

The JACK SHACK

Manly Porno Reviews from a Man Who Hates Porno

My pet pug, an ultra-hyper sloppy little girl named Cookie, awakes me every morning, climbing her little buff body onto my chest, standing on my throat, digging her claws into my larynx, and licking my face until it's impossible to sleep. It's cute, but it's also annoying. Recently she received her first menstrual period, and my tiny apartment looked like a slaughterhouse, especially the bed-sheets. She has this mystifying little protrusion which normally juts out of her snapper, a tiny jellybean-styled fleshy nub; when she was greeted with Eve's Curse, said nub swelled up to the size and color of a strawberry. It was caked in dried blood and gave off a foul, metallic, fishy smell. Did I mention that she barks a lot, too? Cookie manages to be cute, annoying, and repellent all at the same time.

Kinda like Bridget the Midget.

All three feet, ten inches of her.

During *Strap On Midget's* opening montage, a shot of an eager, manic Bridget in bed, flailing around atop a full-sized girl's chest, instantly reminded me of what my pug does to me every morning. Bridget is tiny like my pug. She is rough and graceless like my pug. And she has a DISGUSTING VAGINA, just like my cuddly widdle pug.

Nine or so months ago, there was talk around the office about flying me down to the Moonlite Bunnyranch in Nevada to fuck Bridget the Midget and then write about it. Since Bridget has a sexy gap in her teeth and would be able to blow me while we both were standing, I was more than willing to oblige. But at the time I had a rather jealous girlfriend, and my Midget Rendezvous never materialized. But I've finally managed to extricate myself from tiresome, constricting, boyfriend-and-girlfriend scenarios, and recently my thoughts turned once again to Bridget, that pint-sized fleshy lump o' fun. I thought of resurrecting my Midget Fuck story. I seriously pondered flying to Reno and plopping my penis straight into a midget's vagina.

This all came crashing down the moment I first laid eyes on that HORRIFYING SNAIL TWAT of hers. *Strap On Midget* offers no soothing soundtrack music, no muted camera focus, to blunt the gut-walloping pain that greets the viewer during those first awful frames which spotlight Bridget's splayed-open groin area. I am not stating this for effect, only to share a dreadful, dreadful truth with the reader, to hopefully try and exorcise—or at least *dim* somewhat—a ghastly image which is burned into my brain: the sight of Bridget's wee, miscolored vulva, with its two-tone lips and generally slimy appearance, caused me to scream, physically tremble, and even dry-heave during the entire sequence where a goofy, faggy tall guy performed the act of oral love upon her horribly uncomely genital region. A loose string dangling from her pull-up stockings onto her general, er, groinal area didn't help the visuals, either. Neither did a black-widow spider tattooed right above her bristly muff—it merely looked like it was walking into a spider's den where hundreds of other arachnids creepy-crawled around. Nor did the brown nimbus surrounding her butthole. I've seen a lot of disgusting things in my life—on many occasions, I've sought them out—but Bridget's disturbing midget cunt is right up there near the tippity-top.

There isn't even the pretense of a plot here—the title says it all. You get a midget with a strap-on, and very little in the way of a stunning narrative or emotional complexity. There is no foreplay, no annoying dialogue leading up to the sex. It's nice, actually.

Here's a sample of the verbal interaction:

Bridget: [with Faggy Guy's cock in her mouth]: "Mm-hmm?" ... *Faggy Guy*: Oh, yeah ... "Ha!" ... *Ha!* ... "Mm-hmm?" ... *Mm-HMM* ... "Mm-hmm?" ... *Aww, yeah* ... "Mm-hmm?" ... *Wheu!*

Bridget suddenly appears with a pink rubber strap-on dildo that is almost as large as Bridget. Faggy Guy sort of half-heartedly protests, but soon he's sticking

his legs back behind his ears bunny-rabbit-style and taking it in his faggy, acne-ravaged butt. The dildo makes a cringeworthy splatting sound when it enters his rectum. Bridget taunts him about his tight asshole. Her thrusts are disturbingly rough and eager, her little dinosaur arms flapping in syncopation with her munchkin pelvis. At one point, the camera zooms in on a what appears to be a smear of shit or blood near the dildo's tip. Faggy Guy grunts and groans in pain: "Stop! Stop!" but you know he loves it.

Bridget then wields the strap-on with a middle-aged woman who has a bird face and saggy tits and a hilariously outdated Rolling Stones "lick" tattoo on her flabby belly. Bird Woman has a foul Yonkers

STRAP ON MIDGET

Filmco / 2000 / Director: Morgan Load

Stars: Bridget "The Midget" Powers, Kathy Jones, Candy Cooze, Angi Wilson, Dick Nasty, Mr. Sexy

accent and wears rings, gold chains, and the always stylish Italian Gold Disco Horn Necklace. She looks as if she smells like sour boiled cabbage. Her moans of ecstasy sound somewhat like puking:

"BLAHHH! BLAHHH! BLECHHH!"

"What a big dick you have here, lady!" she barks at Bridget before proceeding to perform fellatio upon the inanimate phallus. She pretends it's a real dick, and Bridget pretends that having Bird Woman suck on the rubber implement feels good for her, too. Bird Woman makes exaggerated, surreal expressions as she bobs her head ostrich-style up and down on the huge phony tool. She laps at Bridget's plastic balls, too, feigning pleasure all the while.

Her rolls of fat are stacked like white tires, and her saggy jugs swing around with far too much ease and slackness. When Bridget goes down on her, it looks as if her face is buried in a vast white snowdrift.

And then, just like Bridget's twat had previously bum-rushed my eyeballs, there it is—a *hemorrhoid* on Bird Woman's ass, a pumpkin-seed-sized rectal inflammation in all its itchy splendor.

I realize I want to die.

Bridget's next strap-on victim is a blonde woman who appears to be approximately 800 years old. Her hair is peroxidized an eye-burning blonde, and her wrinkled lids are thickly smeared with butane-flame-blue eyeliner. Picture an old reptile with blue eyeliner and a Vince Neil wig, and you're getting close. Her visage bespeaks a lifetime of abuse, bad breaks, heartache, and blown chances.

Her veiny hands grab desperately at Bridget's rubber tool.

So old, so much waste, so many battle scars and tire tracks.

A foul human being all around. Her burnt-toast vagina

finally requires artificial lube in order to receive all of

Bridget's strap-on rubberiness.

The film ends with a straight hetero scene featuring a bald guy and a blonde woman with hard-shell coconut surgical tits. No Bridgets, no midgets, and no strap-on devices. He shoots it all over her face...THE END.

If your weary soul has been searching hi and lo for a video in which a female Little Person joyously fucks a guy's pimply ass with a strap-on dildo, look no further than *Strap On Midget*, another blockbuster of questionable taste from our friends over at Filmco. I don't know what they charge for these videos—we get them for free at the office. All I *know* is that I don't want any of these people to have orgasms EVER again. And all I *learned* is that Mother Nature sometimes makes mistakes.

The brother gets a new crib. He invites these fine sistas over to party. What do they do? *Piss all over the damn place. He don't mind, they fuck and suck him and his bro's til'll [sic] they dry!*

—Video box to *Sista's Gotta Piss*

Piss so frequently, it's a wonder I find the time to do anything else. There's a recent aimed-at-geriatrics TV commercial that claims you may have a problem if you urinate more than eight times within 24 hours. Fuck, there are times I urinate more than eight times an *hour*. What's wrong with me? Is it diabetes? Frickin' prostate cancer? Too much coffee? I really should see a doctor about this, but I'm scared.

Let's say I'm having sex, and let's just say the girl's on top and doesn't realize her thigh is pounding down on my bladder, and why don't we just say that I have to excuse myself, run to the bathroom with my hard cock boinging around, and beat that erection into submission so I can drain my bloated, itchy bladder? Are you with me?

Sex and urination have become hopelessly intertwined for me, so it was with great interest that I approached Filmco's *Sista's Gotta Piss* series. American race relations are also a personal obsession, if only for the comic potential. So you have me, a hyper-urinating race-obsessed porno reviewer, paired with a video series depicting fudge-colored L.A. hood-rat nubiles pissin' all over the damn place. Hey—you got sistas on my piss! No—you got piss on my sistas! It's two great tastes that taste great together!

The first *Sista's Gotta Piss* boasts a beautiful pair of twin slim Negresses with wild green eyes

SISTA'S GOTTA PISS

Filmco / 2001 / Director: MC Piss Hammer

Stars: The Twins (Chocolate & Mocha), Lola Lane, Skyy, Tony Eveready, Devlin Weed, Byron

SISTA'S GOTTA PISS 2

Filmco / 2001 / Director: MC Piss Hammer

Stars: Black Cat, Sierra, Diamond, Destiny, Dominico, Julian St. Jox, Tony Eveready

named Chocolate and Mocha.

In the opening segment, one of them (they aren't identified in the film) is shown pissing on the poolside cement of some lavish, my-man-sells-lotsa-crack, SoCal mansion. She



says her little piss puddle is her "autograph." She then leads her amiable male companion into a bedroom where, under very bright, very clinical lighting, they proceed to have sex while wacky, bongo-driven canary music chirps in the background.

Her partner is a heavy-lidded dreadlocked homeboy with a massive Scud-missile dong. His cock is so big, it scares you when you first see it. A mighty hammerhead shark. A giganto-choco-cock. A real rhinoceros. Much bigger than, say, the average human bowel movement. Naturally, he can't fit it all in her. He doesn't even get the lower part of the shaft wet. Lucky bastard.

Crouching on the bed, she gives him a looooooong blowjob while he stands at the bedside, as motionless as a bank teller. Later, as things heat up, a whitish paste forms on his armpits. Is that what blacks refer to as "duck butter"? Or is it more properly "pit butter"? And as the couple is flailing about athletically during intercourse, weird gummy white morsels start forming on his cock and her ass cheeks. Is *that* possibly "duck butter"? Or maybe it's a combination of "nut butter" and "twat butter." Whatever it's called, I say "hats off!" to the blacks for their bodies' natural-born self-lathering capabilities.

The green-eyed twin suddenly interrupts their coupling to run outside and piss. They finally resume fucking, his pachydermal nutsac tightens, and he dumps a huge load of tapioca pudding on her brown cheeks.

It is around this time when I realize I have to pee.

The next segment begins with a chubby black girl at the same poolside, looking off-camera and squirting a bold, high-arc'd yellow stream from her snatch. It's unsettling how the piss comes out in a solid projectile as with males. It looks like it's coming out of a dick, only there's no dick there. I sort of thought that with chicks, piss sort of sprayed outwardly, or maybe it just dribbled down their legs or something.

A shaven-skulled hi-yella brudda with convict-style tattoos approaches the errant urinatrix and reprimands her about piddling on his property. He then whips out his dingy and begins pissing, too, just to show her how wrong it is. This excites her. She explains that she pissed outside because it was such a beautiful day, which seems fair enough to me. She even offers to clean it up. They repair into the house.

The wide-eyed strawberry then gives him a blowjob while sensuous guitars strum on the soundtrack. She then blurts out a piss stream *Exorcist*-style on his hardwood floor while blowing him. "Why'd you do that shit!?" he asks, and she just keeps sucking his knob without answering. "*Sista's jus' gots ta piss, dat's why,*" is what her silence seems to convey.

I pause the tape and run into the bathroom to drain my main vein. Roughly a quart of foamy yellow pee-pee gushes from my Love Faucet.

More scenes, more urinating Negresses, more black blowjobs and black intercourse. Another chubby black girl with vulva-enshrouding lingerie pisses in the kitchen sink. She sports hanging tits with nipples the size of chocolate donuts. There's a possible cesarean scar. Like prior segments, this one's extraordinarily sparse on dialogue. Black dude walks up. Braids and sagging jeans, big belly. He strips down to sneakers and socks. She blows him. Together they engage in Negroidal coitus, her balloonish boobs bobbling in syncopation with their thrusting. He shoots a very tiny load on her face.

The first *Sista's* was apparently such a raging success, its sequel was released less than two months later. The pattern is the same as with the first film: A black woman pisses, is scolded, then becomes suddenly aroused and engages in 45 minutes of sucky-fucky. The sequel features a scene of a black man eating a black woman's pussy, a phenomenon so apparently rare that some had relegated it to the realm of urban legend. But mostly it's lots of blowjobs and very little cunnilingus, which is the way I suspect it is with most couples.

I must take this opportunity to complain about the general level of poor spelling within the black porn industry. I mean, sometimes I realize it's for effect...to be "cool," to be "ghetto," to be "hippity-hop" or whatever...but other times I have to conclude that some of these dumb fudgesicles simply can't spell, especially when they spell the SAME THING different ways. For example, while the film is called *Sista's Gotta Piss* on the box, it's *Sista's Gotta Piz* on the actual film's credits. Likewise, it's *Sista's Gotta Piss 2* on the box and *Sista's Gotta Pee Too!* on the credits. And performers identified as Devlin and Chocolate on the screen credits are called Delvin and Chocolate on the box. And what's up with the apostrophe in "Sista's?" Do they *know* it's wrong? Do they care? It's a disgrace, and such lackadaisical attitudes only tend to drag their people down, especially after everything they've been through. The black porn industry would be wise to spell-check their creations.

I should note that I was unable to make it through either film without having to pause the videotape and go piss.

Sistas gotta piss...and so's do I!

As *Airtight Granny* begins, a written disclaimer states that all actors are 18 years of age or older.

NO SHIT!!!

“Gerontophilia” is a clinical term describing a sexual fetish for the elderly, and judging from the near-constant flaccid state of this video’s male participants, none of them are afflicted with it. Almost all of this film’s drama hinges around the visible struggle of nearly a dozen fat, balding, sallow studs vainly trying to maintain their erections. One guy never takes off his underwear; he just lets his cock poke through the cotton and looks very uncomfortable being there. Another is naked except for his wristwatch and eyeglasses—classy! The men keep lazily massaging their bread loaves throughout the video, rubbing sweat off their faces and looking bored. Their intensely glum disinterest is so strong, it’s nearly edible.

The *Granny* of the title is one “Jenette,” a shrieking harpy whose naked body looks like it belongs to a plucked, anemic bird. Her saggy flesh hangs like gray elephant skin. Jenette claims to be 72 years old. I’m sure she was a hottie some-time long, long ago, back when Mickey Rooney was a big film star. But time is kind to no one, and Granny stands as Exhibit A.

Wearing tasteful pearl earrings, a pearl necklace, and sheer white leggin’s, Granny is spunky, sassy, eager to please, possibly drunk, and so old that nothing short of Carbon-14 dating would be able to determine her exact age.

I’m unsure what the “Airtight” in the title refers to, but it surely can’t be any of Granny’s orifices. Her sloppy twat and saggy ass don’t seem particularly snare-drum tight as they slosh around on one dry, brownish cock after the next. In fact, big veiny rigs slide in and out of her

Hilariously plastic electronic “Peach Pit”-style rubbery fake ’50s music, replete with farting saxophones and lotsa deep “ooma-ooma-oomas” and falsetto “ya-ya-ya-yis,” bubbles in the background while these disinterested cocks put Granny through the motions. One guy bends his pimply ass over for Granny to eat as burly male voices sing “bop-shoo-waddy-waddy-bop” on the soundtrack.

The producers apparently didn’t budget enough for the music, because several tunes get repeated near the flick’s end.

Granny shares her life with us through these revealing comments:

- “People are too serious. Life is too short. You must smile all the time.”
- “I don’t go to church, because I don’t believe in church. My church and my spirit is in my heart.”
- “The monster is in my ass!”
- “You guys enjoyin’ yourselves?”
- “Anybody like their butt eat out? Oooh, I love it! It’s a very sensual thing for a man, having that done....It’s a very sensuous spot.”
- “Get down to the bottom of the pit!” [while being ass-fucked]

AIRTIGHT GRANNY

Filmco / 2001 / Directed by Morgan Load
Stars: Jenette “The Promiscuous [sic] Granny”, Will Savage, Paco Pasquel, John Janiero, Arnold Schwarzenpecker, Talesin, Dick Nasty, Titus, Blake Palmer, Claudio, Hunk Hollywood

- “God Bless America!” [before shoving a fat dick in her mouth]
- “What a sweetheart!” [after someone spooges on her face]
- “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.” [taking one in the mouth and one in the ass simultaneously]
- “Oh, boy, he’s sweaty!” [after burying her face in a guy’s ass]
- “We got the German helmet at attention!”
- “Fuck my ass, you asshole! Fuck it good, you asshole!”
- “I wear [size] seven-and-a-half gloves—for a woman, that’s large.”
- “All women should have my attitude. It’s a shame.”
- “I’ll never get old, you guys. I’ll always be young!”

WRONG, Granny. You’ll NEVER be young again. You’ll always be old...or dead.

At one point, the director’s voice is heard joking about one of the actors having a sesame seed on his dick, and it’s that sort of cheap lowbrow moment which summarizes the festivities. When one guy starts smacking Granny on the head with his *schvanz*, it’s appropriately degrading. While sucking cock, Granny makes several disturbing “mm-mm” and “nummy-nummy” sounds. She explains that she loves when men splat their money shots all over her body, because cum serves as an anti-wrinkle cream. My only advice is MORE CUM, Granny, because it ain’t workin’! Closeups repeatedly feature Granny’s terrifyingly old face smooching at the camera and wagging her tongue. Half-hard cocks comically try squashing inside her holes like slimy ferrets seeking a burrowing den.

The director apparently realizes that the film would be about three months long if it were left up to Granny to satisfy everyone, because the last few minutes consist of a series of fully hard cocks, apparently stimulated by something other than Granny, running up to her and dumping their goop on her face. The final shots of a dazed, cum-splattered Granny staring into the camera bear the queasy unease of a snuff film. And then, as Granny’s talking—I LOVE THIS!—she’s cut off in MID-SENTENCE, and the phrase “THE END” bounces onto the screen. It’s a fittingly disrespectful gesture toward an old tart who deserves nothing less.

It’s hard to be sex-positive about this film. Some people shouldn’t have sex. Some people should stay clothed. Sex and death are exciting. Sex and old age are merely disgusting. Everyone gets old and dies, but most of us don’t do it on camera. With the Graying of America, we all face an important choice: to grow old gracefully, or to thrash about under hot video lights, squawking dockyard-hooker obscenities while our ancient, melted-candle-wax bodies try without much success to keep nearly a dozen bored donkeys fully erect.

There can’t be a God, because He wouldn’t allow things such as this septuagenarian gang-bang to exist. Same goes double for Goddess. When you are exposed to something such as this, you are permanently tainted. You can never really wash it all off. If Granny’s grandkids have any sense, they’d have her committed immediately.

In past installments of *The Jack Shack*, I’ve written about mutant hardcore porn—urinatin’ Negresses, cock-gobblin’ grandmas, and strap-on midgets.

Before I progress to amputee gang-bangs and colostomy-bag splash-fests, I figure it’s time to take a break and go to the other extreme—this month, we’re gonna dim the lights and bring you some softcore. Some fluffcore, if you will.

“Nudie-cutie” is a term describing what were typically short, silent films from the 1940s through the 1960s in which women gradually removed their undergarments while fluttering their eyelashes, acting coy, and looking off-camera for further instructions. These films betoken a simpler, more wholesome time in our cultural history, back when it was a culturally significant event to see an onscreen nipple in all its nippy naughtiness, back before all the important First Amendment battles were fought, back before creeps like me came along to jeopardize *all* our freedoms. But times change like the wind blows, and when the floodgates opened for clinical hardcore porn in the late 1960s, the nudie-cuties were rendered extinct.

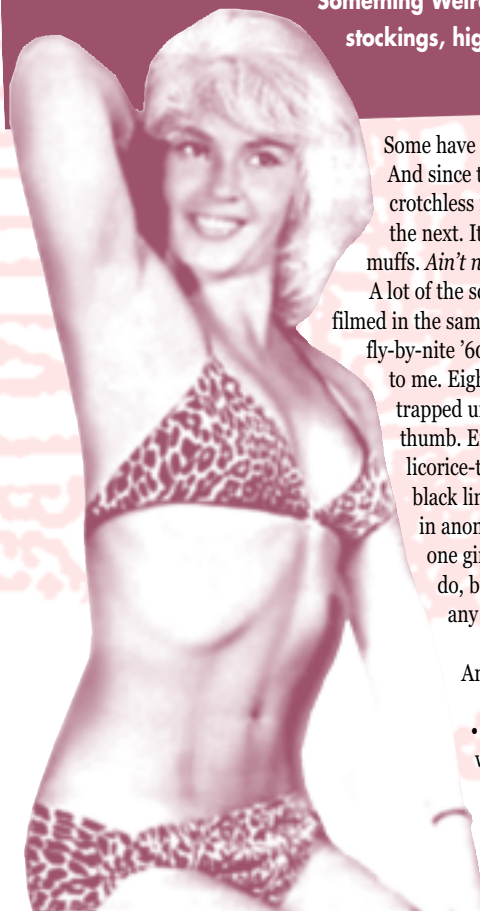
Something Weird Video claims to have released 50 two-hour tapes—100 FUCKING HOURS—of nudie-cutie reels onto VHS, and if the 18 girls in this tape can be considered an average haul, that means this series features about 900 garter-wearing, red-lipped, crazy-bouffanted, high-heeled, big-bushed chickie-o’s grinding and putting to dangerous lowlife jazzy cocktail music and hair-burning psychedelic shag-outs.

It’s nice that these gals lived back in an era when things were FILMED, because video makes everyone look as if they’re undergoing chemotherapy. Film brings out a lushness which video only bleaches away. It also probably makes a lot of these girls’ bruises, scars, birthmarks, moles, and cellulite look less scary.

Judging from the bulletproof beehives, I’d place the girls from Volume 50 somewhere firmly in the mid-1960s. A lot of these girls have no natural grace, rhythm, or screen presence. They all have lumpy asses and bellies of varying sizes.

NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS, AND PEEPS, VOL. 50

Something Weird Video / 1995 / Stars: 18 hot 1960s mamas with beehive hairdos, black stockings, high-pump heels, false eyelashes, natural tits, and big bushes



Some have mottled skin and huge noses. And since this is the ’60s, those that go crotchless reveal one Gigantor muff after the next. It’s an assembly line of super muffs. *Ain’t nuttin’ wrong wit’ dat!* A lot of the scenes look like they were filmed in the same hotel room, and the idea of fly-by-nite ’60s cutie-porn is oddly exciting to me. Eighteen sexually repressed girls trapped under the patriarchy’s evil dirty thumb. Eighteen girls with teased-up hair, licorice-thick false eyelashes, and sinful black lingerie jigglin’ their lumpy tushes in anonymous motel rooms. There isn’t one girl among the 18 that I wouldn’t do, but I’m notorious for not having any standards.

Among my favorites:

- An Italian-looking pickled olive with giant black-snowflake eyelashes, dangling gold earrings,

The JACK SHACK

tight brown beehive, and shiny red pumps. She wriggles around on a beautiful pearly-white wedding-cake-ornate bed, playing with a surreally large giant green hat.

• Two black-stockinged topless girls teasing one another with feather dusters. One of them is a dead ringer for my brother’s first wife: short peroxidized hair teased upward, large nose and tits, and beautiful dark circles under her eyes. Her play-partner is a chunky, apple-faced redhead. They seem highly embarrassed to have been placed in this *faux*-lesbo scenario, and I find their embarrassment highly arousing.

• A monkey-faced white girl with razor-sharp Bettie Page black bangs, diamond-patterned black fishnets, and gigantic psychotic black eyes. Her tits are proud and forceful as they hover over a skinny rib cage, and she just about slams those tits into the camera. She grinds around on a plaid sleeping bag looking like she knows how to squirm around on a dick right proper an’ all. And just when I’m thinking that she looks like she shot up a spoonful of smack about ten seconds before filming, there they are—TRACK MARKS on her arm! Maybe this IS hardcore porno!

• Another stoned-looking prom girl wearing a silver-lamé party dress. She has a shiny forehead framed by straight, long, greasy, parted-in-the-middle hair. She yanks off the party dress quickly to reveal feisty little Reese’s Cup tits and proceeds to writhe around on a bed, her eyes rolled up in the back of her head as if she’s having a bum trip. When she finally removes her sheer-red panties,



she reveals the best bush of the bunch—a thick perfect V. It is the sight of this bush which finally sends me to the bathroom to relieve some tension. After four *Jack Shacks*, finally I stumble across something which impels me to pleasure myself. Nice goin’, ’60s girls!

These girls are probably all dead or unfuckable now, but I dig their crazy style. This is back before girls wore T-shirts and sweatpants, back when they put a lot of attention into girl stuff—hair, makeup, undergarments, and high heels. I realize I’m weird, but I think these broads are so much hotter than the alien mannequins who pass for porn stars these days. They’re a step closer to the animals, and I can almost smell their jungle funk wafting off the screen. If you’re like me, and you like girls who look more like monkeys than androids, this film is for you. There are no tattoos, piercings, fake boobs, or shaved beavers here. The word “empowerment” hadn’t even been coined yet. The phrase “sex-positive” didn’t exist. This was back before women realized they were able to have orgasms and all the trouble that erupted after THAT fateful event.



“If you’re like me, and you like girls who look more like monkeys than androids, this film is for you.”