

**And All The Girls Were
Nude**

By Richard Magruder

Nathaniel Evergood was an eccentric old man with a photographic passion for pretty girls. So he invented a camera lens for special effects—

Appearances oftentimes can be deceiving, and things most certainly *aren't* always as they seem. Take the case of Nathaniel Evergood, for instance.

The nature of this old man was such that nobody ever called him Nat, not even his closest working companions in the company's bookkeeping department. As long as any of them had ever known Nathaniel Evergood there had never been the slightest indication of any desire of his for intimacy or even friendship.

Not once had he shared a drink or lunch or relaxed conversation with anyone, so far as his associates knew. To say Nathaniel was reserved is putting it mildly.

It would be more accurate to describe this little old man as dull—completely and absolutely dull. In his appearance, his dress, his speech, in every way imaginable.

But, in addition to being quite dull—as everyone knew, Nathaniel Evergood was also a thoroughly evil and obscene old man, as no one knew.

Likely, the main reason no one had ever seen the inside of Nathaniel's rooms was the fear within him that his evilness and obscenity might be discovered. For Nathaniel Evergood might be called a connoisseur, to slightly distort the meaning of that word. He could be called a connoisseur of femininity—from afar, and in secret, of course. An arbiter of the well-turned thigh, the rounded, dimpled bottom, the tight waist, and the high, firm bosom.

Oh, Nathaniel Evergood was a connoisseur, all right. At the investigation he ventured a very rough but conservative guess that he had collected at least fifty thousand pictures of girls, in whole or in part, horizontal or vertical, semi-nude or nude, over the years.

Upon entering his living room (if that were possible), the first thing a casual observer would have noted would be the point of saturation reached by his walls in their photographic content. There were photographs of blonds and brunettes and redheads. There were pictures of thin girls, fat girls, girls with ample bosoms and girls lacking, girls holding telephones, books and ice cream cones, girls sixteen, girls twenty-five, and girls no longer girls.

There were shots in glorious color by the hundreds, originals and prints alike. But, there wasn't among them one single view of the Grand Canyon. Nor even a solitary Indian astride a tired horse, looking pensively out over the prairie. There *was* a red-skinned maiden, mind you, but she wasn't sitting a horse, and she certainly wasn't staring laconically out over any prairie, either. Rather, she appeared to be testing with her toe the water temperature of a tree-shaded brook somewhere, and she was clad in a lone, strategically-located feather.

On the tea table, in the bookshelves, in the magazine rack, and all through his rooms, one might find other evidence of this evil and obscene old man's preoccupation with womankind. But the kind of woman he was preoccupied with often wasn't the kind that married dear old dad. He

subscribed to every girlie publication in the country and to several in France.

So you see, Nathaniel Evergood was not only a connoisseur, he was also an avid collector. There were books and there were magazines, and there was even a deck of playing cards backed with the most astounding set of pictures you ever saw. That anyone could sit down to a game of Old Maid or Snap with *that* deck of cards is inconceivable, to say the least. But such an evil and obscene old man as Nathaniel Evergood likely never played games with his cards, anyway. He would much prefer to just sit and look at them; the reverse side, of course.

He later said he probably spent almost half his really quite meager earnings for up-to-date additions to his extensive collection. The girlie magazines, playing cards and prints he received from various mail order houses, sent, as the advertisements testified, "in a plain, unmarked envelope".

But the other half of his collection—the photographs, mounted, unmounted, matte and glossy enlargements and contact prints—Nathaniel Evergood came by in an entirely different—and somewhat novel—manner. These resulted from his ability as a fairly advanced amateur photographer. Over the years, Nathaniel had acquired three fine cameras, an excellent enlarger, two contact printers, electronic flash units, interchangeable lenses, filters, sun shades and lens caps, extension tubes and tripods. In short, Nathaniel Evergood was well-equipped to take photographs of just about everything.

He had the equipment, and he had the necessary technical knowledge and facility. But, invariably, he passed up the usual pictorial, architectural, human interest, interpretive and abstract photographs, even when the opportunities for truly fine shots were there. Instead, he took roll after roll, pack after pack and cartridge upon cartridge of girls. *Nothing* but girls. All *sorts* of girls. *Just girls!*

At the investigation Nathaniel suggested that the presence of a camera, introduced on the scene in a gentlemanly and courteous manner, was enough to cause almost frenzied unlocking and unzipping by even the most demure and prudish female. "Ladies," Nathaniel said wisely, "love to have their bodies recorded for posterity."

Oh, he was certainly a very evil and highly obscene old man—was Nathaniel Evergood—if ever you saw one.

But the full import of what his evil old soul and obscene little mind contained would probably escape the casual observer, unless he happened onto a tiny cubbyhole at the back of the rooms occupied by Nathaniel. This was the sanctum sanctorum, so to speak, of his thin little heart, for here Nathaniel Evergood guarded jealously a secret utterly beyond belief.

He fancied himself to be something of an inventor. And he was, too—of a sort. His ardent and relentless pursuit of photographic subject matter during the years had led him into situations demanding full knowledge of his craft, from a technical rather than from an artistic point of view. Thus, this inventive turn of mind was given an able assist by his

understanding of the theory, optics and chemistry of photography.

And now, he was just putting the finishing touches to the most important project in his entire life.

Basing his plan of action on the simple optical theory of astigmatism, Nathaniel designed a lens. Astigmatism, he had learned, results in the human eye, as well as in manufactured lenses of certain formulae, in the failure of horizontal and vertical target lines to reach a common focus. So his lens was designed intentionally astigmatic, allowing focus to be brought on one group of target lines or another, but never on both simultaneously.

To the front of the lens mount he added a front-surfaced prism and a filter, carefully ground and tinted internally the precise color complement of human flesh. He reasoned, quite accurately as it turned out, that the prism would gather all the colors of light together and converge them at the focal plane of the lens as pure white, thus eliminating all color. But, at the same instant, the complement filter replaced last the flesh color of the object focused upon, and subsequently recorded on film.

Then, in one fell swoop, the lens allowed Nathaniel to focus carefully on one group of target lines (in his case, the female form underneath its covering), automatically throwing an opposing group of lines out of focus (the covering over the female body, in his case). The prism was busily gathering together all color and converting it into pure white light, while lastly, the complementary filter

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