Candidates should be committed naturists who are willing to dedicate a substantial portion of their time and skills to the needs of NAC's mission.

Interested persons should visit our website or scan the QR code to download an application.

Applications should be sent to:

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by September 21, 2022.



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Film Review: Hideout in the Sun (1960)

By Reb Belstner

It should come as a surprise to no one reading my film reviews that I am a fan of Doris Wishman, a woman considered a pioneer in the exploitation genre and director of no less than eight “nudist” films. Since I keep referencing her, I figure I should review at least one of her works... so here we are with a look at her first film, “Hideout in the Sun”.

Now, let’s get one thing clear about Doris Wishman and her body of work: she’s a terrible filmmaker. The editing is sloppy, the dialog feels contrived, production values fairly minimal, and the acting less than Shakespearean. But they have an endearing quality all their own which has won Wishman a cult following over the years; so, when I make fun of her work, keep in mind it’s with affection.

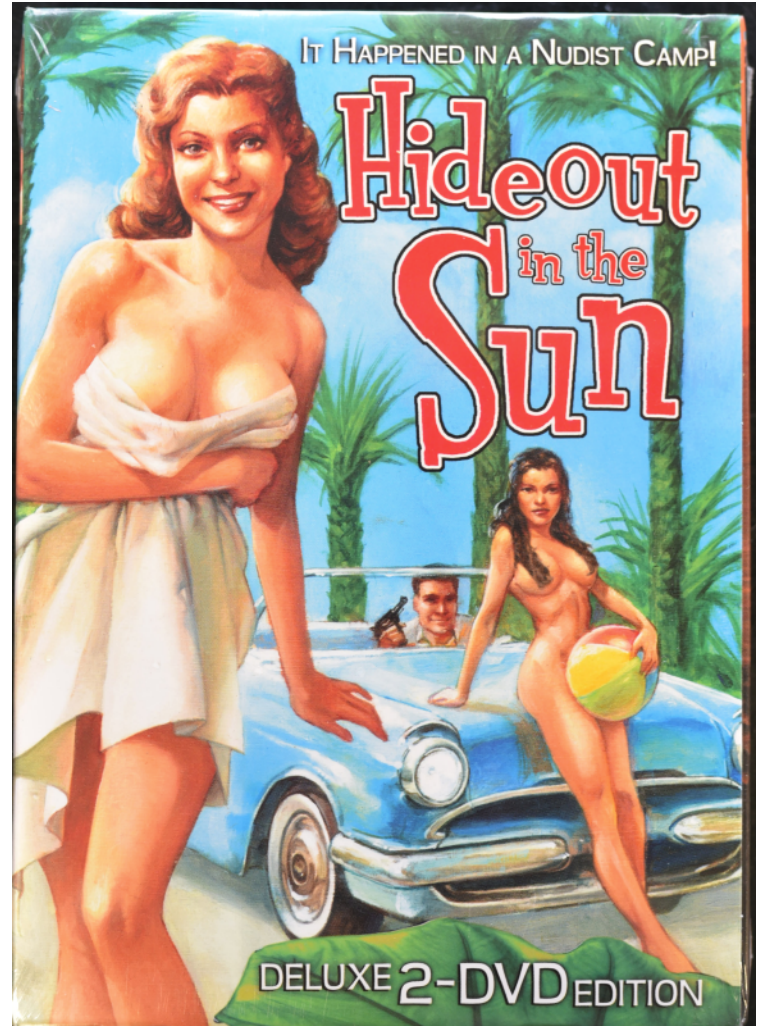
“Hideout in the Sun” starts out with scenes of a naked woman, whom we later meet as Dorothy, our heroine, posing in a water fountain as a crooner sings the theme song to the film. This theme is repeated endlessly in jazzy arrangements throughout the movie. According to the commentary track (which is very much worth a listen) the arrangements for the soundtrack were done by none other than Doc Severinsen, late of the Tonight Show with Johnny Carson. There is, however, no hard proof of this; but it’s nice to know Severinsen may have been the latent inspiration for all the bad jazz soundtracks produced by the Golden Age of Porn. And don’t let the credits fool you, most of the names are fake – practically every aspect of the film’s production (with the exception of cinematography) was done hands-on by Wishman. Although listed as a producer, she was also a co-director, editor, and so much more.

After a long series of establishing shots made up primarily of people’s walking feet, we meet Duke and Steve, two brothers about to make a daring mid-day bank heist. This is where we see a hallmark of Doris Wishman films: rarely seeing the actors speak. According to the David Friedman interview which is an extra for this release, Wishman had no clue how to synchronize sound with the actors so she opted instead to film the back of the speaker’s head when they had dialogue. This leads to some confusion as the film progresses because sometimes the actors have inner monologues... so when you hear speech you have to wonder: is it dialogue or voice over? You get to decide!

We don’t get to see the actual heist; just a shot of Duke walking into the bank with a briefcase followed by scenes of Steve driving the getaway car around the block a few times. Filming an actual bank robbery scene must not have been in the budget.

Anyway, Steve and Duke high-tail it to a local grocery store where their second getaway car is waiting and, of all the luck: the battery is dead!

Thinking fast, they grab a woman coming out of the



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grocery store (Dorothy, from the opening credits) and take her away at gunpoint in her own car. The plan? To drive her car to the docks where a boat is waiting to take them to Cuba. Unfortunately, they learn from their cohort Rodriguez (portrayed by a remarkably unenthusiastic actor), the harbor is being blocked by police boats.

What to do?

Well, Duke digs into Dorothy's purse and discovers her membership card for the "exclusive" Hibiscus Country Club, where she works and lives. The boys learn the club has a launch on the ocean and, after making arrangements with their friends at the harbor, decide to hide out there until a boat can come fetch them and take them to sweet, sweet freedom in Cuba. Dorothy agrees to help them because, well, she has a gun pointed at her.

We are then treated to a very unnecessary and awkward scene of a cop pulling the trio over because their headlights are on, which leads to another hallmark of Doris Wishman's films: padding! We already got a taste of this earlier in the film with the shots of walking feet and Steve driving around the block while the heist takes place. There is a lot more of this to come in this and every other Wishman production. While some of the padding, as we shall see, is for the entire point of the movie, a lot of it reflects the sad fact that the plots and dialog and action of your typical Wishman film are simply not enough to make for a feature-length subject on its own.

Because the club is "exclusive" they decide Steve will play the role of Dorothy's newly wed husband while Duke is smuggled in through the trunk. They all get in to the club without trouble and quickly hide out in Dorothy's cottage, where, after looking out the window to see if the coast is clear, Duke discovers they are, in fact, at a nudist camp! Eep!

Duke stays in the cottage while Dorothy and Steve get undressed and roam the grounds to keep people from getting suspicious. This is when the audience is treated to more padding, but it's the padding they've been waiting for: naked people!

Of course, by naked people, we mean people carrying towels in front of their loins, so it's only "boobs & butts", which is typical of this era of exploitation film making. And there are beach balls. Lots of beach balls. Being carried around in front of people. It's almost as if there were a towel shortage.

It's also easy to see, thanks to faulty camera work and bad editing, that Steve is, in fact, wearing swim trunks in the pool and around the club (which is actually a private estate, we learn from the commentary track).

And the shots of naked cavorting continues with pool time, a cookout, various exotic animals roaming the ground, archery, tennis, somewhat sensual shots of women playing at a drinking fountain, and a volleyball game played with a beach ball – which has nude players on one side and players in shorts on the other; you can guess which side is seen from behind.

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Then we have an almost shot-for-shot replay of the opening credit scenes of Dorothy in the fountain with the crooning theme playing over again, but this time inter-cut with clips of a smiling Steve nodding appreciatively – apparently at her but we can't be sure because it's obvious the two clips were shot at different locations.

Well, over the course of the day Steve and Dorothy fall for each other. Steve regrets the heist and tells Dorothy he's going to confront Duke... but knows he will have to leave with him for Cuba when the time comes. Dorothy pleads for him to stay, but to no avail.

Meanwhile, the boat coming to pick them up at the club's launch turns away at the eleventh hour because of the heightened police presence, leaving the brothers stuck. Duke decides he and Steve will grab Dorothy's car and make their escape! And Duke is quick to express his disgust that Steve has been won over by nudism and fallen for some dame.

After some more padding shots of the boys driving around, they discover they are being followed by a cop. Duke panics, cold cocks Steve, and breaks into the (handily just across the street) Miama Serpentarium – sorry folks, but this attraction no longer exists – where he makes his final stand, only to be bitten by a cobra and have an overly drawn out death scene. And, yes, there's plenty of padding shots of various reptiles as Duke takes to his hill to die on... and then dies.

I'd like to point out here, that despite being followed by the cop, it takes the police a painfully long time to show up to the Serpentarium. Sweet, sweet padding.

Speaking of which, after Duke sheds his mortal coil, we are treated to several minutes of watching an injured Steve rub his head as he drives back to the club. During this time we are treated to the car radio telling us not once, but twice, what we already know: Duke is dead and cops are in hot pursuit of his accomplice, our man Steve.

Steve returns to the Club to say goodbye to Dorothy, his new lady love, and she promises she'll wait for him... forever, if need be, as he serves out his inevitable prison sentence. He walks away from her, presumably to meet up with the cops, and we're given more padding to view, but this time of more scenes of nudity at the Club, presumably to stretch out the film a little more and give the audience more of the boobs and butts they came to see.

And then... without any explanation... but presumably some time in the future... we see our lovers reunited at the club's launch, where the sun is setting and presumably all is right, once more.

Cue the theme and the closing credits!

Believe it or not, this film has some historical value: according to the commentary track, this was the first "nudist" film where the story line did not center around the "try nudism" theme, even if it was there in subtext. The notion of a




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pair of bank robbers trapped in a nudist club could have been played for laughs, but I suspect Wishman was never one for comedy, based on the other examples of her work I have watched and enjoyed. This film also inspired other directors to follow the same formula of adding drama to the message of nudism being natural and wholesome (such as Hershell Gordon Lewis' "Nature's Playmates", which I would love to review, one day – do you hear me, Mr. Editor?). If you are a fan of naturist or exploitation film history, "Hideout in the Sun" is worth the watch just for that!

Extras include the aforementioned commentary track, a brief interview with Doris Wishman (in which she admits she didn't know what she was doing – ya think?!), a newsreel titled "The Year Was 1960", and a curious short titled "Postcards from a Nudist Camp" – more about that item in the sidebar.

[Note: If you'd like to watch "Hideout in the Sun" and are a free member of the NEF Research Library, request "video237" for the normal version of the film. Request "video237ws" for the widescreen version of the film, "video237dc" for the Director Commentary, "video237pv" for several film previews included with the DVD, and "video237extras" for the other extra features including interviews with Wishman and Friedman and "Postcards from a Nudist Camp". More about NEFRL's services can be found at: <https://NaturistEducation.org/programs/nefrl/services/>] 




Sidebar: Postcards from a Nudist Camp

This... is an odd little film. It appears to be a pastiche of several different scenes from nudist films that have been cut apart and pasted together with very little rhyme or reason, then overdubbed in what can only be called a strange fashion. No real credits are given, so its origins (and source material) may be lost to time. Which is fine. It's not that good, anyway.

The film appears to be set in Europe, with a couple of people embarking on a boat to an island. Followed by scenes of tents being pitched and shopping being done. We don't see any nudity until the 7:50 mark, which consists of a couple of topless women wearing g-strings. Then we see a variety of scenes of dogs running around, a group of naturists playing guitars for a singalong, a game of petanque, and so on and so forth – and it is at this point the weirdness of the soundtrack is at its most noticeable. The barking of the dog, the lapping of the waves against the boat, the thunks of the metal spheres in the petanque game, a jaw harp playing in place of guitar strumming... all poorly done and feeling incongruous to the images being shown. But still, this video is delivering on its title; a bunch of random scenes mostly showing top-free women.

And then things change! Suddenly we are at a nude beach and we're seeing far more than "boobs & butts", thus my theory this is put together from a couple of different films. There is also an apparent sub-plot featuring a man in a suit chasing a fully clothed boy around the beach with no context whatsoever.

Then we're thrown full throttle back to the campground where we're treated to a volleyball game (volleyball in a European setting?) and other slices of life. There's also some shots of nude water skiing before the film ends with the man and boy being reunited – again, without context.

In the end, this film would be a nice "slice of life" little feature if it weren't for the obnoxious soundtrack, the man & boy pointlessly running around, and the clash of nudity standards between the campground, the village, and the beach. I leave it up to you, dear reader, if you want to view this extra that comes with "Hideout in the Sun", or not. 



The Poems of Lee Baxandall

By Shannon Lewis

In 1960 and 1961, Naturist Society founder Lee Baxandall wrote a handful of poems, some of which are included in the 1971 anthology *Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from The Movement*, edited by Todd Gitlan. Baxandall's poems are essentially part of a brief experimental period, as he saw himself as more of a playwright than a poet. In the introduction to his *Campfires* poems, Baxandall acknowledges the format wasn't his preferred method of expressing his ideas: "From 1962, I believed I found more fitting expression in theater." Baxandall's interest in theater, specifically political protest theater, began during his senior year at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, during which time he developed a strong interest in the works of German playwright Bertolt Brecht. In fact, the November 1, 1957 Oshkosh Daily Northwestern featured a mention of the 22 year-old Baxandall's successful two-night run of Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* at the University of Wisconsin's Play Circle Theater.

Like many of the essays published throughout his early career as a New Left essayist, and later as a free beach and naturist activist, Baxandall's poems are unabashedly political and provocative. In the first poem, *Of the Wave in the World*, Baxandall uses an ocean wave "marching across the sea in despair" as a metaphor, perhaps for conscripts being sent off to wars in faraway lands, a scenario he considers in other works, published in *The Drama Review*, *Liberation*, and *Studies on the Left*. He describes the wave as "driven by the wind," helpless to avoid its eventual fate of being "piled upon a distant shore." This wave, he notes, "knows only a wave before, a wave behind." It is powerless against the forces compelling it. It might be better to be a seabird riding the wind, he ponders, as a seabird is "obligated to understand wind" and can navigate or even resist its force. A call for less passivity, more civic engagement?

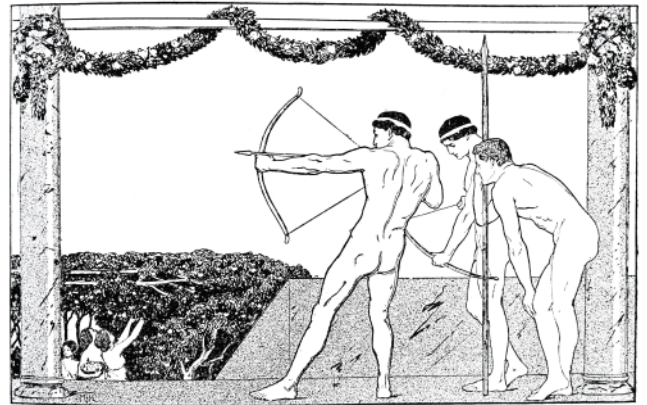
In the second poem, *Time of Adversity*, Baxandall ponders, "And how shall struggles against corruption be won, when the fighters must feed upon corruption?" This poem likely represents another example of Baxandall's war protests, as he believed wars were too often waged by corrupt politicians exploiting the working class for its own purposes. "Good ideals are deemed good by degenerates," he warns, closing the poem with striking imagery of weary soldiers carrying a banner from a battlefield. "Bloody, tattered, mouldered, almost not a banner."

Perhaps the most familiar poem connected to Baxandall is not one that he wrote, but his translation of Bertolt Brecht's 1939 *From A German War Primer*, which contains this oft-quoted passage:

General, your tank is a powerful vehicle
It smashes down forests and crushes a hundred men.
But it has one defect:
It needs a driver.

Lee Baxandall had countless essays published in books and political journals throughout the 1960s, before turning his attention to free beach activism and naturist advocacy in the late 1970s, which became his life's work, up until his death in 2008. From his earliest student newspaper essays to his naturist journal editorials, his work was consistently infused with passion and purpose, and yes, politics, even during those couple of years when he was experimenting with putting his philosophies into poetic stanzas.

[Quotes taken from *Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from The Movement*, edited by Todd Gitlan, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1971]



Last Month's "Caption This!" Winner



**Tequila isn't the only thing that
makes clothes fall off.**

- Submitted by Audrey

Caption This!

This ongoing series highlights a time when cameras were allowed and cheesy photographs were encouraged. (See the May 2021 newsletter for more details.) All photos are from items held at the NEF Research Library.

About this Photograph

This photo comes from *Sunshine & Health*, November 1956, with photo credit going to Norm Cook of the Nevada Sun Ranchers. Perhaps some readers remember hand-washing the laundry?

Now it's your turn to Caption This! ➡

Send your caption ideas to:

Doug.Hickok@NaturistEducation.org

Please include:

- ▶ Your name that we can print if yours is selected. (Full name, or first name, or nickname, or anonymous...whatever you prefer)
- ▶ The type of caption (Title above, Caption below, Speech Bubbles, or a mix of all these).
- ▶ The caption wording, or who said/thought what.

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