

Video

Girls at Play

Hungry Hearts. Produced by Debi Sundahl and Nan Kinney. 30 min.

by Wickie Stamps

Lesbian lust on celluloid, by and for lesbians, is a breakthrough in woman-to-woman sexuality. Before its emergence, we lived in a visual desert. But, when erotic videos flickered onto our VCR's, we drank in not mere milk toast lesbian affection but dyke passion.

Only baby steps away from home movies, dyke video makers have the gargantuan task of guiding this tottering genre. There is the "never enough monies;" our images are often blurred and muffled from

our lack of technical expertise (an arena only recently accessed by women—much less out lesbians); once produced, distribution drains the dregs of our labor power and our purses. Sexual oppression touches our lesbian starlets in a deeper place, as in the privacy of their own spirit, they do battle with a crushing moralism that screams aspersions while they unveil their lesbianism, their bodies, and their lust to dyke cameras and communities. As virgin viewers, we are right there with the crew, producers, and script makers. We are often embarrassed by their amateurish products and fight shame as they fumble and we experience our own lust. With rare exception, we are all learning by the seat of our garter belts.

The erotic price tag has been

high. There is a dearth of lesbian porn, and what's out there often sucks or barely scratches our diverse sexual itches. But we are unflappable (and ravenous for our cinematic selves). We keep skulking into video stores (or bullying our lovers into the dirty deed!) and slipping out with some visual morsel.

Hungry Hearts is our newest dish of lesbian erotica. Produced by San Francisco-based Fatale Video, one of a smattering of lesbian video makers, it is a veritable sexual pu pu platter. Wasting little on formalities, two executive-type fems dash away to an opulent hideaway. Barely in the door, they hop right into exhibitionism, sucking, spanking and pinching; they dabble in light bondage and butch up some of the action; there's even a smidgen of dominance/submission. This sexual medley is ladled from a variety of settings. They strip in foyers, romp on beds, play in tubs and fuck near crackling fires.

There are spicy delicacies in *Hungry Hearts*. The opening strip (both actresses are real life lesbian strippers) is damn good. Easily undulating to "I Want to be Your Sex Machine," the blond (with a body that won't quit) plays beautifully to the camera. Her pouty lips, bedroom eyes and serpentine grind are fucking dynamite. She's hot. The couple's subsequent frolic in bed, with its sweet pleas of "ooh, spank me," the obliging swats (and other knotted naughties) adds a nice non-vanilla twist. Then, on to some bathtub play, where wine is poured onto hardening nipples, tongues flick at strawberries and sponges scrub sweet bottoms. The "I want to serve you...suck me" repartee is tasty as is the eager-as-a-puppy cunt

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SPICEY DELICACIES

Pepper and Reeva in Hungry Hearts