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[The Pro Circuit] Those Filthy, Filthy Cowgirls



The rulebook for dyke and genderqueer porn continues to be rewritten, with an audaciousness that's almost a little scary.

When [interviewed last Spring](#) about her film [Strap-On Motel](#), Venezuelan-born, New York-raised, now Paris-dwelling filmmaker Maria Beatty mentioned that she was at work on [Post Apocalyptic Cowgirls](#), with Lydia Lunch doing music and spoken word audio. I HEART Lydia Lunch and Maria Beatty both, so I've been eagerly anticipating ever since, but when I got my grubby hands on it and popped it on the DVD player, this freaky dyke fuck flick took me totally by surprise. This is dirty stuff. If you think the beauty and grandeur of her previous movies defines Maria Beatty as a creator of art-porn, your eyebrows may go up pretty high when the pissing starts.

With *Cowgirls*, Beatty continues the cinema-verite odyssey she began in 2007 with [Skateboard Kink Freak](#) and [Sex Mannequin](#), but heads deeper into the noirish territory she broke into with *Motel*, taking it to the dusty plains of the American West rather than the sleazy confines of the down-and-outers motel. But in *Cowgirls*, Beatty heads deep into succulent perversion in a way even *Motel* didn't dare.

Its two punky-dykey stars, Surgeon and London, are smoking hot. Hardcore butch and hardcore femme collide like a primer-grey Lincoln Continental hitting pink Cadillac at 100 MPH on a desert road, and the chemistry between them explodes. The landscapes are gorgeous and for those of you who dig outdoor sex, it doesn't get any more outdoor than this. The post-apocalyptic theme is not reflected in a plot; rather, it's just simple girl-meets-cowgirl, in desert landscapes well into Mad Max territory, with luscious punk accoutrement. This is one stylish film.

And true to Beatty's promise, Lydia Lunch does the music and some spoken word, with other performers sitting in as well; the whole thing is postpunk deathabilly of exactly the sort you'd expect to hear on a desert road from Nowhere to Anywhere. It's gorgeous enough to stand on its own right, but here it's layered over hardcore sex in landscapes so rich you can smell the tumbleweeds and feel the hot wind.

But what really erupts out of *Cowgirls* is the filth — this is a dirty piece of pornography. Beatty is at her best here, so far out on the edge that it makes *Kink Freak* and *Mannequin* seem tame. *Cowgirls* features sex so intense it can't help but seem shocking even if you think you've seen it all. Beatty has always thrived on deviance and taboo, but here, intense fetishes are rendered not in moody transgression but in gonzo overdrive.

With an early scene of pissing and lactation, and a later scene of fisting — one of the most intense I've ever seen — *Cowgirls* covers territory that just a few years ago was considered totally off limits by American pornographers and commonly discussed among edge-sex aficionados as a couple of things commercial porn would never feature because of fear of prosecution.

But who gives a shit about that? Breaking taboos is what porn does, and nowadays it's not unheard of to find fisting in porn, and fairly easy to find pissing porn. What's notable is the way Surgeon pisses on London, parked on the side of the road and squatting over her face and squeezing milk from her tits down to mix with the piss. It is so over-the-top bizarre that it might seem like posturing if it didn't feel so savagely naturalistic. Before the curtain falls, you'll see gunplay, snakeplay, bondage, spanking — does she get off on pushing the edge? Who knows; it's all such kinky, fast-moving fun

that there's kinda no way for me, watching it, to groove on the taboo nature of everything because I'm so lost in the fast-moving sex.

Which is the ultimate aesthetic of *Cowgirls*: not the sun, not the sand, not the dust, not the flesh. It's the motion. *Cowgirls* is a road trip with petal to the metal.

Is it hot? It's smoking hot. Is it sex positive? You tell me; it embraces its kinks, and makes of them new turn-ons where none previously existed. In just under an hour of action, *Cowgirls* helps rewrite the rule book for hardcore indie dyke porn.

Thomas Roche blogs about mutant alien space spooge at Thomasroche.com.