

SWINGING HACIENDA- STYLE: A CELEBRATION OF SEX

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It all began ten years ago, when a newly single New York City hedge-funder named Andrew Sparksfire discovered the city's underground sex parties. When the party he was regularly attending needed a new home, Andrew offered up his own newly refurbished Bushwick brownstone as a venue, a home replete with backyard patio, bar and hot tub. Thus Hacienda—a community of libidiously like-minded people—was born.

"I had this new house," Andrew says of hosting his first sex party, "but I didn't have the community I wanted to share it with."

Those first parties, at the "original Hacienda," were private and small, with about 20 attendees. In the last decade Hacienda has evolved into an erotic empire. Today it is an intentional community espousing polyamory and sex-positivity, hosting both public events and sex-ed classes (e.g., "Female Ejaculation 101" or "Rope Share"), as well as delightfully depraved, private play parties. As the club's reach has expanded, so has its real estate holdings, and today Hacienda includes four buildings...and counting. In the Bushwick section of Brooklyn is the original Hacienda, as well as the Hacienda Villa and the Hacienda Lodge, while in the city of New Orleans stands a Big Easy mansion dubbed Hacienda Maison. In addition, construction

has begun on two new apartments next to the Lodge, and plans are underway to open a bar/restaurant in the neighborhood by 2020.

Of that new space, Sparksfire's very pregnant, very polyamorous wife Beth says, "We aim to create a sexy-themed environment that's open to the public, a place where we create community and produce events that focus on celebrating sexuality."

Phrases like "creating community" or "celebrating sexuality" are heard frequently at Hacienda, implying that the club is pursuing a philosophy. That's because Hacienda wants "to change the world," Andrew Sparksfire says. "We want more people to embrace sex-positivity because it changes peoples' lives when they walk through our door," he explains. "I honestly believe we can change popular culture one sex party at a time." >>

One way Hacienda differs from other sex clubs is that some of its members live on-site. Three people reside at the original Hacienda: Andrew and his wife Beth on the first floor and Andrew's girlfriend Effy on the second. Fifteen more live at the Hacienda Villa, spread over three well-appointed floors, while another nine call the Hacienda Lodge home. Lest anyone be confused that life at the Haciendas is nothing but endless orgies, allow one longtime resident to clarify: "Mostly around here we're doing laundry or making lunch," laughs René, a 34-year-old straight male who has lived at the Villa for four years. "I compare living here to the show *Friends*, where we're all just popping into each other's apartments all day long."

That's not to say René is looking for an entirely pedestrian lifestyle. Rather, he recognizes himself as being "emotionally polyamorous" and having a "high libido," so though René used to enjoy the intimacy of monogamy, he ended up at Hacienda because he found such traditional relationships "limited" his sexuality.

"I began to search for alternative relationship structures and discovered ethical nonmonogamy, and shortly thereafter I found these events," René explains. "One of the unique things I love about Hacienda is the opportunity I have to be fully self-expressed in my sexuality."

Kenneth Play is a Hacienda cofounder who has been attending events for eight years and who has lived at the Villa since it opened. But it's as a sex educator who leads many of Hacienda's workshops that the 38-year-old has made his name. Kenneth says he was once a "shy immigrant who didn't have the confidence or social skills" to be the person he wanted to be. He explains how he ended up at Hacienda: "In the beginning it was to explore my sexuality with like-minded people and figure out what I like and who I like to play with," Play says. "As it turns out, because of this environment and culture, I've built life-long friendships and found my chosen family."

Those concepts of "family" and sex also led a polyamorous brunette called Lady M to Hacienda. Today the comely 32-year-old lives at the Villa, where she met and married the man who would become her husband. Lady M said she'd always had her eyes out for an "intentional community" because she liked the "tribal feel" of them, so when a room became available at the Villa, Lady M leapt at the chance.

"This is like my chosen family," she says, repeating the phrase Kenneth Play dropped earlier. "It's different than how I grew up, Catholic, but we have a sex-positive culture here, and we honor and encourage each other to explore. It's so important to say things, not to repress them, and we tell each other stories that could otherwise be thought of as taboo in order to manifest them."

Lady M says that upstairs at the Villa is a treasure trove of sex books—what she calls a "pleasure-research lending library." Suddenly she rethinks something she'd said earlier: "Hacienda is not just a sex-positive culture," she clarifies. "Nay, we are sex-celebratory! We are living a sexual revolution here."

Celebrating sex is something HUSTLER has been up to since before most of the aforementioned libertines were born, so this intrepid reporter recently hopped the express train to Brooklyn to investigate the acolytes of the Hacienda scene. I had to know, were these people all talk and no action, all action and no talk or a perfect combination of the two? Only by embedding myself in the bowels of a Bushwick sex club could this brave correspondent know for sure, so that's what I did. I spent two evenings at Hacienda in Brooklyn, one at an innocent Flirty Fall soirée and the second attending a Forest of Fantasies party where shit was supposed to go down.

The Flirty Fall event was public—meaning tickets were sold and all welcome—but it would primarily be an innocent, if sexy opportunity to meet new people and expand the Hacienda universe. While the official invitation stated that "kink play" was welcome, it further explained that sex was actually not. The invitation further clarified that not only was sex off the table, but so was penetration itself, specifically banning any poking of the oral and genital varieties. Damn, the best kinds!

Didn't matter though, as the party was awesome. Crudité-filled platters filled the brownstone's kitchen island as a bikini'ed girl swung from a hoop attached to the ceiling. More than a hundred pretty people mingled, dressed in sweaters and leathers to honor the fall season, all making eyes and small talk while watching the front door: Who else was coming? In a basement that on other nights theoretically hosted orgies, a young man ran ice-breaker games and talked to guests about the importance of "consent." Next to him a black-haired beauty with a sparkling smile and a not-insignificant amount of cleavage offered a tutorial on erotic couples' massage, while next to her another stunner gave a live demonstration of "impact play" (think spanking, flogging, etc.).

In the upstairs living room stood a shirtless Kenneth Play, beginning his presentation to 40 or 50 people with the age-old question, "Who here has ever had any trouble with anal sex?" Shortly thereafter, as Kenneth continued with all that cornholing chitchat, massive movies of the man's sex tutorials began playing on the wall behind him, affording those present the opportunity to both listen to the live-version Kenneth educate them about anal while his movie-man doppelganger was either sharing a shower with one naked beauty onscreen or enthusiastically riding another.

At the BYOB bar people sipped drinks and flirted. In the hot tub topless girls lounged. On the patio couches near the fire pit a seductive blonde lay languorously atop a leather-and-chain-linked lad, while next to them a randy redhead with an impressive ass and a "Stay Single" tattoo explained why she was there. "I'm kinky on every level," she said nonchalantly. "I have a dungeon in my home, and I come here two or three times a year to find fellow, like-minded, kinky play partners."

A brown-haired, twenty-something

"searching for friends and dating" looked like she might be too innocent for that risqué soirée, but before that thought could even fully form in my head, her sweater was off and her delightfully big breasts out and free. Another woman sporting pigtails and a plaid skirt casually mentioned that she was going for the "schoolgirl thing" that evening, an admission that attracted several "naughty teachers." A girl with tattoos covering her limbs and combat boots on her feet wore only a sheer, floor-length wrap over a black bra-and-panty set, her outfit half-Annie Lennox and half-Annie Sprinkle but one hundred percent hot. In the living room Kenneth Play's presentation and movies were over, but Play was making out on the couch with one babe before taking a flogger to the hot, willing ass of another.

In sum, Hacienda's Flirty Fall party was a goddamn delight. Admittedly, there was no sex, and if one was nitpicking, he might point out the fact that at said party no one—no one at all!—got his dick sucked, but it would be nonetheless ungenerous to characterize the get-together as anything less than one hell of a fête.

The Forest of Fantasies was something altogether different. To begin with, it was a private event—meaning tickets were sold only to Hacienda members or their guests—and its official invitation did not preclude sex. Rather, the invitation specifically explained how one should go about disposing of used condoms at the party, thus implying pretty strongly that people were about to get laid.

It began as had the earlier event, with socializing and flirting, >>



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drinking and lounging, some hundred-odd people mingling in various stages of sexy undress, either draped in lingerie or dressed as sexy creatures of the night (think sultry Little Red Riding Hoods and burly lumberjacks). On the walls ran thematic porno movies, in all of them some serious fucking, but only as parts of serene, sylvan scenes. In one corner three nearly naked people danced like teenyboppers at a sock hop, while across the room a huge black man tried to sip a drink while wearing a massive fluffy unicorn head over his bean. Before giving a “consent speech” (encouraging people to enjoy an evening of “responsible hedonism” while also ensuring that everyone played by the rules), an adorable vixen dressed in a furry squirrel costume with a big fuzzy tail and an otherwise bare ass introduced herself as one of the club’s “frequent flyers.”

The tenor of the evening turned on a song when a lithe, young fire dancer took to the patio stage, her body adorned with only a tiny bikini and black boots, her hair wrapped in a head scarf and her face hidden behind what seemed to be a Juggalo mask. All one could see in the shadowy night was her shaking booty and the whites of her eyes, as she spun and whirled in front of the crowd, whipping balls of fire at the end of chains. It was a mesmerizing and seductive performance; the commingling of whooshing ass and blazing fire against a pulsing beat felt like a call to action.

The end of that flaming hot performance led directly to one big, sweaty orgy. In the middle of it all were the happily married Andrew and Beth, Hacienda’s king and queen, the former giving to the latter what could only be described as a royal fucking. Beside them, a mid-



dle-aged Indian dude and a Millennial black fellow were enjoying a hot white MILF. Next to them a hipster kid wearing a sparkly genie vest but no drawers had his ass up and his face down, about to embark on what would turn out to be a good hour’s worth of languorous cunnilingus.

From one side of the room a loud slap echoed: A white-haired older guy wearing heavy silver eyeliner was smacking his date hard on the ass, and though none of the watchers knew exactly how that lady might have transgressed, all felt sure that she deserved her punishment. A nubile younger woman with heavy breasts strolled naked through the room before stopping in front of a bearded guy with deer antlers glued to his head. Within seconds they were moving to a mattress to rut.

Moans chorused throughout the room, with the occasional squeal thrown in for punctuation. At one point a cry rang out—“Not my asshole!”—before those lovers had a whispered conversation to “re-negotiate the scope of their activities,” as per Hacienda’s official consent policy. A curvaceous white female lay naked on a circular bed, loudly moaning as not one but two random dudes digitally penetrated her, “one in the pink and one in the stink” as they say in the lingua franca of the scene.

A bearded black man who had entered the party wearing a dapper, raspberry-hued velvet suit was by that time naked on a couch, a sweet blond PAWG bouncing up and down on his dong.

In one corner of the basement the sexy squirrel who had given the consent speech had apparently agreed to be tied to a bondage bench and have her gorgeous ass flogged by a guy in a “liger” outfit (you know, half lion/half tiger), while next to them Lady M—she of the “living a sexual revolution” speech—was simultaneously cuddling and dom-

inating a thin young man in lilac women’s panties. René, the Villa resident with a penchant for polyamory and a “high libido,” was adorned in a sheer white blouse, white boy shorts and furry white knee-length leg warmers atop high-top gold sneakers. René said he’d been aiming to dress like a “white nymph in the forest,” but came across instead more like some Prince redux, a sexy imp exuding considerable charm. If earlier René had explained that what he loved about Hacienda was that it allowed him to “be fully self-expressed in his sexuality,” that ambiguous phrase was made more clear at the party when our hero entered a scenario where he—depending on your perspective—either made sweet, sweet love to a darling married couple or cuckolded the fuck out of some guy’s wife.

Andrew and Beth Sparkfire may have been too busy banging in their Forest of Fantasies to fully appreciate what they had wrought, but to this reporter’s eyes, it was a sight to behold: Hacienda was clearly a community of open, warmhearted and welcoming people who also liked to get together from time to time to do some filthy fucking. “We want to intentionally expand the community,” Beth had told me earlier. “We want to make this available to as many people as possible while also maintaining our values, whether that is practicing consent or respecting people’s kinks, sexual preferences or gender-expression preferences.”

“We want to create an environment where people can explore their sexuality and be authentic to who they are,” Andrew concluded, “always welcoming all gender and sexual orientations.”

HUSTLER most definitely approves.

For more information about the Hacienda lifestyle, check out WeAreHacienda.com. **H**