**The End of Blanke Schande:
A Blanke Schande Story
by donnylaja**

*NOTE: Blanke Schande is a college where female students are required to be naked at all times, which research has found turns out better adjusted males and stronger, more self-assured females. It has a main campus in south California. It has a satellie campus in Alturas, in the far northeastern part of the state, where there is snow on the ground from October to April, but where the rule of nakedness still applies. If you want to learn more about Blanke Schande, see the many Yahoo groups devoted to the college which contain both pictures and stories.*

"Oops," Sara said, her breath a little cloud in front of her, as the tiny pea-sized snowball fell from between Shelly's fourth and fifth toes, the new polish on the fourth toe glistening in the bright March sun. Sitting cross-legged on the soft damp snowy ground, Sara put the little brush back into the bottle and with busy fingers balled up another toe separator, her big tanned boobs swaying slowly as they hung in front of her, huge brown nipples erect like all female nipples were for most of the school year at BSC-Alturas.

Sitting at the concrete table, Hank, Ahmad and Corey looked on as Shelly sat in the snow, her back towards them, leaning against the bottom of the concrete chair, turning her foot this way and that appraisingly.

"Looks very nice," Ahmad said as Sara began the challenge of continuing the sunburst design on the little toe nail. Shelly was shy and invited encouragement. It was a wonder that she had applied up here to the Alturas campus, but now that she was in her second semester and paired up with Scott, who had been a rather obnoxious virgin, they both seemed a lot more at ease.

"Another fine day," said Corey, shielding his eyes from the glare of the snow on the field up in front of them, the wide open expanse on the edge of campus in front of the redwoods in the distance. They were sitting around after lunch, basically doing nothing until the next class at 2. He unzipped his jacket and then shifted his butt, which was freezing on the damp concrete. Corey, again, felt an odd twinge of envy for the girls, required by college rules to be totally naked at all times. Wet clothes made you colder. It was actually safer to be like these girls with their bare butts in the snow, having merely wet skin that would dry off and warm up quickly as soon as they got up. Of course, the girls had been "conditioned" -- the cryokinesthetics classes, the "five-minute chill", and all the other things.

The guys in their coats over heavy flannel shirts, jeans and clumpy boots, and the naked girls sitting in the snow, sat around silently. "Must be almost forty degrees," Hank said.

Jerry and Bob Eggles and Keroy bounded down the path, passing a soccer ball around with the impressive skill of swift sneakered feet. Now the three guys spread out into a triangle on the quad, kicking to each other, with some fine headers and knee shots and even a shoulder punch or two. Sara looked up briefly, to make sure her work on Shelly's toes wouldn't be ruined by an invading soccer ball, but she was protected by the table.

Responding to Hank, Sara said, "Probably fifty in the sun, but see all the ice in the shade, actually it's about thirty," and of course any BSC girl's word on this topic was to be trusted. Holding the brush in her fingers, she stretched, her huge breasts jutting out languidly, as she savored every ray of the warm sun on her bare back.

Ahmad's stomach grumbled. They all could hear it and chuckled. Chinese food for lunch; the guys were hungry again, though not the girls, who found themselves stuffing themselves every meal, their bodies' reaction to the demands of an increased metabolism. The main campus girls were fanatics about keeping their bodies in shape, being that any ounce gained was immediately visible, but after a semester or so at Alturas a girl knew that five or so extra pounds in winter was no shame. In the dining hall it had been a standing joke, the girls going up to the salad bar four and five times, obeying Nature's call for extra fortification through the cold months, the little tummy pooches, the extra weight on the thighs and boobs. Nature compensated for it every April as the weather got warmer, when the girls easily sweated the pounds off again.

Ahmad sighed. Too bad they couldn't go back to the dining hall. But Mrs. Magnuson was a stickler for the rules. You couldn't re-enter for the same meal and that was that. Also no carrying food out. Bags had to be left out on the racks, and Mrs. Magnuson had been known to check the pockets in the guys' jackets for contraband such as fruit or a cup of yogurt. Ahmad took his mind off food by watching the two lovely forms of Alice O'Reilly and Melissa, the girl who loves to climb trees, as they sauntered by the other side of the quad past the shower heads. They passed by Ellie and Keisha, lounging in the snow, chatting about something. Ellie, leaning back, stretched her legs out, idly lifting snow with her toes and flinging it sideways. Alturas girls liked to do that, probably because before they got here it would have seemed so weird and unbelievable. The possibilities of the human female.

Hank smiled as his girlfriend approached, tan and lithe and tall and purposeful and serious as always, though with a smile and a nice little wet kiss on the lips for him. For the tall dark-haired girl with the neat short pony tail it was time for her afternoon sprint. Wendy Mac was now captain of the track team and had been put in charge of training others. Two companions in sweat clothes and sneakers clumped along behind her in the wet snow, Tommy Chen, who had just made the team, and that girl Susie, a senior at the local high school.

"'Afternoon," she said to everyone, and then immediately got into the business of stretching and her two pupils followed her lead. Three right feet, one of them bare, extended onto the edge of the cold concrete, then they switched as muscles and tendons got ready. Wendy looked at Susie's sneaker and sighed with exasperation. She didn't have to say it. Hank had heard Wendy and Susie having that conversation several times before, Wendy trying to get her to run barefoot, stressing the importance of toe thrust, Susie resisting, Wendy saying you don't have to be naked, several famous runners had run barefoot, it's just a matter of toughening the feet, Susie resisting again. Susie looked up to Wendy, that's why she asked to train with her. . . Hank and Wendy, lying in bed at night in his dorm room, had discussed what might be going on in Susie's mind. Maybe she was attracted to the naked life but didn't want to admit it. Or was too intimidated by the prospect. Perhaps she saw being barefoot as the first step, a "gateway drug" to the "hard stuff" of the naked BSC lifestyle which she could not yet face. Now was the time for Susie to apply to BSC, if she was going to do it. Just wait and see . . .

The two pupils copied their leader's upward stretch, Wendy in the middle, reaching up to the sun, her body a tall naked "X", legs apart, toes spread and grasping the clean slush, eyes closed, firm breasts sticking out with nipples pointed and hard in the cold, over the narrow concavity of her tanned tummy and strong back. Corey took this in and said, "You're looking very lovely today, Miss Appleby."

This was a little joke, a reference to Wendy's apple-sized breasts. Such a compliment was also a standard polite way of asking a girl to "present". She smiled. "Why thank you Mr. Soggybottom," she said with deadpan tartness, and she pivoted on one bare foot and extended the other widely, past Corey onto the far edge of the table. She flexed her pelvis forward and pulled her lower lips apart, revealing the pink inside, then pushed forward again until a dark cave appeared. "Mmmmm . . . " The automatic reaction of any male to such a sight escaped from Corey's mouth without embarrassment at its triteness as he tilted his head to see better. Ahmad smiled too, as did Hank, who like any BSC guy was flattered whenever his significant other was asked to present. It was a way of being told, "You have a gorgeous girlfriend!"

The moment seemed to linger and suddenly Hank and his friends realized that Wendy and her charges were halfway across the field, gathering speed as their muscles got warmer, the tall naked girl clearly more effortlessly than the other two as she paced them. On the other side of the table Jerry and Bob Eggles and Keroy continued their soccer workout, now getting closer together and focusing on headers.

Lisa, a thin girl with black hair and glasses, and Sandy, a bleached blond and the oldest of the BSC students, dodged by one side of them and stopped at the table, toting their bookbags. "Hi lover," Lisa said, grabbing Corey's hand as she stood next to him and he glanced down lovingly at her pubic patch so near his face. "That was the worst chow mein I've ever had," Sandy said with her usual frankness. Sandy was a trip. 35 years old, majoring in biology with an eye to becoming a neurologist someday, she had been a practicing nudist for ten years before applying to Blanke Schande. The girls never knew what to expect when they went into town with her. Alturas was kind of a Wild West cowboy town. The townspeople had learned to live with the occasional naked females from the nearby college, but as BSC girls knew from the orientation sessions and also from their natural instincts, you should be discreet and shouldn't be "out loud naked" there, like stretching and sticking out your boobs in front of the old guys sitting on the bench on the commons. But Sandy, not having worn a stitch in so long, usually forgot that she was naked and would do just that kind of thing without being the least bit aware of the scene she was making.

Ahmad's stomach rumbled again.

Lisa dropped her bag and got up onto the table. "But -- " Hank was about to mention that nobody had asked her to present. She anchored her feet wide apart, toes pointing out, then squatted in front of Ahmad and Corey, Corey chuckling as he saw the yellow-green appear between widening pussy lips and then, with a little straining grunt --

She handed it to Corey, a pear purloined from the dining hall, then stood up and jumped back down onto the soft snow. Corey sniffed the pear with a smile. "Thanks, Babe. . . Though I think Ahmad would need this more than me." He went out to the untouched snow under a nearby tree and wiped the pear off and returned.

Ahmad hesitated a little but his stomach decided for him. "Thanks," he said, munching.

"Who wants gum?" Sandy said in the singsong of an old TV commercial that only she was old enough to remember. She flung a leg onto the table and extracted a small apple from her lower lips. It was grabbed by Hank, who nibbled it gratefully.

Ahmad had already wolfed down the pear and thrown the stem into the snow under the tree. "You girls amaze me," he said, not for the first time.

"I can't complain about the taste," Hank said between munches. "Next I wonder if you'll carry a banana."

"You'll know that, if we're trying to hold back orgasms as we walk," Sandy said.

"Actually, bananas slip out," Lisa said. "We've tried."

Lisa and Sandy, bucking the snow-sitting habits of BSC girls, sat cross-legged on the seats across the table across from the guys. It was actually quite warm in the sun and Hank and Ahmad slipped off their jackets, sitting this winter day outside in their flannel shirts. After a few moments, Sandy said, "Janeane says that you can carry a banana in the rectum, if you're careful, because the sphincter holds it in." Then she said, "She says you can carry a lot in there, fruit, vegetables, anything without a sharp edge."

Hank started chewing more slowly, with growing mock distaste.

"You might think there's a danger with fecal matter, but she and Jean say that they can tell when their rectum is empty and nothing is about to enter it."

Lisa, continuing this abuse of Hank, added, "I suppose you can become sensitive to what's in your lower colon."

Hank coughed and put the apple down, looking at it as if to inspect it for brown specks. "Real appetizing."

What's college without gross-out humor? Everyone laughed and Hank got back to his apple. Of course BSC girls kept themselves scrupulously clean, inside as well as out; every toilet in their dorms had two attachments, one that gave a kind of douche, the other a kind of enema.

Lisa got up and ran out next to Jerry, motioning to get a turn, and kicked a few to Keroy and then got a couple of headers in. She had been on the soccer team in high school and was still quite good, even after making allowance for kicking with bare feet. She got in a high kick, her toes over her head, her spread pussy lips red and flushed with the cold and with her exertions.

After that little workout she said bye as the three athletes went along down the path, still passing the ball. She went back to the table, still panting a bit, and brought a folder out from her bag. Corey exhaled as if in exasperation. Hank and Ahmad, still munching, looked at it warily. As she opened it Sandy looked at the guys quizzically.

Professor Tereshkova, the Body Awareness teacher, walked by in her parka and leggings and furry boots, waving to the students with her little crooked smile, then walked on toward the faculty building with her slight but recognizable limp.

This reminded everyone. "That was brutal this morning," Corey said. The other guys agreed.

"Ooohh!" Lisa said with a theatrical shudder, thinking back. Body Movement Class, a.k.a. "Eroticize" class, the required morning class for BSC females, under Tereshkova's direction, 30 minutes starting at 8 a.m., during which the girls practiced aerobics, then the various "presenting" positions. Of course it was all out in the open; at the main campus, it was in the middle of the big sunny quad next to the palm trees so that the girls were on full public display and anyone could stop and look. Here at Alturas, on really cold mornings the good professor held it inside, in the gym. Wherever it was, the guys were naturally attracted to it and could not help from looking, no matter how long they'd been at Blanke Schande, no matter how much you told yourself you'd gotten used to the sight.

This morning had been overcast, well below freezing -- 20 degrees Fahrenheit according to the thermometer outside one of the dorms -- and windy. And the professor brought the girls outside! The girls tried to protest but in seconds found themselves doing stiff jumping jacks on the icy platform, trying not to slip with their bare feet. The aerobics were not so bad, the vigorous muscles heating up despite the bitingly freezing ocean of air in which they were immersed. But then to hold still for the presenting positions! Around the platform, guys stood in their heavy coats, clouds of breath in front of them, not being able to resist watching with a mixture of lust and horror and pity and amusement as the fully-clothed professor walked around, checking out the hands spreading buttocks apart as the icy wind bit into each exposed anus, curled its way between each pair of pulled-apart vaginal lips, while the girls squealed in protest . . .

It was good natured squealing. The girls knew they were in capable hands. They envied Elena Tereshkova in her warm furs and boots but she had earned it. It was an open secret -- she was a survivor of Blanksk Shchandiy Oblast.

"It was a Soviet experiment," was the way Lisa had learned it last year, from Terry, a senior about to graduate. The six nude females were munching on pine berries as they sat cross-legged around a fire out on the ridge that warm night, on their "camping trip", a special modular course during which they lived out in the wild for five days, taking nothing with them but their own nude bodies, sleeping on the soft pine needles under the stars, eating the wild plants they had learned about, drinking and bathing in the cold pure water of the streams. "The Soviets loved experiments, even as the Soviet Union was collapsing. Sometime around 1977 they heard about Blanke Schande, how it produced exceptionally strong and capable women. They were having problems attracting women into the professions -- too many of them were getting traditional again and staying housewives -- so the Soviet Ministry of Education decided to imitate BSC.

"Of course, being the Soviet Union, they made it compulsory. Compulsory social engineering, that's what they were all about. They set up a special 'Oblast', or administrative district, somewhere east of Moscow, and required all female college students to be naked at all times. But Russian women tend to be really Puritanical and traditional, so immediatley they all dropped out. So then the minister or whoever it was in charge, decreed that ALL women from the age of 18 to 30 had to be naked, except if they were going to college, in which case they could put clothes on when they graduated. That got the women back into class."

"Boy, that was nuts," Lisa had observed.

"I'll say. Maybe they were desperate. Like I said, the whole system was collapsing. Well anyway those Russian winters are COLD. Alturas is nothing. Imagine going out when it's 40 below!"

"You'd be dead," another girl said.

"Not if you run like hell from building to building," Terry said. "And then one day the inevitable happened. Some girls were staying out in a kind of forest bunkhouse they had and a fire broke out. They called the fire truck but it broke down on the way -- a typical broken-down Soviet truck -- and the building just collapsed in flames, forcing the girls outside with nothing but some thin blankets to put around them. By the time help finally arrived they had been stuck outside for almost an hour. Elena was one of them. They put her into immersion therapy and it was touch and go. Finally after two weeks she could get up out of bed. Others got frozen worse. Their parents went ballistic and the whole project was quietly shut down soon after."

A horrible story but true. It was hard to look at Ms. Tereshkova's crooked smile, the slight limp, without an almost overwhelming feeling of respect, for what she had been through and then, AFTER that, deciding on studying cryokinesthetics and leading the girls through erotocize class, even on bitter cold windy mornings.

When Lisa told Corey this story he had been floored. A baseball player in high school, who did a lot of reading on the history of baseball, he immediately thought of a homely analogy. "Like Herb Score," he said.

"Who?"

"Herb Score. He was a great pitcher in the 50's, I think, and one day a wicked line drive hit him right in the eye, almost killed him." Lisa cringed. "And he came back. That's the amazing thing -- to get up there and pitch again after being almost killed, hit in the eye like that. As soon as he got better he came back, the next year I think, he got back up on the mound and pitched again. He wasn't the pitcher he was, but he came back, like Tereshkova did . . ."

"Uh, right," Lisa said. She supposed the analogy was kind of apt.

"She knows where the edge is," Corey said.

"What?"

"Ever read Hunter S. Thompson's book on the Hell's Angels?"

"Um, no." Corey was full of obscure references this night.

"He writes about motorbiking up the Coastal Highway, back before it got all built up, when there was no traffic or lights, taking the curves as fast as possible, getting close to 'the edge'. . . 'There's no way to tell where it is because the only ones who know where it is are the ones who have gone over.' That's her."

"Oh -- hey --" Corey had succeeded in putting a comforting thought in Lisa's head: the girls were in no danger fron the cold at Alturas: Tereshkova knows how far one can go, where the "edge" is. Some time later Wendy told Lisa and Corey about Tereshkova using the phrase, "the limit". It was a bitter cold night and Wendy had been walking down that long roundabout forest path to the back of the dorm with her and with Olga Vashetkovskaya, that junior from Siberia who Tereshkova naturally hung out a lot with. It was so cold and such a long walk that even Wendy was getting worried. Looking down at the four white bare feet next to Tereshkova's boots, she had said, "Shouldn't we be running? I've been shivering for five minutes." The professor said, "Don't you girls worry. You're nowhere near the limit. Just get under a hot shower when you get in."

This morning, watching his girlfriend up on the platform, spreading her flushed feet and legs apart for the icy wind, Corey had remembered this story and knew that his girlfriend was perfectly safe, and in fact getting stronger for the effort.

Now, in the bright snowy afternoon sun, Lisa said, "You're right, Corey. That erotocize clas this morning was brutal." Then she exhaled. "Sometimes I can't believe I signed up for this. It was almost a Tami moment."

Tami, Tami, Tami . . . The legend of Tami Smithers. Who knows how the Tami legend started? It had been passed down among BSC girls since nobody knew when, perhaps when BSC was first started in 1970, maybe even before. Tami Smithers, another naked college girl, but Tami was forced to be naked against her will, something about keeping her scholarship, and was the only one naked, no other naked girls around to comfort her. The Tami legend had inspired a body of Tami fiction and poetry, written by those girls so inclined, and a number of the guys too. The library had an archive of them, some of the stories approaching novel length.

There was a black metal statue in front of the administration building, of a young clothed man and a young naked woman, both looking ahead and striding forward, each carrying a lumberman's ax in one hand (appropriate to this redwood country) and a book in the other -- someone always wrote "Tami" on the side of the base, near the girl's bare left foot. It was hard to pin down exactly why the legend had such an allure. Did BSC girls identify with her? -- how could they? For them, nudity was voluntary! Maybe it was Tami's strength, in surviving such an ordeal. Strength through nudity. Their patron saint.

Sara, having finished Shelly's last toenail, stood up, holding the little bottle, her breasts swaying to and fro. She wiggled her butt back and forth, flexing her muscles, getting the feeling back after sitting in the snow for twenty minutes. Shelly spread her toes and shook the little snowballs loose and got up too and hugged her, a rather assertive gesture for her. "Thanks." Shelly looked down and flexed her feet. "Expert job." They went off hand in hand. Not lesbians. But BSC females, no matter what their sexual orientation, show a lot of physical affection for each other, right down to cuddling with each other as they go to sleep on the big beds in their doorless dorm rooms.

Now another couple, trudging up the path that came up from the main gate, Kathy and Willy, two panting grease-smeared 20-year-olds carrying suitcases with grimy hands. Willy, a tall guy with an attempt at a beard and a sherpa cap, wore junky overalls and a sweatshirt with dark streaks here and there. Kathy, a thin white girl with an outsized chest, had smears of gunk across her belly, all over her thighs, and criss-crossing her huge boobs which wobbled in front of her as she jerked the suitcases up onto the bench. "What is it with you men!" she said to her boyfriend with mock exasperation as she jerked again, the suitcases being so heavy. "All these CLOTHES!"

"Jesus," Hank said to the two newcomers. "What happened to YOU?"

Willy sat down with his honey and caught his breath. Beads of sweat on his forehead matched similar moistness over her breasts. "A great end to a long weekend with my folks. My car got a flat tire just as we were getting to the gate. Not easy to fix."

"And then when we finally got those lug nuts off and got the tire changed the damn car wouldn't start," Kathy said, pulling her long black hair past her eyes. "We had to push the freaking thing all the way back to Merton's." Merton's Service Station was the last thing you came to before the drive up to the campus gate.

Corey's eyes widened. "You pushed it all the way to Merton's? And then carried all this stuff up from there?"

Kathy, still catching her breath, nodded. "Pushing that huge Ark-like thing was rough. My ta-tas almost got crushed." She looked down at her breasts and caressed them, trying without success to cup her huge endowments into each hand, then bent down and playfully kissed one and then the other. "Poor babies!"

She sat back and crossed her legs like a man does, one foot up on the other knee, and everyone was treated to the site of her totally black, grimy sole. "Yuck," Lisa said.

"I'll say," Kathy said. "Merton's has the greasiest garage floor in the world. Haven't they heard of Quik-Dry?", she said, referring to a gravel-like material used to soak up oil spills. "And they made us wait about three forevers before they told us they had to order parts and we had to leave the car there."

Willy said, with a smile, "Well they weren't in a hurry, with what there was to look at. You could have sat with me in the office with that crabby old cashier. You didn't have to get right in under the hood with them and point to what was wrong."

"Once a motorhead, always a motorhead," Kathy said. She looked down at her black sole and spread her toes. "I can't wait for the sponge." The "sponge" was the little soapy mat the girls kept in their bathrooms. It was not used as much in winter with the snow keeping their feet clean.

"Well let's go," Willy said. "I'll give you a nice scrub-down all over." The two of them jerked the suitcases off the bench and struggled around the bend to the dorm.

"It's the least you can do," Kathy said, the snow sucking up the sound of their voices as they turned out of sight. "Tonight I'm on top."

The friends at the table saw them go and then resumed their contemplation of the snow and the sunshine. Ahmad, having finished his pear, brought his bag up onto the table. "Show us your latest," Lisa said. Seeing his shy hesitation, she insisted, "Come on! I saw you working on something yesterday."

It was a charcoal rendering of a stand of trees, then the quad behind it, the administration building in the distance and the black metal statue, tiny in the distance. "Good perspective," Lisa said.

"You're getting better and better," Hank said. They were too tactful to mention it but drawing in the statue was a breakthrough. Ahmad still had his inhibitions, the product of an upbringing in conservative Islam, which forbids depictions of the human form as idolatrous. Secretly he wanted to draw the many naked girls around him, but that day was still quite a ways off.

And now another unattainable object, Naomi, along with her friends Jason, Maury and Graciela, one white and one brown female approaching with two guys in sweats. Naomi spoke first with a typical Naomi comment. "Such gorgeous creation all around us."

Naomi was a born-again Christian and one of BSC's several dedicated virgins, who for some reason tended to gravitate to Alturas. It was hard for some of the students to believe that there was such a thing as a born-again nudist camp but Naomi's family had been members of one, down near Santa Barbara, and she had grown up about as uninhibited about nudity as any BSC student. To Ahmad she was just gorgeous and made even more so by her virginity and her desire to keep it until marriage. Could he marry her? Traditional courtship rituals competed in his mind with ideas that were more distinctly his own, for example interdenominational relationships. He admired her and loved her. . .

"You are very beautiful, Miss Naomi," he said, nervously, and of course both of them knew what that meant.

She smiled and said, "You're a sweetheart, Ahmad. Why don't we do a Bible study in the library later?" Ahmad allowed a raised eyebrow to interrupt his admiring gaze. She smiled, knowing that she and he had differing ideas about the Word of God.

And now the wind played with the light blonde curls caressing her bare shoulders, making Ahmad almost swoon.

Not forgetting his polite request, Naomi walked over to him and, seeing his nod, turned around and bent over, again without shame. She had often said, "The body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, every part is sanctified". Ahmad felt sublime as the sun glistened on her dewy, lipless vaginal region which nothing had ever penetrated. The darkish brown hair -- no jokes about "natural blondes" here, BSC guys were experts on the topic and knew that most girls who have natural blonde head hair really do tend to have darker hair below -- and the tight butt cheeks around it. Ahmad thought to himself: this is the view Adam had, like Eve looked on the first morning in the Garden of Eden.

Naomi turned back to face him and he joined her and her friends as they walked off, leaving Corey and Lisa and Hank. They sat silently. Far off, in front of the trees, Wendy and Susie and Tommy ran across the field, the last two having a hard time staying even with the naked track star. Bits of snow flew out behind her (toe thrust!) as she continued what to her was a relaxed pace.

"Well gotta go," Hank said, off to sociology class, leaving Corey and Lisa alone. Corey looked at Lisa with a smile. Lisa extended her foot under the table and caressed his jeans-covered crotch with her snow-encrusted toes. Corey exhaled and leaned over and the two lovers gave each other a long kiss.

They got up and decided to take a little walk, hand in hand, their bags over their shoulders as they went up the hill path up toward the ridge.

Lisa stopped to take the folder out of her bag once again. Corey looked at it. "I don't know about signing that petition."

It was what was in Lisa's folder. "I wish you'd come out with it. I hate to put it this way but, you KNOW you want it."

"No, I'm not sure about it."

Lisa looked up at the trees, then stopped and leaned back against one, a white birch. She wiggled her back as if scratching it against the bark. She dropped her bag to the ground, looking down, tracing in the snow with her big toe, as if signing a name. "Corey . . . Kaminsky. . . Let the guys be naked too."

It was an idea pushed sporadically at BSC, being given new impetus this year by Lisa (who was the Alturas student rep on the Board of Governors) and Wendy. Wendy was tired of dealing with guys she considered to be weaklings; she thought they needed some strengthening. Lisa's motive was more altruistic. Being naked was a benefit for the females in so many ways. Why not extend that benefit to guys too?

"I don't know. I admit, I'm afraid," Corey said. "It didn't seem to work out when they tried it."

"Oh, Cor . . ." The original 1968 - 1969 experiments on campus nudity that had given birth to Blanke Schande -- the students had been taught all about it at orientation. How men did not react well to being naked, universal nudity caused male acting out, as did male only nudity. Female only nudity, though, worked like a charm, so long as the females were treated with respect with no non-consensual touching. The men ended up better adjusted about sex, as did the women, who overcame modesty and body image issues to end up strong and self-assured. Lisa and Corey had gone around and around about this, Corey being hesitant, though not being able to disagree with Lisa's assessment that times have changed, intergender relationships are more equal and more individualized now, and the men (and women) of 1970 were not like men are today.

Corey dropped his bag and put his arms around his girlfriend, brushing his parka against her bare breasts, putting his head on her bare shoulder. "If the guys were naked, on a cold day like today we all would have dicks the size of thimbles."

"So what? Look at all the girls with tiny titties. I used to be worried that my breasts are too small. Now I don't care, they're part of me."

"I think your breasts are beautiful."

"That's because you love me. It's part of me, my personhood, not just an external. What about Stacey Peaches?" Stacey, an art major, thin as a rail, had no breasts to speak of, just two hard nipples sticking out in the cold, and even they were small. "Some guys have big dicks, some have little ones. Once you're all naked for a few weeks you won't care."

Corey had to be honest with his girlfriend but couldn't unstick himself from standard male insecurities. "We can't all be Dan Small." Dan was a student at the main campus, the only guy whose penis size was generally known because it was so huge, the bulge running down his baggy shorts visible even though limp. Was he a virgin? A nice guy, he was so quiet, didn't have a girlfriend -- were the girls afraid of his size?

Lisa could guess his thoughts. "Will you stop thinking about Dan!? Think about YOU. I'm in love with YOU. Your penis is beautiful. . . And huge."

Corey laughed.

"I'm getting cold. Let's get going." And she picked up her bag.

They went over the rise and into the clearing into the glorious view of the ridge, huge and distant, the stand of redwoods going up to the rocky precipice to the right, above the expanse of forest. The path then wound around to the left, down into a little cove and a bridge over a stream, then up again.

"Unhhh! Unhhh!"

Corey and Lisa looked at each other and exhaled in exasperation. Jane and Janeane were at it again. As Corey and Lisa turned the bend that led up to the main concourse the two naked lesbians were 69-ing in a snow bank on the side. Corey and Lisa resisted but finally had to look. Side by side, a position that is normally uncomfortable, except they had bunched up snow to prop up each head and each bent upper leg. Flushed toes spreading and clenching, red fingers grabbing each other's butt cheeks, tongues pushing into each other's pussies, consumed in the high metabolism of sexual excitement they seemed oblivious to the cold and to any onlookers.

These two were a big problem. Public sex was a no-no at BSC like everywhere else. It was especially bad at BSC because if it ever got out that the naked BSC girls were having sex out in the open, it could totally ruin the reputation the college had carefully cultivated, confirm people's worst fears, cause an uproar with the local authorities, and bring the great experiment to an end.

"Nnnn!! Oh God! Ohhhh!" Janeane was coming, probably not for the first time. Her cries rang out in the clear winter air, fortunately getting swallowed by the snow before it carried any distance. Out here the snow was about a foot deep, slowly melting after that big blizzard last week. Lisa and Corey stopped and looked with mixed emotions. The two girls were in love, and the Blanke Schande life was designed to abolish any female inhibitions. With straight or bisexual girls, they could "do their business" in the guy's room, but the girls' rooms had no doors, the girls were totally open to anyone's view, day or night. Jane and Janeane had graduated quite naturally from tonguing each other in their doorless room with guys watching, to doing it in front of guys using the laundry room, then out in the woods, now ever more in public.

They should know better. It was hard to escape the conclusion that their ultimate fantasy, which they were realizing in stages, was to 69 each other to orgasm right in front of the quad with the whole campus watching. Both Lisa and Corey watched with increasingly unsympathetic gazes. Now as Janeane climaxed again, her body turning red in her trademark all-over "orgasm flush", Jane was doing what everyone by now knew was her specialty, spreading Janeane's butt wide and spearing her tongue into Janeane's anus in time with its spasms. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! . . . Oh!"

"Oh shit," Corey said. Walking up the concourse was Mr. Joseph Karasik, the BSC Dean for Alturas, with Professor Outler, the geology teacher, serious men in casual suits, talking no doubt about serious things. Corey and Lisa looked at the spasming couple in the snow, and out of decency waited for Janeane's climax to run its course. It went on and on as Karasik and Outler approached. Finally the last spasm -- no! There's another one!

It was at the very last minute. Corey whispered loudly, "Karasik!!" The two naked lesbians got up and scurried into the brush and out of sight like squirrels, their toes kicking up bits of snow behind them.

Karasik was cordial and unsuspecting. "Hello, Ms. Tornelli, Mr. Kaminsky. . . Lisa, Mr. Landau has to talk to you about next week's meeting. They want everyone to go down to Olive Beach."

Lisa contained the barest eye-flick toward the woods where Jane and Janeane had recently disappeared, then looked up to the Dean. "What for?" Usually to accommodate her and Mr. Landau, the writing instructor who acted as the Alturas faculty rep, the Board of Governors meetings were done by speaker phone.

"They want to make a presentation, a lot of documents and a slide show."

"Oooh, a slide show," Lisa said in gentle sarcasm. "Popcorn too?" It was an unspoken triumph of the Blanke Schande ethos that this naked female standing barefoot in the snow could be so self-assured surrounded by two clothed authority figures as well as the clothed Corey.

Karasik smiled. "Seems odd to me too. Well, bye." And he and Mr. Outler passed along.

After they were gone, Corey and Lisa looked into the woods. The lesbians had completely disappeared. "I don't know why we keep protecting them," Corey said. "Before they get us all in real trouble, somebody should talk to them."

"They've BEEN talked to, Cor, it was no use," Lisa replied. She stepped over to the side of the path into deep snow up to her knees and squatted, the bottoms of her butt cheeks staying just clear. Elbows on her knees, a stream of piss began dribbling out and soon was cutting a yellow hole into the snow. "They just don't see what's wrong." She exhaled and the pee came out faster. "If Karasik sees them, or God forbid the mayor when he visits, it would be The End of Blanke Schande."

She kept peeing as Corey looked down. Lisa was beautiful no matter what she was doing. "No, if the men were naked too . . . THAT would be The End of Blanke Schande. . . Maybe you should get Haelters involved."

Evelyn Haelters was the guidance counselor and what passed for a disciplinarian at this rugged little campus. Lisa looked up at her boyfriend as the pee gathered force and then began to subside. Steam rose up from the yellow hole. "You mean get her to talk to them?"

"She won't mind if she knew you tried with them first."

"Maybe I should tell them first, that I'm going to tell Haelters." Lisa coaxed the last few dribbles out and then gathered snow from in front of her with her hands and pulled it forward to cover all traces of yellow. Then she stood up, shaking her muscles all over. "I'm getting cold," she said. And they got moving again.

It was while Lisa was lathering up, under one of the standalone shower heads in the middle of the big Student Union lobby, that Mr. Landau came up. Shower heads were in open areas all over campus, in fact the only place where a girl could wash herself was in full public view, another BSC rule for overcoming modesty. In the coldest months, of course, the outdoor ones were turned off to prevent freezing pipes. Here in the lobby there were six shower heads in a little circle, so that no girl could hide behind any other, with a little stand in the center holding soap and a towel drawer next to a hamper. Once the girl had dried off, she was not allowed to use the towel to cover herself even for a second; the used towels were placed in the hamper, to be emptied nightly by someone from each of the three dorms on a rotating schedule.

Sandy had just finished drying to Lisa's right and walked off, all flushed and warm, the warmish water having taken the chill off an afternoon outside, which was the reason Lisa was showering too. As she spoke with Mr. Landau, who was admirably undistracted as she soaped up her breasts and between her legs, Corey came up to wait for her and to listen. Apparently there was going to be a vote on a proposal for a new outdoor bathhouse for the Olive Beach campus and a new dorm at Alturas, increasing enrollment here from 60 to 100. Lisa, raising her voice to be heard over the shower, looked Mr. Landau in the eye as she spoke of funding mechanisms and staffing issues, while spreading her legs to get the cloth in between her lower lips.

Keisha rushed in from the outside, hugging herself, toes encrusted with snow, and could hardly wait as she stood beneath the shower right next to Lisa -- BSC girls tended to shower right next to each other when possible -- and then felt the blessed warmish water coursing over her cornrows and then over her bountiful dark brown curves and her half-frozen feet.

Colleen Reilly, the Associate Professor of English, walked nakedly by with a bookbag over her shoulder, being waved at by everyone. "Hi Col!" Most of the students called her by her first name. Her red hair and freckled breasts bouncing, she padded happily past the showers and into the bookstore. 32 years old and in her third year at BSC, she was one of the female professors who went around naked in solidarity with the female students. She had been at Alturas only one year and had scurried around between buildings at first, but was not too proud to do the five-minute chill under student supervision and had now mastered the BSC-Alturas skill of sauntering slowly through the snow on relaxed bare feet as if not bothered by the cold at all.

Professor Tereshkova clip-clopped by in her boots and acknowledged the two showering girls. Keisha, passing soap over her tummy, called for her. "Ms. Tereshkova," she said, "this shower isn't hot, it's just warm. It's winter, you know." She brought this up because Tereshkova was in charge of all female nudity adaptations, not only the erotocize classes but the outdoor toilets (i.e., "freshening facilities"), showers, and removing doors from the girls' dorm rooms.

"Is intentional, Keishyanova," she said in her Russian accent, distinctive for being affectionate and firm at the same time. "During vinter is no need for hot, makes you sweat too much. New policy, is good for you. All girl showers are now max 20 degrees. For you, that's 68 degrees in Fahrenheit."

Lisa and Keisha stood still, surrounded by Landau and Tereshkova and Corey, water coursing over their nude bodies, jumping off their nipples, arms at their sides with mouths open in protest. "You -- can't. It's too cold," Lisa said.

"Tell me -- do you feel cold now?"

Lisa and Keisha looked at each other. Then they looked behind them. This little scene had drawn a crowd, looking at the water coursing down their bare backsides. Lisa looked down at the four wet bare feet and then looked up and said, "Well, no, but -- "

"Perhaps we should turn down the heat in the classes too. Or the dorms. Too much heat is bad -- your body must adjust to being a tiny bit chilly, it's better that way. Otherwise you vill sweat and then not sweat and then sweat again."

The girls already had gotten a taste of this, in Professor Donelson's Developmental Psychology class last month, a little class of nine students which happened to be the only class (aside from erotocize) with no guys. The day had been bitterly cold, practically down to zero, and the girls had zipped around campus like lightning. The class had gone normally if a bit boringly, Donelson not being the most exciting lecturer in the world. That he was wearing a heavy sweater went without notice until Tereshkova came in at the end, with the same question. "Are you girls cold?" They all shrugged, no. "Well we turned down the temperature in here. During this whole time it's been" -- she looked at the thermostat -- "15 degrees. That's by your Fahrenheit, 59 degrees." The girls were amazed.

For now, though, Lisa and Keisha were pissed. They always looked forward to the hot, hot water after freezing their butts off, and did not like it being taken away from them. They stood motionless in the middle of the crowd, looking at Tereshkova walking away, before resuming their soaping up and rinsing off.

It was Erendira, the Mexican girl with the beautiful face and the gigantic chocolate nipples, who brought up the big secret at supper.

They were sitting around at their favorite table, Erendira, Sara, Lisa, Shelly, Corey, Keisha, Ahmad, Wendy, Hank, Naomi, Tommy. Erendira was going through a microbikini catalog and discussing possibilites with Sara. It was a frequent activity of BSC girls who wanted to be as naked as possible during the breaks but couldn't, or wouldn't, commit to being "Absolutes". Erendira was pointing to an unusual "suit", a one-piece that consisted of a single string going into the crotch, coming up on the other side, then up to a ringed string around the neck and splitting in front into two strings that went to little circles that clipped onto and covered the nipples.

"I couldn't wear that, I hate thongs," Sara said, pushing her tray away and resting her huge breasts on the table. "I feel like I'm sitting on a cheese slicer."

"That's how you get as close to naked as possible," Erendira said. "At my high school almost all the girls wore thongs. I got used to them."

"I'd rather design my own," Sara said, and she did. Some of the girls were endlessly inventive and shared their designs for various strings and slings that covered the "legal minimum".

"You couldn't wear that in Bakersfield," Lisa said, referring to Sara's home town. Lisa and Wendy had been collecting local ordinances regarding what was considered indecent exposure. They had most of the big cities in California and many towns; they had even gotten college credit for their efforts, which were on file at the library.

At the main campus, with a lot more girls, there was more of a "scene" as to planning non-semester wear. There was even a newsletter devoted to passing around designs. The college was aware of the possibly perverse motivation for this inventiveness -- it might merely spring from a desire to wear clothes, no matter now minimal -- but it was tolerated. A related activity at the main campus, though possibly with the opposite motivation at heart, was what had become known as "Bobbins" -- as in, "are you a Bobbin?" The idea was to plan to "wear", during college breaks, the most ridiculous objects so as to cover the "legally necessary" body parts. The name started when one girl thought up the idea of gluing sewing machine bobbins onto her nipples. Other innovations were wine corks to cover the vaginal opening, scotch tape used as a thong, and bras made of twine onto which potholders had been sewed. The idea was to show how ridiculous it was to require certain body parts to be covered -- anything at all would do, so why not have fun with it? There were even rumors of parties at the main campus where girls would wear these things, a clear violation of BSC policy, but it sounded like a lot of fun.

It was when the microbikini catalog had been put away and everyone was sipping coffee, that Erendira leaned forward and decided to tell what she knew. "Muy secreto, don't tell," she said. "I hear from the admissions office that this September they're going to accept a girl from Egypt who is allergic to clothes!"

"What? Allergic to clothes!"

"You're pulling my leg!" Hank said. "Come on! How could she live?"

"Not very well, from what I understand," Erendira said. "They don't know if it's psychological or physical. Fortunately her family's rich and she has a big property to hide on. But she hasn't been able to wear anything since she was 14, not even knickers."

Everyone sat silently, thinking of this strange girl and what her life must be like. "In an Islamic country," Corey said, "that must be rough, with women having to cover up."

"Not so much Egypt, from what I understand, it's a pretty secular country. But still . . ."

"What's her name?"

"Basji. Very sweet girl, very shy. She doesn't want to come here, she doesn't want to be naked, but it's the only place she can go to college. Her family wants the best for her."

"I imagine so!" Ahmad said. "She must suffer very much."

"Si, she hates being naked, but that's her life."

"Shades of Tami," Lisa said. The other girls nodded immediately.

"This is amazing," Corey said. He looked down, thinking. "When she comes here we have to be super-supportive."

"Which reminds me," Lisa said, suddenly inspired. To the groans of some she once again got out her folder with the petition. "Whoa, Tommy," Corey said. Tommy's name was on it, recently added, making a total now of 15 names, 25% of the Alturas student body. Tommy smiled and shrugged.

"I think we should all greet her and throw a welcoming party for her naked," Lisa said.

"Um, we already ARE naked," Keisha said.

"I mean ALL of us."

The guys looked at each other and then at Lisa. "I'm in!" Tommy piped up cheerfully.

"Uh . . . uh . . . " Corey and Hank and Ahmad didn't know what to do. Corey cleared his throat and decided to be brave. "I'm in," he said, raising his hand.

Hank and Ahmad slowly raised their hands too.

Lisa showed them the petition. Hank and Ahmad both looked at her as if to say, "Don't push us too far!" But Corey grabbed the pen attached to the side and scribbled his name right after Tommy's. Leading to a big mushy kiss from his girlfriend.

"O.K. now," Naomi said. "We're in the dining hall. You can get romantic later."

"This isn't Jane and Janeane time, is it?" Wendy said. Eyes rolled all around the table. The two lesbian lovers were at a small table across the dining hall and Hank and Lisa looked back at them discreetly. Sure enough, while they were eating Janeane was inserting her big toe under the table into Jane's pussy and, judging from Jane's half-closed eyes, diddling her clit too. Ostensibly trying to hide it but it was obvious to anyone with this angle view.

Sandy came back from the fruit bar with a pear and a banana and a smile.

"You wouldn't dare," Keisha said playfully.

"Oh wouldn't I," the 35-year old long-time nudist said. She handed the pear to Lisa. Both looked over at the little desk at the top of the stairs; Mrs. Magnuson's attention was elsewhere.

Corey thought it was just about the sexiest thing he ever saw, watching Lisa shift her butt around and wince as she inhaled and took the smallish pear into her, out of sight under the table. Then both hands were up on the table and sipping coffee again, winking at Corey. What mischief. There was no reason to do this except for the satisfaction of pulling a fast one on Mrs. Magnuson, the girls getting revenge on behalf of the guys who kept on getting their pockets searched.

Sandy's face betrayed no emotion at all as she invaginated the much bigger banana. After a minute she sipped her coffee and got up. "So long folks," she said, moving carefully around the table, taking the tray up, trying to walk naturally. She made it about halfway to the conveyor belt when the banana just fell out of her, plop, just like that, thumping quietly onto the hardwood floor. Mrs. Magnuson, fortunately, was looking the other way. Sandy kept walking, not breaking stride, kicking the banana aside with her bare foot, intending to pick it up and eat it later. Everyone at the table cracked up. Sandy would be hearing about this for days.

Corey looked out the window of his room at the full moon on this frigid, still night. He was dressed in his bathrobe. That was as far as he got and he knew he was chickening out. Lisa had asked him to make "his big move" tonight, going naked with her to Colleen Reilly's little get-together at her apartment in the faculty quarters, just a short walk across campus. Under the cover of darkness, he wouldn't get caught and charged with indecent exposure, and of course Colleen and everyone at her party would be cool about it. Colleen, in fact, had even signed the petition.

Corey was so happy with Lisa, they had a great sex life, he just didn't agree with her that BSC guys were being emasculated and marginalized by having to wear clothes while the girls got to be naked and strong all around them. But she did have something of a point. Guys in 1968 were not like guys today, certainly not like him. Nudity was a benefit to the girls and would probably be a benefit to the guys too if they tried it nowadays.

They had talked about whether Blanke Schande girls were dominant or submissive. Having to be naked all the time -- but they agreed to it! Having to present -- but the guys couldn't touch! One might think that the girls, being stripped, would be submissive, bordering on sex slaves, but of course at BSC nothing could be further from the truth. He had written an essay about it once for class. So complicated.

He wandered down his hallway, past Ahmad's room and Hank's, then past the doorless rooms of Shelly and Keisha and Erendira. Erendira was sitting on her bed, reading her sociology book, legs splayed open in full view, idly tugging on one big nipple, flexing her toes lazily. So unself-conscious. And now here was Corey, a typical covered up BSC male.

Maybe he had been looking at Erendira longer than he thought, but she looked up with a pleasant expression and assumed that he was asking her to "present".

Keisha walked past him and said hi. She always had a smile for him. As she passed by her high, bare butt cheek brushed his hip. These halls were so narrow.

Erendira spread her legs, her large breasts languidly rolling a bit off each side of her chest, and spread her lower lips for Corey. Corey smiled. "You seem depressed," the voluptuous Hispanic girl said.

Corey smiled faintly and shrugged. "I'd hate it if I was the one who had to do that."

Erendira looked at him and then turned over onto all fours. Her firm breasts, like hanging grapefruit, almost touched the bed as she reached back and spread her brown butt cheeks, displaying the asterisk of her anus. "It's nothing, after a while. It's just me." Keeping this position, she said, "You think of the petition your girlfriend has, no?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you're afraid of being gay, seeing the other guys naked." She shifted so as to get better anchoring and spread her butt wider.

"Maybe."

"Well so what? You know whether you're gay or not. I think you're not."

Corey looked at her brown eyes, then at her brown asterisk. She shifted again and to his amazement he saw the anus open to a dark little hole about half an inch across. "Wow," he said.

"Go ahead, look closer," Erendira said, as if with pride. "I just learned how to relax this week. Olga showed me."

"Well I'm impressed," Corey said. "So," he said, as he leaned forward and peered into the dark red interior walls of Erendira's empty, recently irrigated rectum. "What should I do?"

"Be brave," she said.

"Thanks, it's not easy."

"Yes I know," said the sympathetic naked girl with the breasts like big hanging grapefruit and the anus that was open to reveal her most inner depths, as if it was her very soul.

It was quiet and late, about 10 o'clock on a cold mountain Friday night. Corey looked out the window at the little table out there under the light. Olga, naked in the frigid air, was chatting in Russian with Tereshkova, both of them smoking those filterless Russian cigarettes, the professor bundled up, clouds coming from their mouths. Of all the BSC females Olga was the one who tried the most to approach what Tereshkova called "the limit". Of course, as she often said, she never would go naked in winter in her native Siberia, but at Alturas her exposures to cold were downright ostentatious, as if to shock people. Now she threw the cigarette butt down and crushed it with her foot, not a painful act for a BSC female, especially at Alturas. The soles of Alturas girls were rock hard. You didn't want to get kicked by one.

Olga disappeared from view and now she returned with an icicle in her hand, maybe a foot long and an inch thick. Corey knew what was coming and prepared to cringe. Olga got up on all fours on the table, then reached back and spread her butt cheeks. She did her open anus trick. The professor, cigarette still in her mouth, carefully guided the blunt end of the icicle into the little hole, then slowly pushed in, maybe five or six inches, then held it there. Olga put her head down on the ice-covered table as if praying -- which would have been quite out of character for her -- and then she began rapid deep breathing as if trying to hyperventilate. Corey, one of the males who had taken the cryokinesthetics course as an elective, knew what they were doing. Introducing ice into the rectum, the body's warmest region, was an efficient way of lowering the internal temperature, which prompted the body to fight back by increasing metabolism, ultimately making the body stronger and more resistant. He knew Tereshkova would carefully hold the icicle in Olga's rectum as it quickly melted to a thin point, then slowly take it out, then Olga would rush inside to take a warm bath.

He wandered back to his room, which he had left open, and sitting on his bed was Lisa. He looked at her and down at his robe. "Sorry, I can't." He sat down next to her.

He felt the need to explain. "For you girls it was a rule when you got here, that you knew you were subjecting yourself to. Would you have just taken off your clothes if it was just your idea, and not already a college rule?"

Lisa put her arm around his shoulder. "I suppose not."

"Well . . . " Corey looked down at his stockinged feet next to his girlfriend's bare toes. He cleared his throat. "It WILL happen. Someday, soon. I just have to think about it. . . When Basji shows up, I'll do the naked thing at her welcoming party, with Tommy Chen and Hank and Ahmad. We'll try to get all the guys here to do it." He looked up sheepishly. "Sorry."

Lisa gave him a long soulful kiss, hugged him with her breasts and her hips, one bare leg snaking around him. She looked him in the eye. "You're brave to go this far. I'm proud of you."

Then she was off, away into the cold darkness, the refrozen ice on the path cracking under her scampering bare feet. Corey smiled. Maybe one day the guys would be naked too and BSC would be an even better training for the outside world. He was convinced it wouldn't be The End of Blanke Schande. The time was just not yet. Blanke Schande, like life, was such an ongoing adventure.

[end]