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If there’s any act more flagrantly repellent to mainstream sensibilities than bestiality, I’d like to know what it is, ’cause I’ll write an article about it. OK, maybe child sexual slavery or racially motivated crimes involving chains and pickup trucks, but that’s about it. Aside from those banner-grabbing atrocities, bestiality pretty much takes the cake, eats it, and belches.

I will state for the record that I am an animal-lover to a degree which at its worst borders on a mental disorder and which at the very least is sort of gay and embarrassing. However, I am not sexually attracted to any beasts of the field, nor any domestic ones for that matter. I have never engaged in penetrative sex, whether aggressively or receptive, with any creature that could not at least vocalize the names of its parents. There was the incident when, at age fourteen and comically horny, I unsuccessfully tried to get my brother’s dachshund to blow me, but I’ve written about that elsewhere, so I think I’ve atoned for that. But apart from that regrettable blot on my otherwise spotless record of high ethics and clean living, I have never touched an animal’s genitals nor had mine touched by one, unless it was accidentally.

So although I cannot empathize with the sort of person variously referred to as a zoophile, a bestialist, or a zoosexual in terms of carnal aesthetics and personal predilections, I will, like the bold, fast-digging, swashbuckling journalist that I am, attempt to understand the arguments both in support of and against the lifestyle, especially as it relates to me, because in the end, it all comes back to me.

MAN HAS BEEN FUCKING ANIMALS since before the dawning of history, and it seems that as soon as he was able to chisel two words onto stone, he started writing about fucking animals. A 10,000-year-old Italian cave painting clearly shows a man with a full-on raging bone-bone standing behind a doe. Swedish wood carvings from three millennia ago depict various tawdry acts between humans and other mammals. The ancients speak of “sacred goats” servicing Egyptian women while Egyptian men did the “Crocodile Rock”; of monkeys and baboons trained to show a good time to Middle Eastern clients; and of beasts ranging from giraffes to cheetahs copulating with unwilling women and children in the Roman circuses.

The Old Testament, however, mandates the death penalty to any man who “lies with a beast,” and the tradition continued into the Middle Ages, where male beast-fuckers, female “witches,” and all of their hapless animal victims were burned at the stake for “bumpin’ uglies.” In modern America, nearly all states have laws which forbid human-sexual contact—either outright or at least in cases involving cruelty.

Extending from ancient times into the present, the reasoning behind such prohibitions rested on the idea that humans were inherently superior to animals and thereby soiled themselves by engaging in sexual congress with lower life forms. It wasn’t until very recently that anyone gave a fuck about the animals’ feelings in all this.

Pornographic depictions of bestiality have come a long way from the cave paintings. With little effort, the enquiring mind is able to view “Hot Zoo Porn” where naked human nymphs suck off pachyderms and dry-hump four-foot horse cocks. And my recent visit to pro-bestiality message board beastforum.com (it was for research purposes only, although I shouldn’t have to tell you that) revealed they’d hosted 598 unique visitors within the past twenty minutes.

BESTIALITY’S OPPONENTS will trot out an impressively nauseating toilet-paper-roll-length list of man’s sexual inhumanity to nonhumans: Nazi soldiers forcing Jewish women to hump dogs; chicken-fuckers who rip off the fowl’s head at the moment of orgasm because it enhances their climax when the bird’s anus spasms; horse testicles ripped from their owners; and little baby monkeys who will never know the rewards of a meaningful, nurturing physical relationship with a member of their own species.
Whenever they mention a case of human-animal sexual contact, it is within the implicit framework that the human assaulted the animal. They will tell you, and I quote, “Not all cases of animal sexual abuse will involve physical injury to the animal, but all sexual molestation of an animal by a human is abuse.” They reason that an animal can in no way consent to a sexual act in the full, overwrought, dripping-with-meaning manner in which humans typically approach it.

At every turn, they will compare zoophilia to pedophilia. They will also eagerly exploit deep-rooted stereotypes of zoophiles, depicting them as disturbed, ugly, maladjusted sexual predators engaging in unnatural acts which threaten to crumble our civilization to the point where there will be no more cell phones, convenience stores, or homespun spaghetti dinners at the local firehouse. And above all else, they will appeal to the innate distaste shared by an estimated 95-99% of our population which declares that human-animal sex-play is intensely icky.

THE DEFENDERS OF BESTIAL RELATIONS point out that the American Psychiatric Association no longer classifies sheep-schuppers as inherently disturbed. They’ll guide you to recent studies suggesting that zoophilia is a legitimate sexual orientation just like homosexuality. They assert that not only aren’t humans degraded by interactions of any sort with animals, they might actually learn a thing or two from them about honor and nobility.

They’ll argue that consent is evident in the Chihuahua who humps your leg...or the mare who doesn’t kick out your teeth when you vaginally penetrate her...or the German Shepherd who doesn’t rip out your throat when you assay a hand job on him. And they’ll remind you, even though you really would prefer not to think about these things, that they always make sure the animal has an orgasm, too.

They’ll argue that it’s no worse to vaginally penetrate a cow than to corral her into a slaughterhouse, murder her, and eat her. In fact, they’d argue it’s far better, at least as far as the cow is concerned, to eat her out rather than to eat her.

“We seek to reach a state close to full equality with our animals,” states one zoophile’s manifesto. Starr-eyed sanctimony abounds in the literature of bestialist self-justification. Animal-human sex, despite its rancid odor, somehow conjures an Edenic wonderland that radiates spiritual purity to these folks.

Zoophiles are eager to distinguish themselves from abusive “zoosadists” who either actively torture animals or show little interest in committing to long-term, mutually supportive relationships with them. They also caution against sex with smaller animals, since the heightened plug-to-socket ratio increases the possibility of pain for the creature. But if some lonely biochemist wants to go snorkeling and fuck a blue whale, will the animal really be any worse for wear and tear?

FOR KENNETH PINYAN, SIZE DEFINITELY MATTERED. He made worldwide headlines in 2005 after being horse-fucked to death at a farm in rural Enumclaw, WA. The act was videotaped, as were hundreds of hours of similar acts that transpired before police raided the farm in the wake of Pinyan’s colon-popping ass-murder. But according to a brief snippet of videotape which I had supposedly achieved some measure of physical satisfaction from the tragedy.

Officials noted that the horse was not harmed during the incident. They were also befuddled about exactly how to proceed legally, because at the time Washington had no anti-bestiality laws.

Because I am a being who possesses a rare form of highly advanced morality, I cast no judgments on Kenneth Pinyan nor anyone who has non-coercive, non-abusive sex with other vertebrates. Although I personally deem such acts to be both highly repugnant and extremely funny, I have ascended through enough tiers on the karmic plane that I withhold making juvenile condemnations of people I’ve never met and whose actions did not affect me. I will, however, say this: Although my twenty-pound dog has an extremely intimate relationship with a mule on their farm named “Muffin.” The husband, 55-year-old Husamettin Karake, kept the male and commented, “It’s beautiful and does not nag.”
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Dear Underground,
The other night, my boyfriend and I were in a hot and heavy round of sex, and he bit my neck. Not like the normal love bites he normally had given me, but really REALLY hard. I squealed at first, but when he pulled back, I saw my own blood on his lips. I freaked the fuck out and got my clothes on while cussing him out the whole time, then left. By the time I got home, he had already sent me a very apologetic email explaining his actions. Apparently he’s into something called “blood sports.” He said he had shared this fetish with the girl he was with before me and was hoping he might be able to get me into it. I really like/liked this guy, but this kinda stuff is way over my head. I asked my girlfriends about it and they all think he’s a freak and that I should tell him to fuck off. Any suggestions?
—Bloody Confused

AERYN SAYS:
Well, the first question I have for you is whether or not the “girl he was with” before you still has a pulse or not. Playing in blood is one thing; gnawing and sucking on the jugular like a fat kid on a frozen Charleston Chew is another thing. I’d be concerned if it really is the blood that he’s into or if it’s that he’s a little too aggressive in the mouth department. If he’s into biting, then throw away all of his cheesy vampire movies and bad Gothic art and flick him in the testicle with a sharp fingernail every time he goes overboard with the jaw action. I’m sure he’ll stop. If he doesn’t stop, then just duct-tape a T-bone steak to your neck before your make-out sessions and let him go at it. Ball gags work, too, and you might want to try using one for your prude friends the next time they tell you not to get kinky. If it’s the blood he’s into and not the pain, then I don’t see there being a problem! I mean, AIDS and blood pathogens were SOOO 1986. So, after you dump your friends, why not rev the engine of this pseudo-vamp? Open up the floodgates and tease this kinkster of yours! Appease his carnal longings for your iron-induced juice while he’s at work by making him a thermos of tea during that time of the month using one of your saturated tampons. Hell, you’ve got daily tablespoons of red ambrosia just waiting to be secreted on this guy’s face every month. Every girl admits to being a little more horny when you’re on the rag, so why not have your boyfriend looking like Ronald McDonald? Any man that can sport a crimson chin is a good man in my book. One thing you have to consider is how awesome of a lubricant blood makes. It’s already underneath the surface, so why not have it above? Sport those red wings of glory and be proud that you’re using what nature gave you. You might want to consider getting a few backup sets of sheets and some bleach also. In any case, if he tries to get blood from you elsewhere, then this guy’s a razor blade away from getting the cops called once you show up at work with bite marks and such. Compromise with the monthly “liquid blessing.” Besides, it’s not blood—it’s war paint.

First of all, nobody calls it “blood sports” anymore. That term started going out of style back in 1988 with the unfortunate release of the movie Bloodsport starring Jean-Claude Van Damme. Everyone I know in the BDSM community calls what your boyfriend was doing “blood play.” Notice that word “play” in there? It’s important because it implies that even though it might hurt, everyone involved is supposed to be enjoying it, which clearly you were not.

As fetishes go, blood play is not uncommon—a surprising number of people enjoy it. It can involve just about any object that can draw blood to the surface of the skin, from hypodermic needles and scalpels to fingernails and teeth.

If you’ve ever done any SM, you can probably understand the appeal of blood play. Basically it’s about playing with the same kind of boundaries you play with in other types of SM—pain, body-marking, physicality, trust, etc. The thing is, though it’s not all that uncommon of a fetish, it is a pretty advanced kind of play to get involved in. A person really needs to know what the fuck they’re doing before they start making their partners bleed all over the place.

Besides obvious infectious diseases, none of which are fun, there are other things that can make blood play more dangerous than ol’ run-of-the-mill SM (if there is such a thing). First, there are places on the body that are more dangerous to cut or bite than others. Also, some people can have extreme physiological reactions to bleeding, reactions that could require immediate medical attention if they occurred. Having the right information (and tools) for blood play helps you ensure that you and your partner will be able to enjoy it again and again without having to sacrifice anyone’s health in the process.

Your boyfriend sounds pretty ignorant of the “do’s and don’ts” of this kind of play. But what is far morrisome to me than his ignorance is the fact that he tried to spring his kink on you without any communication or preparation—and without your consent. At least he called you to apologize and explain himself. Hopefully that means he realized it was a shitty thing to do. Next time, before the two of you start playing, you should talk about this fetish and share the needs, thoughts, and the concerns both of you have. If after that you decide you’d like to experiment with it, you both need to do some research. I suggest taking a workshop at the Seattle Sex-Positive Community Center (www.WetSpot.org). There is just no substitute, in my opinion, for hands-on observation and training, and that’s a good place to find it.

BC, I know that you had a pretty lame first experience with blood play, but with the right info and tools, trying it out can be interesting and safe, even if you decide that it’s not your thing in the end. And who knows—you might like it! If you don’t, however, and he continues to want to do it, then you have a few options: 1) He can give it up; 2) You can give him permission to do this kind of play with other people (which is a whole other article in itself); or 3) You guys need to go your separate ways and find other partners that are more kink-compatible. Now arm yourself with information, and I think the right choice for you will seem a lot more clear. Good luck!
Besides, it's not blood—it's war paint. and such. Compromise with the monthly "liquid blessing." The cops called once you show up at work with bite marks from you elsewhere, then this guy's a razor blade away from getting you. You might want to consider getting a few backup sets of wings of glory and be proud that you're using what nature gave underneath the surface, so why not have it above? Sport those red a crimson chin is a good man in my book. One thing you have to worry about if your boyfriend looks like Ronald McDonald? Any man that can sport a little more horny when you're on the rag, so why not have your secreted on this guy's face every month. Every girl admits to being a pseudo-vamp? Open up the floodgates and tease this kinkster of blood he's into and not the pain, then I don't see there being a reason for you to stay with him. If it's the blood sports. He said he had shared this fetish with the girl he was with before me and was hoping he might be able to get me into it. I really like/liked this experience very much, but I'm not sure if it's worth it for me. I really like/liked the girl he was with before me and was hoping he would take me on as his girlfriend. The other night, my boyfriend and I were in a hot and fast sex session, but the next morning he said he was going to be a little too concerned if it really is the blood that is a turn-on for him. Chew is another thing. I'd be concerned if it really is the blood that is a turn-on for him. If he's into biting, then throw away your normal love bites he normally had given me, but really hurt, everyone involved is supposed to be enjoying it, which clearly is not happening in this case. If he's into or if it's that he's a little too extreme, then leave him. If he of the whole time, then left. By the time I got home, he had already started going out of style back in 1988 with the unfortunate release of the movie Damme. Everyone I know in the BDSM community calls what he's doing "blood play." Notice that word "play" in the context of sex. It's important because it implies that even though it might hurt, everyone involved is supposed to be enjoying it, which clearly is not happening in this case. If he's into biting, then throw away your normal love bites he normally had given me, but really hurt, everyone involved is supposed to be enjoying it, which clearly is not happening in this case. If he's into or if it's that he's a little too extreme, then leave him. If he of the whole time, then left. By the time I got home, he had already started going out of style back in 1988 with the unfortunate release of the movie Damme. Everyone I know in the BDSM community calls what he's doing "blood play." Notice that word "play" in the context of sex. It's important because it implies that even though it might hurt, everyone involved is supposed to be enjoying it, which clearly is not happening in this case. If he's into or if it's that he's a little too extreme, then leave him. 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Birdi

See these incredible women on the web at pdxblackbook.com

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Maricon’s is the name of a gay strip club housed in a small Quonset hut with a thatched roof on the dusty outskirts of Tijuana. Out here among the bumpy sand dunes and rusted vehicles that scar the landscape, bronze-skinned young naked gay males have been dancing to the delight of pasty American and German sex-industry tourists for over three decades. Maricon’s is renowned for featuring the world’s first (and longest-running) all-male donkey show. One of Maricon’s most popular dancers is Pantero, famous for his ability to pop a steel cap off a beer bottle with his anus. Pantero commands top dollar for his fifteen-minute private dances involving a four-foot monitor lizard and his pet spider monkey. Tragically, he also recently became the only person known to medical science ever to have transmitted HIV through a peanut-butter sandwich.

One steamy summer night a few months ago, as the club beat cranked like a hot oiled piston and the dancers’ jock straps were stuffed full of one-dollar bills from drunken Anglo sailors, Pantero surreptitiously snatched a couple nibbles from a half-eaten peanut-butter sandwich a coworker had left in the dressing room. Since he had been nursing a rather florid cold-sore scab on his lower lip, Pantero accidentally bled onto the sandwich and left it teeming with HIV. What’s worse, he infected the sandwich with Fast-Acting Full-Blown Mexican Brown HIV, an especially harsh strain of the dreaded killer virus.

Within minutes, Pantero was back strutting his stuff under the floodlights while the sandwich’s owner, a 19-year-old with perfect abs whose stage name is ¡Esteban!, returned to finish his meal. “When he stuck that peanut-butter sandwich in his mouth, it might as well have been a loaded gun,” says Dr. Julio Cesar Chavez Cuernavaca, a state physician who monitors STDs among Baja California’s sex workers. ¡Esteban!—who until that point had tested clean for everything except genital warts, herpes, and syphilis—notched an astronomically high viral-load score for Mexican Brown AIDS during his next routine monthly HIV screening. The virus’s protein structure left a molecular footprint leading directly back to Pantero. Polygraph tests revealed that prior to sharing the sandwich, the dancers had never engaged in sex. “There’s no other possibility,” Cuernavaca insists. “The peanut-butter sandwich was the primary agent of infection.”

Furious at initial rumors that the blood-borne pathogen had been transmitted through sodomy, a angry torch mob of notoriously homophobic Mexican peasant farmers threatened to burn down Maricon’s until a local clergyman intervened and explained that the viral transmission was unintentional. Realizing that since they, too, ate the occasional peanut-butter sandwich and were likewise at risk, the peasants calmed down and returned quietly to their humble village.

“You get hungry being an exotic dancer,” Pantero explains. “The sandwich was lying there, and I made a decision, and something horrible happened. I got some blood on the peanut butter, he ate the peanut butter, and now he has AIDS. I feel awful about this. If I knew this was going to happen, I would have bought some Ring Dings from the vending machine and eaten them instead.”

¡Esteban!, whose coworkers have now taken to calling him El Cacahuete (which means “The Peanut” in English), tries to look on the bright side. Prior to eating the sandwich, his negative status was the only thing preventing him from having sex with Pantero. “Now that we’re both full-blown,” he says with a wink, “we’re making up for lost time.”
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Mon - Fri Noon - 2am, Sat & Sun 2pm - 2am

**BEANS**
3456 Spicer Drive Se / (541) 812-5222
Videos, Magazines, Books, Novelties, Arcade
24 Hours / 7 Days

**THE FAN**
413 SW Glacier Ave. / (541) 548-4441
2 Stages, Full Bar, Full Menu, Lottery, Pool
Sun - Mon 3pm - Midnight, Tues - Sat 3pm - 2am

**REDS**
24 Hours / 7 Days

**COWGIRLS INC.**
2455 Ne Diamond Lake Blvd. / (541) 673-1296
2 Stages, Beer and Wine, Lottery, Pool
Sun - Mon 3pm - Midnight, Tues - Sat 3pm - 2am

**DID WE MISS A LOCATION? LET US KNOW!**

**LET US KNOW!**

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**3113 River Road**

**ADULT SHOP**
(503) 390-4371
Videos, Magazines, Multi Ch. Arcade
10am - Midnight / 7 Days

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