



# WELCOME

to the Sassyfrass ☆  
Circus Freak Show.

For new readers,  
this zine is part  
survival, part party,  
QUEER AS FUCK &  
fairly sexy. ☆



Self-obsessed  
self-conscious  
SINGLE.

he saved my life on  
the Oregon Trail,  
TWICE, and makes  
a mean dirty  
rice.

VAG

paste-  
cliche  
blase  
blah blah

Issue 1 was made with my co-captain  
conspirator for LIFE, Mr. BF, but I  
crashed my car on the way home  
from visiting him in gorgeous WV,  
and now I'm stranded in <sup>reisterstown</sup> College Park,  
Maryland, feeding my brains on <sup>Crumb</sup> queer  
theory, my guts on <sup>dunkaroos</sup> ramen,

and my heart on  
NOTHING AT ALL.

I'm a big, sappy,  
gross-o mess, so

I'm making a  
motherfucking zine.

It's most likely going  
to be real self-reflexive  
(a.k.a -centered), mostly 'cuz  
folks are too busy living to  
give me shit. ENJOY (or not).

QD Jenna B. ☆

“there's a bluebird in my heart that  
wants to get out  
but i pour whiskey on him and inhale  
cigarette smoke” -bukowski

↑ my life motto this week.



(not really) BORING FACTS & FIGURES



# HOT DAMN MAMA SLAM

well, it's SUMMER, which means  
living with my parents while  
working @ BETH TFILOH Jewish day  
camp. I'm on the ropes staff.

the folks there don't know I'm 2  
queer-mo anti-zionist. MY PARENTS  
DON'T EITHER. I'm 2 GOWARD. I

like to say that I'm rejecting a normative  
teleological coming-out narrative, which is  
inherently neoliberal in nature. **BOLSHIT.**

The best things about summer are picking wild  
rasberries (yum!), **SUNTANS**, seeing some old  
friends, pretty boy reservoir, & having

ALL

greasy-ass  
hair

dude i smell  
so bad. i  
wonder if people  
can smell me.  
i fucking REEK.

books that I keep  
at my parent's (!?)

find this music:

**TRIBE 8**

the degenerettes  
JAILBIRD THUNDERHEART  
TURBO♥SLUT

**READ:**

\*Dandelion Wine  
by Ray Bradbury

\*Skellig by  
David Almond

\*Dangerous Angels  
by Francesca Lia  
Block

\*The Man Who  
Fell In Love With  
The Moon by  
Tom  
Spanbauer

**EAT:** new fav.

grilled peaches  
w/ greek yogurt  
& sliced almonds  
in honey AND

any local produce  
from the nearest  
farmers market!!

me during every  
class emer. UNWASHED  
& UNREPENTANT



## How To Kill A Trans Person By Ceridwen Troy

This article was written on Friday, Feb. 16, 2008.

On Saturday, Sanesha Stewart, a transwoman of color living in the Bronx, was murdered in her own apartment. She was 25 years old. Her accused killer, Steve McMillan, had known her for months, yet when he was arrested, he claimed to have been enraged to find out that she was what the media coverage called not really a woman. He stabbed her over and over again in the chest and throat. She tried to fight him off; there were defensive wounds found on her hands.

On Tuesday, eighth-grader Lawrence King was in a classroom in Oxnard, Calif. He was openly gay, and often came to school in gender-bending clothing, makeup, jewelry and shoes. According to another student, it was freaking the guys out. One of them shot Lawrence in the head. He was declared brain-dead on Wednesday.

It is easy to look at cases like this and think, how tragic. How random. How senseless.

But then, you forget how easy it is to kill a transgender person.

You forget that all across this nation, faith leaders of all stripes, men and women who claim to speak for God Himself, call us sinners, call us abominations, call us evil.

You forget that at best the media depicts us as something to be pitied, something that our families must be strong and overcome. At worst, they depict us as abnormal, exploiting our bodies for ratings, exploiting the public's fear of us for shock value.

You forget that on a good day, law enforcement agents are neglectful of us, and that far more frequently they join in our harassment. You forget the transwomen of color who are rounded up on suspicions of prostitution. You forget the beatings that go uninvestigated. You forget the molestation and rape we face when we are arrested.

You forget the medical establishment that drains our wallets for the therapy and hormones and surgeries they tell us we need. You forget the way we are then refused treatment when we are dying, dying of treatable diseases, dying of easily patched wounds.

You forget that, by the law of the land, it is legal in the majority of states to deny us employment, to deny us service, to deny us housing.

You forget the shelters and the rape crisis centers that will not allow us through their doors.

You forget that many of us do not even have family to turn to when we are at our most desperate.

You forget that the leaders of our own community have told us that it is not time for us to have rights, that it is not pragmatic for us to be considered worthy of the same respect as other human beings.

You forget that in our own circles, it is considered a negative thing to be too flamboyant. You forget the way our pride parades have been derided by our own community. You forget the scorn heaped upon drag queens by other gay men. You forget the fear to be seen in public with a friend who is considered too open, too queer.

You forget the way it seeps into the minds of transgender people, too. You forget the way a transsexual will shout that she is not a crossdresser, as if there were something wrong with that. You forget the catty names we call each other if we don't pass"

You forget how many of us take our own lives every year.

You forget because the noise is always there, a constant drone in the background. Every newspaper piece that calls a transwoman he instead of she. Every talk show host who spends an hour talking about our genitals. Every childish taunt about looking like a tranny. Every transperson who talks about themselves as true transsexuals. Every activist and politician who tells us now is not the time.

You forget too, how easy it is to kill a person of color, with myths about gangstas and lies about immigrants. You forget how easy it is to kill a person living in poverty, cutting off her welfare because she is supposedly being paid to breed. You forget how easy it is to kill a sex worker, with sex-shaming language, slinging about slurs like hooker and whore.

You forget the message hidden inside every single one of those statements.

You are less than I am. You are not worthy of the rights and respect that I am worthy of.

You are not human.

It is very easy to kill something that you do not see as human.

It is very easy to kill a transperson.

↑ this got sent around the internet a lot back right after Larry King got murdered. I think it's really fucking important to keep the dialogue going, to combat prejudice in our communities, to be there for our friends, and NEVER forget or stop fighting. ♥

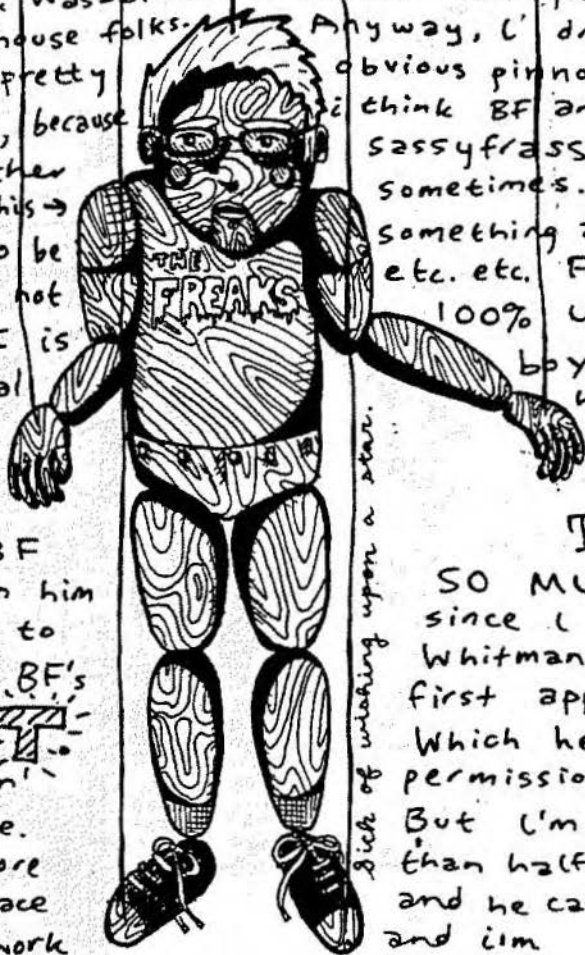
FOR DC AREA FOLKS ⇒ [www.dctranscoalition.org](http://www.dctranscoalition.org)



This issue of Sassyfrass is mostly random drawings I've made in recent history. My brain isn't quite working in words right now, so I figured better random pictures than no sassyfrass at all. -J.



I drew this after my B.F. → BF texted me one day with the message "i just want to be a real boy already." that's terribly paraphrased because i'm in Frederick, Maryland, having just gone to court for negligent driving from when i totaled my car on the way home from visiting Mr. BF, Woodland & Wasabi in WV. No cell phones in the courthouse folks. Anyway, I drew puppet boy as a pretty obvious pinocchio reference, because i think BF and I and all the other sassyfrass freaks feel like this → sometimes. Trapped, wanting to be something and feeling like we're not etc. etc. For the record, BF is 100% USDA organic real boy + an amazing human being.



I miss BF haven't seen him & GF to in DC for BF's regarding - [scribble] - has gotten take, score. already more to his place get off work

staring hatefully at blonde girls in a cafe by the Frederick courthouse, out of 100.50 in fines plus the cost of parking and coffee. I want to finish this issue today so I can make copies on the way home. Then today won't suck quite as hard.

sick of wishing upon a star.

SO THERE

SO MUCH. I since I went w/ Whitman Walker first appt.

Which he now has permission to

But I'm than halfway and he can't and i'm



# HEART & BREAK

I HAD SEX WITH MY EX-BOYFRIEND FROM HIGH SCHOOL OVER WINTER BREAK MY SOPHOMORE YEAR OF COLLEGE. WE NEVER DID WHILE WE WERE DATING & IT HAD BEEN YEARS, BUT I STILL WANTED HIM. WE WERE DANCING TO CHRIS ISAAK WHEN WE STARTED KISSING.



IT WAS THE ONLY TIME I'VE EVER HAD SEX WITH A BIO-MALE. PENETRATION DIDN'T QUITE WORK BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I DROVE HIM TO WORK IN THE MORNING WITH THE SMELL OF MY CUNT ON HIS BEARD.

I THOUGHT I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM...



AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS HE JUST STOPPED SHOWING UP WHEN WE MADE PLANS, STOPPED PICKING UP HIS PHONE OR CALLING ME BACK. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN MONTHS I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

... BUT HE WAS ALWAYS NERVOUS, COILED, READY TO BOLT.

*I think he got scared.*  
♥ Jenna

↑ update: pavi called me randomly a couple of weeks ago at 2 am, said nothing important, and then hung up. LAKE.

# SAUER KRAUT!



I LOVE TO EAT SAUERKRAUT WITH GERMAN SAUSAGE.

I LIKE SAUERKRAUT PLAIN, TOO.



IT'S EVEN GOOD COLD OUT OF THE JAR!



I CRAVE SAUER-KRAUT AT TOTALLY WEIRD TIMES, LIKE A PREGNANT LADY.

\*I MAY BE GIVING BIRTH TO A FOOD BABY.



THE HIGH LEVELS OF SODIUM ARE PROBABLY FAIRLY UNHEALTHY, AND IT MAKES ME FART...

PFFT!



BUT IT TASTES SO DAMN GOOD!

THIS IS WHY WE DON'T HAVE NICE THINGS.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

... I've been having this  
reoccurring  
**DREAM** 000

MY TEETH WILL START TO  
HURT AND WIGGLE AND  
LOOSEN AND ONE  
TOOTH WILL FALL OUT  
OF MY MOUTH  
AND THEN ANOTHER...

AND THEN ALL MY TEETH  
WILL START TO FALL,  
BLOODY & HURTFUL, AND  
UNDER THOSE TEETH THERE  
IS ANOTHER ROW, LESS  
PERFECT, AND COMING  
IN BEHIND THEM,  
ANOTHER RAGGED ROW.  
MY GUMS BLEED.

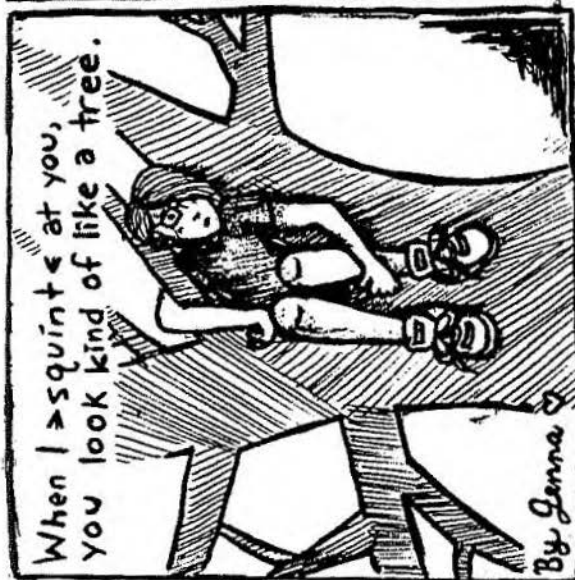
I STAND STILL,  
CATCH BLOOD  
& TEETH IN  
MY CUPPED  
HANDS.  
MY GUMS STILL BLEED.

TOOTH FOR A TOOTH ♡ JENNA B. '08



One of the coolest things that I did this summer was road trip to Georgia w/ Lil bro' Joe Parker to attend MONDOHOMO: dirty south, Atlanta's alterna-queer fest. We ended up camping out in one of the organizer's backyards (shout out to Andi & Lady Jane, and to Scream Club for hooking us up w/ them!), hanging out with tons of awesome friends, new & old, developed lots of crushes (Joe got some lip action while I stared creepily at a gal who reminded me eerily of my favorite professor), and heard lots of INCREDIBLE music. As usual, Athens Boys Choir was my fav., but then, who can resist Katz when he puts on his short-shorts? Hopefully we'll be back next year to ~~reconnect~~ <sup>reconnect</sup>, and maybe stay down South for Idapa1ooza! Anyone want to come with?

p.s. MAJOR thanks to Kiki for helping out w/ our little issue @ Lenny's. ☺

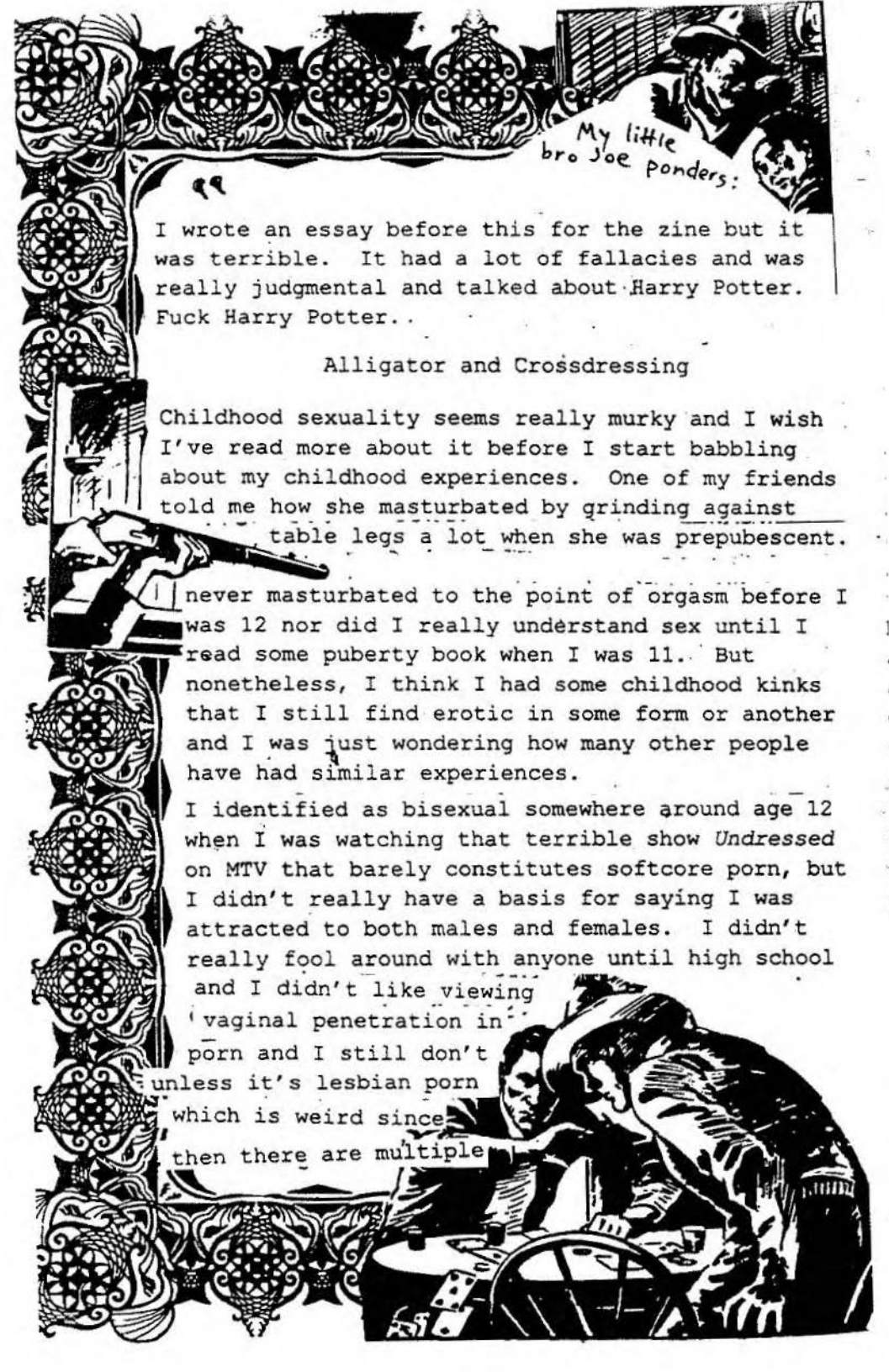


A, I drew this for a friend's zine that didn't get made. It was tree-themed, & I'm a big rejected BOP.

INSERT  
WHATEVER YOU  
WANT HERE↓  
(it's like a built-  
in autograph book!)

# FIND FREEDOM IN FREAKDOM





My little  
bro Joe ponders:

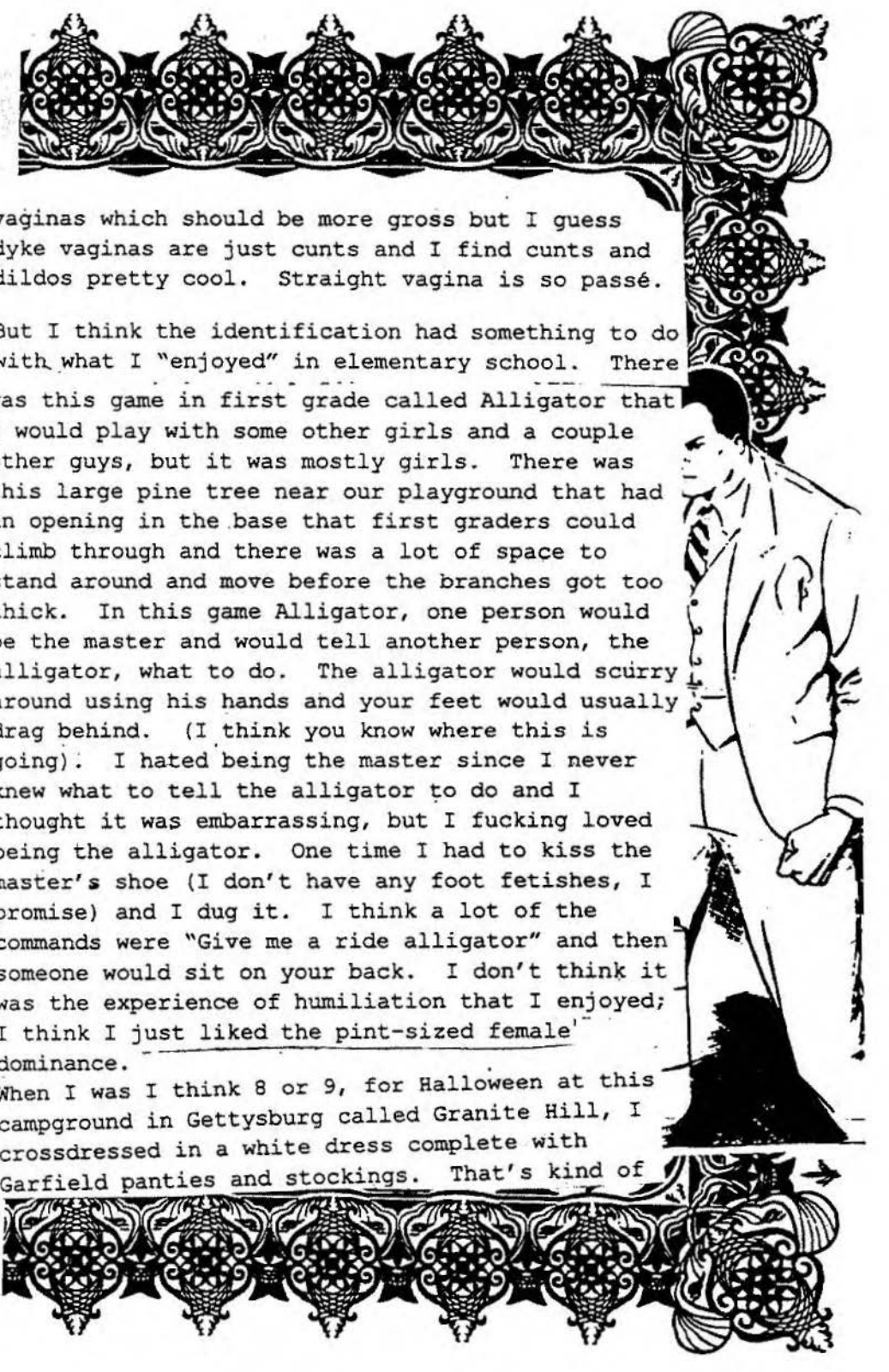
I wrote an essay before this for the zine but it was terrible. It had a lot of fallacies and was really judgmental and talked about Harry Potter. Fuck Harry Potter..

### Alligator and Crossdressing

Childhood sexuality seems really murky and I wish I've read more about it before I start babbling about my childhood experiences. One of my friends told me how she masturbated by grinding against table legs a lot when she was prepubescent.

I never masturbated to the point of orgasm before I was 12 nor did I really understand sex until I read some puberty book when I was 11. But nonetheless, I think I had some childhood kinks that I still find erotic in some form or another and I was just wondering how many other people have had similar experiences.


I identified as bisexual somewhere around age 12 when I was watching that terrible show *Undressed* on MTV that barely constitutes softcore porn, but I didn't really have a basis for saying I was attracted to both males and females. I didn't really fool around with anyone until high school and I didn't like viewing vaginal penetration in porn and I still don't unless it's lesbian porn which is weird since then there are multiple

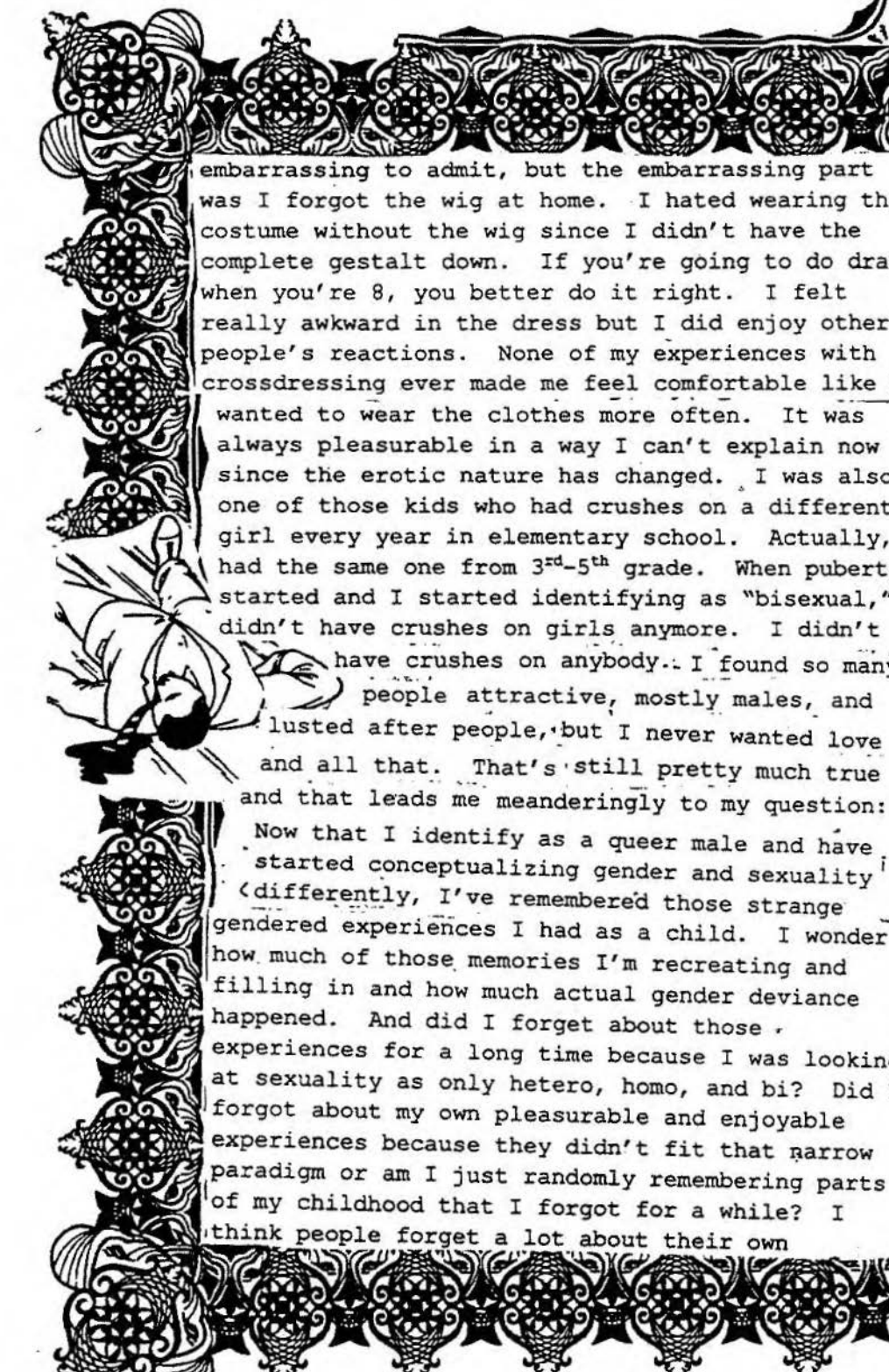


vaginas which should be more gross but I guess dyke vaginas are just cunts and I find cunts and dildos pretty cool. Straight vagina is so passé.

But I think the identification had something to do with what I "enjoyed" in elementary school. There was this game in first grade called Alligator that I would play with some other girls and a couple other guys, but it was mostly girls. There was this large pine tree near our playground that had an opening in the base that first graders could climb through and there was a lot of space to stand around and move before the branches got too thick. In this game Alligator, one person would be the master and would tell another person, the alligator, what to do. The alligator would scurry around using his hands and your feet would usually drag behind. (I think you know where this is going). I hated being the master since I never knew what to tell the alligator to do and I thought it was embarrassing, but I fucking loved being the alligator. One time I had to kiss the master's shoe (I don't have any foot fetishes, I promise) and I dug it. I think a lot of the commands were "Give me a ride alligator" and then someone would sit on your back. I don't think it was the experience of humiliation that I enjoyed; I think I just liked the pint-sized female dominance.

When I was I think 8 or 9, for Halloween at this campground in Gettysburg called Granite Hill, I crossdressed in a white dress complete with Garfield panties and stockings. That's kind of





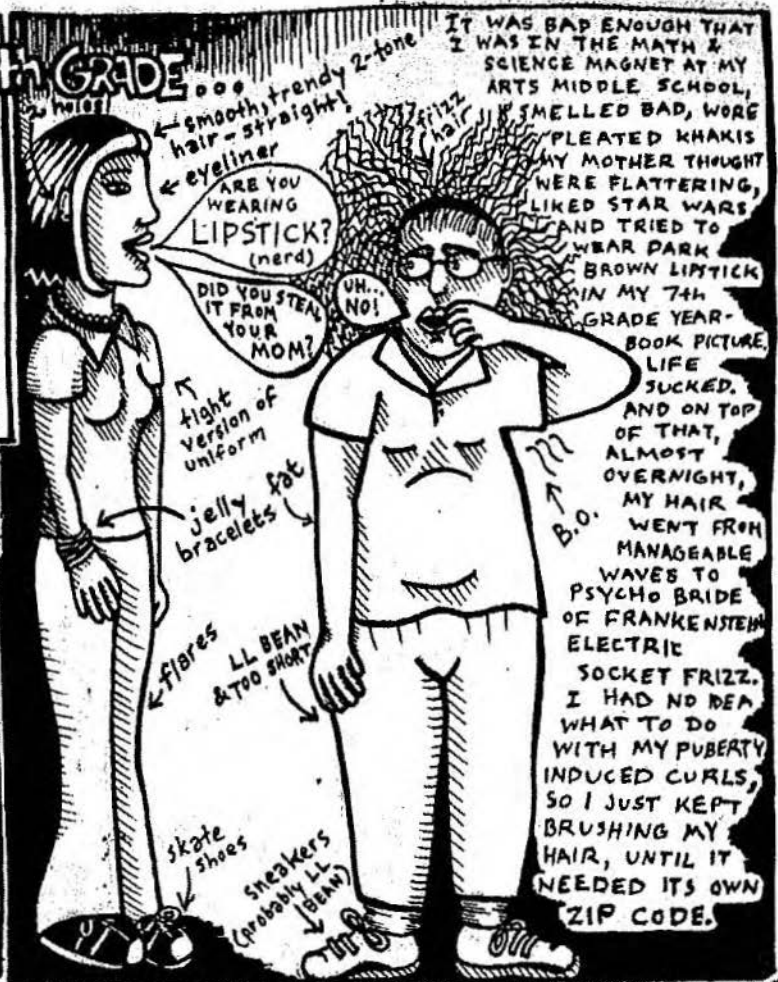
embarrassing to admit, but the embarrassing part was I forgot the wig at home. I hated wearing the costume without the wig since I didn't have the complete gestalt down. If you're going to do drag when you're 8, you better do it right. I felt really awkward in the dress but I did enjoy other people's reactions. None of my experiences with crossdressing ever made me feel comfortable like I wanted to wear the clothes more often. It was always pleasurable in a way I can't explain now since the erotic nature has changed. I was also one of those kids who had crushes on a different girl every year in elementary school. Actually, had the same one from 3<sup>rd</sup>-5<sup>th</sup> grade. When puberty started and I started identifying as "bisexual," didn't have crushes on girls anymore. I didn't have crushes on anybody. I found so many people attractive, mostly males, and lusted after people, but I never wanted love and all that. That's still pretty much true and that leads me meanderingly to my question:

Now that I identify as a queer male and have started conceptualizing gender and sexuality differently, I've remembered those strange gendered experiences I had as a child. I wonder how much of those memories I'm recreating and filling in and how much actual gender deviance happened. And did I forget about those experiences for a long time because I was looking at sexuality as only hetero, homo, and bi? Did I forget about my own pleasurable and enjoyable experiences because they didn't fit that narrow paradigm or am I just randomly remembering parts of my childhood that I forgot for a while? I think people forget a lot about their own

enjoyable past when they plop themselves in a fixed sexual and gender identity. I did for a while and now I'm wondering what else happened that made my childhood queer to some extent. I wonder what other kinks I enjoyed when I was 6...



↑ copied from a photo found at the Fells Point flea market. I was attracted to the classic pose of the center figure & the androgyny of the figure on the left. i'm trying to improve my drawing skillz. -j.





I USED TO GET MY EYEBROWS WAXED BY MY MOM'S FRIEND LAUREN, T. REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME SHE SUGGESTED WE DO MY UPPER LIP AS WELL. EVENTUALLY SHE JUST STARTED WAXING MY WHOLE FACE.



PURSUIT OF

HAIRLESSNESS



WHOA!

NOW, IN THOSE DAYS, CHAD WAS DRINKING QUITE A BIT.



I CAN'T GROW A FULL BEARD, BUT I HAVE ENOUGH CHIN HAIR TO WARRANT GOATEE-STROKING ACTION WHILE DEEP IN THOUGHT.

deep in thought



I LOVE YOUR CURLS! YOUR HAIR IS YOUR BEST FEATURE.

SHAVE HEAD.



MY LITHUANIAN/LATVIAN ANCESTRY PLACES ME, ARGUABLY, IN THE "HAIR BELT," A GEOGRAPHIC SWATH INCLUDING THE MIDDLE EAST, THE MEDITERRANEAN AND OTHER HAIRY LOCALS... DESCRIBED BY JEFFREY EUGENIDES IN HIS BOOK "MIDDLESEX." I DON'T THINK EUGENIDES INCLUDED EASTERN EUROPE IN THE "HAIR BELT," BUT HE SHOULD HAVE.

LITHUANIA  
"SING OF DEPILATORY CREAMS AND TWEEZERS! OF BLEACH AND BEESWAX!"  
-MIDDLESEX

# SKINNY JEANS.

a sassyfrazz fresh show production

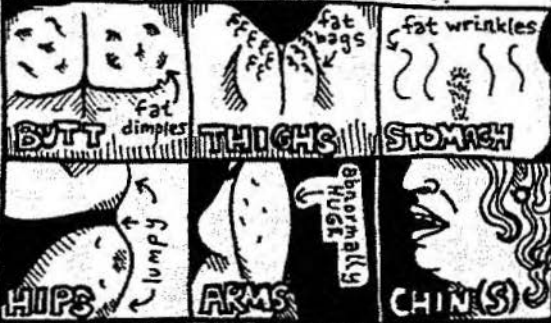
# FAT ASS

with  
your  
host,  
jenne  
"fatass"  
brager

MY MOTHER'S MAGAZINES ALL HAVE FEATURES ON HOW TO TARGET YOUR "PROBLEM AREAS."



WHAT IF THEY'RE ALL PROBLEM AREAS?



I'VE NEVER BEEN SKINNY, JUST VARYING DEGREES OF FAT.

AT FIFTEEN, I STOPPED EATING CARBS AND RAN DAILY TO GET TO A SIZE 12. MY DIET CONSISTED LARGELY OF ARTIFICIALLY SWEETENED ICE TEA.



\*FEED ME

MY CURRENT BIKING/DANCING/WALKING HAS ME AT A 14/16, A MYSTERIOUS SIZE THAT STORES NEVER CARRY.



MY BODY IS MADE OF BLOBS & LUMPS



fat [fat] 1. adj.



I HATE SHOPPING - MY BLOBS LOOK WORSE UNDER FLORESCENT LIGHTS AND MY CLOTHES NEVER FIT QUITE RIGHT.

I LIKE TO IMAGINE THAT I HAVE A PAIR OF SCISSORS I CAN USE TO JUST SLICE OFF ALL THE SUPERFLUOUS FLESH, LIKE A DUTIFUL SON MAKING A BROTH FOR HIS AILING PARENTS IN A CHINESE FOLK TALE.





↑ the only two panels i ended up liking from a strip that i started to counter the "skinny jeans, fat ass" strip. self-deprecation is way easier than finding a whole page-worth of positive things to say without being cheesy. the first panel pretty much sums it up!

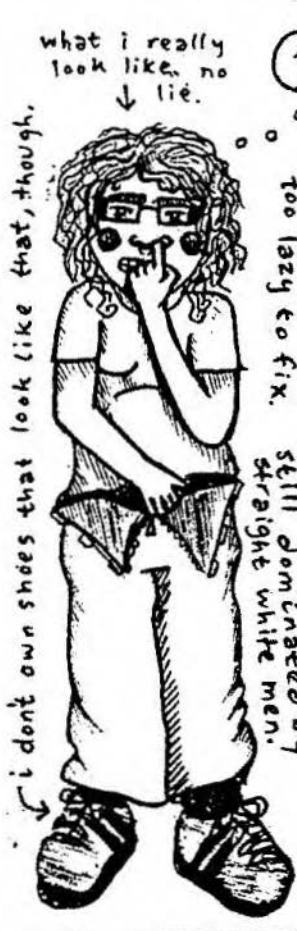
from the National Con. on Organized Resistance  
@ American U. (D.C.) in February. If you come I'll hook you up with SWEET housing.



LOVE ♥ INCOR ♥ HATE  
2008



↑ i look at this every time i wish summer would end & i could go BACK to college. just to remind myself.

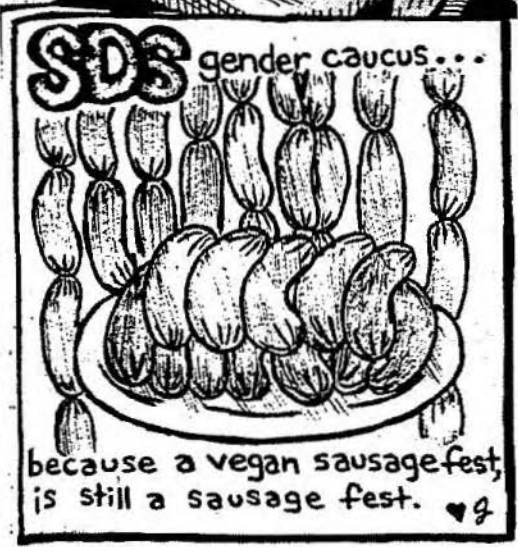


shit yo, i can't keep my hands out of **NOTHIN'!**

↑ part of a larger panel that got cut off by a SHITTY copy machine. too lazy to fix.



↑ Students for a Democratic Society is trying really hard to free itself from the mistakes of the old SDS, but in my experience it is still dominated by straight white men.





this strip is a work of fiction. any resemblance that any characters may hold to any actual individuals, living or dead, is purely coincidental. after all, what is reality, anyway?

# SASSYFRASS CIRCUS:

ALL SASS, <sup>except in</sup>  
all the time! <sup>the face</sup>  
<sup>of jail</sup>  
<sup>time or</sup>  
<sup>ass-beating.</sup>



i don't really  
want to do  
anything with  
this page. what  
do you WANT from  
me?!



↑ Mr. sassy of the month.

## CURRENT EVENTS:



Tony Snow → dead.  
Jesus → still dead.

China → hosting Olympics,  
imprisoning monks

Myanmar → actually still Burma?

Adhamh Roland → please  
call me I love you.

My dog → may have mange

My nose ring → smells like  
belly button

Middle East Peace Process →

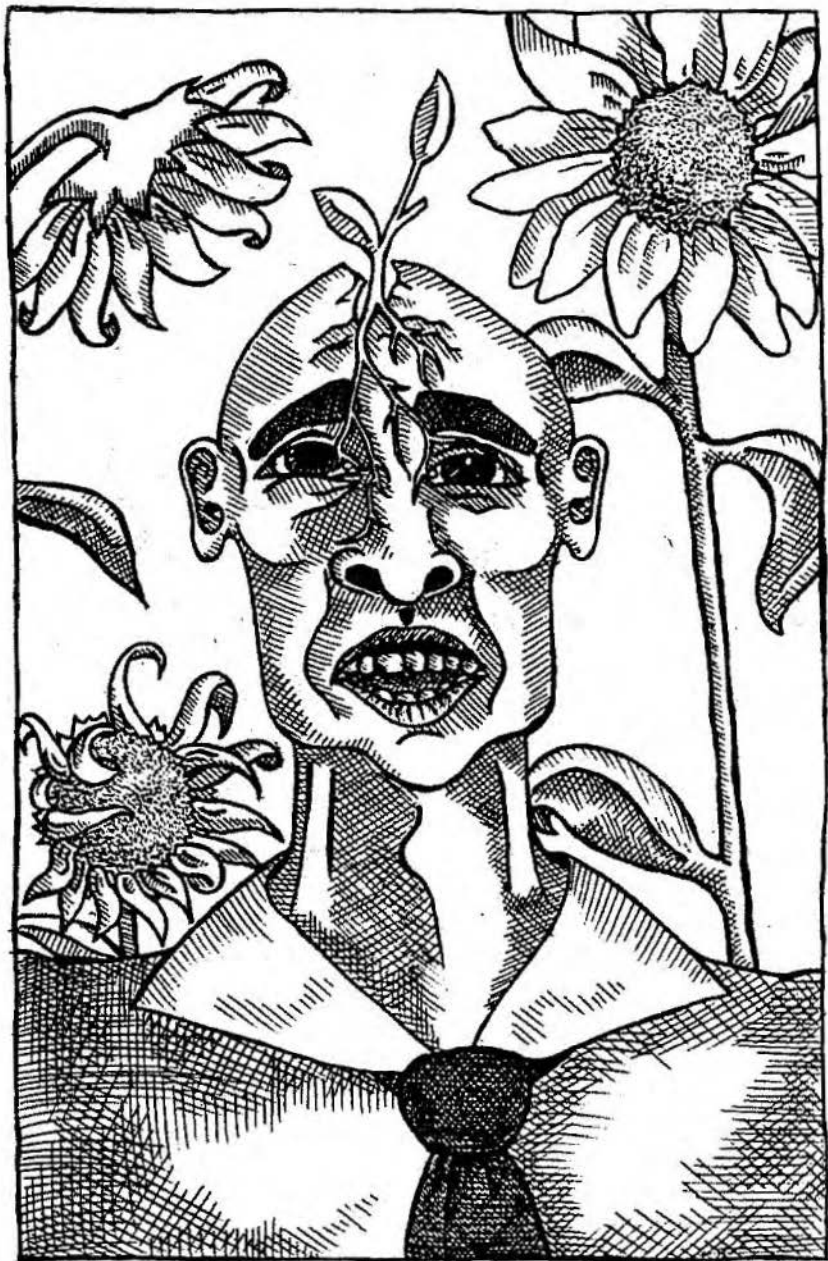
HA HA HA HA

love life → last night i jacked  
off to Naked Lunch.

ass → still fat.

Sassyfrass → perma-sass.





**SUBMIT SUBMIT**

*Sassyfrass Circus wants you!*

*send all your cool shit to:*

*jenna.brager@gmail.com*

**HOME BREWED WINES**