

night #2 cookies

a twenty-five yearold
transsexual mama of two
an in-laws, "no!" the
library, small town life,
pokey river rocks, & more!

by Katie
Kaput



This meadowgrass
is getting
tall!



Maybe
we
need
a goat!



Bobby needs
a l'l-l'l-l'l
goat!



It hasn't been long since night
cookies #1, but I find that, like always, I
have a lot to talk about - so hopefully
you enjoyed the first issue & are
looking forward to this second
one.

If you never saw the first one &
perhaps don't even know me, here
is a Katie recap:

I'm twenty-five years old, I've been
out as a transsexual girl for more
than ten years, I have a six year
old son named Rio & a two year
old daughter named Rory (although
she often calls herself Boz, Bozzy,
or the Red Kid) who I am
homeschooling with my ex-partner-
but-still-co-parent-and-great-
friend E.

We all live in a little house
in the big woods in Mendocino

County, with our three chickens
(Pomegranate, Josephine, & Henrietta).

In the fall, we will all be
moving back to Portland, OR, where
I expect we shan't be so
isolated & sometimes lonely.

Maybe the chickens will feel a
little more isolated, 'cause now
they live near more than thirty
other chickens, but I, for one, as a
young queer radical transsexual mama,
shall feel a reduced sense of
singularity & oddity, & I think
the kids will like being in a
place with lots more unchoolers.

♡, Katie



One Cranky Mama Ranting



I have this reputation for being really stable and easy-going, & not at all moody, which is funny 'cause I grew up in a big... "expressive"... Italian & Irish family, but I am mostly pretty subdued. Stoic even.

Now, though, there's almost always some crankiness bubbling under my surface. Most people just ask if I'm tired or something 'cause I seem out of it, but on the inside lately I'm doing a lot of screaming.

E. always notices & I'm sure the kids pick up on it.

So now I'm gonna try to let a little of it out & hopefully

it will turn out mildly entertaining or enlightening for you. If not, I promise some cute & funny comics later!

Alright, now that half my audience is thumbing through looking for the funny comics, I can talk to you.

My problem is simple: in-laws.

Only they aren't my in-laws. E. & I were never married & now we're broken up.

But I'm still stuck with them!

And until the fall, we are living about fifty feet from them in the Little House.

I love the Little House.

It is little & it has us in it!

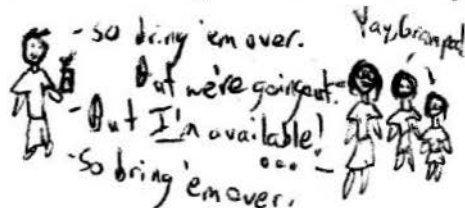
But they live in the Big House,
& they are my neighbors!

I know, of course, that they are
sweet & supportive, but my emotional
responses to living so close to them
go like this-

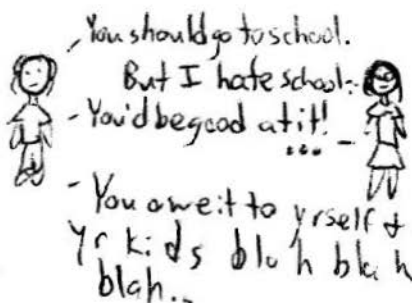
1. They have no lives,
so they are sucking
mine. Umm...



2. They have lives, &
they want me to
provide the kids to
them whenever they
have a dull moment.



3. They want to give
me lots of advice -
the kind not even my parents
give me.



4. They are setting me
up for doom!



I just want to pretend for twenty minutes that they're not living on top of us, but every time I try, they show up with unsolicited advice about how I'm ruining our strawberry plants & should really try doing blah blah blah...

It's almost enough to kill my homeschooling buzz! 'Cause our flow is so interrupted so much of the time.

I know, or think I know, that a lot of this is in my head, or in my reactions, but I also have my feelings & they are driving me wild with the itch to get away!

I think things will equalize & be good when we move to Portland - I've known them for years but only started hating them since we moved.

Maybe the real message is this -
Katie Kaput was not meant for communal living.

Buzzy aka Rory aka the Red Kid

in... "How about 'no?!?"

Rory is almost two...

-Rory, how about we get on yr sunscreen now?
-How about "no"!!?

Later...

This shirt?
-This one?
No!
-no!

at least 2 rejected shirts

-Will you say yes to something!?!?

-No to everything!

-when will you put something on so we can go to the park!??

-Not yet, but soon!

-How about we go to the beach instead, so you can stay naked?

Sue!
-will you mind getting a sandy butt?

-Yes!
-How about you cover yr butt with some underwear, then?

-How about "no"!!?

The End.

The Library

Anyone who knows me knows I love libraries - sure, I love books, but more than that it's the ideals embodied in public libraries - access to information (& guidance in accessing that information, when requested) for all!

Unfortunately, our local library here in Fort Bragg is staffed primarily by people who either are generally grumpy or who hate me & my children specifically.

Lots of interactions like this:



I may have added the "SLACKER" part

after the fact.

It's gotten to the point where, since the children's room is right near the checkout desk, we go in as fast as we can & flee with our choices as soon as possible.

I'm generally opposed to this kind of job-cutting automation, but I wonder if they've considered a self checkout machine.



E + the Circumpolar Constellations

E. takes me out at night, even though mosquitoes love me & it's so dark here I can't see a thing on the ground - she takes me out to share the stars with me.

She's learning the circumpolar constellations, & even though she loses me at the Big Dipper I'm learning them, too.

The first time I see Polaris I want to have somewhere to navigate to by it - Portland is north, you know.

I love the stars - without E. they don't take on shapes, but I love the humbleness they call out in me.

There's nothing like being humble in company.



Same-sex Marriage Legal in California

Today the cover of the paper was about a ruling that barring same-sex couples from marrying is unconstitutional in California - heartwarming pictures of dykes & fags celebrating!

Even though I have mixed feelings on the topic of marriage, the pictures were cute, especially for me to be seeing in this small town with so little queer visibility.

Some tourists were shaking their heads & looking at their paper, but not answering their kid's questions. Rio asked what it was all about, so I answered for everyone:



A Day on the Navarre River

It's hardly ever really hot here, but yesterday it was humid & in the 90's even though it's still early May... So we went to swim in our favorite river.

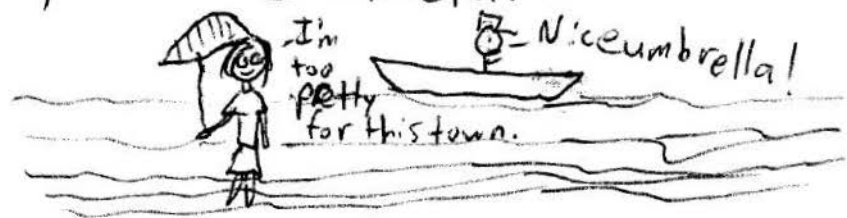
I forgot that I need some sandals, so every step was very painful.



E., Lia, & Rory all had good shoes, so they ran & jumped & played while I shifted my weight around, trying to find a non-stabbing position.

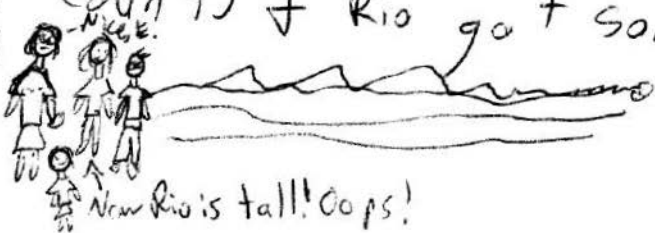
I had remembered my parasol, so I was protected from the intense laser rays of the sun &

people passing in kayaks felt compelled to yell "Nice umbrella!"

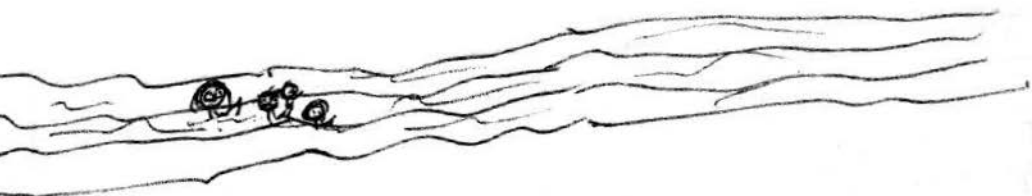


It was the best day in a long time, even if my feet are begging me never to walk on them again even if Rio's shoe almost floated away - thank goodness E. rescued it, since I can't swim. She's a superhero, at least in Rio's eyes.

We all skipped stones & I did an over-9 skip (we lost count) & Rio got some 4's!



The best part was taking turns
riding this little rapid-we'd
sit down & it'd carry us away!



It was good to be reminded
that while I have my princessy,
sore-feet-hiding-under-a-parasol
side, I also have my adventurous,
rapid riding side.

I like how they co-exist these
days. Now if I could, just carry
my parasol down the rapid...



Liz Liz

A Katie Flashback: Gotta Be a Grrrl

Liz

when I was 13,
I'd "wanted to be"
a girl for as long
as I could remember...



so this time
I wanna play
a female even
that, ok?

And now that I was in middle school in
a new town, being a "sissy" + a "fag"
was making me distinctly unpopular.

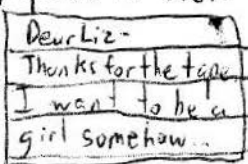


I dunno why, but a girl named Liz,
later to become a great friend, gave
me a mix tape.

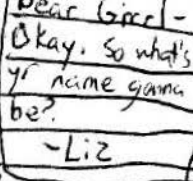


I listened
to it so much + tried
to figure out what to do...
we're Bikini Kill,
we want revolution
Grrrl-style Now!

I wrote Liz a note +
prepared to die...



She wrote back + nobody killed me.



well, nobody killed me more
than usual.



In a fit of
inspiration, I named
myself after Kathleen
Hannah, the lead singer
of Bikini Kill. Can
inspiration to later turn
out quite ironic due to
her support for excluding
transsexual womyn from the
Michigan Womyn's Music Festival.

At the nerdy lunch table...



So call me Katie, okay? or kat? Just say "she!"
- word Umm...

The next day...



yr so gross, fag!
you wanna be a girl?

They didn't kill me much
more than usual, so...

The next next day...



- You want me
to look up
yr skirt, fag?

It got worse so gradually that I
wasn't scored away from my
truth.

And it was all good preparation
for the rest of my life as a transsexual grrrl.

Liz moved away + I lost my spot at the nerdy
lunch table... But I would've rather been a grrrl +
taken my lumps + lost all my friends than let
anyone think I'd be a boy for a second of the rest
of my life...

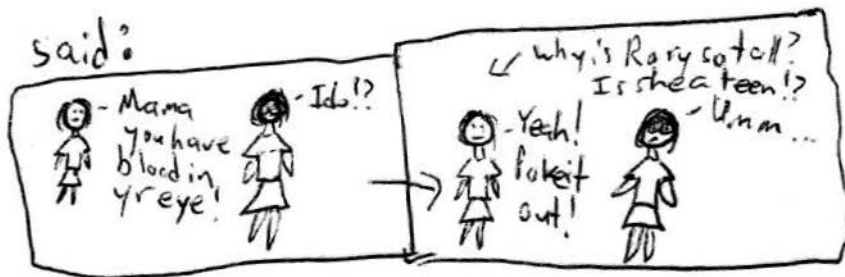


- I'm Katie Kaput, + I
want revolution
grrrl-style now!

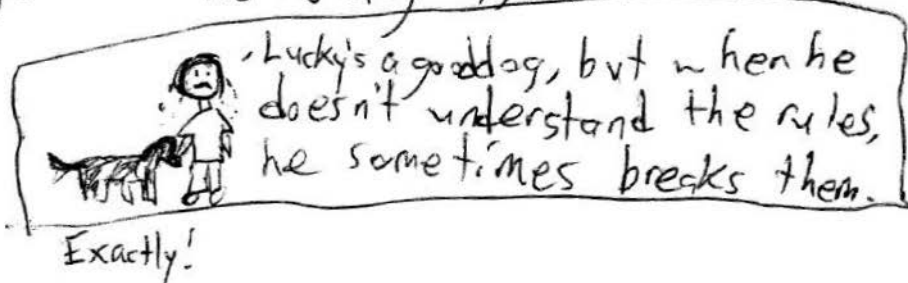
THE END

Random Cute Things

1. Rory said:



2. When the neighbor's dog killed some of our chickens & the neighbor was guiltstricken & angry, Ria said:



3. We went to see some jazz at the coffeeshop - after ten minutes of watching the drummer, Ria said...



4. We were in the woods playing with sticks. Ria started yelling at Rory for poking him. I asked him not to be so harsh with her, cause she wouldn't ~~poke~~ poke him with a stick on purpose. Rory started crying, & when we asked why, she said:

Living in this town...

...has taught me a lot. Especially when coupled with breaking up with E. after so many years of being kissy-kissy-sweeties with her.

↑
these two are same-letter married

I've learned that, though I'd make a great pioneer-farm-girl-homesteader, I can't live without a community context, and that being queer & a feminist & having "radical" politics are too important for me to not have them in common with other people around me.

Not like when I was seventeen & everyone needed to be a radical dyke & I had to cut off the transsexual part of me (among

other parts) so I'd be the same too.

But not at all like when I was 21 & trying so hard to believe that being a homeschooling mama & a partner to E. & hanging out with rich straight folks exclusively (the exclusive part is the problem, not the straightness... homeschooling is always gonna have me rubbing elbows with rich straight folks) could be all there was to me & I wouldn't die or get lost.

I did get lost & this town has been helping me find my way back to myself & my communities.

And now that I'm securing my self, I can be friends & build community more effectively with people "not like" me.

Even in this town.

Scaredy-Kat(ie)

I'm writing this with E. in the house, 'cause otherwise I couldn't even let myself think about it. I probably won't ever read this over again 'cause...

I get scared. I get really, really scared. And what I'm scared of is mostly other people (mostly men). I'm scared 'cause they've scared me & hurt me before & I'm scared that this time, the next time, will be worse.

I'm so scared at night or when I'm alone or if someone says they get scared or something creepy happened to them. A wave of heat washes over me & the world gets small & my heart beats fast & I think I'm gonna die.

And I know I could take some drugs for my panic &

anxiety, I've probably got a disorder, but sometimes I think my panic & my blood pumping is all that's gonna save me & my kids (or just me, depending on if I'm truly alone).

I spend so much time under the covers or with my back in a corner, needing to pee but not willing to risk it, needing to sleep but not wanting to be that vulnerable, sleeping but waking up with a start for no identifiable reason.

Maybe it was the scary times I've had or the scary movies I watched as a little kid or maybe it's the fact that who I am as a transsexual girl is largely a

person potentially in danger, depending on the whims of the people around me, the ones who say they need to figure me out or say they want to spend some time alone with me...

I know I should take some classes & learn to beat some ass & I will, I will...

But now I'm just gonna remember what my brother showed me when he realized he wasn't the only one who wanted to pound me to dust.

He showed me how to make a fist & he let me try out what I could do with it.

~~But~~ I'm still scared, alone in my house ^(brought in the world), even though I know I'm not the typical victim of anti-transsexual violence (I'm not a woman of color, I'm not

Sex worker (regardless of what some guys think when I'm at my most attractive) & I'm not especially poor and I'm not the typical victim of anti-woman violence (I'm transsexual, for one thing, although that isn't making me feel any safer).

But I'm vigilant & I know how to make a fist, & I have to hope that counts for something.

I debated not including this in the 'zine 'cause I was thinking of the (accurate) arguments about how trans women at less risk fetishize some kind of danger-glory, but then I was thinking of the fact that I do feel unsafe & I have had scary run-ins with people, even though I am definitely in less danger than a lot of trans women (as I mentioned above).

And I was thinking how rarely I hear non-trans women telling other non-trans women to shut up & stop pretending to be scared & in danger, & maybe there needs to be more talking about who is most at risk amongst them but also more space amongst us trans women for being scared & angry.

A Katie Flashback: Double Standards

when I was 17
Once I went out with a "friend" & her house
mates, none of whom I'd met before.



Instead, I took anything
almost anybody dished out.
Like the time at a party when a trans-
guy said that after this trans-girl & I left our
scene moved out of his house, it took forever
to get it to "smell like girls" again.
I was right there & he felt fine saying
it. I wish I'd felt fine calling him on it.

Sometimes Are Like This...

...I'm really cranky & Rio can't stop crying about every little thing & Rory just shoved him & now they're both crying 'cause Rio shoved her back...

Some times are like this.

And if you've got kids or you do someday, remind me & I'll remind you that some times are & some times aren't.

And when I think I've scared them for life, remind me that we all have scars but I can kiss the wounds if I just breathe for a minute. And if I can't now & I act like a dragon...

I can later.

'Cause some times aren't like this.

This place

This place has lots of redwoods & douglas firs & manzanita & apple trees.

It has huckleberries, blackberries, & salal berries.

The hummingbirds & scrub jays & stellar's jays & ravens & bumblebees & banana slugs always come to visit us.

Sometimes when I wake up, I hear nothing but the wind in the trees. Sometimes I hear our chickens, or an owl, or my kids laughing or crying or saying "Wake up!"

Every now & then the deer in the morning meadow are joined by a wandering cow & even if cows do untold damage to meadows, she's damn pretty and Rory moos at her.

When my bread is baking, the

Little House is warm & smells good.

This place is where a little E.
learned to walk & talk & climb
trees. I climbed my first tree in
years on a visit here, when I was
still so unabashedly a city kid I
didn't think I'd want to live
somewhere like here.

Rory can find trilliums here.
When we go to Portuguese Beach
in the spring, the smell of lupines
is overpoweringly wonderful.

This place is where I live now,
even if I'm moving away (for
the best).

- ♥, Katie -





I just feel a tick on my legs
Or is it a spider?

Or maybe it's a black
paranoid...

Write me!

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