

A Night of Furversion

by Con Chapman

Another subject of interest is "furverts"--"individuals who engage in sexual activity while dressed in animal costumes." Review of "Sex and the University," The Wall Street Journal



Caught in the act

It was Sunday night, and I had to get out of the house. Another lost weekend in the suburbs. Drinks and dinner the night before, then our weekly excuse for sex, or what passes for sex after twenty-five years of marriage between a man and a woman who refuses to satisfy her husband's needs. She says she meets me halfway. Once in a blue moon she'll put on an ermine stole before climbing into bed, but only reluctantly, half-heartedly. I want--no, I *need*--a woman who'll go all the way.

"I'm going out," I say, and I pretend to ignore her simpering reply "You won't be late, will you?" I'm too agitated to palaver with her and I don't want to waste time concocting excuses. I need to get to the Combat Zone, before all my favorite animals are taken.

"She's nice, but where are the fisher cats?"

I pull off the MassPike and cruise through Chinatown until I reach Boston's world-famous red light district. A woman tottering on spike heels in a bear suit approaches my car, and I roll down the window.

"You looking for a little 'wildlife' tonight?" she says, speaking in code so that the vice squad will have a harder time making a charge of solicitation stick.

"What are you, a grizzly?" I ask, playing along while my car is stopped at a light.

"Take me baby, I ain't no endangered species."

I look her over. Nice, but not exactly Sierra Club calendar material. "Sorry, baby. I'm into polar bears or nothing at all."



Fisher cat: "Oh yeah--do it baby!"

"Suit yourself," she says without emotion, and moves on to the next suburban john that she spots.

It's been a tough week, and frankly, I'm looking for the rough stuff tonight. Mink? No, methinks. Foxfur? Not fur me. Chinchilla? Not much of a thrill.

What I have in mind is something really wild. A marmot, perhaps, or even a . . .



Marmot: "You lookin' for some action?"

I catch myself. I can't believe I'm even thinking about . . . getting it on with a fisher cat!

Yes, the solitary, crepuscular mammal known to Native Americans as the pekan, pequam or wejack, which closely resembles a European polecat. A fierce and indiscriminating predator, an agile climber. The word "fisher" doesn't refer to their diet. It's a French corruption--*fitchet*--of the Dutch word *visse* which means--"nasty." *That's* what I need to satisfy the hunger within me!

I turn down Washington Street and--there she is! She's young--fisher cats reach sexual maturity in just one year--and tawdry, her pelt mottled from the summer heat. Just the way I like 'em! She spots the World Wildlife Fund sticker in my rear window and is on me like a fruit fly on a canteloupe rind.

"Hey baby," she says as I roll down my window. "You lookin' for a real animal?"

The hairs on the back of my neck are standing on end, I want her so badly. "Yes," I say. "How much?"

"Depends. What you looking for?"

I know I *look* like a mild-mannered guy, but deep within me lies the soul of a porcupine. Fisher cats are one of the few predators that will attack a porcupine--that's what I want.

"I want you to flip me on my back and scoop out my belly like a ripe melon, the way you do with porcupines," I say.

She bristles. "I may be a whore, but I'm not sick," she says with visible disgust.

"Oh please," I say, rolling my eyes. "You've got a lot of nerve, strutting your stuff on the streets, then getting all self-righteous with me."

She is angry now. "Look, you weasel . . ."

"Coming from a polecat, that's a compliment."

"Fisher cats have been featured in at least four works of fiction, including *The Blood Jaguar* by Michael Payne and *Winter of the Fisher* by Cameron Langford. There's even a children's book--*Ereth's Birthday*--about a fisher named Marty."

"Give . . . me . . . a . . . break!"

"It's by Avi, who won the freaking Newbery Medal!"

Just my luck. Some guys pick up a whore with a heart of gold. I have to find one who's hung up on literary prizes.

"All right, then. How much for the usual?"



"I just bite you repeatedly in the face? Fifty bucks. And you got to wear a dental dam."

