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

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## Naturist Action Committee Speech to GNI Membership August 23, 2022

*[Editor's Note: This speech was delivered by Bill at the GNI (Gay Naturists International) festival in Pennsylvania, and was very well received by the attendees. We're publishing it here since it's a good summary of the challenges we're facing.]*

Good evening. I'm Bill Schroer, Chair of the Naturist Action Committee and board member of the Naturist Education Foundation. With me tonight is Jim Dickey, Secretary of NAC and NEF. Also with me is Seth Paronick, longtime GNI member and our liaison and adviser in preparation for our participation here at the Gathering.

First, I want to thank Rick and the entire GNI board for inviting us to be with you again as you have for so many years and especially this year, your 35th Anniversary Gathering.

As GNI is one of our largest and most important donor groups, I felt it incumbent upon us to share with you a quick summary of the state of naturism in America and what we are doing.

We sponsored last night's Social Hour and it was a great deal of fun. The theme we chose was "Back to the Future" and the reasons we chose that included great music!...and the fact that, you know how Marty went back in time and saw huge changes from his current life...and yet, if he had lived those years one by one...the changes would have been so subtle that he didn't notice.

That in many respects reflects the state of naturism today. Since that film was made in 1985 the landscape of

## Help Support Little Beach, Hawaii

Please sign this petition to support the clothing-optional status of Little Beach, Hawaii.

<https://actionnetwork.org/petitions/justice-for-little-beach-maui/>

Read more about what's going on in Hawaii in the following newsletters: July 2021, Oct/Nov 2021, Dec 2021, March 2022.

Thank you!  
- The NAC Board

naturism has shifted dramatically and not for the better. We have lost over a dozen nudist resorts including:

- ▶ Sun Meadow
- ▶ Juniper Woods,
- ▶ Sun Aura
- ▶ Sunshine Gardens
- ▶ ....and many others.

Even more visibly we have lost (or are trying not to lose) a large number of nude beaches:

- ▶ Lighthouse Beach
- ▶ Cape Canaveral National Seashore
- ▶ Chincoteague Island
- ▶ Mazo Beach
- ▶ Little Beach
- ▶ Mohonk Preserve

...and almost all of the California beaches with the revocation of the Cahill policy.

And, there's more. Bureaucrats around the country are doing an "end run" around the law by implementing "administrative

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rules” that prohibit nudity in spite of their being no law to prohibit it. This is occurring in national forests and in places like Florida where there is a “swimsuit rule” that demands bathers wear a swimsuit irrespective of any law permitting nudity.

To add insult to injury small changes are further eroding the nude landscape. I recently learned the Key West city officials are implementing an ordinance banning all nudity at Fantasy Fest.


We are working to counter these setbacks. The new nude Blind Creek Beach outside of Ft. Pierce Florida, that NAC provided significant funding for, is doing well....permanent restrooms are being installed and the parking lot is being paved. [Editor's Note: Read more about NAC's effort in the June 2020 newsletter.]

And, NAC/NEF are partnering with SFFB, AANR and other nudist organizations in an administrative challenge to the “Swimsuit rule” in Florida I mentioned a few minutes ago. [Editor's Note: There's a little more about this in the March 2021 newsletter.]

NEF has recently funded a national poll asking both

straight and gay respondents their attitudes on a number of social nudism questions. Those very positive results will be forwarded to your organization as well as other nudist organizations around the country to help inform legislators of the support the American public has for social nudism in selected nude beaches and venues. [Editor's Note: This is presented in the July/August 2022 newsletter, and is a must-read for naturists.]

The fight for social nudism is very much ongoing in the face of the current challenging environment. I was particularly struck by a line from the very talented singer we just heard during the song “You're never alone” during which he sung “It's sometimes hard to see the light....but don't let go.” I can tell you we aren't “letting go”. NAC and NEF are here to continue the fight and we promise to responsibly use the resources you provide us to support the nudist cause.

It is our goal to engage with other nudist organizations including GNI to identify opportunities for new venues, protect existing beaches and venues and continue working to protect your right to be nude on public and private lands across the country. Thank you again for inviting us to be with you, your donations and your support! 

## Alternative Press Coverage of the 1971-1974 Crackdown on Venice Beach Nudity

By Shannon Lewis

A number of influential writers advocated for nude and topfree rights in the alternative press papers of the 1960s and 1970s, suggesting that there was a period when nudist interests were more readily embraced as a legitimate civil liberties issue. In this essay, we'll examine two editorials by women with unique perspectives concerning the fight over nudity on California's Venice Beach: author and activist Karla Jay, who witnessed the 1971 arrests of seven women on Venice Beach, and *Free Venice Beachhead* founder and columnist Carol Fondiller, who attended the 1974 Los Angeles City Council meeting that effectively criminalized nudity on Venice Beach.

Karla Jay taught English and directed the Women's and Gender Studies program at Pace University from 1974 to 2009. She wrote two books, *The Amazon and the Page: Natalie Clifford Barney and Renee Vivie*, and *Tales of The Lavender Menace: A Memoir of Liberation*, and she edited many others, including the groundbreaking anthology *Out of the Closets*. She's one of several women featured in the 2014 documentary film, *She's Beautiful When She's Angry*.

In an essay in the July, 1971 issue of the journal *Everywoman*, Jay documents the increasing popularity of topfree sunbathing at Venice Beach between 1970 and 1971. In her essay, “No Busts Allowed,” Jay asserts, “No one

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### Last Month's "Caption This!" Winner

When did you become a naturist?



**Laundry Day!**

- Submitted by Dan

Honorable Mention: "As I do more laundry,  
nudists seem less crazy"  
- A common sign



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complained and no one bothered us, except for a few photo-happy tourists, who would democratically be given the option of leaving with their equipment or fishing for it in the ocean.” Jay recalls, “Gay women would be lying 10 abreast on the sand, but you could hardly say that we were doing anything titillating.”

Public nudity arrests were on the rise across California beaches in the early 1970s. When the California Supreme Court handed down the Chad Merrill Smith decision in 1972, ruling that nudity without lewd intent was not necessarily illegal, it was hailed as a victory for nude beach enthusiasts. But as the nude crowds grew, Los Angeles County moved to pass an anti-nudity ordinance in 1974.

Jay documents some of the earliest arrests of women at Venice Beach, which happened one busy summer afternoon in 1971, when the beach was filled with topfree sunbathers. “The horny toads in their police cars were keeping abreast of the situation,” she writes, “setting a booby trap for us.” There had been warnings of a possible raid, and the group had noticed an increased police presence in the area, from low-flying helicopters to an officer hiding in the shrubbery with a telescope. When the raid commenced, seven topfree women were caught, in Jay’s words, “red-breasted,” arrested, hauled to the police station, and confined for twelve hours, without being allowed to make phone calls.

Importantly, Jay confronts the sexist roots of the topfree prohibition in her essay, wondering why men had been allowed to go shirtless on public beaches since the 1940s, while women continued to face arrest. She points out that female nudity is popularly accepted only when published in adult-oriented magazines or encountered in strip clubs or erotic films. And she argues that beaches, as public spaces, provide social and recreational opportunities for women who lack the finances or means of transportation to visit private nudist clubs. “There’s a lesson to all this,” Jay concedes, “if you sell nudity in a pornographic movie, a topless bar, or nudist colony, you’re conforming to the Bourgeois morality. But if you want to get an even tan, watch out!”



One of the most important women in the culture and community of Venice Beach was Carol Fondiller, a founder of the *Free Venice Beachhead* paper. Anointed the “Queen of Venice,” Fondiller jumped to the defense of nude beachgoers in the August, 1974 issue of *Free Venice Beachhead*, where she discusses the events leading up to the 1974 Los Angeles City Council anti-nudity ordinance.

“Since the state supreme court decision in the People vs. Smith case, which came to the surprisingly sane conclusion that a naked human body by itself (or with other naked human bodies for that matter) wasn’t lewd, there has been no ordinance covering nudity on California public beaches. This worries a lot of structure freaks.”

Fondiller was active in the Peace and Freedom Party, the Free Venice movement, the Venice Survival Committee, and the Free Venice Theater Group, but was perhaps best known for her humorous and scathing articles in

*Free Venice Beachhead*. She was passionate about advocating for the poor and the elderly, and she was quick to jump to the defense of the Venice Beach nudes. She recognized that much of the debate was being shaped by sensationalistic journalism. “The news media, particularly television,” she writes, “salaciously, with many a sickening leer and wink did trundle up and down the beach with their cameras.” Fondiller was furious that reporters “took front-on pictures of naked women,” which mysteriously never appeared in print, nor on air. “What goes on in the developing room, one wonders? Questions like that keep me from sleeping at night.” Such coverage attracted crowds of spectators to Venice Beach, crowds that Fondiller claims “were able to prove that one could be lewd, crude, rude, offensive, salacious, obscene, and sexually aggressive” while fully clothed.

Fondiller attended all three of the Los Angeles City Council meetings that heard arguments about the proposed anti-nudity ordinance, on July 4th, 11th and 18th. Her impatience with the proponents of the measure is evident in her biting descriptions of the citizens who turned out to voice their fears about nudity on Venice beach. “Frail old ladies, their rabbit pink skin showing through their tortured blue hair... younger women neatly packed into Bullock’s suburbia sheaths, wearing pumps... men in wash-and-wear suits.” Those in support of nudity on Venice Beach were readily identifiable, according to Fondiller. Contrasting the conservatively-attired opposition were the “women who were wearing long halter braless dresses, sun-tanned, and smelling of the sea... men wearing straw hats, open-necked Hawaiian-print shirts, and shorts.”

She had little sympathy for the anti-nudity crowd, who fretted that men



[Comic by Brice Wood about Venice Beach]

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wouldn't be able to "control themselves." One woman warned that the nudists would eventually demand more clothing-optional accommodations, including public parks and even playgrounds. Emotions ran high. "How wonderful it must be," Fondiller writes, "to be so sure of one's cause that one knows nothing else of the world, and would ride roughshod over other people to achieve that cause!"

Passage of the ordinance seemed uncertain, until the infamous Academy Awards stalker Bob Opel appeared, running naked through the crowd and flashing the peace sign. "A total lack of brains on timing," Fondiller laments, as the stunt seemed to nudge a few wavering councilmen to support the anti-nudity ordinance, which passed in a 12-1 vote.

Outside the City Council meeting, the decision was celebrated. "Blue trousered, white blazered, crew cut young men were standing on a platform strumming amplified guitars, Fondiller writes. Around them were signs that said, "Be a man, cover your tan!" The young men's choice of song? "This Land Is Your Land."

Fondiller had her own response to the day's events: "Since I had nothing to lose and since Venice was again to be invaded by occupying forces that were using the nudity question as an excuse to make Venice morally pure for real estate developers, I took off my blouse and let my areolas show."

In April, 2015, Venice Neighborhood Council Community Officer Melissa Diner introduced a resolution that would allow women to go topfree on Venice Beach. It passed in a 12-2 vote, but the resolution cannot be implemented without county and city approval.



[Venice Beach, textiled, today]

## Two "Nudist Horror" Movies for Halloween.

### Film Review for *The Beast That Killed Women* and *The Monster of Camp Sunshine*

By Reb Belstner

We have two, not one, but two(!) films for you, this time around, so sit back and enjoy!

First, there is *The Beast That Killed Women* (Barry Mahon, director), the oldest of the three nudist horror films of which I am aware. The other two with the distinction of such genre-blending are *Monster of Camp Sunshine* (also included in this disk set and reviewed later in this article) and *Nudist Colony of the Dead*... yes, these are the actual titles of these films.

The opening credits note *Beast* features "Miami Beach's Most Lovely Ladies", so right away you know you're getting what you actually came for: not thrills, not chills, but lots and lots of eye candy, and I admit this film delivers, even if it is in a half-arsed fashion; this film was not well thought out in terms of plotting or, for that matter, any other factor. And that's okay. It's all about "boobs and butts", after all. When the butts aren't covered by shorts or panties, that is...

The film opens in a hospital, and as a sign of the times in which it was made, the patient smokes in his private room. A nurse comes in to talk to the patient, followed by a police detective wanting the patient to relate the whole torrid tale of how he sustained his injuries; and those who are paying attention rather than waiting for the nudes may start to notice a peculiarity of this film: none of the characters are given any names!

Well, that's not exactly true, as we shall see.

Pressed by the cop, the patient tells the story of how he and his wife (who may be named "Betty", but that's never made absolutely clear) woke up hungover one morning and decided to go to their beloved nudist resort so they can get proper tans. This is rather funny as the majority of the nudists, which you may remember, are comprised of Miami Beach's most lovely ladies; almost all suffer from distinct tan lines! And in another nod to the time in which this



film was made, please note this couple sleeps in separate beds – I'm reminded of the *Dick Van Dyke Show*, personally.

And at the 6:21 mark we are treated to the ultimate promise of the movie: female flesh! I say "female flesh" because that's all we really get from this movie, besides a few token males primarily in shorts. There's the ubiquitous volleyball game as well as a variety of scenes of women in panties dealing with the intricacies of sharing bunk beds.

The "nudist" aspect of this film does start to get sloppy, however, when it comes to the first night scene. A group of people from the camp are gathered around a fire – a normal enough occurrence, in most of our experience – but everyone is fully clothed, including an "exotic dancer" prancing about the campfire, flailing her limbs to the beat of some drums. (We're later shown another group square dancing while all are wearing shorts, which, while necessary by the standards of the day, does not make it any less amusing.)

It's during this night scene we first see "the beast", lurking amongst the foliage! It's a man in a terrible ape costume. Seriously, the gorilla outfit is

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so bad the viewer must wonder if the filmmakers were too cheap or too indifferent to spring for a more realistic looking one. Given the low quality of the script, even for such a production as this, I have to suspect the answer is “both”.

The gang around the campfire decide to call it a night. And in an odd scene of fire safety, one of the men declares: “Hey! Let’s put out the fire!” and we watch them take care to make sure all the smoldering wood and embers are covered in sand and extinguished. One can’t help but imagine Smokey the Bear out in the lush Florida growth. Indeed, if Smokey had been the titular “beast”, this would have been a much more interesting and entertaining movie!

We learn the resort is curiously divided into two sections, the barracks (which seem populated exclusively by women wearing nothing but black lacy panties) and the Tahitian village, of which we only see a handful of sleeping huts, where – spoiler! - the murders take place.

Indeed, the “beast” goes into one of the huts and kills the sleeping, pajama-wearing woman we see leave the campfire, alone, just moments before!

The next morning brings shock and disbelief to the guests. Shock! Shock, I say! Much garbled discussion is had about the murder with dialog I can only guess was improvised.... And poorly, at that... by women with horribly obvious tan lines – so, so many tan lines... the mind boggles that these are actual nudists! Oh, wait: at the opening of the film we were advised this presentation did not feature nudists but rather “Miami Beach’s Most Lovely Ladies”. This film is not pretending to be a documentary like other nudist exploitation movies, but rather using the thin veneer of the horror genre to present what the target audience is looking for: boobies in abundance! And it delivers with lots of padding (no pun intended) and, as the film progresses, more garbled and most likely improvised dialog from topless women saying such lines as “It couldn’t happen, again, could it?”

Things seem to calm down at the unnamed nudist resort, until the next night, when “Betty” and her husband, the patient from the opening of the film, are attacked by the beast! Methinks going to sleep in the same hut where the first victim was killed may have been a mistake, on their part. Betty runs off to get help. In response to her pleas, one man gets a gun, another calls the police, screams are heard and women in the barracks share twin mattresses in fear – pandemonium!

The next morning a police detective patronizes Betty in a way I can only call the ancestor of the modern term “mansplaining”. We also learn Betty’s husband was sent to the hospital because he is in a “state of shock” after being attacked by the beast. And people start leaving the camp as the owner half-heartedly begs them to stay.

The cops believe the perpetrator is an animal, so rather than call in the good people at animal control they employ the only other character to be named in this film, Miss Johnson, to act as bait for the creature, posing as a member of the resort. Makes sense to me! It’s never made clear if Miss Johnson is a policewoman, but there are several rather creepy shots of her

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and the detectives wandering around the camp, fully clothed. It's especially weird to see them wander through a large crowd of sunbathers. What's the purpose of these shots? And why isn't Miss Johnson nude if she's supposed to be undercover as a nudist? The world will never know...

And on the third night, Miss Johnson takes up residence in what appears yet again to be the same hut as featured in the previous two assaults and waits patiently while one of the cops, armed with a rifle, waits and watches.

The ape takes the bait! There's gunfire! A chase! And in an amazingly anticlimactic fashion, the beast that killed women dies! Huzzah! Soon we are treated to scenes of customers coming back, much to the delight of the owner, and once more happily romping through the grounds and splashing in the pool.

But where did the ape come from? Did it have an owner who abused it, thus leading to its homicidal nature? Check this movie out to learn the answer!

In the end, this is a terrible film, but not as bad, in my opinion, as *Naked – As Nature Intended*. While both movies are lacking in scripting and character development, *The Beast That Killed Women* has something that *Naked* most certainly lacks: direction and purpose. *Beast*, while using the story of a gorilla on a murderous rampage as a pretense, does not pretend it's not an exploitation movie. Just as a french fry is seen by many a gourmand as merely a vehicle for ketchup, *Beast's* plot is merely the means by which the audience gets to see the mammaries of many a pretty woman, and it's not ashamed of this fact.

This would make for a great midnight movie, in my opinion. So if you're a fan of bad movies (which I am, as you may have noticed, dear reader), it's worth checking out.

Meanwhile, *Monster of Camp Sunshine* (directed by Ferenc LeRoget & included in this disk set, as mentioned above) is another creature entirely from *Beast*. It doesn't entirely take itself seriously, but it doesn't know what it wants to be either: it begins as a typical "how I discovered nudism" flick, adds in elements of the horror genre, and then suddenly shifts gears towards comedy at its climax. *Monster* opens with the promise of "many nudists but only one monster". The starting credits are very reminiscent of Monty Python's *Flying Circus*, with humorous montages and rough cutout animations, leading the viewer to think there's some promise, here. Alas, no...

We open on two roommates in New York City: Claire (a model) and Martha (a researching nurse). Over the course of a lot of needless exposition in the form of voice over from Claire and shots of the city street, we learn their backgrounds and are introduced to Ken, a photographer, Laurie, his secretary, and Harrison, a doctor at the lab where Martha works.

Over the course of a bad day for both women, Martha breaks a hand mirror (seven years bad luck!) and Claire gets scratched by their house cat. "Are things going to happen in threes, the way they do when bad luck sets on your trail?"

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Claire asks the audience, foreshadowing the doom to come.

And yes, a third thing happens. As Martha is working in the lab, where experiments are happening, she spills a series of chemicals onto some lab rats for which she's setting up water bottles. Uh-oh...

Martha is then attacked by one of these rats. She screams, panics, falls out of a window which she managed to clutch onto the ledge for dear life, and is rescued by the good Doctor Harrison.

Claire comes home to a crying Martha, who is still freaked out over the rat attack... and that's when they decide they need a good ol' dose of Camp Sunshine!

Flashback, now, to how Claire finds Martha's nudist magazine stash and it results in Martha telling Claire about the wonders of naturism, preaching about health, body acceptance, shedding inhibitions, all the tropes of these films we've come to know and love. In the end, a curious Claire agrees to go with Claire to Camp Sunshine and see what it's all about!

And so, at 21 minutes and 23 seconds into this film we finally see some nudity: a naked man and then a topless woman (Suzanna, the owner of Camp Sunshine). We also see some typical nudist padding for such films – all the people are shot from behind or with strategically placed towels. And then we have a focus on Claire undressing in her room, a scene which has a proud tradition in such films. (Spoiler alert! Claire is converted to naturism.)

Thus far, this is an average nudist film with the exception of the lab rat attack. One has to wonder: "Where is the monster?"

Well, that's about when Claire notices Hugo, the simple-minded caretaker of the camp who is also the half-brother of Suzanna. Suzanna assures everyone the fully clothed Hugo is harmless and should ignore him. Foreshadowing at its finest!

We then get to see the usual shots of nudists cavorting and flying kites, such as you would expect from such a film. Plenty of eye candy for the target audience.

But the flashback ends and we're back to NYC! Harrison stops Martha on the street and tells her how the accident in the lab lead to the creation of a "vile, vicious [not viscous] substance" he had to get rid of for the sake of humanity! So he puts the substance into what appears to be an old pickle jar and tosses it into the bay. Medical and environmental responsibility at its finest, I dare say!

The jar in question is caught, along with assorted trash, in a glimpse of comedy in this mess of a film, by a fisherman; who puts his findings into a bucket and then drives some hours to fish instead from a stream near Camp Sunshine. Don't ask for logic in this movie. You won't find it.

While fishing, the jar falls into the river and breaks open on some rocks... and Hugo, some ways down stream, drinks from the stream a bit later and is transformed into a homicidal maniac!

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And Claire and Martha, despite not hearing back from Suzanna about visiting the camp, decide to go ahead and travel to Camp Sunshine, with Ken and Laurie in tow.

But before that, Claire and Ken go to the roof of a building in New York City to model and photograph a topless swimsuit. Odd choice of location, but I'm sure it was to skirt some legal issues saddling the production.

Then we watch the van with the gang of Claire, Martha, Laurie, and Ken pull in and they wonder where the heck is Suzanna? Undaunted, three of them strip down and make camp... while Laurie, fully clothed, strolls off to parts unknown. Meanwhile, Hugo wanders the grounds...

Suzanna then meets up Laurie, and they join the campers. After a while, a still fully clothed Laurie walks off, again, and heads for the river. Thinking she's alone, Linda undresses while watched by a hiding, ax-wielding Hugo; who stalks her and then gets trapped in – of all things – a bear trap. A bear trap. At a nudist camp. Let that sink in. Wounded and whimpering, Hugo retreats to lick his wounds.

And then Suzanna and Martha discovered Hugo has escaped! Suzanna confesses to Martha her brother has somehow become a monster and Martha, somehow, somehow, connects the change in Hugo to the “vile, vicious substance” Harrison described to her, earlier! She calls Harrison and tells him the situation. Harrison responds by saying he may have an antidote and will rush right over. Hooray!!

Martha's next step is a little jarring, and leads to the full-blown comedy aspect of this movie, which, frankly, doesn't seem to fit with the rest of the film. She “summons the forces of VIOLENCE”, as the film puts it. A higher up military man is contacted about the situation.

“A monster? At a nudist camp?” He declares. He swings into action, calling forth all the stock footage of battle (including some from Civil War reenactments) he can muster as Harrison speeds on his motorcycle to a waiting airplane.

And at the camp we learn it's Claire's birthday, and the gang is having a party! I swear, this film gets more disjointed the further it runs.

Then Martha's attacked by an enraged Hugo!  
Harrison parachutes from the plane into the camp!  
Suzanna tries to stop Hugo, to no avail!  
Ken uselessly tries to shoot Hugo with a variety of weapons, but to no avail!

Stock footage abounds! Dynamite is thrown! Harrison wields a syringe! Pandemonium ensues in what I can only call the messiest film climax I have seen in a long, long time!

Will Hugo be saved? Will the mayhem end? Does anyone really care? Check out this film and find out!

In the end, *Beast* as a film knew what it was and what it wanted to be – a nudie flick. I cannot say the same for *Monster*; it was simply trying to do too much with too little,

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and should have stuck to the standard “woman discovers nudism” trope, in my humble opinion. You may think differently. Check these films out and feel free to forward your opinions to the editor of this newsletter!

Just as much worth checking out are the plethora of extras to be found in this DVD set.

If you’re wanting to make a double feature watch party of *Beast* and *Monster* there’s a series of clips consisting of old theater commercials and posters – a great throwback to the Sixties and Seventies, if you were lucky enough to have grown up during those decades and feel nostalgic.

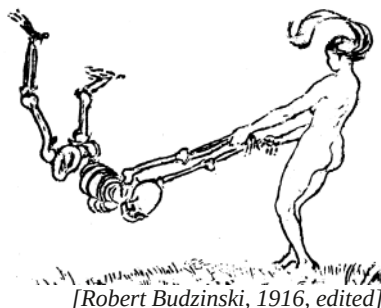
A trailer for *Beast* is included in this package, as well as trailers for *Eves on Skies* (my first review for this newsletter), *Girls Come Too*, *Goldilocks and the Three Bares*, *Nudes on Tiger Reef*, *Nudist Life*, and *Pussycats Paradise*. Also included is an advertisement for the DVD distributor, Something Weird Video – well worth a watch for the clips from various hard-to-find films!

Finally, there are six (count ‘em, six) old black & white shorts of interest to nudist film aficionados and historians included in this set:

- ▶ *Back to Nature* – a rather grainy short of what appears to be scenes at a resort. It seems to be a rather genuine nudist film, as children are present throughout.
- ▶ *Beauty and the Beast* – a burlesque dance short probably included because it also features a man in a gorilla suit. A much better gorilla suit. And the person inhabiting said suit actually dances with the topless “Beauty” who’s certainly strutting her stuff.
- ▶ *Bring ‘Em Back Nude* – Intrepid explorers search the darkest African jungle for the elusive White Goddesses of legend! In all fairness, this short almost deserves its own review and I may revisit it in the future. If you decide to watch this short, be prepared for some horrible stereotyping.
- ▶ *Nude Ranch* – An unusual musical short with burlesque elements set at (apparently) a working ranch.
- ▶ *Fashion Show* – A clip of a nudist “fashion show” taken from an unspecified film.
- ▶ *Expose of the Nudist Racket!* - This is a rather famous “newsreel” style short discussed in detail in Mark Storey’s *Cinema au Naturel*. I may comment on this one in the next review, as well. Like *Bring ‘Em Back Nude*, this one comes with a warning label: look out for body shaming passing as comedy.

All in all, this video set has been rich in content and most enjoyable. I truly enjoy writing this reviews, and hope you find some measure of pleasure in reading them, yourselves. Until next time, have a safe and happy All Hallow’s Eve.

[Editor's Note: NEF Research Library patrons can request "video207" to view these films.]



[Robert Budzinski, 1916, edited]



## 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 is from the "Twelfth Tingly Issue" of *Naked* magazine, which advertises "page after page in heart-quickenning color!" This series of magazines uses naked models to create something resembling a comic book.

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.

Winners get fame in the next newsletter!



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