

DIAN HANSON

"Hello, goddess of porn speaking..." Dian Hanson on the blower

# LADY MUCK

**SELF-CONFESSED "VERY HORNY HIPPY" DIAN HANSON COULDN'T WAIT TO PUBLISH PORN. HERE, SHE LAYS BARE HER 40 YEARS OF FILTH...**

WORDS: DENISE STANBOROUGH

**I**n 1967, Dian Hanson gingerly took her first steps into the world of pornography. A fan of hardcore literature, she refused to be in front of the camera and instead worked at a variety of weird and wonderful adult magazines, writing and directing photoshoots.

Travelling around the US, she documented top-secret swingers' parties, attended wild S&M clubs, and hung out with drug-addled pornstars. As AIDS ravaged the adult industry in 80s New York, she escaped the city and re-emerged as editor of *Leg Show* and *Juggs*, turning them from lowly wank rags into two of the US's most successful fetish magazines. Now sex-book editor at publishers Taschen, we caught up with the goddess of porn to talk sex magic, selling urine and OAP lovin'...

**How did you get into this filthy business?**

I grew up in a totally strange, eccentric family in Seattle. My father rose through my childhood to become Supreme Grand Master of the Rosicrucians, who were Christian mystics spawning back to the Victorian era. They were supposedly white magicians, who practised sex magic, and believed a lot of human energy was released during the sex act. They didn't explain any of it to us children – it was something for parents only, so we didn't know much about it except they went for these meetings in hotel rooms and we were left to run wild in the building for five hours. **Did you become involved with it as you got older?** They were so secretive about it. They didn't allow people into the religion easily and you had to be

18 years old, anyway. By that time, I just wasn't interested. I was gawky and I grew to be 5ft10in by the time I was 12. When I hit puberty I wasn't attractive to kids in school, but was very attractive to grown men and looked older than I was. I began sneaking out of the house to 'walk the dog' and going along the road to talk to grown men in cars. **Was that your sexual awakening?**

Yes. The sexual revolution came along and I was eager to find drugs, meet hippies and discover sex. Sex was the best thing in the world and I was very horny! My worried mother said to me, "If you let a boy do things with you, he won't respect you," but I already knew that if you let a man stick his finger inside you, he would pursue you and become quite a pest! →

→ How did you land a job on your first porn mag?

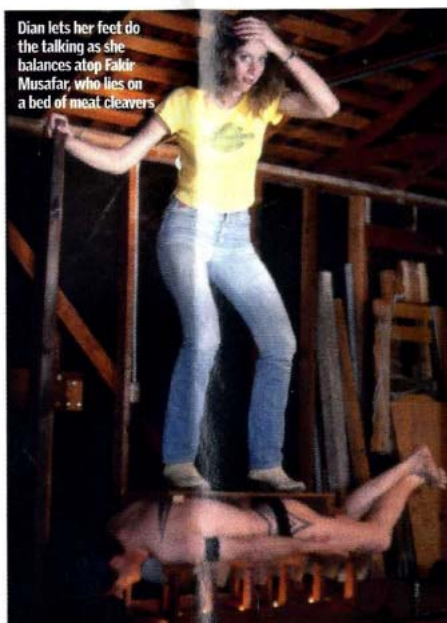
I moved to Pennsylvania in 1967 and met a man who owned a chain of adult bookstores. He wanted to start a sex magazine called *Puritan*, so I started at the rough end, but I loved pornography. I used to watch porn that my father had hidden. When I turned 18 I went to the adult bookstore and bought hardcore stuff and went to see adult movies. *Puritan* was a hardcore adult magazine. We were looking at *Private* magazine in Sweden and seeing the hardcore revolution in Europe. Weren't you ever tempted to try your hand in front of the camera?

I didn't want to be a stripper, prostitute or pornstar. I was too shy, too self-conscious. I liked being the one who set it all up. I had a very fertile imagination when it came to sexual scenarios, but I still had fun. I covered an elderly swinging club out in the middle of nowhere and ended up joining in. I had sex with one gentleman and when I reached up and put my fingers in his hair, he started shouting, "No, no, not the hair!" and the hair fell on my face. He was wearing a toupee! He was trying to kiss me, but it hurt and he was like, "Oh I'm sorry, these are new dentures." I was thinking, "Are there any real parts to this man?" Did you have sex with women?

I did, but I learnt I wasn't really sexually attracted to women. I could kiss a woman or eat pussy, but I wasn't into it. I always found the smell of pussy a bit embarrassing as it always smelt like me, but

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**"One guy lay in a bath as five people shat on him – it wasn't good"**



not quite like me. I never knew how to approach it either. I like the penis as it's straightforward. Put it in your mouth and go to town. It's easy. Where did you go from working on *Puritan*? We moved the magazine to New York; I was terrified. I was this sexually provocative hippy who walked around in see-through mini dresses. I'd walk out the door in New York and get felt up or molested on the subway. It was there I met Peter Wolf and we started *Partner* magazine. Peter knew video was going to be big, so I'd travel with this heavy video rig, staying with swingers in Vegas, trying to tape them. I'd wake up in the middle of the night with a naked man standing over me saying, "Oh, I thought the light had burned out in your room, I was trying to change it." It was ridiculous! You must have seen some crazy antics in your time on the porn circuit.

The sex was getting more extreme, especially in the S&M clubs. There were piercings, stump-fucking and people eating shit and drinking piss. You couldn't even go to the toilet and be left alone. There would be some man crawling between your legs shouting, "Don't waste that urine, give it to me!" One guy used to stand by the door of the women's restroom handing out little paper cups as you went in. It was like a doctor's office. If you gave him a full cup of urine on the way out he'd give you a \$5 bill.



Aside from all the parties, did you experience the tragic side to the porn industry?

The real tragedy was when AIDS came along. Combined with cocaine, it just spiralled out of control. The Melody Burlesque was a dance hall in New York. It had 30 dancing girls who'd just run into the audience naked and write in men's laps. Some would lie on the stage and men would eat their pussies out for a dollar. People started getting sick and one beautiful dancer died. We didn't know what was going on. I'd go to a club and see a guy lying in a bathtub with five people shitting on him. I knew that couldn't be good. Did you stay in New York?

No. The whole industry decamped to Southern California where the disease hadn't really gotten a hold yet. I began working on *Expose* magazine,

which was rock-bottom for me. One of my bosses used to spend most of his money on transvestite hookers and they would hang around the office. We had two women who sat in the office with a can of mackerel oil and pot of glue each and they'd paint fish juice gunk on knickers. We put ads in the back of the mag to sell them to men.

How did you become editor at *Leg Show* and *Juggs*?

I left *Expose* just before I was sacked, when it had run out of money anyway. In 1987, I went to work for *Leg Show* and *Juggs* magazines. I could see they both had a fascinating audience. Their readers were more intelligent than the others. The gay men doing the magazine shared some of the letters with me, saying, "Oh, these guys are so crazy, look at what they write!" When I saw how they were revealing their psychology, I just wanted that magazine. The readers were really specific.

How specific are we talking?

One reader helped me fine-tune *Leg Show*. He thought the models in the pictures were giving him subliminal signals to masturbate against his will, via the arrangement of their hands – say their fingers were curled in the way a man's hand would go around his penis. So I asked him for detail on what the models were doing and asked a photographer to pose the girls specifically to see what it would do to this man. He immediately picked up on it and wrote back on how he had been helplessly moved to masturbate repeatedly.

To see that we could have this power with the magazine was very stimulating to me.

How did your approach change things?

*Leg Show* was not a successful magazine when I took it over. I doubled sales within six months. We even featured a beautiful amputee model. Her leg was amputated mid-thigh and she posed in a little skirt. You could just see the one beautiful leg on a high heel. Some readers were horrified, and others absolutely adored her. →

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→ How creative did you get with the shoots? I once did a shoot of a pregnant bartender as a homeless woman. We dressed her up in dirty clothes from a thrift shop, sitting in the street with a cardboard sign. Then we supposedly found her, took her in and cleaned her up so the readers saw her 'before' and 'after'. Most of the models weren't attractive in any way, but the more amateur the better. Readers wanted the woman next-door who was so horny she'd knock on their door with a bottle of cheap wine and say, "C'mon! How about it? Give me some dick!"

Did you ever have any stalkers?

There used to be one man who would wait outside the *Leg Show* offices and lurch out of a cab and thrust a pair of shoes into my hand!

Why did you leave the world of legs, big tits and stalkers behind?

*Leg Show* got sold to someone I didn't want to work with. That was my cue to get out! I'd known Benedict at Taschen since 1993 and he was a big *Leg Show* fan. I was afraid to leave porn and didn't know anything about making books, but I went to Taschen in 2001 and my first project was *Naked As A Jaybird*. It's a book about a specific group of pseudo-nudist magazines that were made in California when it was illegal to show pubic hair. One guy who produced sex magazines bought a naturist camp and started producing wacky nudist magazines with people in weird positions to show off their pubic hair. They

**"We'd paint mackerel oil on knickers and sell them to our readers"**



were very funny. Next, I did *The History Of Men's Magazines* in six giant volumes; that was quite difficult, but is an area I was fascinated by.

Which country do you think is the most perverted? Definitely Germany! They were the only group who took an interest in deformities of the feet.

They love extreme high heels, bondage, and always take everything that bit further. Germany produced the first gay magazine in 1899 and made magazines in the 1920s for gay and lesbian groups – they were very aware early on. When I was working at *Juggs*, a heavy-set middle-aged German woman used to send us photos regularly. She was heavily pierced and wore weights on her labia and breasts and she and her husband would play a game. Dressed in stockings, high heels and nothing else, he'd let her out of the car by the road in the middle of nowhere and drive off, returning after an hour. Sometimes she'd be tied up with her arms behind her. Motorists would stop to take photos of her and she would have sex with some of them. She was great.

What does the future have in store for you?

I'm working on *The Big Penis Book*, which has been the most enjoyable project so far. It's got hundreds of photos of men all measuring over 8in. It will make all the straight men squirm, and it will silence all those women who say that size doesn't count. **B**

**The Big Penis Book is out in April. To find out more, visit [Taschen.com](http://Taschen.com)**

MAGAZINE COVERS: OUTLAW BIKER; JUNE 86 ISSUE; COURTESY OUTLAW BIKER; OTHER PHOTOS COURTESY OF JUGGS MAGAZINE, LEG SHOW MAGAZINE AND HAWGS MAGAZINE. FOR ALL THE OTHERS, VISIT TASCHEN.COM

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LIKE SEXY PHOTOS OF GIRLS FIGHTING IN CUSTARD? THEN WRIGGLE STRAIGHT OVER TO P86! ➔

## DIAN'S FABULOUSLY FILTHY FIVE

Must-reads for any self-respecting perv

Since joining Taschen, Hanson has been busy editing a host of sexy books. Check out *Bizarre's* top five tomes from the first lady of porn...

**HISTORY OF MEN'S MAGAZINES VOLS 1-6**  
£16.99-£29.99

Sit up and pay attention for a history lesson in filthy mags! Dian invites us to wander with her down mammary lane, from 1900-1980. Expect everything from kitsch illustrations and toe-sucking to voodoo sex.

**NAKED AS A JAYBIRD**  
£24.99

In 1965, despite a law against public nudity, hippies led the way for open-minded types to strut around starkers, and *Jaybird* magazine was born. Here, the free-spirited pose in wacky, psychedelic settings.

**ROBERT CRUMB'S SEX OBSESSIONS** £400

This pricey book features a selection of oddball artist Robert Crumb's work, laying bare his twisted sexual fantasies in his trademark style. Expect a mix of aggressive women, stalkers and good old cocksucking.

**ERIC STANTON: THE DOMINANT WIVES AND OTHER STORIES** £7.99

A treat for lovers of dominant women, with art from the late, great Eric Stanton. Snivelling men are beaten by girl gangs, wrestled by stocking-clad women and spanked raw by big-breasted doms.

**TOM OF FINLAND: THE COMIC COLLECTION** £24.99

The only compilation of artist Tom of Finland's panel stories, which set the standard for gay art in the 60s. If über-masculine men with rippling muscles and oversized erect penises are your bag, you need this.

For all titles edited by Dian Hanson, visit [Taschen.com](http://Taschen.com)