





#### 4 FOOT NOTES

WHY ARE HOT WOMEN  
SO FUCKED UP?

#### 6 LEG FORUM

REAL READERS' LETTERS

#### 12 CINDY'S SECRET SCENT

#### 20 HOME PHOTOS

#### 26 THE 5 STAGES OF GRIEF

CLASSIC LEG SHOW

#### 34 NATASHA'S NIGHT WORLD

HELL ON WHEELS

#### 38 LIFESTYLES

NYC SEXY HONIES

#### 42 BADASS BABES

MISS SARAH VON TERROR

#### 50 DEAR JANE

ADVICE FOR BOYS WHO NEED IT BAD

#### 52 VERONICA'S CUM SUCKING

CLEAN-UP SLAVE

#### 58 LISETTE

SUGAR DADDY'S SWEET DENIAL

#### 68 KIT KADOWA'S NEW ATTITUDE

#### 76 ROLAND CARRE

NATASCHA, 1963

#### 80 BUS STOP JEZEBEL

#### 86 PAULINE PRESENTS

LANA FROM TORONTO, PT.1

#### 94 LEG SHOW FILM PREVIEW

THE LOST DOOR BY ROY STUART

#### 96 THE NUTTING PROFESSOR

#### 104 PERSONALS

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

# LEG SHOW

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# foot notes

by Jessica Michaels

## WHY ARE HOT WOMEN SO FUCKED UP?

My old friend Lizzy has been working in model management for 20 years. In that time, she's handled them all -- strippers and fetish models; centerfolds; hand, foot and leg models; catalog and editorial; even a few one-named catwalk stompers. A lot has changed in the last two decades. She used to chain-smoke at her typewriter and everyone did their drugs out in the open. But one thing has remained the same: all of these women are hopelessly, irretrievably fucked up.

In her business, there's more to the job than booking assignments and negotiating fees. There's a lot of hand holding that comes with the gig. She's had to be part therapist and agony aunt, bodyguard and bail bondsman. Over time, she's developed a simple formula for determining how much of her own time and sweat a single model will require. "The hotter the girl looks," she says, "the more trouble she's going to be." I don't need to ask her to elaborate. After all, sexy women are my business too.

There are the Self-Destructors: the anorexics and the bulimics; the drug, sex and gambling addicts; the cutters. Then there are the Slaves To Love: the girls who are always filing restraining orders, or having restraining orders filed against them. They spend all night on the phone getting berated by their suitcase pimps: "You better not act like a tramp, you stupid cunt," and then they're too red-eyed and frazzled to perform the next day. Finally, there are the Way-Outs, psychic grab-bags of phobias and phenomena. You usually encounter these women in the upper echelons of the profession. They compulsively wash their hands or consult their latest guru. These are the girls who say things like, "Last year, when I was getting kidnapped a lot..." They tend to attract stalkers (real or imaginary) rane, fatal diseases (ditto), or calamity informs you in the middle of lunch that they are the spawn of aliens from two distant, warring planets. For all I know, they could be telling the truth.

Many people would say that it's the business they're in that makes these women so fucked up. I don't buy that. The problems of models and beauty queens are the problems of all women, just on a larger, grander scale. To a certain extent, all women trade on our looks, whether it's to get out of a traffic ticket, cut to the front of the line, or snag a wealthy husband. We are all of us beauty prostitutes -- some are just shrewder than others. I have more respect for a woman who sells her body on the street than a woman who sells her life, her emotions and her soul by marrying some asshole for the promise of financial security. I wish I could take credit for the idea, but it's nothing new. Activist and writer Emma Goldman said it better in 1911, when it took a lot of balls to say. From her essay *The Traffic in Women*:

*To the moralist prostitution does not consist so much in the fact that the woman sells her body, but rather that she sells it out of wedlock. That this is no mere statement is proved by the fact that marriage for monetary considerations is perfectly legitimate, sanctified by law and public opinion, while any other union is condemned and repudiated. Yet a prostitute, if properly defined, means nothing else than "any person for whom sexual relationships are subordinated to gain."*



There are many psychologists who say that these women are damaged because girls are socialized differently from boys; we are more inclined to seek approval for who we are than for what we do. We assess our worth through the relationships we have with others, and the most valuable relationships are the ones in which we get along with everyone and never speak an ugly word. Beauty is the ultimate get-along; a thing, or a person, is most pleasing to the senses when it is in harmony with nature. It's no coincidence that the most troubled glamour girls are usually the most non-confrontational. For the sake of being liked, they agree to things they really don't want to do. Then later on, they starve themselves, or carve themselves, to diffuse the mental stress and put themselves back in balance.

The Freudians take a slightly different view. No surprise, it's all about Daddy. (I've often noticed that the most fucked-up of my gender have terrible, or nonexistent, relationships with their fathers.) According to this theory, the young girl is unable to command Dad's attention -- either because he's absent completely, monopolized by a henpecking wife or worse, has abandoned her for a second wife and new children. She becomes sexualized at a young age, and the men she charms are all stand-ins for her father. The ultimate vengeance would be for the neglectful father to see her on the catwalk or the television or the stripper pole. Then she can finally confront him with the evidence: All these other men love me. Why don't you?

As much as I like these theories, I'm going to propose my own -- that for beautiful women, the seeds of destruction are contained within the nature of beauty itself.

In honor of Halloween, I'd like to pull the mask off of feminine beauty. It's all artifice. Every woman, most gay men and a handful of heterosexual males know this. When a woman says, "I've got to go put on my face," she's not just being whimsical. The truth is, our lips are not as red as they appear and the blush on our cheeks isn't the glow of good health; it's the magic of makeup. Our eyes aren't naturally outlined in smoky kohl and metallic blue; our eyelashes are not this long. And most of us, denied both wax or tweezers would be sporting a beetle brow within a week; we'd look more like a 14-year-old boy in the throes of puberty than the girlfriend that makes you the envy of your friends. And speaking of hair, any woman over the age of 30 with no gray hair, dyes her hair. No sir, there's nothing natural about natural beauty.

And what about our bodies? LEG SHOW readers embrace the mystery and magic of feminine foundation garments. That's a very lucky thing, because in reality, our boobs are not this big or this firm; they do not naturally stand straight up and together. That's a pushup bra. Our waists are not this slender; that's a girdle or corset. Our legs are not so even-toned and silky as they appear; those are stockings and pantyhose. And alas, we are not nearly as tall as we'd like you to believe. All hail high heels!

And so, when a beautiful woman, stripped of all her glamour-armor, stands naked before her mirror, she can't help but feel fraudulent. What man would want her if he knew what she really looked like? Trust me, you can know a woman for years, even decades, and never, ever see her completely stripped. It's just too daunting. To put it another way: think of the worst thought you've ever had about your best friend. Now imagine if you said it out loud to him with no tact, no prettying it up -- would you still have a best friend? That's the relationship-wrecking potential that the beautiful woman secretly fears.

The other ugly truth is this: beauty is fleeting. The average female lifespan is 82 years; you can only be a hot young thing for a fraction of that. If beauty is your business, you've got about ten good years to make the most of it; say, from age 15 - 25, and if you haven't established yourself as a professionally hot woman by 21, forget it. In that very brief time, you've got to grab all the special hot-woman prizes you can -- the great career, the rich husband -- and you don't have experience going for you. When you're twenty, it's practically your job to make bad choices; the trouble is, some bad decisions are hard to reverse. They have a nasty way of metastasizing into lifestyles before you know it. Sure, the non-model/actresses get a longer window, maybe twenty years of being consensus-sexy. After that, you're left to the fetishists and people who love you for you. But what if you've spent so much time working on your surfaces, you don't really know who you are?

The other harsh reality is that beauty is fickle. The industry has a very cruel way of wanting what it wants and dismissing the rest. If you're a bubbly blonde, they want a mysterious brunette. If your body is slender and boyish, they're looking for a voluptuous Earth mother. If you've staked your entire career on your appearance, and if you're already prone to emotional instability, it will always seem like they want someone who's not you.

With all these inherent stressors, it's no wonder that beautiful women fall apart so easily. So what is the solution? I do not know. It might help if we encouraged young girls to focus on their achievements rather than their appearance, or made sure that hot young women had a trade to fall back on, the way musicians learn sound engineering and fine art painters learn how to put up drywall. But it's hard to propose that without sounding like we're encouraging our girls to count on failure.

And changing society is just about impossible. Many of my friends have kids, and when I see one of their daughters, I find myself automatically complimenting her on how pretty she looks (even if it's a lie). I consider myself fairly enlightened, still it takes every ounce of awareness to add, "And you look so smart, too!" By that time, the little brat isn't even paying attention, unless I've brought presents. I wish I could give them blocks, but I know they want Barbie dolls -- and above all I want to be the favorite Auntie. So I give the girls what they want -- the same toys I wanted when I was four years old.

When I was in grammar school, girls had to decide: are you going to be a cheerleader, or a brainiac? This was basically a choice between being popular or being an outcast; it was just an earlier version of the high school dilemma: are you going to be a good girl, or a slut? It would be nice if society allowed girls to take the middle path, but smart and sexy women are kind of like the hybrid cars of the female world -- a nice idea; my neighbor's got one. But let's wait and see what happens when his breaks down.

In the meantime, we should treat our hot and troubled women with extreme kindness. When they ignore you, remember that they too know what it's like to be ignored -- by Daddy, by the industry, by smart people who don't think they have anything to say. When they reject you, don't call them "bitch" or "whore"; their rejection is simply pre-emptive self-protection. Above all, like the commercial says, don't hate them because they're beautiful -- chances are they already do.





Did you know this is one of the few sex magazines that never finds it necessary to make up reader letters? To all who've contributed in the past, thanks. If you've yet to contribute, send your real experiences or lurid fantasies to: LEG SHOW LETTERS, 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, New York, N.Y. 10007-3070 or by email: mngcreative@yahoo.com.

## Dottie's Pantyhose

**L**EG SHOW has fed my addiction to pantyhose and stockings for the past 17 years, for which I am very grateful. The models and the lingerie they wear draw me to the newsstand every month. I've been wearing pantyhose since I was about 12 (stealing them from my mother, sister and any other female family member that I could). I purchased my first pair of stockings when I was 21 and came all over myself as I pulled them onto my legs. Over the years I have purchased and "borrowed" dozens and dozens of pantyhose and stockings. But nothing satisfies me quite like Dottie's pantyhose.

I've finally gotten the courage to write and tell you and other readers about my favorite pair of pantyhose (which I am wearing as I write this) and how I acquired them. The pantyhose that I love and use the most belonged to my mother-in-law, Dottie. She is 60 years old, five feet tall, about 120 pounds and a retired school teacher. She also has the best pair of tits I've ever seen on a woman half her age -- 34C and as firm as those of a teenager. I practically cum whenever she wears a loose fitting top and bends over. I can only imagine what it must have been like to be a student in her classroom.

I first started using my mother-in-law's pantyhose after my curiosity got the better of me. I was doing some remodeling work at her house while she was on vacation. After taking a break, I decided to see what kind of hosiery she had. I nervously started opening her dresser drawers and was pleasantly surprised to find dozens of pairs of pantyhose. Most of them were L'eggs but I found a couple of pairs from Sears. All pantyhose and NO stockings! I was a little disappointed at that, but then again, my mother-in-law did not strike me as someone who would wear a garter belt and stockings (though she would look fantastic in them).

I could hardly control my excitement as my hands made their way through her pantyhose. There were several black pairs along with other colors that I had never seen her wear. I found a sheer blue pair, a couple of nude pairs, and to my surprise, a sheer red pair. What would my very conservative mother-in-law be doing with such a sexy and naughty color like red? I couldn't control my excitement any longer and grabbed my favorite color, black, and savored the luxurious feel.

I quickly stripped out of my clothes (in her bedroom) and slowly pulled the pantyhose onto my legs. I slid my toes into the feet and gently worked the hose over my



calves and knees. Then I tugged the silky fabric up my thighs and positioned the panty perfectly over my cock, which had been standing at attention for several minutes already. My God, what a feeling having my legs and cock covered by the very same pantyhose that my sexy mother-in-law had on her legs and next to her pussy! I wasn't bothered in the least that they were a bit small (thank God for Lycra).

I crawled onto her bed, which was covered with a satin comforter, and I wrapped my hand around the fabric and my dick and rapidly stroked myself to an orgasm. I couldn't have taken more than a minute. I enjoyed watching my cum seep through the panty of my mother-in-law's pantyhose as it made its way to my fist. I stroked my cock so hard that the panty was now completely misshapen and covered with my cum. I couldn't put them back in the drawer like that. My only alternative was to keep them. Very little work got done that evening as I lounged around her house in "my" new pantyhose. By the time I went home, I came in them a half dozen times.

That's how they became my favorite pair of pantyhose. That happened about three years ago. Since then, I have used several of her pantyhose, as well as a black half slip, black bra, girdle and even a vibrator (buried deep in her closet), for my personal pleasure. After several more times digging in her room, I eventually did find one pair of white stockings. As with the very first pair of pantyhose, the stockings are now in my possession and get

their fair share of use both on my legs and on my cock. Just this past weekend I skipped work and spent the day lounging around her house wearing her black pantyhose and black half slip. After cumming in a tissue three times, I left her a white, creamy surprise in her slip. I would love to hear if others use their mother-in-law's pantyhose and if these are readers lucky enough to engage in kinky pantyhose sex with their mothers-in-law. I look forward to the day when my Dottie discovers my naughty little secret. I can only hope that she doesn't disapprove and allows me to continue using her bedroom and hose whenever I want.

Thank you so much, Jessica! You provide what so many of us crave and, believe me, we certainly appreciate it!

J.M.  
Pittsburgh, PA

## Salsa Night

**O**ne night my wife wanted to go dancing at a salsa club. Since I don't like the music much we tend to stay home, but since she has been such a great sport with my nylon and high heel fetish it was my turn to spoil her. She told me she had heard of a very hot salsa club on the north side of the city and she wanted to dress up. My wife put on a short black skirt with a black garter belt and black silky nylons. She had these great three inch heels with a strap around her ankle. To finish it off she put on this tight-fitting shirt that showed off her cleavage. By the time she was done dressing I was already getting a hard-on. Right before we left the house she dropped her lipstick and bent over to pick it up. To my delight she had a dark red, thin lacy thong right in between her ass cheeks. She turned to me and asked if I was ready to go. She knew what I was looking at and she just smiled and laughed.

Off we went to the club. There was loud music, wild laser lights and a sea of people on the dance floor. I found a spot for us to sit and went to get us a couple of drinks. After 45 minutes and a couple more trips to the bar, she was anxious to get on the dance floor. She sat on her chair as her beautiful body moved to the music. As she crossed her legs, her skirt came up a bit and I just stared at her firm nylon covered legs. She told me that if I wasn't going to dance with her at least I could let her get drunk a bit. As I walked to the bar, I felt bad. I couldn't bear the thought of looking like a fool out there so I came up with the next best thing. I saw this young man who'd been on the dance floor before with other women. I asked him if he would be so kind as to dance with my wife. He asked me to point her out. After looking at her legs, I knew he would say yes.

I went back to my chair and gave my wife her fifth drink. After about five minutes this young fellow came up to my wife and whispered in her ear. She turned to me with a smile and I knew she wanted to run to the dance floor. I told her to have fun. She got up and gave me a kiss on the lips. As the music blasted, they started to move their bodies together. His hands began to rub all over her, from the small of her back and onto her nice round ass. He moved his hands quickly but gently, all around as if I was not noticing what he was doing to her.

Her legs would slide in between his as he gently guided her hips towards him. I just knew his cock was getting a good rubdown from my wife's legs. He would spin her and move her and then just lower himself down to her hips, and as he came back up he would slide his hands from her calves all the way up to the bottom of her skirt. He would turn her around so she could face me as he gently ground his cock against her ass. She was enjoying every bit of it and she winked at me. I smiled back with approval as they continued their sensual dance together.

To my surprise, he would raise her skirt just enough to show the top of her nylons and some of her garter belt. He would let go of the skirt and just slide his hands all the way up to the side of her tits. Wow, my cock was aching just watching my wife being treated like a goddess. After about an hour of this she left the man and came to me. She told me she was wet and needed to go to the restroom to freshen up. Still very bubbly, she walked towards the entrance of the nightclub where the restrooms were located. I waited for her to come back. About ten minutes had passed and I was starting to get a bit worried. I decided to go and look for her so I made my way towards the restrooms. I asked a young lady coming out of the restroom if she could see if my wife was in there. She told me there was no one in there by her name. I decided to go to our SUV which was parked all the way in the back of the parking lot in a semi dark corner.

I saw a small sedan next to us parked a bit inward. I took a glance through the back window and I saw a head laying on the head rest of the back seat. I just figured he was sleeping it off since it was quite late at that point. However, I took a couple more steps and looked down. Holy shit! This man was getting a blow job. After a second or two I realized it was my wife's head bobbing up and down on his cock.

I immediately clenched my fist as any normal guy would; however, I also felt my cock swell up quickly. I have always fantasized about watching my wife suck another man's cock but never told her. So I decided to take a couple of steps behind our SUV and poked my head out just enough to see her sucking this man's shaft.

It was the young man I had asked to dance with my wife who was enjoying her wonderful tongue and lips. She tongued the head of his cock and placed her sumptuous lips around it as well. She used her saliva to gently rub her hand up and down his cock as she bobbed freely. I saw her taking his whole manhood all the way in her mouth and letting her lips touch the base of his shaft. I couldn't believe what I was watching, but my cock began once again to ache. He managed to pull her skirt up over her waist so her firm round ass was right by the passenger window.

Her dark red lacy thong, garter belt and black silky nylons were in plain view. It didn't matter to my wife as she continued to suck this man's cock like a lollipop. She gently rubbed her hands on him as she let his cock disappear in her mouth. She would spend time sucking the head of his cock, letting her lips devour it. She then would pull back and as she did, there was a saliva strand from her lips to the tip of his cock.

She grabbed his dick with her hand and then placed her head on the side of his cock, using her tongue and her lips to cup his shaft. As she slid up and down his cock, she opened her eyes and looked at me. It was as if she knew



I was there all along. She winked at me and took his whole cock in without any hesitation. While she did this, I saw this man's left hand make its way to my wife's ass to rub it a bit, then to the side of her hip where he took hold of the top of the nylon and a garter strap. His right hand was firmly placed on the back of her head, guiding her up and down. I was ready to explode! She started to jerk him off feverishly and bob her head faster and faster.

My wife's beautiful tits were hanging out of her low cut shirt and were just banging his balls as she was bringing him to his climax. He was ready to blow, and so was I. Then all of a sudden she moved back and he squirted his load on her face and lips. She continued to stroke his cock till he was done squirting his semen on her face. I decided to hold off and walk away so that they could clean up without me interfering.

I came back five minutes later and there she was, just leaning against the SUV waiting for me. She asked if I had enjoyed the whole show tonight. I smiled with approval and we got in the truck and headed for home. She leaned her seat back a bit, took off her shoes and started to massage my cock with her nylon covered feet. Well, I fucked the shit out of her, missionary style, and then unloaded on her face and tits as well. What a salsa night!

E.H.  
Chicago, IL

### Naughty Neighbor Lady

I read LEG SHOW religiously every month and I think the only way you could improve it would be to publish it more frequently. I always read your column first, and while I am writing with a recent experience, I would like to make a couple of requests. I notice that very few of the ladies in the magazine are using the "jerk-off" hand sign lately, and I am a person who really misses that. Secondly, I would love to see more pictorials with nurses and patients, because I was "trained" at a very young age by a dominant woman who was a nurse. I would adore seeing one or two nurses escorting a younger patient back for a nice warm soapy enema and a spanking. As you can see, I have a real weakness for nurses, and I would love to see you dressed like one.

The real purpose for my letter is to tell you about a panty lover's dream come true, which I recently realized I had not hidden well enough from one of my neighbors. I am in my early 50's and have some free time in the evening, and I have a neighbor whose husband is not mechanically inclined. Every time some small thing needs to be fixed, she calls me, and strangely enough, my wife thinks it is really nice of me. She is in her late 40's and has a beautiful pair of legs that I simply cannot get enough of. I discovered her fragrant used panties many years ago. Since then I have always found a way to go into her bathroom before leaving. Sometimes she would even leave me to do some job and come back later.

I cannot even guess how many times I have unloaded into an aromatic and stained pair of her panties with a second on my face as I would inhale her crotch.



I had no idea that she had known of my antics for a long time, and had even watched me once, unbeknownst to me. On this last occasion, she had a bathroom faucet that was honestly needing to be replaced. I began unhooking the old one when she told me she had to go out to pick up the new one as she had forgotten it. I found out later that it was already there, but she had set a trap for me with three very frequently worn panties. I knew she had about a 20 minute trip at least, and quickly dropped my pants and shorts and fished out all three pairs. I wrapped a silky white pair around my throbbing erection and began sniffing and licking another pair. Then I leaned back and closed my eyes. It only took me perhaps two minutes before I erupted into the crotch of the white pair, and as I was still sniffing and groaning, I heard her say, "So that is why my panties have been all sticky lately."

I jumped and nearly broke my arm as I tried to cover up. Her arms were folded, and she stood grinning in the bathroom doorway. Obviously there was little I could say, and I completely froze up when she grinned. She said, "My, my, does mamma's little neighbor boy have a big nasty old hard-on?" I stood up, expecting her to call her husband and the police next, but she told me that she had known about me for at least the last six months, and that she was actually flattered. Standing there with cum still dripping from both me and the panties, she took me by the hand and told me that it was time I had the spanking that I deserved for this. She took me into her bedroom and told me to bend over and put my hands on the bed. She then picked up a hairbrush to spank me.

Over the next ten minutes, she blistered my ass, constantly talking to me like a nasty boy. Then suddenly she stopped. She told me to stand up and face her. I did so with a renewed erection, and she casually slid her hands under her skirt and slid off her panties. She handed them to me. She sat down, spreading her legs for me so that I could gaze at her shaved pussy. She said to me, "Now young man, show mamma what you have been doing with her dirty panties."

I was stunned, and before I could do anything, I asked her what she was going to do to me. She told me that if I did as she asked, it would remain our secret, and it would be my "payment" for services to her. She grinned again and asked if I needed another spanking to convince me, but I reached down almost mechanically and stroked myself while sniffing her still warm panties. It took me about five minutes to cum this time. She continued to treat me as a nasty and horny little boy as I shot all over her floor, which I was required to clean up.

I eventually finished her bathroom faucet, and then she made me provide tongue service to her before leaving. She slapped my ass as I left and told me that there would probably be at least one thing every week that would require my services, not to mention my tongue. I quickly went back home.

That evening, my wife and I had the most mind bending sex we have had in months, and she has no idea who provided the inspiration for it.

S.T.  
Newark, NJ

### Damp Panty Vote

My husband, Dan, asked me to write this letter to you since he is an avid reader of LEG SHOW. We are deeply in love with each other and wouldn't think of cheating. We have also come to terms with our respective sexual natures. I have never been strongly attracted to him sexually and so our actual couplings are few and far apart. This is okay with Dan since he is a submissive type (like many of your readers) who generally prefers jerking off to my prized pussy anyway. He gets off on me turning him down for sex and mocking the performance and size of his cock, though frankly it is about normal size.

My sexuality is something else. I am turned on by big hulky guys whom I would do any kind of sex with. I fantasize about being taken by Type A macho men who know how to put a woman in her place mentally and sexually. I certainly abhor rape and any nonconsensual sex. Having said that, I fantasize that I was the girl whom Kobe Bryant bent over a chair arm and fucked hard. When I go to a Yankee game I can't keep my eyes off of Derek Jeter and wonder how terrific it would be to have him take me with the bat between his legs.

I have a special thing for Arnold, the California governor. He makes me hot. During the California recall election, I watched all the news accounts. My panties got very moist as I watched him speak. I knew that my pussy was telling me that this is the man it wants to fuck me. Lubricating my vagina like this and involuntarily spreading my legs is something that many of us gals experience when confronted with such a biologically superior male like Arnold. Over and over in my mind I think about him having sex with his wife and how wonderful it must be for her slight frame to have such an overpowering lover take her. I am truly jealous. Women have always told men that their political decisions are from the head and are based on rational choices. Truth is, the sexy politicians like Clinton who turn women on sexually from afar will get the damp panty vote every time. The power of Arnold, Clinton or other men to project manly cockiness through the TV, causing millions of women like me to wet their panties, will cause us to pull the voting lever for them. It's a symbolic pulling their Type A cock down and into our waiting vaginas.

My wimpy husband is in awe of all of this. I have proved to him the power of macho men. After Arnold finished his speech at the Republican convention, I stood up next to our couch and peeled down my jeans to my ankles. I showed him the big wet spot in my panties, and the pre-sex odor signaling readiness for entry was palpable. Like a good boy he went into the bathroom and jerked off. Our lives together are just the way I want it.

R.F.C.  
New York, NY

### The Curious Coworker

I've been wanting to write this letter for a very long time now. Well, today, while at work, I got the motivation that I needed. Since she started working with our company, I've been extremely curious as to whether or not "KB" has a pantybose fetish.



Even to this day I still don't know but I'm hoping that this letter will help me find out.

KB wears pantyhose almost every day of the week with the exception of Casual Fridays. Today she wore a navy blue business outfit with a short and very hot skirt. The skirt stopped about two or three inches above those sexy knees. Covering her long, sexy strong legs were a pair of smoky grey pantyhose. Smoky grey seems to be her favorite color as it's the color she wears the most. I'd give anything -- anything -- to see her in a pair of suntan or beige pantyhose.

When KB wears dresses or skirts I always start thinking about the same thing. I start thinking about what it would be like to have her sitting in a chair, wearing a sexy, short black dress. Covering her long, sexy toned legs would be a pair of the sexiest, shiniest hose that money could buy. No heels in this fantasy.

I would kneel in front of her just far enough so that she could put the bottoms of her feet on my face. After taking a couple of deep breaths I would give her feet a quick tongue bath. Then KB would put her feet on my shoulders so that her legs are opened just enough so that I can see she's wearing crotchless pantyhose. Slowly I begin to move towards her pussy that I'm so eager to taste. While I'm moving forward, her nyloned legs massage my recently clean shaven face. As I get closer to the prize I begin to smell her musky scent.

Finally I've made it to that sweet smelling pussy. Slowly I begin licking her pussy. Much to my surprise she was soaking wet. With her hands on my head and her legs wrapped around my neck, I started to pick up the pace. I started licking her faster and started probing her soaked pussy with my tongue. After only five minutes of this I could tell she was ready to explode. I could tell this because she grabbed my hair and tightened her legs around my neck. Her body started shaking and I knew she was really getting close now. I was getting close too. The weird thing is, I had my hands under her nyloned ass squeezing it and massaging her big juicy backside. I was ready to explode just by licking and squeezing her. All of a sudden she froze, completely still. In a voice that I never heard her talk with she said, "Drink my juice you pussy licking fucker." And with that, and very much to my surprise, she gushed a huge stream of lady cum straight into my mouth and down my throat. This was all I needed to blow my load under her chair. I wished I could have blown my load on her nylon covered ass. Oh well, maybe in my next fantasy.

T.D.H.  
Minneapolis, MN

### "Gloria's" Day Out

I have been a LEG SHOW fan for as long as I can remember. I have a story to share with my fellow readers. I call myself "Gloria" and I have had the honor of appearing in the January 2007 Home Photos. I have been dressing up in pantyhose since I was ten years old. Well, little things grew into big things as time went on. It wasn't until I got married that I discovered makeup. Every chance I got to be alone I

would get all prettied up.

On this particular day I decided that it was time to take it to another level. It was a cold November morning and my wife was at work and it was time to play. I shaved my legs and painted my toenails bright red. I put on my sheer black pantyhose with the lacy panty already at the waist (you girls know what I'm talking about). Then I slipped on my lacy black bra. I walked around the house in nothing but my pantyhose, bra and three inch black pumps. Next was the foundation and eyeliner. I slipped on an old pair of sweat pants and baggy shirt over my sexy lingerie, grabbed my purse with all my accessories and stuffed them in my gym bag.

I headed out to the car, hoping none of my neighbors were paying too much attention. Once out on the outskirts of town I pulled over on a dirt road and completed my transformation. Today was the day I was going to be all woman. I drove along a country road when I saw a guy walking along the side of the road.

Knowing I might not get another chance, I pulled over and asked him if he needed a lift. He got into the car and immediately knew what I was. We made small talk and me being the slut I am, I did nothing to lower my black miniskirt, which had already begun to ride up my thighs. Roberto told me this would be where he got off so I pulled over and let him off.

Disappointed, I sped off. A couple of miles down the road I noticed another hitchhiker. Jose was an older man, I'd guess in his late forties. As soon as Jose got into the car he was interested in what he saw. Immediately he reached for my miniskirt and picked it up to have a peek. Biting his lip, Jose asked if I loved to suck cock. Being the slut that I am, I said I would love to give him a blowjob. As we drove down the road he kept rubbing my thigh while rubbing his cock through his jeans. I pulled onto a dirt road and parked the car.

Trembling with lust and excitement I fumbled with his zipper and managed to take out his four inch cock. Jose grabbed the back of my head and lowered my mouth onto his cute little prick. I started licking his head with circular motions and then swallowed him into my mouth. I remember enjoying the feel of a stiff cock in my mouth. Bobbing my head up and down in perfect cock sucking rhythm Jose told me he wanted to fuck me before I made him cum in my mouth.

I jumped at his command and raised my skirt up and lowered my pantyhose and straddled him with my back to him. I guided him into my pussy/ass and lowered myself in one thrust. It felt great to finally have another cock up my ass again (the first time I had cock was when I lost my virginity many years ago). I rode Jose for a while until he tensed up and shot his load deep in my ass. Gently slipping off of him I quickly pulled my pantyhose up so as to hide my eight inch cock that was already starting to leak precum. We French kissed for a couple of minutes, then we drove off. Dropping him off I continued down the road, remembering what had just happened, so I pulled out my cock and jacked off, shooting the biggest load I have ever shot. Thanks, Jose!

G.D.  
Alamo, TX

# Online, On Demand!

# LEG SHOW

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Photos by R.B. Kane



I was a late bloomer, but when my body finally developed, it seemed like I became a woman overnight. One morning I woke up and my breasts felt heavy and swollen. My hips were rounded and soft where they used to be narrow, and my ass felt like it was riding behind the rest of me. I couldn't button my favorite pair of jeans. I took to wearing pantyhose a size too small, to pack everything in. The waistband was so tight it cut into my flesh, leaving a raw red stripe where the elastic had been. But at least I got my curves under control.

What I couldn't control were my thoughts. At first I blamed it on the boys (and let's face it, all men are boys). Their attention made me blush. I could be anywhere - on the bus, at a party - and catch a guy staring at me so intensely, I got a flash of what he was thinking. Suddenly I could feel him rubbing his stiff pink erection

# CINDY'S SECRET SCENT

SHOE SIZE: 9

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LEG SHOW 13





against my tight, shiny pantyhose. I could feel him smear his semen against my nylon-encased thighs. Or I'd feel his mouth sucking on my nipples, squeezing one, then the other, tugging on my nipples with his teeth. These flashes were so vivid they felt like telepathy. It took a long time to realize that I wasn't reading men's minds - these were my fantasies.

At these times, the sweat that would seep from my pores would smell very pungent. It wasn't unpleasant, but it wasn't very ladylike. It would soak through the armpits of my blouses and sweaters and collect in the damp, half-moon crevices beneath my breasts. It





would trickle down the small of my back and tickle the crack of my ass. The nylon sheathing my pussy didn't help matters any - It trapped the heat and made my sex feel as humid as a jungle. It intensified my scent, but it didn't keep it in. If I was out in public and I began to fantasize, I'd have to cross my legs and squeeze my thighs together. I knew I'd die of embarrassment if any man caught a whiff of me - especially if he was the cause. It was like he wouldn't just smell my pussy, he'd read my thoughts. Then

he'd know that my urges weren't all pretty and proper and contained, like the rest of me; he'd know what a filthy animal I secretly am.

That's why I'm posing for these pictures. I'm hoping it will help me accept my true nature. You can see me with my bare cunt wagging high in the air, but you can't actually smell it. Maybe someday I'll be brave enough to share my fragrance with you. \$











Send your prints or slides to:  
**LEG SHOW HOME PHOTOS**  
 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, New York, NY 10007-3079



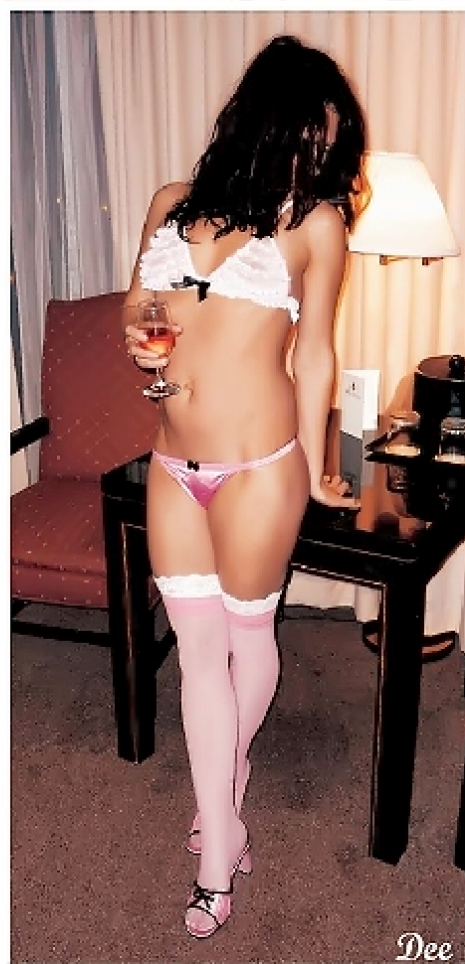
*Deb*



*Deb*

I'm a foot queen here to tease all  
 LEG SHOW bootstruckers. Hope  
 you all enjoy my photos!  
*Deb from Pennsylvania*

LEG SHOW is the greatest  
 magazine! I don't miss an issue.  
 I hope all the jerky boys enjoy  
 my sexy photos.  
*Dee from Michigan*



*Dee*



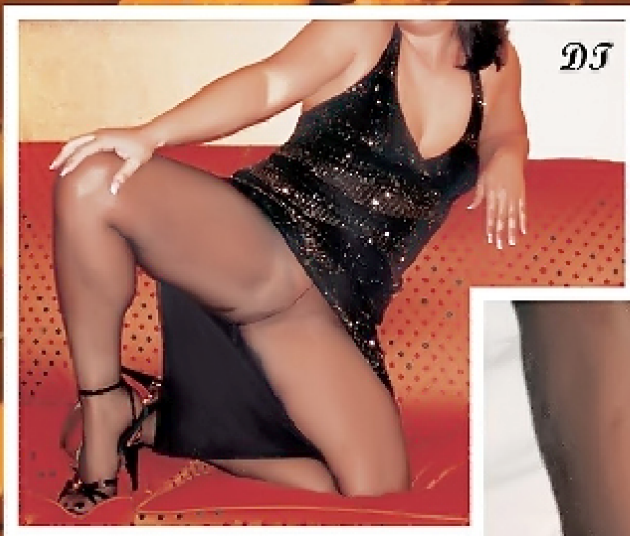
*Dee*



*Dee*

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DT

Hi! Here are some pictures of my hot 39 year old common law wife of 9 years. Since we have been together, we never miss an issue of your mag. If any readers want to see more hot pics, send a SASE to: DT, P.O. Box 190126, Mobile, AL 36619



DT



DT



DT

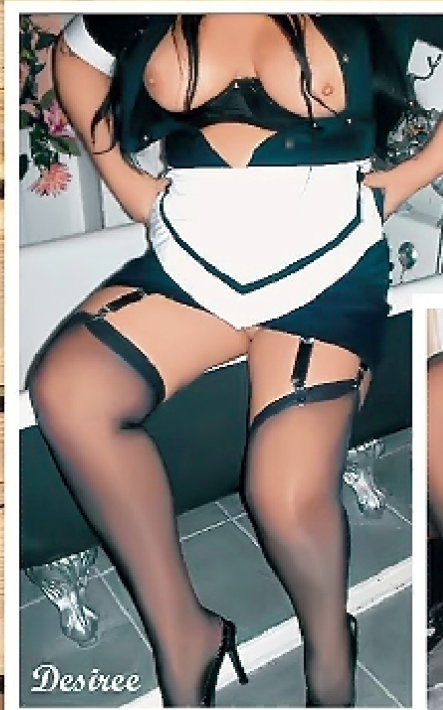
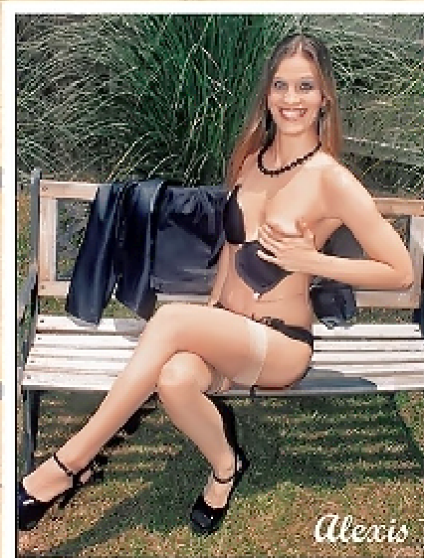


DT



DT





Hi guys! I hope you like my long uploded covered legs. If you want to join my fan club then encluse (5) First Class stamps and your address to get all my information.  
Ms Alexis Fan Club,  
P.O. Box 6648/8PC,  
Gulfport, MS  
39507-6648

Hi, I'm Desiree, 61 years old. Thanks for all the wonderful feedback I got after appearing in the April 2008 LEG SHOW. I have more photos to send out to all interested.  
desiree61@hotmail.com or  
Desiree\_Kirkomirgate 4-4617 Mandal, Norway

## Home Photos Model Release

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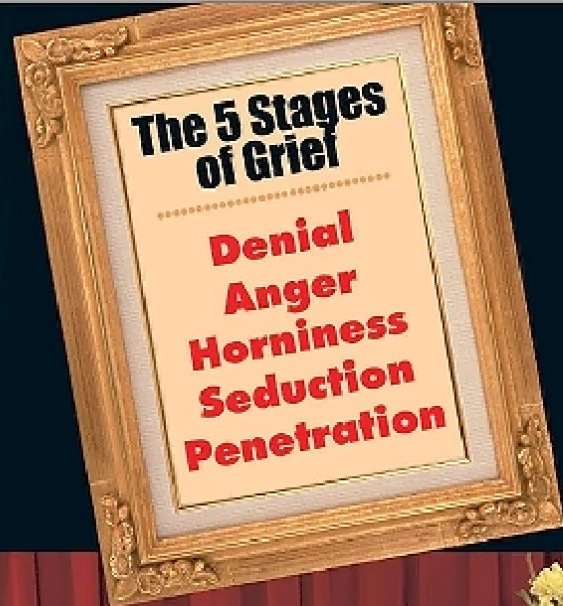
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# Classic LEG SHOW

1995



It's been over twelve years since Chrystal seduced young Julietta Simmons at her husband's wake. I called Chrystal at her Caribbean condo and asked her what her life has been like since her intimate "undertaking".

"Of course I remember Julietta. Who could forget such a sweet young cunt? When I saw her sad little face at the wake I recognized the look of a woman who didn't know where her next cock was coming from. I knew I had to do something to help. When she wrapped her nyloned legs around my waist and I slid my strap-on dildo into her quivering hole, I knew I'd done the right thing. The smell of the gladiolas, the sound of the bagpipes, and the sight of cemetery dirt caked on spiked stiletto heels made me soak my panties right through. Death became my calling in life.



The next day, I started scouring the obituaries and 'haunting' grief counselling groups. If I saw a young, confused ex-stripper whose sugar daddy had departed this life too soon, I offered her a shoulder to cry on and some no-strings-attached orgasm therapy. I taught these vulnerable tramps that craving some post-cemetery sex is healthy and good. It's nature's way of reaffirming the life force, and their husbands would have wanted it that way. As with anything, there's a downside. One time, the widow was sitting shiva and I ate her out on top of a bed covered with coats. Her inconsolable cunt 'wept' all over the place and we had to have everything dry-cleaned.



Other times the sex feels like a séance, with me helping the teary-eyed tart conjure the dearly departed: 'I feel a spectral presence. It's your husband, jerking off in the corner. He's saying that he always wanted to fuck your ass, but time and again you denied him. Now he cannot cross over to the other side, and he will haunt your bedroom forever. Unless...'





Eventually, I snagged myself a grieving widower, and I fucked him until his heart gave out. His passing, though sad, made me a wealthy woman. One day I too will face my Maker, and at my wake I hope everyone will talk about what a fantastic lay I was -- and how charitable I was to those in need."

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Natasha's  
**NIGHT  
WORLD**  
YOUR GUIDE TO THE NAUGHTY NIGHTLIFE  
photos & text by Natasha Manitoba  
www.dirtydatinglive.com

# Hell on Wheels

Natasha goes to a ghoulish gathering to watch wild wheeling women transformed into monsters and zombies and demons... Oh my!



## CALL FOR THE WILD

He sees dead people... and that's just for openers. Graham Groff creates all manner of monsters, demons, zombies and assorted creatures of the night. Graham is a special effects make-up artist; he is also, in my opinion a bloody genius... and fortunately for him, he has many friends who believe as I do. I say "fortunately" because in order for a special effects make-up artist to perfect his craft he naturally needs subjects to... well, make up. That's where Graham's friends come in. Every now and again Graham will throw a theme party at his studio on a remote south Jersey farm, gets a group of his friends all dolled up in monster or zombie or murder-victim makeup, then photograph them for his portfolio. I've attended several such sinister soirees, and always had a devilishly fine time; but recently I attended the most amusing make-up session of all... amusing in part because it answered an interesting question: What happens when you put a mad genius special effects makeup artist together with the tough, sexy babes of an all-girl roller derby team? Answer: Why, you get the greatest B-horror movie that was never made, of course: *Zombie Roller Derby Girls From Hell!*

## LET IT ROLL

A number of Graham's feisty female friends participate in the new-old campy contact sport officially known as "Women's Flat Track Derby." A solid dozen of these wild women showed up on Graham's most recent Zombie Day looking oh so fine in their roller derby uniforms and rink skates. They were the members of the "Boardwalk Brawlers" skating team ... big, tough no-nonsense gals for the most part, totally ready to kick ass; with red-meat rink-names like Kim Tastrophe, Ivanna Shankaho, KnockHer Rocker, Psycho Bettie, Ritalin Rush, Rude Reckless, and Sister Sinister. Many were quite lovely looking, all were really good sports, and fortunately for you dear reader, most were extremely cooperative in terms of my photographic needs.

These are serious-minded women in "real life" as well. Two run a veterinary clinic for example, and several are students. There's a police officer in the

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group, and one woman, "Mel" (a.k.a. Melicious) a stunningly beautiful woman with the world's best cheekbones and piercing blue-green eyes, is an emergency medical tech.

I had met Mel at a previous Graham event, in which she played the role of COUNTESS BATHORY, the mass-murdering 17th Century Hungarian noble woman known as "the Female Dracula." Bathory tortured-murdered countless young women, bathing in their blood because she believed doing so would help her keep her youthful glow. On that prior shoot Graham had Mel sit in an old outdoor bathtub filled with cold Karo syrup and food coloring... oops, I mean blood... surrounded by a fresh batch of bloody victims he'd whipped up for the occasion. (Yes, Mel is an extremely good sport indeed). During a lull in today's roller derby shoot I asked Mel about her love of competition skating:

"I save people's lives all week long," she replied. "Believe me when the weekend rolls around I want to cause some damage and break some bones."

Don't worry, Mel was just joking. That is I think she was joking. Well at least I'm sure she wasn't completely serious. Probably.

After Graham had gotten the gals all zombie'd up we motored over to a local roller rink and watched the Broadway Brawlers work out. Trust me dear reader when I tell you, both as a group and individually they are indeed Hell on wheels... undoubtedly too much woman for mere mortal men to manage. You're far safer admiring them from the discreet distance and secure anonymity of these magazine pages. ♦

For news about Graham's latest creature features visit his website:  
[www.ghoulscheoler.com](http://www.ghoulscheoler.com)

And for bracingly bawdy video versions of my various voyages, visit my naughtiest-ever websites  
[www.dirtydatinglive.com](http://www.dirtydatinglive.com).

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## ★★ Leg Show Lifestyles ★★★★★

Yes, these are real women who live the fetish, tease, and dominant lifestyle. Leg Show Lifestyles spotlights one special woman and how to contact her to share your fantasy or avail yourself of her special services. If you know a "real" LEG SHOW woman who deserves recognition in Lifestyles, write to me, Jessica Michaels, at 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, New York, NY 10007 with photos and details. When sending photos for print please fill out and include the model release form on page 25.

www.nycsexyhonies.com

### What inspired you to create NYC Sexy Honies?

The inspiration to create the NYC Sexy Honies was out of need for money. I was in debt. I was talking to a guy that I had met through a popular phone chat that was looking for women to do mail order catalogue modeling. After I decided that he was full of shit, I pulled three girls. Two that are featured on the website and one that was our photographer.

### What can LEG SHOW readers expect to find on your site?

What one can expect to find on my site is a photo gallery, a video gallery, a TGP (thumbnail gallery post), a link to an adult store, links to other adult websites, free tour pages, and free video clip.

### Your site features many beautiful Black women, amateurs and couples. What special qualities do you think make Black women so erotic?

I think what makes Black women erotic is the differences in skin color. I have been told by several white men that they find the contrast of dark skin against light a turn on. In recent years, full lips and round hips have become more in vogue.

NYC Sexy Honies is a website featuring hot amateur Black women, girl-girl teases and interracial couples from the New York area. LEG SHOW caught up with its creator, Sharon, and asked her about her site.



### Who takes the photos?

When the NYC Sexy Honies was first created, a 22-year-old named Mollie was our original photographer. She took pictures for our first 2 shoots. After a falling out, my friend and coworker Stacey H. took the rest.

### How do you find your models?

I found my models in various ways. I put an ad in the New York Press and Village Voice, referrals from my web designer, and word-of-mouth.

### Can you describe the ultimate tease outfit - and the ultimate woman wearing it?

I don't think that there is one ultimate tease outfit. There are several that are popular. For example, the schoolgirl outfit, police and nurse uniforms, and anything with lace lingerie, high high stockings or stockings with garters topped off with either high heeled shoes or boots. I have received compliments about my model "Baby".

### What are your thoughts on exhibitionism?

My thoughts on exhibitionism is if you've got it flaunt it. An archaic expression, I know, but it always holds true.

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There's a section of your site titled "Just Some Eager Dressing Room Buddies Trying Something New." LEG SHOW readers will love it -- can you tease them with a hint as to what they'll find there?

"Dressing Room Buddies Trying Something New" is a caption on one of the four pages that describes a little teasing girl-on-girl play. Men seem to enjoy women houching each other in the most innocent of ways...

What's been the biggest surprise about running NYC Sexy Honies?

I think the biggest surprise in running the NYC Sexy Honies is how popular Black and interracial interaction is. Even in this day and age the mixing of the races can still be viewed as taboo.



What impact has your site had on your life? And what impact do you think your site has had on others?

The impact the site has had on my life is that it forced me to learn how to use the computer. Prior to my launching my website, I knew nothing about the internet. I was completely illiterate. Didn't even know how to send an email. Now I feel a whole new world has opened up to me. Mind you, that doesn't mean I've become a geek, but I'm



much more knowledgeable about how to navigate through the net. I hope the impact that it has had on others is to see women of all colors in a more sensual light. That beauty has no one defining color, and hopefully a new interest has stirred in men to be more open in exploring the sensuality of women outside of their race.

For those readers who are not connected to the internet, do you have a Fanclub address?

I don't have a designated club address, but anyone with inquiries can write to me at: Shay K. Enterprises, 71-50 Parsons Blvd STE#5g, Flushing, New York 11365

Is there anything else you'd like to tell LEG SHOW readers about NYC Sexy Honies?

I'd also like to mention that I have a monthly tv show in Brooklyn, Queens and Manhattan on the public access channel available for Time Warner subscribers.

- Manhattan (WNN) airs the third Friday of the month on channel 34 at 2:30 AM
- Brooklyn (BCAT) airs the third Sat/Sun of the month at midnight on channel 56 [Time Warner] channel 69 (Cablevision)
- Queens (QPTV) airs the second Monday and Thursday of the month Mon - 11:00PM channel 35, Thurs 11:30 PM channel 35.

XXXX





# MISS SARAH VON TERROR

SHOE SIZE 8.5



Picture this: you stumble into a diner at four in the morning. A leggy, gum-sucking goddess appears, notepad in hand. She'll gladly take your order, but she's not going to take any shit. Nervously, you pretend to consult the menu. You're so dazed with tequila and lust you end up ordering something ridiculous, something that will convey your crazy infatuation -- rack of lamb with disco fries instead of the baked potato. "I knew it's not on the menu, but..." you stammer. She sighs. Guys like you are as common as coffee. "Honey, I'm not on the menu," she says with a wink, "but you can eat me."

It is then that you realize you're in the presence of this month's Badass Babe, Miss Sarah Von Terror. LEG SHOW caught up with Sarah on her cigarette break and asked her about life as a diner diva.

photos by Viva Van Story • [www.vivaspinups.com](http://www.vivaspinups.com)



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Stylings by Kay Marel • Makeup by Anna DeMeo





table! Usually I fuck with them as much as I can for some laughs, then tell them that I can only date good tippers, then disappear to wait for the tip. They have no chance either way, and a girl's gotta make a living!

**LS: Have you ever had to get stern with a customer?**

SVT: One time a customer grabbed my ass while I was taking an order, and I punched him right in the face, but most people know better than to mess with our girls. We don't fuck around! However, it is nice to have the option of the right hook if the situation arises, because you just never know!



**LEG SHOW: What's the weirdest thing you've ever seen at work?**

Sarah Von Terror: Once I saw a police officer in uniform, straight-up booty dancing with a group of beautifully decadent drag queens! I had to pinch myself!

**LS: What's the most popular thing people order late at night?**

SVT: The most popular late night treat seems to be off of the first page of the menu, since the majority of my customers are completely hammered! We have a mean breakfast special the drunks really dig. I've observed that eggs and alcohol really complement each other!

**LS: How do your feet feel after a long shift?**

SVT: After an entire overnight shift of being on my feet, those little ol' dogs get beat! There is nothing like a nice long, relaxing foot massage to fix that—perhaps received while sipping on a Bloody Mary. Ahhh, yes...

**LS: What do you do when customers hit on you?**

SVT: A diner waitress gets a lot of attention, for sure. But it's such a hilarious event, most of the guys who dare hit on my bitchy ass are so drunk that they don't recognize me the next time I'm at the



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**LS: What do you do when you're not working?**

SVT: As much as I love the diner, my ambition lies in tattooing, which I am learning how to do from a genius. I also have a newfound passion for welding, which I hope to be able to use on some classic hot rods in the future. I am currently a full-time art school student, as well as a pin-up/retro/rockabilly model, which I adore because modeling is just big-girl dress up! I love collecting clothes and accessories, my shoe collection is sinful enough to send me straight to Hell, and I can't seem to get enough vintage lingerie! ★



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what would you like to eat? [MissSarahVonTerror@yahoo.com](mailto:MissSarahVonTerror@yahoo.com)

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# Dear Jane...

Advice for Boys Who Need It Bad

Jane of X-traordinary Talk! first appeared in the May '95 issue and was an instant hit. Her mature beauty, warmth, intelligence and sweet, nurturing style of dominance won her many fans—as well as a husband. Yes, Jane married a LEG SHOW reader, and with his enthusiastic support has expanded her business of teasing talk tapes into a wonderful website and live phone teasing. Since Jane not only lives the fetish lifestyle but maintains a healthy, loving fetish-based relationship, we figured who better to answer your questions on integrating your fetishes with your relationships. You can contact Jane through her website with your questions, or write her c/o LEG SHOW, 225 Broadway, Suite 2801, N.Y., N.Y. 10007.

## Guilt and Desire

Dear Jane,

I am a man in my mid-fifties. Back in high school I had two homosexual encounters with an older man. Our time together consisted of intimate kissing, me sucking his large dick, swallowing his loads, and taking his cock up my ass. I have to admit that I loved every minute of all this. When the older man suddenly stopped seeing me, I was crushed.

As time went by I slowly got over it and went on to have many heterosexual relationships as well as a long marriage, which ended in divorce.

A year ago at a party I met a much younger man who approached me and aroused in me the sexual feelings I had in my early sexual experience with the older man of my high school days.

I am currently the sexual plaything of this younger man. I love sucking his huge cock several times a night. I gladly take his dick bareback up my ass. I even obey his wish that I wear women's clothing—such things as sexy gowns and dresses, lingerie, nylons, garter belts, high heels, and make-up. I will do whatever he tells me to do.

I have no desire to end our relationships, but I do wish I had not gone this far.

Please give me some advice on how I can feel less guilty. Or have I become a total dick-sucking homo?

Old Man Toy (This is what he calls me.)

Dear Man Toy,

Sexual tastes can change, as yours have. But right now = to use your colorful phraseology - yes, love, you are "a total dick-sucking homo."

Colorful, yes, but decidedly the language of a guilt-ridden man. Even though you want to, it's really tough to get rid of guilt, love, without stopping the behavior that causes it. Years of therapy can help assuage it—but even that's not a sure deal. So deeply ingrained is it that guilt helps define our self-concept.

However, there's a twisted upside to having guilt: It dials up the intensity of your current sex life. Think back. Which



Photo by Jim Pullan • Glamour Photography

provides a sexier memory: the most passionate occasions with your wife (which were guilt-free) or yourself as the aged boy toy trussed up in high heels, bending over for your young male lover?

I'm not saying guilt's a good thing—it's decidedly not. Guilt (and its companion shame) are the twin evils wrought by the "shoulds" that societies have used since time immemorial to control our sexual behavior. Guilt and shame are little devils that damage self-esteem, trash self-confidence, undermine creative sexual expression, and wreck relationships.

And that's exactly why guilt adds the extra inch to your dick: because deep down you believe what you're doing is really, really wrong. A stolen kiss is more delicious. A stolen cookie tastes sweeter. Naughty sex is sexier. Forbidden fruit is always more delicious.

Work toward self-acceptance; it's easier to gain than guilt is to lose. Your sex life is your business and you're hurting no one. We can't help what turns us on, dear man. You're doing nothing wrong.

As you work toward self-acceptance (with a therapist, ideally), be aware that just as our sexual orientation exists on a continuum and can change over time, so does what we want from a relationship change at different times in our lives.

Your need to be the toy of a dominant young man may be supplanted some day by an equally strong desire for feminine nurturance and hetero sex. Such a desire may not be as sexy to you, but may win you over with its other perks. Only in your guilt-ridden psyche is this a contest of "good" versus "evil" and "better" versus "worse." With self-acceptance, you'll find that the choices are neutral; either is okay, dependent solely on where you are in your life at the time you choose.

So stay open, stay fluid. About your sexual desires, I mean, not just tonight when your ass is in the air.

## Does He Need a Change?

Dear Jane,

I am 55 and a half years old. I've been diapering myself since I was 22. I don't know why, but wearing diapers arouses me. I have never married. I experimented with men when I was quite young but definitely prefer women. In fact, I like women in general, my dentist is female; my doctor is female. Two counselors I know are aware of my proclivities and they, too, are women.

I'm not quite sure whether diapers are a sexual thing for me, in that I don't masturbate while wearing them. I masturbate naked, lying outstretched and on my side on my queen-sized bed. While I stroke myself to orgasm, I think, "Do not worry, baby; you'll get a diaper when we're finished."

I wish to have sex with women but don't know whether this will ever happen again. I have had few sexual experiences with women; in these very infrequent occurrences, the women were definitely the dominant partner. I would love to be sweetly masturbated by a woman's soft hand.

With the way I am, Jane, is there hope that I'll ever have a permanent partner? If I met the right woman, would I be able to change?

Use my initials, please: A.W.

Dear All Wet,

Darling, you will not, nor is it possible to, um, change for the right woman. The right woman will accept you and love you for who you are.

So innocent is your fetish and yet so profoundly misunderstood. Infantilism has nothing to do with children and everything to do with an adult who needs nurturance and seeks it the way many of us do: through sex.

Witness your masturbation: Telling yourself "don't worry" is a reassurance for a deed in which you are, during the act of arousal and orgasm, out of control for a moment—conceivably a scary place. You tell yourself that you'll "get a diaper"—symbol of comfort and being taken care of in the most fundamental way—when "we're" ("we"—your silent, comforting partner) finished. Yes, your sex is intertwined deeply with your psychological and emotional yearnings, love.

It's a rare woman who wants to play "mommy" to her 55-year-old lover, even if 99 percent of the time he's basically like the other, more conventional men they've known. And so finding a woman who's an otherwise suitable partner for you is possible, but may prove difficult.

Take life a day at a time, love, and be kind and friendly to women you meet. Ask out women you like and who respond to you. Develop a strong trust relationship before broaching the topic of your sexual proclivities. You'll know which is the "right woman" because she'll listen patiently and embrace you warmly—before going home with you, putting her soft hand on you, then tucking you in.

Jane Vargas holds a Ph.D. in Human Sexuality and is co-owner of PantyMistress.com, aka X-traordinary Talk! She can be found on the Internet at [PantyMistress.com](http://PantyMistress.com). Ask for Jane's advice on any aspect of fetish sexuality by e-mailing her at [jane@janetv.com](mailto:jane@janetv.com) or writing to her at Leg Show. "Advice for Boys Who Need It Bad" is a registered trademark of X-traordinary Talk! Please note that Jane's advice is from the viewpoint of a caring, softly dominant woman; it is not intended to replace professional therapy. All questions are "real," although may be edited for length.

## Hotel Room Porn

Dear Jane,

When you go to hotels, do you ever watch porn on the television with your husband? Do you think this is bad to do? I guess I mean is it bad for society at large, as well as for the specific men who do it?

I made the mistake of telling my girlfriend that I occasionally watch porn in the hotels I stay in when I travel for work. I thought she'd get a kick out of it—or at the very least not be judgmental about it—but she thought it was really sick behavior. She said she's read that watching porn can really mess a man up, lead to rape, and ruin marriages.

Is this true? I thought I did it to get off so I could go to sleep.

Rudy

Hi, Rudy,

Your girlfriend's beliefs about porn-viewing are shared by many so-called "decency" groups. Recently, the president of a group called Morality in Media, Robert Peters, demanded that Bill Marriott stop showing pay-per-view adult films in his hotels.

Mr. Peters documented the depravity of porn and doing the research he needed to do: he watched it. Actually, claims only to have documented the titles of porn available in Marriott hotel rooms. Quite a lot of effort he put into this: he spent more time documenting the porn than most people do watching it. He listed 18 titles—"Please Pump My Wife," "Slutty Older Woman," and so on—that he has decided for all of us is objectionable.

Mr. Peters claims that men who watch porn subsequently rape women, destroy their marriages, and ruin their families. Then, he says, these depraved souls watch kiddie porn and support the sexual trafficking of women and children.

"Decency" groups like Mr. Peters have chimed in, saying that 50 million men a month watch porn and they're all headed on the same path. Even Oprah called porn an "addiction" in our society (she was referring to Internet porn).

But if porn were so destructive, how is it that any marriages remain intact? Or any women haven't been raped? Or any children not sold into sexual servitude? These claims are scare tactics designed to control our behavior, so that we all fall in line and do the "right thing" by these folks' standards. These claims are baseless and Mr. Marriott needn't lose sleep over possibly corrupting his hotel guests.

Sexual longing is part of the human condition; we all want to express our sexual side—sometimes we do so vicariously, by watching porn. Sometimes, as in your case, it's ultimately nothing but a sleeping aid.

The only absolute about sex is that where there's sex there's judgment.

As for me, when it comes to porn in hotel rooms, I'm less likely to be watching it than filming it. ■



# VERONICA'S CUM SUCKING CLEAN-UP SLAVE

SHOE SIZE: 7.5

photos by Photorama International

Any big-dicked stud can pump his load into me. But that's only half the job. What I really need is a clean-up slave. Do you have what it takes? You'll have to withstand a little ridicule. Alpha males will call you a homo for lapping up the mess they've left behind. My girlfriends will wrinkle their noses in disgust. But you and I will share the nastiest intimacy. You'll know your place in my world: your nose buried deep in my ass crack, your mouth sucking the flavor from my pussy hair, and your tongue probing the crevices between my moist, warm toes.

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It's such a pity I had to freshen up in the pool – a total waste of fuck juice and sweat. Especially on my feet. See, I was just riding this humongous cock (I don't remember its owner's name) and as it was spurting I gripped it at the base and pointed all ten, veiny inches at my ten pearly toes. The cum sprayed out with such force it actually tickled! I dismissed the cock (and its owner) so I could admire the gooey mess. It dribbled between my toes, down the



curve of my arches and dripped from my heels like candle wax, but so warm and wriggly and alive.

I wish you had been here with me, my dear clean-up slave. I'd make you put your stiff little prick between the balls of my feet and hold it there tight. You'd have to be very quiet so I could enjoy the exquisite wet sound it makes as I coat your boner with another guy's semen. How loudly it echoes in this big, empty pool room!

After that, I'd feed you my feet, one toe at a time. A true clean-up slave has a very greedy mouth, naturally suited for thorough cum sucking. I'd expect to hear a festive little pop! each time a toe slips free. Your drool mixed with the other man's sperm is super slippery – why, you'll need to press your tongue hard against my toe prints to get any traction.



You don't want to miss the flavor. That's extremely virile cum you're eating; it would definitely overpower anything your balls could produce. But concentrate, and you can taste the sweet and sour tang of my cunt, with top notes of suede from my trashy stripper shoes. It's a heady bouquet of funk and pheromones that only a connoisseur like you can appreciate.

I really regret rinsing off. But there's still a tiny deposit of epunk that stud left inside my cunt. The more I think about you licking me clean, the more aroused I get. I can feel it dribbling south and bubbling between my pussy lips. You'd better get to work, clean-up slave, before I dive back into the pool. ■



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photos by Jana Krenova • [www.JanaKrenova.com](http://www.JanaKrenova.com) • pantyhose: "Aretha" by Wolford



**Lisette**

SUGAR DADDY'S SWEET DENIAL

SHOE SIZE 7

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I have a sugar daddy who pays my rent and gives me gifts. Physically, he's quite unattractive, and if he weren't rich there's no way he could spend time with a girl like me. I'm not saying that to be mean. It's the truth and he knows it. I guess you could say our relationship is a little unusual. I don't thank him for his generosity by fucking him. Instead, I show my appreciation by denying him completely.

When he comes over, I'm always half-dressed, like I'm getting ready for a date. I sit him on the couch with a cocktail and try on one sexy dress after another. I ask him what he thinks of each outfit. "If you were a man, would you like me in this skirt?" He gives me a meek "yes"; meanwhile, his eyes look like they're about to pop out of his head.

60 LEG SHOW



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My sugar daddy has a special weakness for my legs. They drive him crazy, especially when I wear patterned pantyhose. He loves that rustling sound the nylon makes when my thighs rub together. Sometimes I'll sit down on the couch next to him and rest my feet in his lap. I curl my toes around his hard-on and pretend to try to get comfortable. This is just so that I can rub my legs together and make that dry nylon sound - and also so that I can move my feet against his cock until it's unbearably hard.

He'll show me his boner and ask for my mercy. The look on his face when he's frustrated is so funny to me! I tell him I won't touch his

dick, but I'll slap it through his pants to make it go down. Of course, slapping his cock just turns him on more.

By the end of our visit, he's on his knees, begging me to help him with his hard-on. I just laugh at him and tell him I can't - I have a date with a real man and I'm saving all my sexual energy for him. "Which reminds me," I'll say. "I'm going to need cab fare." Then I reach into his pocket and grab a thick wad of cash. My sugar daddy will try to position himself so that my hand will graze his hard-on. Sometimes it does, but usually it doesn't. I'll just give him a wink and say, "Better luck next time!"

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# LEG SHOW

OCTOBER 2008

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## Kit Kadova's New Attitude

SHOE SIZE 8



Stockings by Kay Marel



So much has changed for me since I appeared in Miss Q's Public Indecency in the August issue of LEG SHOW. I've received dozens of letters and tributes from my new fans, and it's given me a whole new outlook on my life as a woman.

That's right: I said woman. Before I posed for LEG SHOW, I was a girl — fickle and impulsive. Now that I've got a better understanding of my unique female power, I take a far more calculated view of sex and romance.

If a guy wants to go out with me, I don't say yes based on whether or not I want to fuck him. Instead I look for how far he'll go to please me. For instance, when he comes to my house to pick me up, I'll tell him that although he looks nice, he's not

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quite ready to appear in public with me. Then I send him into the bathroom with a single black stocking and a stern directive: "You know what to do."

When he finally emerges (always looking sheepish), I say, "Let's see how well you follow orders, dirty boy." I unbuckle his pants and pull them down. Sometimes he'll have pulled the stocking up his leg. If that's the case, I push him to the ground and say, "How dare you! You think that your legs can compete with mine in stockings? What are you, some kind of sissy crossdresser?!" Then I send him back into the bathroom to try again. This time, he stays in the bathroom a bit longer. When he re-emerges (now looking meek and embarrassed), I pull down his pants again. It's a fair bet that this time, the stocking is wrapped around his cock and balls. Then I grab him by his package, pull him into

the corner and sneer, "How nice, a present. Is that for me? How dare you be so presumptuous. And stingy!" Then I turn him around and push him in the direction of the bathroom again.

When he comes out for the third time (now looking terrified and ashamed) I know I've worn him down to the little nub that he is. He timidly holds out the stocking, wadded in his hand and sticky with his cum. Then I say, "Congratulations, stupid. You finally get it. I'm never going to fuck you and if you want to date me, you're going to have to pull that pathetic thing yourself to get any relief." Then I smear his nasty load on his mouth, nose and chin and say, "Now we're ready to go out."

Come to think of it, I'm still fickle and impulsive - except that now I bust balls in the manner of a real live LEG SHOW woman. ■

stocking bathroom boys can write me:  
[Kitkadova@gmail.com](mailto:Kitkadova@gmail.com)



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Roland Carré  
**Flirty  
 French  
 Maids**

A master of French glamour photography in the '50s and '60s, Roland Carré had a secret side—getting his models to pose for explicit French photos. This private stash was recently discovered, and can be seen only in LEG SHOW.

# Natascha

1963



Roland Carré's dalliances with his models almost invariably occurred in his studio; but Natascha was the exception that proved the rule. Carré's notes begin by describing a call from Jean-Paul, a French-Algerian who "procured" models for him.

"Jean-Paul phoned from his flat to say I must come over immediately to photograph a new-found 'friend' of his. I protested that I much preferred working in my studio.

"Nonsense, Rolfe", he interjected. "I told this one I'd make her a star... Listen, I don't give a damn if you even put film in your fucking camera. Just get the hell over here and we'll both have some fun!"

"I'd never heard Jean-Paul so enthused. I packed my Leica, hopped into my Citroën and was at his door within minutes. Natascha was indeed lovely... and quite giggly because of all the Chahlis Jean-Paul had poured into her. She responded eagerly to

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my suggestions for ever-more revealing poses. First her skirt went up... then her panties went down. I had her sit in a chair and spread her legs. Jean-Paul stood by watching like a starved dog, and I could tell from Natascha's coy smiles she was excited to be inflaming two men at once.

"I ordered her to reverse position on the chair and stick out her teasing rump. I looked to Jean-Paul. He nodded; I stepped up to Natascha, set aside my camera, unbuttoned... and simply slid my cock into her! She made not the slightest protestation. After awhile I pulled her up from the chair, offered Jean-Paul a seat, then sat her down... on Jean-Paul's cock. Kneeling between their legs I sucked Natascha's pungent, drooling slit as she slid up and down on Jean-Paul. Finally I suggested to Jean-Paul he sample her rear entrance. He did so with pleasure... leaving her front portal free for my use!" ■



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# BUS STOP JEZEBEL



Dear LEG SHOW,  
Something very troubling is happening in my neighborhood and I thought you should know. There is a woman who I see every morning at the bus stop on my corner. She looks like the type of woman who might pose in your periodical. She wears RHT stockings (they look to be vintage), and open toed sandals with a strap around her slender ankles. She always wears a simple white blouse and a skirt made out of some gauzy material. But the most disturbing thing is her panties. They are baby blue and I can see right through them!

How do I know what her panties look like? Because here in the Chicago suburbs it is very windy. Also, I believe she is what they call an exhibitionist (I call it teasing). Sometimes she will grip the lamp post like a burlesque performer and lift one of her shape-

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ly legs high in the air. Or she will stick that behind of hers all the way out to where I can see the moist outline of her female parts. At these times her buttocks look like two puppies fighting in a paper sack; or rather, a sack made out of sheer blue nylon.

Like most men, every morning I wake up with an erection. This is nature's way and I know I shouldn't be ashamed. However I try to be a good Christian and wait for it to go away. But then on my way to the bathroom, I glance out the window, and there's that Jezebel again. She taunts me with her movements. I have even seen her lying



on the ground, touching her privates and arching her back like she's ready to do her wifely duties. This causes my mind to reel with impure thoughts and my penis to swell almost to bursting. I do all that I can not to touch myself. I think of my wife Muriel (rest her soul) and try to make the swelling go away. But no matter what I do, a droplet of semen begins to seep from my penis. Then more, and more, until a large wet spot begins to form on the front of my boxer shorts. These are perfectly good underwear which my wife bought for me three to a pack. But thanks to this loose woman and her gyrations, I must throw my soiled boxers away.

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I have prayed for guidance and received my answer. It is a sin to waste clothing when there are so many people going without. So my conscience says I must take my erection in my hand and milk it of its seed. Then I will lick my palms until they are clean. I certainly don't want to wipe them on the guest towels. Muriel picked them out herself.

B.W.  
Palatine, IL



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**Pauline Presents**  
*Somewhere In New York*

**Lana**

from Toronto

**Dear Glossy Pantyhose Lovers:** Each of you owes me and Lana a pair of pantyhose for taking these outdoor pictures and nearly getting caught more than once by the authorities. And by the "authorities" I do not mean the Pantyhose Fashion Police. I mean the real police. It was quite thrilling to be bossed around by Lana as she showed off her glossy beaver. Look at it shine, fellas, as if to say "Kiss me and hurry up before someone catches us!" Nothing like a pretty girl letting you look up her skirt, eh, boys? Were any of you lucky enough to have a brand new girlfriend raise her skirt like this and encourage you to "kiss it"? I think if the police caught us, the cute weekend female police officer would frisk Lana, concentrating on Lana's smooth legs and bottom! Not good for a cop to get horny and lightheaded (smile). "Lana, you say your name is Lana, right? These pantyhose are so WONDERFUL"

**SHOE THIEF &  
ASS-AND-GASH  
FLASH**

But a little introduction first before I get too carried away with this sexy sexy woman. Lana let me take pantyhose pictures about a year ago in her glossy girly pantyhose for **LEG SHOW**. Not those one-dollar brands. Lana lives in Toronto where college girls and business women are highly competitive and would not be caught dead in cheapo pantyhose. There is quite a variety of the best Italian and French pantyhose there, for girls of all ages, sizes, and fancy shapes. Maybe Lana will show you her shiny girdle-top pantyhose some day. Lovely, indeed. Being small town-ish myself, it's always a bit intimidating to meet girls from the largest most exciting cities in the world. Her confidence and strut and gaze can turn your bone to steel and the rest of you to Jell-O. Lana runs that frilly fancy dress boutique in Toronto where criminal,

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slips, swishy dresses, and the best nylon stockings and pantyhose are the order of the day, every day. She was passing through New York and she called that morning and told me to meet her in Rochester for some pictures. You can bet I called in sick at my "real job" and rushed off to meet her. I cannot imagine the ball busting hoops she makes a horny boyfriend jump through with her silky demands - "On your knees and kiss my pantyhose!" or "Rub your thing on my ass!" or "Sit down and pull your boner out so I can tickle it with my toes!"

We were walking around a cute little city neighborhood and Lana takes me through a side alley and starts sliding her skirt up and bending over and flashing her nicely hosed beaver at me, and laughing - probably like she does when her dates get flustered and erect. She pulled her skirt up and pressed her bottom against a wrought iron fence where couples walked just across the street! Oh, my word! She grabbed my hand as we ran away around the back of



the building. A couple of college girls shouted "look!" and shrieked and giggled. A "family man" sat in his car and probably muttered to himself as he got a boner the likes of which he had not popped since high school. A well-dressed young couple held each other very tight and stared intently with a shared smile. No doubt the young couple are familiar with pantyhose fun. I saw them kiss and walk quickly away and giggled. Uh oh, someone got a boner that needs to get tickled.

I was so excited that Lana would bring her big city daring tease to a small town. She even brought some high heel pumps she was going to throw out and she bet me that at least two guys would see the heels on the ground and take a good long look at them. Like putting breadcrumbs out for the shoe fetishist. Up in Toronto, she said she will put a pair of







old smelly high heels on the front steps and within two hours some guy will snatch them and dash off. Small town guys were more apprehensive to take the shoe bait but quite a few took a good long look and then a look back over their shoulder. The shoe thief circled back and dashed off with his prize. For good measure and added embarrassment to the shoe lover, Lana shouted out "Hey, he stole my high heels. Come back with my shoes! Thief!" and barely contained her laughter. Some ladies do have fun with some men's weaknesses. That is the reason you guys keep your special fetishistic secrets and tell no one, I know for certain. I guess you never know which girls will indulge you and which will recoil in horror.

90 LEG SHOW



I think you lovers of all things feminine will ultimately forgive Lana her fun when you look at all her pictures here. Now, don't you feel better now that she flashed her pantyhosed ass and gash? That's a fair trade in my book. I think that's why most men put up with most of us women. Eventually, women will let you press your big hard things against their pantyhosed or girdled bottoms and their silky nylon feet. Now I know THAT feels better! I am not sure if Lana is the type to readily let you do that. You may have to court her for quite a while by generously kissing her pantyhosed ass and gash.

I should note that Lana took me indoors to one of her friend's home in that neighborhood and "made me", well, how to say politely, well, she made me take VERY daring pictures of her in private. Against my will (ahem). Let's just say that they leave NOTHING to the imagination and you almost had to look very closely to even notice she was wearing almost-invisible pantyhose. Maybe she will let me show these pictures to you in a sort of Part two to this "Shoe Thief and Ass and Gash Flash" drama (giggle).

*End*

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## The Lost Door

A film by Roy Stuart

Rather than choosing to be a sheep in the mundane, stereotypical pornography industry, Roy Stuart has chosen a road much less traveled. Many of us have had the pleasure to view this living dimension of his art in his sexually charged and totally authentic *Glimpse* videos.

Now, with *The Lost Door*, Stuart continues his quest for truth and for a cinema free of convention. *The Lost Door* is not an erotic film, but rather a film that explores eroticism. In it we find explicit sex scenes and an abundance of pretty girls, but as always with Stuart, the primary aim is to look at things in a new way. The film's prologue sets the tone and suggests the issues: in the Conciergerie area, in Paris, the waxwork of Marie-Antoinette — the scandalous and the humiliated — encounters an invalid, while two shady-looking minor extras — in fact a judge and an acolyte — ask the old, old question: "Is it love



or is it sex?" The rest of the film will show to what degree the question and the distinction it presupposes can be alienating and disempowering. It will offer another perspective on sex, will open the door, and finally let in some air.

This time, a detective story provides a unifying if fragile thread for what is in fact more of a poetic anthropological experiment. The film stages a prison universe haunted by the specters of madness. In it, Kristina, strikingly played by Micaela Fisher, is a modern Marie-Antoinette, alienated and imprisoned, all suffering and monstrosity before her keepers and her female interrogator. "What can I say?" she implores. "What do you want me to say to you, since you're the one holding the nightstick, sorry, I meant the conversation, isn't that so, Madame Cop?"

We meet Kristina interned in a psychiatric hospital, suspected of the murder of Marc and entangled in the mesh of the

legal system, as it seeks to cast light on the degree of her responsibility and the precise circumstances of the murder. Across the table is Catherine, played by the intense Anna Bielicka. Sure and determined in her role as court-appointed expert, this young Polish-born psychiatrist conducts the interrogation rigorously and firmly. We see her explore, without apparent emotion, the mental maze in which Kristina seems to be imprisoned, listen to Kristina's painful account, like a poem:

Do you want to hear  
Again  
My laugh of a madwoman  
My laugh of a hyena  
My laugh of a dying animal  
My laugh of something discovering pain  
And wanting it to last  
Not to stop  
You want to hear again  
The laugh that bursts forth from the door  
As soon as you open it  
And when you pass through  
To the other side,  
Where there is nothing left?

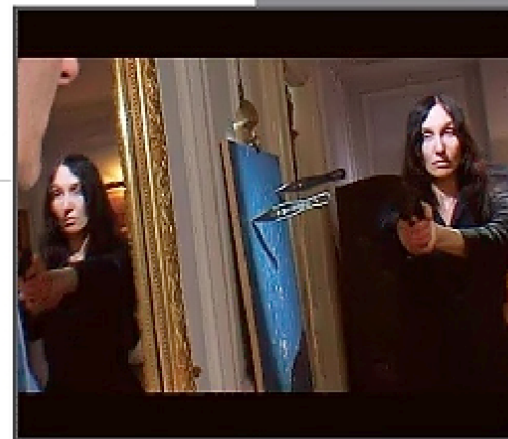
Starting out from the historical substructure of the antagonism between German and Pole, the film is built around a merciless duel between passion and reason; it lays out a violent sequential chain of oppositions: rational/irrational; dominant mother/dominated daughter; theory/practice; romanticism/cynicism; public hair/shaven; society/animality; nature/culture. While the suspect belches and spits out her pain and her contempt into the face of the young and beautiful woman, Catherine, question after question, puts together the pieces of an enigmatic puzzle, the scarce fragments of a strange discourse: "Do you even know who I am? I show my face like my cunt. My cunt, do you think it is important? And my laugh is the madness of my teeth. And what do you want, you, the rational one? What are you trying to tell me with your craving eyes?"

But as the film's title implies, beyond the table between them, what really matters is the question of the door. Hamlet or Kafka come to mind. Kristina and Catherine are fighting before the door. But who will miss the door at the end of the struggle? Like voices-off, the film is punctuated with flashbacks, hallucinatory scenes of rape, sensual and poetic sequences and occasional episodes of burlesque. The film is itself a baroque maze, where each character is both torturer and victim, grotesque and tragic; the viewer becomes lost, destabilized by the magma of images generated by the twitchy filming and editing, a soundtrack sometimes close to the threshold of saturation.

Stuart's truth is perhaps suggested in the final scene: in it we find the spontaneity between the actresses — who seem not to be acting but living — which was already a mark of the *Glimpse* films. Sexual pleasure is not interested in theories about love, it is not ground down by ideas, it is simply lived. And also filmed. Which means, when it comes to Roy Stuart's cinema, it's shown as it is. Despite the restrictions inherent in fiction and the demands of complex narration, Roy Stuart's cinema — and particularly this ending — above all, grasps the truth of the moment and, if possible, its beauty. In the film's central scene, Marc asks ironically: "Are there any artists here?"

In the final analysis, *The Lost Door* gives the answer and a door opens: rather than selling beauty, Roy Stuart tells us in his way that between art and nature, aesthetic research and spontaneity, pleasure and love (perhaps...), syntheses are possible, provided that there is emotion, movement, not futility. That is his gamble as a filmmaker, and his mark as an artist. There are indeed artists here.

— Alain Delafosse





# THE NUTTING PROFESSOR

photography by Roy Stuart  
[www.roystuart.net](http://www.roystuart.net)

Last semester I took a work/study assignment at the studio of Professor Bentley DuBois. He was half English, half French, and all pervert.

I knew what a dirty old freak he was because my best friend, Carla, had him for Art History sophomore year. "Watch out for DuBois," she warned me. "He'll call you in to talk about your work, then show you sketches of his cock and make you look at them close up." I didn't need to ask Carla how she knew it was his cock. Carla was a slutty coed who majored in teasing and minored in giving spitty, gaggy blowjobs to the tenured faculty.





I decided that I'd beat DuBois at his own game. When he was around I'd dress very properly, but I'd also stand too close to him. It was fun watching him get nervous. I was always "accidentally" flipping my skirt so that he could see my pretty white panties trapped beneath my sheento-waist pantyhose. I rode that line between lady and tramp, wearing my favorite fuck-me pumps and no makeup. The key was to pretend I couldn't walk very well in my heels, so I was always clomping unsteadily across his prized parquet floors. The sound of my inno-



cence gave him a hard-on. One time I caught him turning away from me to give it a few furtive tugs. Horny bastard, he just couldn't help himself.

One night, he worked up the courage to show me his infamous sketches. "That looks kind of like a penis, only smaller," I said with a giggle. He started stammering, offended but intrigued, and asked me if I thought I could draw a better one. I tore out a piece of tracing paper, got on my knees in front of



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him, and held it against his crotch. Using firm pencil strokes, I began sketching the outline of his rapidly hardening cock. I traced his large, squishy balls, using feathery strokes to capture every wrinkle and seam. As I drew, I used the other hand to press his cock against his belly. I squeezed the shaft and pinched the head, trying to get it to lie flat. His breath became raspy. His cock twitched and pulsed. Instinctively, he reached for it, trying to give himself some relief. I slapped his hand away.

"I'm the artist here," I said. "So keep your nasty hands to yourself and let me work." His obedience made me feel powerful. And generous. I gave him a few rapid mercy jerks and felt the pressure building in his ballsack. I was about to unzip his pants when I saw his hands creeping towards his belt buckle. "Fuck this -- I can't create under these conditions," I said. I stood up, crumpled the paper and stuffed it into his mouth. Dirty-old-man drool wet my fingers as I held it firmly in place. He whimpered and moaned and I pushed him to his knees. Down on the floor, I let him finish himself off. Flesh slapped against flesh as Professor DuBois nutted all over himself. Then I clicked out the door on my high heels, leaving him to enjoy the sticky fruits of our collaboration.









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