I balked. I hesitated. I almost didn’t do it. Last year nude photos of me were on display in the Co-Op for an anti-censorship event. In the last two years I have modeled nude for over 50 classes here at Purchase (drawing, painting, and sculpture). I even agreed to appear nude onstage for a Drama Studies play (we did the run through that way, but an über-prude[n?] faculty advisor changed the director’s mind). My re-election campaign flyers last year were of me nude except for strategically placed items. The one for A&D was a drawing of me full frontal nude. So with all this—ahem—exposure, you’d think I would jump at the opportunity to pose for the Naked Issue of the Indy, and at first I did. Then I missed the shoot, not to avoid it, but because I honestly believed that no one would show up. When the Spencer Tunick-like group photo was called off, I kinda figured that was the death of the Naked Issue. Man, was I wrong. And this is where the balk came in. After missing the shoot, I was told that there was still room, but instead of jumping for the chance, I hesitated, and for a moment I even passed. I was confused by my decision, and so were my friends (one stated that I “invented Purchase nudity”). At first I considered doing a nude in which I didn’t “expose” myself, but under the circumstances I just considered that to be ridiculous. The point of this issue needs to be the breaking of a taboo, a breaking of the stigma attached to nudity. Hiding, being a false exposure, would not break that taboo. But we walk a fine line. Taken too far in the other direction, we end up with exploitation and the objectification of the human form.

At first I thought my balking was because it was the Indy, as opposed to a legitimate “arts” publication. Then, I was concerned about the distribution. The fact that it is available in a brown bag just about anywhere on campus certainly arouses some butterflies. But in truth my concern was about a possible backlash. I was going to skip this issue for the same reason I usually avoid public pronouncement of my atheism (as in “notheism” or a lack of belief, not Satanism or some other popular misconception about what atheists believe), and that reason is the strong possibility of a Judeo-Christian backlash (whether from students, faculty, staff, or administrators).

We live in a culture that obsesses over nudity, and the truth is that the more “taboo” we make it, the more obsessed we become. The naked body has become dirty and something to be ashamed of. We hide behind...
The Purchase Independent
Established 2001
Founding Editor: Glen Parker
Chief Editors: Glen Parker, Steven Tartick
Assistant Editor: Emily Farrell
Office Manager: Mark Schroeder
Layout Editor: Kaitlyn Sudol
Head Copyeditor: Sable Yong
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Backpage Bitch: Lauren Raia
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Writers: Patrick Cassels, Emily Farrell, Danielle Gangi, David Jacobo, Jessie LaBarbera, David Nora Jr., Kevin Rankin, Andrew Rowley, Jeffery Stein, Adam Tyrrell, Kelechi Ubozoh, Kristin Whitcomb
Comics: ACH, Robert Stewart-Rogers, Jack Trades
Copy Editors: Patrick Cassels

Underwear Party + The Indy Office = The Naked Issue
By Kelechi Ubozoh

It’s 12:30AM in the PSGA office and two men walk by with gummy bears on their penises. It’s time for The Naked Issue of The Independent! Over thirty people showed up for the event, and all of them were in good humor and not much else.

Some half dressed, some fully dressed, and some bare-ass naked -- it’s never been so easy to see ass. Or maybe get ass? Adam Tyrrell believed so. Although he’s not Christian, he bit into an apple and made like the Garden of Eden.

“What happened was, back in October there was an article about hammock etiquette. For the image, we googled “hammock sex,” and put a naked picture next to the article. Lo and behold, somebody got upset about The Independent printing a naked picture and we couldn’t understand what the big deal was. That was the day we thought about having a naked issue.” said, Independent co-editor Bill Reese.

Reese added: “This is just surreal, there was a naked guy walking in the PSGA office.”

Most of the Independent staff did not expect for The Naked Issue to be so successful, but there were so many willing applicants that the Indy ran out of room. So far, 33 students had their 15 minutes of fame in their birthday suits, but many applied.

“This is one of the best issues we have ever done and it hasn’t even been made yet!” exclaimed co-editor Steven Tartick.

Each person posed with a different concept. From cowboy hats to gummy bears, everyone had a different take on the nudity. One couple posed nude with cacti.

In the spirit of nudity, Christina Hu suggested that she and Reese play strip poker to pass the time away. Unfortunately Reese started losing and eventually chickened out when he got to the boxes. Tyrrell, who is used to playing goldfish and solitaire, was a little bit new to the game. Shawn Ryder won the game and had Hu strip down to her undies, which stated “I only ‘Ryde’ big waves.” Coincidence? I think not!

Tara Keeley, Blair Gershenson and Kris Imperati posed as Charlie’s Angels. When asked if they had guns, Imperati responded, “Oh I have a gun... and it’s loaded.”

One nosey cop thought a party was going on, but he was quickly intercepted by witty -- clothed -- Indy supporters and told that there was just a simple photo shoot. By now you may have guessed that The Naked Issue was anything but a simple photo shoot. Some of the models would like to express that it was cold in the room, and objects in this issue are smaller than they appear.

The Indy staff would like to thank Matt Davitt for being the official photographer of the Naked Issue and Erica Bushell for bagging and stamping this week’s issues.

On the Cover:

In 1968, John Lennon and Yoko Ono recorded the Two Virgins EP, made up mostly of electronic noises and Yoko’s wailing. The disc caused an uproar upon its release, mostly for the fact that it had a full frontal nude shot of Lennon and Ono on the front cover and a full rear shot on the back.

To this controversy Lennon said, “The main hangup in the world today is hypocrisy and insecurity. If people can’t face up to the fact of other people being naked or smoking pot, or whatever they want to do, then we’re never going to get anywhere. People have got to become aware that it’s none of their business and that being nude is not obscene. Being ourselves is what’s important. If everyone practiced being themselves instead of pretending to be what they aren’t, there would be peace.”

With John and Yoko in mind, two of our staff writers, Mattie Davitt and Jessie LaBarbera duplicated this classic photo for our first ever Naked Issue.
Confessions of a Nude Model

By Kristin Whitcomb

The number one question I get when telling people I nude model: But why?

It's amazing that in today's world of scantily clad 10-year-olds and heads getting blown off on every channel, people should be so ashamed of their bodies. It's how you came into this world, right? I love mine— even with its little quirks and flaws. And if I can make cash while being nude (without the whole college student doubling as a prostitute on the side thing), why not?

Being a nude model is not as sketchy as everyone seems to think it is. It's not Jenna Jameson-spread-your-legs-and-show-me-some-pink modeling in which your goodies are on display for every Tom, Dick, and Harriet to see. It's tasteful and for the sake of art. And since I can't draw a friggin' stick figure, why not contribute in other ways? Maybe someday I'll be a muse for some lowly VA student who goes on to great fame and fortune and I can say “Yeah, that's me in that famous painting/print/statue, etc.”

I started nude modeling last year at my old school for the money and have been loving it ever since. You can get paid anywhere from 10 to 25 bucks an hour, depending on the gig. What people don't realize is how hard it is. Sure, it looks easy— you sit there naked for a couple of hours. Not so much. You have to remember that you can't move a muscle (or try not to, anyway). I have a problem with wiggl ing my toes. It seems that everyone you see as though you actually have to move a body part or it will fall off and then you try to subtly twitch that damn elbow, a student cries out that they were just drawing that specific part and you ruined their entire drawing if not art career. Sitting still for three hours is not an easy task— especially if a song I like is playing or a friend of mine is talking to me. I just like to pretend that I'm the proverbial bowl of oranges— a still life.

That's really how the art students see the model too (the majority, anyway. You do occasionally get the sketch ball who stares in a not quite artistic way at your cha-chas.) The students are so intent on studying the lines and contours of your body that any consciousness in all manner of ways— they add fat where I thought I was thin and vice versa. It's quite interesting to see your body as portrayed by a dozen art students, all with a different idea of what you look like.

Me, I would never pose for a web site or a magazine. Even an artsy one. I think that may be my inner prude (it is there, it's just very hidden), but it just doesn't appeal to me. Posing for the cyber world simply doesn't seem as though it's for art's sake; it seems like it's for that creepy guy down the street's sake.

I think everyone should pose nude at least once— if not just for the experience, then for the cash. Because really, isn't college all about learning how to make a quick buck? That's what you can tell your mother when she finds out what you've been doing.

Another popular subject is Jeff Stein's penis. Yes, we pose together quite often, so I suppose it's a fair question. Come to Art Club and find out for yourself if you're that damn curious!

I think being nude and being naked are entirely different things. Being naked is dancing around in my birthday suit to the Spin Doctors when the mood strikes me. Being nude is posing for art's sake and sometimes getting paid to do so. Being naked is, in my opinion, intensely more personal and less self-conscious. Nudity is my body under harsh fluorescence and being examined and traced in charcoal by art students who draw me (I always thought that girls who pose nude on the internet have no self-respect and that there was no way in hell I would ever do that. My head was clouded by these psuedo-feminist beliefs that I heard from the girls I went to high school with. Then one day I saw a special on HBO's Real Sex about the Suicide Girls. I saw these women who looked like me and the girls I hung out with. I saw them showing off what they looked beautiful, and that included their flaws. They were all different colors and different sizes. None of them were the cookie-cutter beauties that grace the covers of magazines and star in series on the WB.

After years and years of only seeing blonde busty women define beauty, it's comforting to know that websites are now popping up and showing their models in a realistic light. They dive deeper into the artistic aspect of nudity more than the sexual.

When I heard about Raven Army I wanted to do it, not to empower myself but to possibly make myself more attractive to my boyfriend. The day before the shoot I started having doubts. I felt plain next to the girls I saw on those sites. I didn't have a bunch of tattoos and piercings or colorful hair and thought I was going to just make a fool out of myself. Continued on Page 15...
The Naked Issue Will Not Submit to the Fashion Industry
By Patrick Cassels

The Naked Issue is much more than a celebration of the human form. It's a statement to the money-grubbing tycoons of the fashion business: the Purchase Independent is not for sale.

This newspaper will not submit to the whims of evil clothing corporations who hold influence over other publications. The models of The Naked Issue are free from the latest apparel you’d like us to hock to our beloved readership. They are not walking advertisements for the conglomerates of the garment industry who seek to compromise our independent voice through monetary influence.

The Independent refuses to peddle your pointless material possessions with deceptive advertisements strewn about our pages like so many weeds in a garden of free speech.

We refuse to promote the sinister clothing chain that calls itself Abercrombie & Fitch; while hordes of bourgeois pigs rifle through racks of designer jeans throughout the country 60 thousand miles away, Indonesian children are hunched over industrial sewing machines in windowless hell-holes, all so A & F can hock their brand new bold-stripe polo shirts at the reasonable price of $49.50 as part of their 2006 “Casual Luxury” line. We are thoroughly disgusted at the shrewd business tactics used in producing this fresh, original and sexy new look.

Perhaps they skipped over this at the Heartless-Monopoly Academy you graduated from, but there are things in life more important than a relaxed-yet-sophisticated style that looks as good at the office as it does at the beach. Or a pair of faded jeans that gives you that “don’t care,” Luke Perry attitude.

Don’t bother convincing us to disregard the mom-and-pop clothing manufacturers forced to go out of business when they’re unable to compete with your designer-quality clothes at low low prices. The people who pick up The Independent are of a different breed than the brainless, incredibly well dressed automatons you’re used to dealing with. We assure you they’re not interested in your vintage, low-cut Abercrombie Wash cargo pants, your 100 percent cotton boxers or your limited edition Hawaiian-print surf shorts (available in seven original Polynesian patterns).

Oh, what’s that, Abercrombie & Fitch? For a limited time purchases of 25 dollars or more will include a special compilation CD featuring new singles from LFO and Sugar Ray? Well, thanks for the tip, but that might be the kind of information better suited to GQ.

Oh, sure. You’d like us to tell our readers about this May’s “Endless Summer” sales event. You’d like us to lure them like cows to the slaughter by telling them about this pathetic ritual of unbeatable savings—including 50 percent off selected denim trousers (offer void on weekends and holidays). You’d like us to do that, to mention the “Endless Summer” sales event, but we won’t.

If you think the Independent crowd will sacrifice their principals for the popularity, good looks, and almost supernormal appeal to the opposite sex guaranteed to anyone sporting one of your signature skin-tight charcoal tees or one-of-a-kind frayed-brim baseball caps, you’re sorely mistaken. Our readers are content to remain misanthropic bastards of society with a hideous style that will continue to alienate them from their peers for years to come.

Find some other sellouts, Abercrombie & Fitch. The Naked Issue wants nothing to do with you.

Continued on Page 15...

Bringing the Naked Truth
By David Jacobi

Weirdos, hipsters, and Purchase-ites who just like to turn their own freak switch to eleven: I’ve come out of an 18-credit enforced early retirement from hate-filled Purchase Independent article-spewing to shed my threads and work once again to drop some serious knowledge on all your cracker asses. Now, keeping in this naked theme, a subject that would be apt would be a subject we sometimes lose sight of. There are tons of things we as semi-sentient free thinking individuals forget or ignore. Besides birth control. Besides the lyrics...
Being Naked:
The Path Back to Corporate Independence and Inner Peace
By Andrew Rowley

Cessation of naked time (i.e. starting to wear clothes) is the most heartbreaking event ever to affect human communication. Decorating people's bodies was among the first means of mass-communication. Clothing ourselves with leaves, paint, or animal trappings helped us to form and identify groups and ranks within those groups.

Clearly, wearing clothes is not natural. Sure, animals are born with markings and stuff—but even the animals we kill in order to wear aren't born with clothing.

We've come not to think of clothes as the evil that they clearly are. But that's only because we're indoctrinated from birth. It starts in the delivery room with the beanie and a bracelet. Assign it a gender. Assign it a clan. Cover the baby up!

But if clothing is so evil, how did it catch on? Good point.

Here's my theory: clothing added an element of mystery to the phallos, which man was already too fascinated with. It's the reason for phallic symbols pervading every aspect of our culture.

Any time you add an element of mystery, people start feeling the need to assign roles of power. Everybody wants power, so nobody is willing to drop their fig leaf.

And if that wasn't bad enough, somewhere along the line somebody got the idea to profit from everybody's insecurity. We put brand labels on new ways of covering ourselves up.

The great irony is that we buy all this clothing to cover ourselves up and we wear things that suit our personalities. That's like buying soda so that you can return the bottles for gas money. Maybe we could cut a step out, eh?

And in the process, we could cut out some of the neuroses caused by ubiquitous advertising blitzes. While we're at it, we could cut out the human snoop mechanism too. Maybe what people do with their naked time shouldn't be such a mystery.

Naked time is when a person is, rather literally, just himself. It says the most about your personality. Driving. Sleeping. Hanging out with close friends or family. Watching TV. Antiquing. Masturbating. Writing. Combining— at least two of those. Whatever. Whatever you do when you're naked is who you are.

Finally, naked time is the most precious of all of our time on earth. And it's a gift so easy to give yourself, your friends, and your family every day. Instead of having trouble finding something that will show off your personality when you enter the world, just go naked. And it's a gift so easy to give yourself, your friends, and your family every day. When it catches on, we'll find that the world will be a much better place to just be ourselves instead of having to advertise it.
Nudity at Purchase is as Old as the Bricks

By David Nora Jr.

The boys went balls out and the girls were eager beavers. Purchase students were excited to let it all hang loose for The Independent’s first ever naked issue.

But this isn’t the first time students were excited to pose nude for a campus publication. According to Audrey Cozzarin, president of the Purchase College Alumni Association, as a freshman in the late 1970s, she can remember two occasions of students baring it all for the cameras.

The first occasion was when a full frontal woman imposed onto a brick building appeared in the jacket liner of the Purchase 1978 yearbook. The second occasion was when a full frontal couple posing in back of the administration building was placed on the cover of the school’s literary magazine from 1975 to 1976.

Cozzarin was also excited about the pictures because she thought that they made the school look cool, but her mother didn’t think so.

“I brought the magazine home,” said Cozzarin. “And when my mother looked at it, she said, ‘What the hell kind of school are you going to?!’ She was shocked.”

Cozzarin along with other alumni remember other occasions where students were naked, and not in front of the camera for campus media. Students took it off for parties and performances.

Cozzarin remembers a couple of “Animal House-like guys” throw the “Naked Party” on “Lush Hall” (Second floor of Big Haus) in the winter of ’76. She remembers there being lots of beer, pot, and a packed hall of dancing people with a couple of naked guys in the mix.

Cozzarin also remembers a solid gold-painted couple with wreaths on their heads showed up in a costume couple at the Spring Festival the same year. She says that the couple painted completely from head to toe in gold metallic paint was supposed to be Adam and Eve.

During the same year, Mel Young, a faculty member in the dance department, staged a naked dance performance in the Abbott Kaplan Theater, according to Cozzarin. She remembers a small group of naked women stepped out onto a dark stage into shallow boxes made out of plexi-glass filled with water.

But these naked events from the 1970s were just the beginning for future Purchase students. Junior Jose Miguel Jimenez remembers one bad incident involving an Extreme Elvis that showed up for Culture Shock of 2004.

“We saw this big guy dressed as Las Vegas Elvis telling us that we’re a wimpy art school filled with rich kids and sang renditions of Elvis songs. As he sang, he stripped down to his underwear, got completely naked, and then peed out into the audience,” said Jimenez. “At one point he got off stage and into the crowd, I was watching from over by Big Haus, and you could see a wake of students running backwards, cause ripples through the audience, trying to get away from him. He was extreme, alright, extremely gross.”

There have been many naked occurrences in the past, and now The Independent gives you the naked issue. But what sort of naked occurrences will come to the campus in the future?

Who really cares when you have all these nude people to look at…Wait, I didn’t know she had a tattoo there!”

An Alternative Space For Female Health

By Adam Tyrrell

This year the Alternative Clinic will be celebrating its 26th anniversary as a service on campus. According to Erica Bushell, senior Women’s Studies and last year’s co-director, the service was originally a senior project aimed at providing a choice within the Health Services office. Operated by a conservative staff of doctors and nurse practitioners, the department allegedly treated female students unfairly in practice and by lack of information.

“They needed a more open area to have gynecological and educational needs met,” said intern, Carolyn Lambrou, senior Liberal Studies. Therefore, the Alternative Clinic was created to serve the needs of the female student body at Purchase.

The Alternative Clinic currently is funded by the mandatory student activity fee and under the umbrella of the PSGA Council of Clubs, Organizations and Services, prides itself in its free service to students. With several interns and nurse practitioner Denise Byrd of Health Services on staff, the Clinic has been a public presence on campus with events such as their annual Women Out Loud occurring last night in which performances, an open mic, and a raffle took place.

Of the Clinic space itself, “It is student run, has a nice environment, and no fluorescent lighting,” Lambrou said.

Amongst the services provided are free STD tests, Pap smears, condoms, and dental dams. While they prefer students to make an appointment beforehand by calling Health Services at x6360, walk-ins are welcome during their office hours of Monday and Thursday from 5:30 to 8:30PM. The Alternative Clinic is located in the basement of Campus Center South, between PTV and Health Services.

Bushell invited all those who were interested, stating that the Alternative Clinic “is simply for people who love the female body.”
uniforms of one kind or another (and make no mistake about it, a shirt and tie is as much a uniform as the Army's BDU's). Our clothing is one more way in which people's positions, their role in society, and their rung on the ladder of "authority" is re-enforced. But Bob Dylan reminds us in "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)," Even the President of the United States sometimes must have to stand naked. Truth is, however, that this is a case of peripheral functionality.

The main purpose (discounting protection from the elements) is to hide our humanity in the face of God. We are still stigmatized by the Judeo-Christian values of an Old Testament super-being who wants to shame humankind. It is really one of the greatest ironies in history. Billions of people believe that we are the most important creatures in the universe. They believe that a supernatural being created us in "his" image. And yet they believe that same "creator" hates us enough that he expects us to cover ourselves in shame. Let us not forget that we created this fictional superior being, created it in the image of "man," and we looked upon it, thought it was good and called it "God." And then we had this God cast us out of Eden to the Land of Nod all because we ate from the "Tree of Knowledge." In all of this, our awareness of our bodies, our knowledge of nudity--and worse yet--our shame is caused by a woman eating fruit from a tree because a snake told her to. Given more time, I would deconstruct this absurd story for its blatant misogyny and point out the many indicators proving that it was written by a jealous male control freak (don't forget it was the snake in the garden that made her do it); but let's suffice it to say that this fictional tale of creation has gotten way out of hand. Humans have become ashamed of their humanity and of their very essence because of an invisible superman.

The issue of nudity and shame goes well beyond the fiction of Adam and Eve. Today the media-driven ideals concerning body image have led to both a hatred of that ideal image and a love for it which causes many to hate their own image. If you want you can see a dialectic at work, the synthesis of which is shame. Ultimately, one longs for the destruction of an ideal one cannot achieve but reluctantly decides to destroy their own image by hiding it as much as possible. That's one theory at least.

In the end, the nudity taboo can be traced back to shame of one kind or another. Whether that shame arises from religious belief or from false ideals, it is an imposition that the individual is responsible for casting aside, the same way God cast us out of Eden.

So I am taking this step. I will not be ashamed of my body, and I will not be intimidated by false values. It is with pride that I take part in this issue of the Indy. And it is with great intent that I have created "Purchase Undressed" (an homage to photographer Greg Friedler).
GYMNOPHOBIA IS AN IRRATIONAL FEAR OR ANXIETY ABOUT BEING SIDE-RECK CRIMINAL BY THE STATE AND NOT USUALLY ALLOWED IN PUBLIC.
Naked, or about seeing others naked. Prior to the 1990s, PBS was the only network to air nudity on their documentary.
THE FOLLOWING ACTORS HAVE DONE NUDE SCENES ON THE TV SHOW "NYPD BLUE":

- DAVID CARUSO,
MATCH THE BODY PART TO THE SENATOR!

Here’s your chance to score a free set of tickets to the hit off-broadway show Naked Boys Singing! Simply match the following body parts to their respective Senator. Emily Oleary, the current chair of the Senate (and seen thinking wide open below), will announce the winner via email next week. Submit your answers to Purchaseindy@gmail.com. Good luck!

Senators Pictured:

- Evan Sargeant
- Valerie Weaver
- Emily Giffiths
- Tos Sasitorn
- Adam Sypnier
- Matt Dunnam
- Betsy Aloi
- Antonio Comrisso
- Kathleen Lavin
- Roman Goldin

A PIECE OF HEAVEN IN HELL’S KITCHEN!

NAKED BOYS SINGING!

“Hilarious!” — Liz Smith

“Cheerful & Cheeky!” — Star Ledger

Fridays at 10:30pm • Saturdays at 8 & 10:30pm

TICKETS: TELECHARGE.COM OR 212.239.6200
NEW WORLD STAGES • 310 West 50th Street (btwn B & B Ave) • NakedBoysSinging.com
THURSDAY

EVENTS
Grad School Tips with Dr. Rachel Kallen, PhD. & Dr. Nancy Zook, PhD. 4-5 pm, NS 1029

The House of Yes Humanities Theater 8 pm

Le Nozze di Figaro Music Building Recital Hall 7 pm

Get tickets for Purchase Prom from the Advising Center from 12 to 3pm

CLUBS
GLBTU, CCS 0037, 10 pm

Comic Book Liberation Army, Student Center 7 pm

O.A.P.I.A., CCN Basement 10 pm

Root Beer Club. Student Center, 9 pm

EMIT, HU 1021 10:30-12:00 am

PSGA General Programming Committee, CCN 1012 5:30 pm

Independent Writer’s Meeting, CCN 1011 7:30 pm

FRIDAY

EVENTS
The House of Yes Humanities Theater 8 pm

CULTURE SHOCK!!! ALL DAY IN THE QUAD!!!

SATURDAY

EVENTS
The House of Yes Humanities Theater 8 pm

IT’S CULTURE SHOCK AGAIN!!! ALL DAY IN THE QUAD AGAIN!!!

CLUBS
X-Stream Generation CCN 003 9 pm

SUNDAY

EVENTS?
Not much. Culture Shock recovery time.

MONDAY

EVENTS?
Still recovering from Culture Shock.

Get tickets for Purchase Prom from the Advising Center from 11am to 4pm

TUESDAY

EVENTS
Purchase Prom 7 pm, PAC

Tiffany Yusko Senior Harp Recital, 4 pm, Music Building Recital Hall

CLUBS
Art Club , Co-Op 9 pm

Yearbook Committee, Alumni/Affiliate Lounge 9:30 pm

PSGA Civic Actions Committee, CCN 1012 12:30 pm

PUSH, CCN 0014 10 pm

COCOAS Meeting , Whitson’s 5-6pm. Financial Proposals Due!

Independent Meeting, CCN 1011 7 pm

LATINOS UNIDOS, CCN 007 10 pm

Media Services Board Meeting CCN 1011, 10-11 pm

PSGA Major Events Committee CCN 1012, 8 pm

W.H.E.N. CCN 0012, 10 pm

WEDNESDAY

EVENT
Champian Fulton presents “The Stylings of Silver” Choral Hall, PAC, 8:30 pm

CLUBS
PSGA Senate Meeting, HU 1072 12 pm

Anime Club, Fireside Lounge 8pm

Hillel, CCN 0024 9pm

Pre-Med Club, NS 1002 12:30 pm

Psychology Club, NS 0029 12:30 pm

PTV, CCS 0026 10:30 pm

Film Society, CCN 10 pm 1:30 pm

Purchase Environmental Activists
Natural Science 0029

If you haven’t heard of Culture Shock, it’s this pretty big concert with lots of bands. There’s also carnival rides. Last year I went on the Gravitron three times and threw up. Be careful.
Part III

Aurora's Awakening

First my love is killed!
Now I see band’s mother!
(Killed as well)
There is so much madness in the world.
I like swimming.

Oh, not be afraid.
For you feel she
Has power in the dark.

I shall walk into the ocean,
Where I can “swim” for
“Eternity.”
Goodbye world of
Madness!

Fresh corpse
Come down.
Better be
Blonde...

In Miles’ bedroom, after a late
Night of smoking pot and
Watching movies...

Not planning to sleep.
Mrs. Robinson, you’re
Trying to seduce
Arrest you?

ZZZZZZ

Hey, Miles, what’s up?
I don’t want
talk about
It.

Happy Easter

If you don’t like
the strip you try
comin’ up with a
Joke combining
Easter and nudity.
It ain’t easy.

By Robert Stewart-Rogers
Self-Mutilation is Masturbation

By Danielle Gangi

Ever since I was seven I've had this dream. As cliché as it sounds I do believe my dreams are the most important aspects of shaping how my mind works. In the dream I am in the middle of a huge unrecognizable place. I'm surrounded by people and wearing absolutely nothing but an expression of terror and a red flush from head to toe. If I'm listening really carefully I can hear the people around me whisper, and if my vision isn't clouded I can see them point. Some of them disapprove, some of them admire. Some of these people compliment me, others judge; some of them criticize me, and others praise. And then, in the very distant corner there was always one face. It was a face that I never knew but somehow seemed familiar. This figure stood there with nothing but a stare, saying not a word. All I know is that she stands, arms crossed over in front of her, looking me up and down, the eyes of judgment are upon me in her face. Ever since then, whenever I have that dream, I have this overbearing fear to face the day.

Standing there alone and vulnerable leaves me defenseless in the world; I am frightened and on my own. The dream hasn't changed much in the many years since then— with one shifting exception—my body. As I grew, my dream grew with me, and my fear to be open and confident followed me. The people around me never changed, the things they said didn't either—the face was still there, but my body changed constantly, and I knew in the midst of this unsettling world that I had no control. I of course knew I could say something to get them to stop their actions toward me, but there was no changing my body. I didn't want people to see the changes. I wanted to be a child. Puberty took a toll on me and my mind, and I knew the one thing I thought I could control was out my hands—just as out of my hands it is to control the world.

Of all the bodies in this world, never will you have a closer relationship with them than you will with your own. Your body is the part of you that is always changing. No one knows your body better than you, and no one ever will. You know how your body responds to hot and cold; you know how it feels when you stub your toe, and you know how it feels when emotions trap you in pain. When you're a kid you aren't really as conscious of your body as you are when you get older. You realize people are looking. You realize that there are expectations (mostly because of pop culture) you are to meet, and then you realize that the most painful part which comes from not being able to control your body is the turmoil that comes from realizing that you aren't perfect.

My most inner struggle with this world has become the underlying fact that I'm not perfect. Sure, I could wear makeup, I can change my clothes, I can lose weight—which I have—but I'm the same person on the inside. I knew that no matter how many times I had that dream, my body was the one part of me that I was never able to cope with—because I had no way of changing it. I realized that beyond the deeper meaning of what dreams symbolize, I live my life as naked as I am in that dream. I have the eyes of judgment upon me everyday; being naked in front of a crowd in a dream is just as horrifying as being completely clothed in the real world. When you can't speak, you find other ways of getting people to notice your pain.

My lacking satisfaction with what I saw in myself made me incomplete. When I held back so much pain, I just wanted something to release it. I wanted to show those people in my dream how I felt. Burn the flesh, ignore the insecurity. If you can forget all about my talent and see only the way I look then ignore the emotion and see only my wounds. May I never be separated from my flaws; I cannot hide them, just as I cannot hide a flesh wound on a naked body. I used it to feel. Let out all of the anger and the pain and the tears I held back. And I don’t even know how, but it made me feel so good. Elevating pain by causing more may seem crazy, but the orgasm I felt to finally be able to cry was exhilarating. Here it is: “I present my scars as a testament to the pain I feel inside.” See this as me, and learn that I do this because it helps me let out the pain I bottle up. After a while, it seemed silly to continue this process that was only helping me cause more injury to myself than good. One day I dropped the razor and decided it was time to stop. The orgasm wasn’t worth the scars anymore. I dropped to the floor and cried for hours. It was at that moment when I realized I didn’t need the pain to feel relief anymore. It wasn’t easy, but days pass, and I finally feel better.

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The Nudependent: Natural State

By Kevin Rankin

"Being naked is just a wonderful experience. I highly recommend it to anyone. You should all run out of your houses immediately and be naked. You don't have to have people watching you—just go out at night some time and walk around in the yard and see how good it feels.”

--Reg from the documentary, Naked States

Reg was a participant in a nude photograph taken in a public place by photographer Spencer Tunick. In fact, he is one of hundreds across the world that have participated in his photos displaying fully nude men and women in single shots or in large groups—and always in public. Reg is over 60 years old and learned through this experience how liberating it can be to be naked. The old man has a point.

Nudity in American society is clearly frowned upon. Since we can remember, we were taught to cover up our bodies as much as possible, to hide ourselves away. Public nudity is not only shunned by the society we live in, but in most cases it is downright illegal. After watching a documentary about Spencer Tunick in which he went state-to-state through the US taking nude photographs (HBO's 'Naked States'), one starts to ponder why we are taught that nudity is wrong, immoral, and illegal.

As Americans living in this society have subconsciously learned to be ashamed of our bodies. I’ve read that about 12,000 women per year get arrested for breastfeeding in public and another 30,000 get arrested for being topless in public (http://www.lillithgallery.com/articles/breastfeeding.html). This news shocks and annoys me. Last I checked, we are all born into this world naked. Nudeness is as natural as the trees and grass outside our windows. Thankfully, just as I was exposed to all of these things The Independent gave me and any other willing bodies the opportunity to bare ourselves au natural.

For myself and other nervous bodies, once our clothes hit the ground, leaving us completely exposed, it was a feeling of complete liberation. Many people poured out of the closed-off photo room with little or no clothing on their bodies, laughing with a newfound excitement. For others, it seemed an awakening of not having to feel shame for their bodies. The Independent was successful in letting 50+ participants drop their egos to the wind for the night.

A group in Manhattan runs an all-nude yoga class called Hot Nude Yoga. 'This is something that I've been practicing for several years,' said the class instructor, who is one of several other small groups across the country have proclaimed that clothing disturbs the natural state of the body. Aaron Star, the class instructor, has said he thinks the practice of yoga as a "very natural state that clothes can hinder.” As an article written in Columbia
There was a time when I felt I lost a battle with myself everyday of my life. When I realized that the one person in that dream I was afraid of, the figure leering and judging me silently from the corner of the room, was the one person I could never face. She is the one person I can never impress. That person isn’t who you think she is. She isn’t my mom, or my sister, or any of my girlfriends, who influence me in my life. It scared me to death the day I realized who she was ... me. I am my harshest critic. I don’t even have to say anything to feel inadequate around myself, because at the end of the day I have to look myself in the mirror, and I couldn’t bear to look at one more scar. I stopped destroying myself the day I came to terms with the fact that being in pain doesn’t feel as good as I thought it did. The truest orgasm is in self-empowerment. Emotional pain only connects to the physical when you let it, just as sex crosses over from the physical into the emotional when feelings are involved. I know now the only way to be comfortable with who I am, the only way to stop hurting myself physically and emotionally, is to learn to love myself. Otherwise, there is no hope for me ever to love anyone else, and no hope to ever get rid of that figure in the corner of my dreams. For anyone out there who has ever felt like me, know that life isn’t over, and there is nothing worth hurting yourself over ... not even the greatest orgasm in the world.

“Self-Mutilation” from 14...

“Nudependent” from Page 14...

University’s news source about the subject states “A ballet dancer for many years, Shu said nude yoga helped him to let go of the insecurities that he had about his self-image.” (You can find the article here: http://jscms.jrn.columbia.edu/cns/2006-04-04/maitre-nudeyoga).

For Spencer Tunick’s subjects in his nude photography, participants of nude yoga -- and now our very own Independent-- nudity has been praised as a liberating, fun, and free experience that today’s society does not recognize. In my own research for my senior project on the website SuicideGirls.Com, the models and members have claimed the same for posting images of their bodies on the internet. Come to your own conclusion about it, but don’t let the norms of the world we live in make you shameful of your natural self. Walk outside nude on a dark night sometime, as Reg suggests.  

“Raven Army” from Page 3...

When I got in front of the camera and started shedding my clothing, something happened: I suddenly felt beautiful. I was able to stand there naked in my own skin without being pumped full of silicone and not feel afraid of what people would think when they saw them. The sets I did weren’t dark like many I’ve seen on Suicide Girls, but they were my own. It didn’t matter then about what my boyfriend thought or how I compared to everyone else. I was grateful that I may be able to show people the version of beauty that is in me.

I don’t need people to appreciate the pictures of me to know I’m beautiful now. It’s something I had to find out on my own. I don’t think anybody feels good about themselves for more than five minutes at a time, but I think that by being able to stand there bare and finally feel comfortable is something that will always be with me when it’s 1 a.m. I’m staring at myself in the mirror wishing I was someone else.

Insecurities won’t go away over night. In fact, they probably won’t go away at all. What I have found though is that the day you learn to love the body you were given is the day you take the first step to self-acceptance.
I'll eat your ass!

ALL I WANT IS TO SLEEP WITH YOU FOREVER

My microwave is the ‘Anne Frank’ of microwaves.

Baby, you make me wish I had three hands.

"POOPY DOCK!!! DICKY SMALLS IS DA ILLEST!!"

Vocabulary? Ha! I don’t know the meaning of the word.

BEWARE OF CREEPY DUDES WEARING COWBOY HATS!!

**cavernous vagina**

If I had it to do over again, I would have hired a hooker for my first time.

I LOVE MAX FUTTERMAN

THAT BANANA... JUST HUNG ITSELF.

MKE OCKHURTS WAS THE BEST PART OF THE PLENARY

You smelled by in CSW

It's MORPHIN TIME!!

I'm only a fan of the tomato sometimes

I love Danny but Danny loves boys!

Yo Pinky-Titties, I love you

YOU ARE A GOOD KISSER

Tonight, we're all letting go, 'cause we're all D.E.A.D.R.A.M.O.N.E.S.

Purchase Prom
"Dancing Through the Decades" Tuesday, April 25, 2006 7pm
Performing Arts Center
Tickets can be picked up at the Advising Center Monday 11-4, Wednesday 10-2, Thursday 12-3

"What's wrong with shoveling crap for like... 10 dollars an hour?" – Jabba the Hut

Crap! Boo!

Those Mexicans are always talking shit about my girl in Spanish! Fuckem

Bronze Monkey and pinn-apple: the exquisite dish that swiffering the nation

THREACHERS

Hi Gena, I love you

Alex, he knows you want him

Melissa, leave Kevin! He's been bed hopping. Don't be dumb.

I DE LOVIN' HIM!

Hanan is an EASY BAKE OVEN

So, did you get that Purchase Penis?

Naked I will be. Purchase College will see me Vagina and Boobs

Keep the staples out of the trees.

Why is a virgin giving out sex advice?

You know it’s getting serious when the apartments visit the dorms.

Hey jay how ya doing,

I'm gonna fuck you with the Blue Ranger!

She took my sandwich away. It was like a miscarriage.

To my P238 girls - you're my dysfunctional family and I LOVE IT!!

<3 MELLY

When you're bojangles, shit = love

SHANNON, YOU HAVE A NICE RACK AND KILLER LEGS. FUCK IT, YOU'RE HOT! LOVE, YOUR COUCH POTATOES

I see your heiney
It's bright and shiny
You better hide it,
Before I bite it

NOTE TO SELF: Put in a request for pigtails

Watch Fantasia with Animals/Darkside

NIPPLES!!

Paper and Sand you guys are an inspiration. continue to rock!
The Violet Tour