



October 2021 Federations Focus

International Naturist Federation Newsletter

Visit the danube



to see what acceptance of naturism looks like

Richard Fuchs

I remember following instructions driving in the countryside of Massachusetts and later in Ontario trying to find a nudist club.

„Third side road, 22nd yellow mailbox, large triangle,“ or similar words. It was like finding a drug dealer. Near Denver the directions were vague in the extreme so my tired wife and I gave up and drove into the city and stayed in a hotel.

What a nice change to move to Europe and see giant signs on the highway: „FKK Camping, 10km.“ It's no harder than finding a McDonald's. Countries outside German-speaking areas, like Hungary, also use „FKK“ because folks know what it means.

What an amazing change to time and place. On the internet I learned that near Vienna, part of the Danube Island had an area designated „FKK“ for nude swimming. The Donau Island is a manmade island 13 miles long, 70-200 yards wide, created by dumping the sludge from dredging the Danube between 1972 and 1988. There are no cars, but it is used for cycling, rollerblading swimming and canoeing. There are a few bars and restaurants and (hard to believe) a swimming pool. It gets about three million visitors a year and has one of Europe's largest music festivals. I had a visitor from home in Canada and we travelled by subway to the island and trudged endlessly in summer heat looking for the nude area. We finally gave up and just plunged in between the bushes on the riverbank. Nobody complained.

Years later, an American woman living in Vienna told me that I should have gone south instead of north when I'd visited the island earlier. She and I cycled from Praterstern Park on to a bridge for pedestrians and bikes and down a spiral ramp on to the island and pedalled south to the big FKK sign.

Another time I tried to walk that distance because I was in Vienna without my bike, but it seemed so far that I gave up and again just jumped in.

Again, nobody complained. The amazing news is that across the river channel, on what you might call the mainland, there is a bus (92B) that takes you to five different stops along the huge FKK area. Every one of them connects to the nude part of the Danube. There are a number of parking lots right off the highway, just a few yards from the nude area. Most have a restaurant or snack bar. At one of them you do not need to dress at all to get served. No coded directions, no mysterious mailboxes. Nudism is so popular that the area filled with naked people has expanded westward, so in practice it is double the size demarcated by signs, and in reality it's almost three miles long on both sides of the channel or six miles altogether.

There are interesting differences between the two sides. Where access is easy, everyone has a camp bed for sunning often with an extra shade above the sunbather's head so one's eyes do not get fried. The crowd is older and less fit (car dependent).



On the Danube Island side, there is almost no garden furniture, people come by bike or walk (a long way). They are less obese. The area is also not 100% nude but a mix of clothed and unclothed, including a gay men section (unmarked, but clear enough).

My conclusion is this feels like a victory.

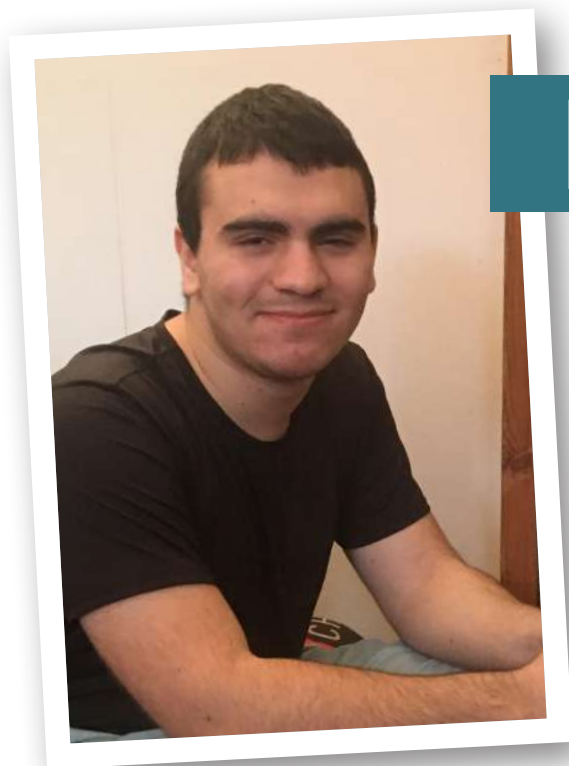
This is what the world will be like when we have „won“ acceptance for nude living as gay rights are winning acceptance now. You do not have to pass a background check You do not have to demonstrate that the person you are with is your legal spouse. There are no fences. At smaller nudist clubs the fences are necessary to keep out trespassers and gawkers, which gives me the feeling that I am in a zoo or a minimum-security prison.

This feels like punishment for having bizarre ideas that are „shocking“ to so many respectable people. There are no security guards and no posted rules. It is the dream of anarchists that people use common sense and regulate themselves.

**This is a taste
of the world
as it could be.**

Naturists talk

Portraits of naturists from all over the world.



Raphaël

In spite of his handicaps, Raphaël is a determined young man. It is thanks to this will that he obtained his diplomas and high scores in science in his higher school certificate.

As an IT student, Raphaël's dream is to accomplish the creation of video games before becoming blind, to leave his mark on the world. Through his determination to succeed, he hasn't left his room in 2 years, in an effort to protect his remaining eye.

The non-refundable medical costs prevent his mother, Cathy, from financing her son's dream alone and she has thus launched a collection.

Every cent collected will change the life of this young man. Here is the link: <https://gofund.me/dbf092ee>

Any handicap makes it difficult to access naturist places. For Raphaël, his life in the dark has reduced his naturism to the confines of his home.

Raphaël is a 21-year-old handicapped student who suffers from dyslexia, dysgraphia and a rare genetic pathology: aniridia. Aniridia affects only 1 in 40,000 people and is progressively causing damage to his eyes, eventually leading to total loss of vision. Since his 18th birthday, Raphaël has already lost the vision in his left eye. He has perhaps 10 years before he loses sight in his right eye.

I made an unfortunate mistake in the last issue of INF-FNI Focus. In the article about Carlos, Raphaël's picture was shown by mistake. I apologise to those concerned.

Nakedness, the last resort?

Maybe nudity soon will be the last means to show openness and tolerance.

Pauline Krätzig, NZZ Sunday

Who still cultivates naturism today? And was it only because of the weather that Zurich lost our naturist comparison with Munich?

There is a naturist zone near my apartment in Munich. Wide gravel banks, at the Isar, near a bridge.

There they lie, the nude people. All around, long, and wide. Every day when the river does not flood them, today, too. That nearby! It is now Monday morning, don't they have a job? What does he do, the one in red chino trousers, with the ironed shirt anyway - is he looking for the Starnberg Yacht Club, or what? Ah, he takes off his clothes. Such a wealthy guy, too, well, well. Whatever, still better than those layabouts and hippie communists, who occupy the whole biotope with their batik towels. That woman surely is at least 40 years old, she really should not present her used breasts so openly. And that is not the son of that tattooed man, with whom he stacks stones. Where are the parents, that boy needs a swimsuit, one should call the police....

Not funny? I don't think so either.

I hope that nobody stopping on the 340 m long bridge exactly in front of the naturist zone and inspecting the panorama, will have such shitty thoughts, be it rudimentary only. Otherwise, I will take it personally. Because I am lying here, too. Naked.

I am lying here because it is my job to point out grievances. The naturists are running out of new members, and that is not only due to the international decline of birth rates. Even in Germany, the cradle of the naturist movement, the mood is changing. As recently as in 2017, the left-wing mouthpiece Gregor Gysi propagated during the election campaigns: "Naturism has a high standard". In vain. So, that is happening when you abolish aristocracy and diesel engines: People convulsively cling to white T-Shirts for 200 EUR, so to be able to show their profile. Or what? I will have a look at this.

I have no problem with nudity, not even with my own anymore. Yet, it is my first time as naturism. My family does not come from the East, where naturism matured into a mass phenomenon in the 70ies, but from Bavaria: traditional costumes and CSU. Munich is always praised as an Eldorado for the naturists, because 50 years ago, crowds of hip-

pies rode bikes and trams, played badminton and football and toasted each other with beer mugs - all nude.

Even the "New York Times" reported in 1979 on the invasive freedom of Munich: "And nobody gets upset!" Yes, they did. And how! "These swinging penises" displeased the Catholic Council. Munich's nude people, today a symbol of cosmopolitanism and tolerance, were banned in 1982 to tolerance zones. When I started studying at the age of 20, they had largely been driven out of their English Garden of Eden and had moved to the green belts. In most western countries naturism is being tolerated as long as nobody feels being harassed.

How subjective demands can be, can be seen in the example of Switzerland. The pain threshold is measured by how close "Naturism" and "Nudivities" (Insider puns) come to textiles (Insider vocabulary). After a plague of naked hikers from Germany, who had chosen Appenzell Innerrhoden as a paradise, the canton fines the cases. In the same year a naked person in Appenzell Ausserrhoden became a forbidden fruit, because his 47-year-old bum passed nearby a Christian rehabilitation centre for drug addicts and a barbecue place with small children, but showed neither knowledge nor realization, but instead, according to the High Court, a "grossly indecent behaviour". Ridiculous.

Naturists avoid drugs and meat; naturism is probably better suited for detoxification than a belief that makes wine out of water and regularly eats the body of a deceased person. Besides the father-son couple, I am the youngest here. My naturist neighbours are at least 40 years old, most of them far above. Sitting next to me are Hermione and her husband - naked for nearly 40 years under their blue umbrella from seven in the morning, drink coffee with powdered milk from the thermos, let themselves be massaged from time to time by the waterfall of the nearby weir locks. "This is called monkey island", she says. She laughs because she can laugh at herself, however, this name is of course not meant nicely.

The legendary penis man who, in principle at the direct front row, directs his meat penis towards the catwalk and presents his two shiny genital piercings to the pedestrians, does not improve the reputation of the naturists. Maybe he is just trying to blind the gawkers with his surgical steel. People! We are not at the "pig beach" in Cap d'Agde,

where hedonists, libertines and exhibitionists are screwing in the sand and perform blowjobs in knee-high waters. If you really want to gawk at primates, the Munich Zoo is only three minutes away, and the monkeys have not lost their evolution (only their freedom). Who was first: voyeur or exhibitionist? For sure it were the naturists. In any case, I was not born with a trench coat. Naturists do not look for the public, it is the binoculars that are looking for nude people. In 2009, the "Toggenburger Bergbahn" definitely lured people with six binoculars in their passenger cars, for "fantastic views" of "ibexes, chamois, eagles, maybe also naked hikers!" Binoculars, cameras and smartphones are abnormally intrusive - but not the central trigger of the recent buttoning-up.

Paradoxically, naturism has a part in our disturbed body feeling. It started back in antiquity, when the male body mass ideal was chiselled in stone, which today is castigating bodybuilders. And women know for 3000 years, what to look like. However, the pressure for self-optimizing came more strongly in the early years of naturism. This can be read in magazines like "Ideal Nudity" published by the editor "Verlag der Schönheit" in 1914. Added hereto were ethnic and racist values by some champions. The naturist activist Richard Ungewitter campaigned for "strict corporal discipline" and "nude choice of spouses", which is reminiscent of today's nude dating shows, but which was not aimed at quota, but at pure-bred offspring. The Nazis ideologically exploited the naturist philosophy in "Paths to Power and Beauty", "Olympia" and "Man and Sun", to burn strengthened Aryan bodies during the war. Today they are no longer Aryan bodies, but still the tall, white, and slim ones. Today women undress under convulsions and "You are so brave" encouraging statement, to mutually drive out the ghosts of the past with stupid actions called "Fat Acceptance" and Body Neutrality".

I am so glad that my puberty was limited to 50 free SMS and a 56k-modem and that I did not also find myself in the censorship of prude American and Chinese mega-corporations and in endless loop staged feeds.

It started so innocently with nudity, before we split up into lust and shame, then separated it from us as standardized mass products. The ability to feel shame is innate to respect one's own boundaries and those of others. Any shame beyond that is drummed in - and then painted over by fig leaves on behalf of the church. Today most of us are nude only when taking a shower and, at best, when having sex. So, in any case, nudity has something to do with dirt.

Since nudity dares to venture out, it has been subject to be implicated to "arousal of public nuisance", even if it harmlessly strolls along. Never this seemed to be so mendacious as it does today. "Sex/Life" on Netflix, the Wikipedia entry for pubic hair, Pornhub and xVideos among the Top Ten of the most visited websites - Nudity on demand and on company cars of the car dealer (Hot Chassis"). But the female nipples, primary sex organs and, anyway, bodies beyond transfigured media and commercial contexts? Inaesthetic, indecent, unhygienic, just not abstract enough.

A limp ass in an angle of view bothers me less than any asshole in the Camp-David-Polo, who eats cheese nachos with an open mouth. What are eyelids, spacing rules and displacement mechanisms for? Quickly, cover up all the mirrors at home before the rejection of non-conforming nudity spills over onto your own body. Or the messed-up body and world view on your own children. When I mention to my peers how much my nephews like to throw all their small clothes off their body at home (the youngest one neatly folds them"), I always get

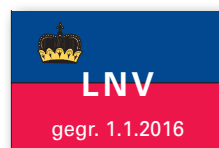
LE BETULLE Villaggio Naturista

Near the Alps, at 25 km from the center of Turin, 20 minutes from the airport Caselle. Caravans, plots for Recreation Vehicles and tents, completely equipped bungalows, caravans with chalet. Pool, solarium, jacuzzi and sauna. Clubhouse restaurant, petanque, mini-tennis, table tennis, Volleyball. Mountain bike circuits and trails in Park Mandria

Sights: Venaria Royal Palace and Park, St. Michele Abbey, Rivoli Castle, Mole Antonelliana, Egyptian Museum, Piazza S. Carlo, Basilica of Superga.

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to hear: "What is their age? Five and eight? That cannot be normal!". What is always crossing these minds.... Freud called this projection, Nietzsche unnatural pseudo-morality. Get over it.

Although I came alone and naked, I do not feel at my merci. My husband was not persuaded to end the eternal shadowy of his crown jewels, instead he had carefully asked me whether I would take along a pepper spray. I can calm him down. It did not take much time to get used to the nudity. Scientist, crime statistics and ten out of ten gynaecologists confirm this.

Under his pseudonym Heinrich Scham the Naturist Pioneer Heinrich Pudor distilled as early as 1893 in "Nackende Menschen. Jauchzen der Zukunft" (Nude persons. Exult of the Future) any sexual motive from naturism: Especially the veiling of the "most valuable parts" demands the imagination more strongly, taught Scham. "Sexual pleasure assaulted desensitized nude persons really only "when the cup was filled to froth over". The person besides me looks neither threatening nor lascivious, rather more like Albert Einstein. Everything is relative.

Whether naked people with neoprene shoes in camping chairs turn on, is in the eyes of the beholder. Anyone pretending that nude women are sexually provocative and invite to sexual offenses, shall just ask women how much a mini skirt would change the allegation. Sick people always have existed and always will be. And I will not let this therapeutic agent spoil me: People, who regularly and naturally are naked and ideally grow up this way, have a more gracious, because realistic body image and -awareness.

They will not that quickly be unsettled by Emily Ratajkowski's "Pre-an After-Baby-Body". Or by that man who thought I should get my tits enlarged. I often read: Girls, look at wrinkled and fat bodies, then you will feel better right away!
Body Positivity!

I neither believe in downward nor in upward comparisons, nothing at all. My carefree nudity ended when I was eight, when relatives amusedly compared my flat chest with my sister's growing breasts. I just marvel at the variety of degrees of suntanning (molasses!) and body shapes. There you have your body diversity. Not from the few commercials that throw away a few more pounds for their campaigns - from female bodies, nor male, not old.

Women's inferiority complexes simply have a higher market value after having been cultivated for centuries. Yet, it is the older people who are more radiant with greater peace of mind, as for long time they are caring less about the fact that they look like old potatoes. For long time nudity has been a symbol of freedom, and nudity an act of liberation. Since the early modern period - except in arts - it was frowned upon to exhibit nudity in public. In the rigid empire times, it became a means to an end, the ultimate protest. A nude avant-garde made of artists, intellectual and activists waged a culture war against "jersey capitalists" and "bourgeois wearing trousers", the proletariat of the "Weimarer Republik" a class war against the bourgeoisie.

Indeed, it was nasty. First the "Iron Chancellor" gave hope because he did not want to have that "wet thing on his body" while bathing, but then appeared the reactionary Wilhelm with his uniform fetish.

Naturism arose from an utopia. A wildly romantic dream. More and more people longed for a return to the natural state, wanted to get rid of the pathological, disease-causing civilization. A new way of life, new ethics, a new feeling of life should permeate everything.

The excesses of industrialization had also completely changed the German Empire, transported German workers away from the fields to factories and underground, crammed them into quarters and forced them into misery.

The first naturist club was founded in Essen in 1898, in the "Kohlenpott" (coal fields), where people with rickets and smoke lungs fought for air and vitamin D. This dehumanized, fleeced existence was the breeding ground for numerous life reforms, that were intended to cure body and mind from asthma to melancholy. And for life reformers like the Swiss "Sun Doctor" Arnold Rikli, in whose "solar sanatorium" people bathed naked in light and air, while doing knee bending (gymnastics, from ancient Greek gymnós - nude).

Events

07.10. - 10.01.2021
INF-FNI World Congress

Veržej-Banovci, Slovenien
Contact: eu-office@inf-fni.org



05.11. - 07.11.2021
Swimming Gala

Turin - Italy Organised by LNV-UNI,
Contact: info@unionenaturisti.org



05.12.2021
World Naturist Day
Southern Hemisphere

Anyone wondering why all the pioneers and spokesmen of naturism were male: women first had to gain self-determination over their own body before they could stand up against patriarchy (and today they are described as traitors of emancipation when they act nude against sexism).

At the end, the utopia failed. Also, by the instrumentalization of the naked body, which often degenerated into holy seriousness and crazy ideas of salvation. The mythical settlement project on Monte Verità, which was founded in Ticino in autumn 1900, is often cited as showpiece of an alternative society. Dropouts of all kinds really wanted to live, danced naked in the sun, to burn "the rotten, the dead in people and their sphere of activity". That today we know and read that much about it, is due to the fact that many well-known writers have joined on the mountain - and soon afterwards wrote down their dislike. Hermann Hesse, who during Spring 1907 "only dressed in sandals and a hat" wanted to escape from alcohol, after four weeks of "thorns, torments and mockery", just needed a "bottle of cool white Moselle wine".

The naturopathic institute developed into a business model, in which people from the fishing village Ascona in Ticino were allowed to watch patients starving to death on a radical diet, made from raw vegetables in small aluminium bowl, and which sold postcards with nude pictures of promi-

nent guests: in one of the pictures the 26-year-old anarchist Erich Mühsam crouches on a mill wheel by the rushing brook, embarrassedly looking at the ground. That's the way a dream ended.

Most of the nude people today simply are just nude. Neutrum. Neutral. No fights for emancipation, no social criticism, no culture of the body. They only want to feel nature on their skin, without any additives. Or spend their whole leisure time, and if possible, their everyday life all nude, in harmony with nature. But nobody has the intention, to instigate a "panty war", like the naturist people of the GDR, who, in its last remainder of freedom on the Baltic Sea, forcibly undressed clothed bathers and tied them to trees. Nobody has to stick his/her bare bum on hot PVC chairs - so that a film team comes by with defamatory stage directions.

Nobody is obliged to join a naturist club, although I am not surprised that the proportion of women is high there: respect and eye level instead of prick comparisons, navel gazing, pick-up artists and people who confuse a naturist club with a brothel. Contrary to militant vegans and European colonialists, naturist do not want to impose their philosophy on anyone. They just want to inspire, encourage. A doorbell rings behind me. A man makes several business calls in German and Spanish, then he asks me to take care of his business backpack and strolls through the shallow, green crystal-clear water.



Switzerland finds nude hiking is forbidden - how about decent strolling in nudity? I am confident. Red-Green has ruled their big cities for 30 years, the red penises of their heraldic animals have not yet been covered up. In Zurich the "Werdinsel" is the only official naturist area. Outsourced to the community of Höngg, which was adopted in 1934, in between the residential and the commercial area, the sewage- and run-of-river power station. May the working people of Switzerland regenerate there. As soon as you leave the blue bridge on the "Fischerweg", the opinions clearly are divided.: the righthand path leads over wide gravel promenades, passes garden allotments, a stylized children's pond with fountain and a dress code - "I also wear swimming trunks" - to trimmed lawns with enough benches and small waste bins. A bathing idyll for which 50 trees have been felled.

The rest is for those who absolutely want to be naked: trails, uncut meadows, dead wood, wilderness for the wild. No kiosk, no cloakroom, no showers, no toilets, no civilization for the uncivilized. In front of me a man pees into the flora that has been left to its own devices. The fish fauna in the Limmat awards red points to the lake trout and the nose: threatened with extinction. The nude ones do not even get a red SOS button. No entry, no exit assistance, no lifeguards. There you have your freedom! Get drowned!

The sky is grey, the air is warm, when I enter the naturist area. Obviously, the naturists in Munich are more weatherproof than the people of Zurich. In any case, I am alone with the ducks for a long time. At least, I cannot see any other people. They see themselves off in the thicket like small canton states. I lack the cohesion, the protection of herd. I feel at their mercy. I am getting lost in miserable thoughts. But this uninhibited integration of a minority is quite an advance.

No wonder that there are fewer naturist groups here than sex meetings and peeping people. In addition, joggers, cyclists and people walking with their dogs for 'cleaning', although a dense forest of signs explicitly announces naturist people. A man in his fifties in a thick raincoat examines a woman in a thong, swimming a few laps. I get dressed again.

"It is a German thing, that the whole Müller family goes on vacation with bare bottoms", a Swiss friend comforts me on the phone. "The Swiss are more like this: sex parties in the basement." Or simply in the undergrowth. So, messed up unrecognized?

Online I come across an unofficial map of the "Naturist Delta", which indicates the gay forest, the swinger island, the pleasure meadow and shagging nest. On my way back down the gay catwalk, there is a used condom. I must sit down. The only place to sit in the naturist area is an open "20 Minutes" on a damp tree trunk. In their traces of flames and floods.

Honest, how natural can nudity still be in an increasingly unnatural environment, which has defined the nature to be the world around? Today, naturism is a marginal phenomenon, very soon history, even in Eastern Germany. The German reunification could have gone so well, if, after the Change, the "Super!" had not titled "Wessies drive away nude Ossies" in big black bars. Of course, nude people are not all the same, not even when seen from outside. But to show one's nakedness in solidarity and to accept all imperfections: that is the principle and the success set meal of self-help groups.

We have barred the prospect of a green utopia by building residential silos, but there still are some recreational areas! Looked at it soberly, whether naked or not: we should reconcile ourselves with nature as quickly as possible, as it clearly is trying to get rid of us.

A field test ended for Pauline Krätzig still dressed. During a short trip to South Tyrol, she asked her talkative innkeeper about naturist sites - her indignation escaped in fragments, and she disappeared.

Focus December

Deadline to remit articles:
20th November 2021

Release of Focus latest:
05th December 2021

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SAY HELLO

