

PROJECT 76



number two.

this is a warning. for you the reader. in this zine i talk about my body. that means fat stuff, trans stuff, self mutilation, sexual abuse, body modification, s and m, cops, etc. some of the terms i use for my own body might offend you. but i am not talking about your body. it is mine, and my own to define how i please.

another tranny boy poem-et-ick.

I dont have the body of the boys I knew in higschool.
Ive got the body of the all the boys I know now tho.
Yeah Ive got a dick.
What size you want?

I wear two t-shirts.
Even when is fucking hot out.
And dont forget that strap across my chest.
My fucking ribs hurt.

Yeah I?ll take my shirt off for you.
No you cant put your hands there.
Dont even thinking about cupping them.
Yeah fuck you too.

Im lucky.
I aint got no hips.
But I got a hairy belly.
Its the lint trap.

Im shaving today.
Im inspecting my chin.
Would you look at that?
Its getting thicker.

So Im staring at pictures.
Of the boys I knew in highschool.
And Im staring at myself in the mirror.
Sometimes I hate them.

Not the boys.
But the mirrors.
The pictures of me with the boys in higchool.
The pictures of me on my moms wall.

But not Ive got the hair on my face that Ive always wanted.
And now Ive got the friends that have bodies like mine.
And now my voice is low. Like low. Like low, low.
Like a rumble in your tummy.

Like the hair on my tummy.
Like you staring at me wondering.
Still wondering.
Why the fuck do you care.

Im just a boy.
Yeah I got tits.
Yeah I got a dick.
What size do you want.

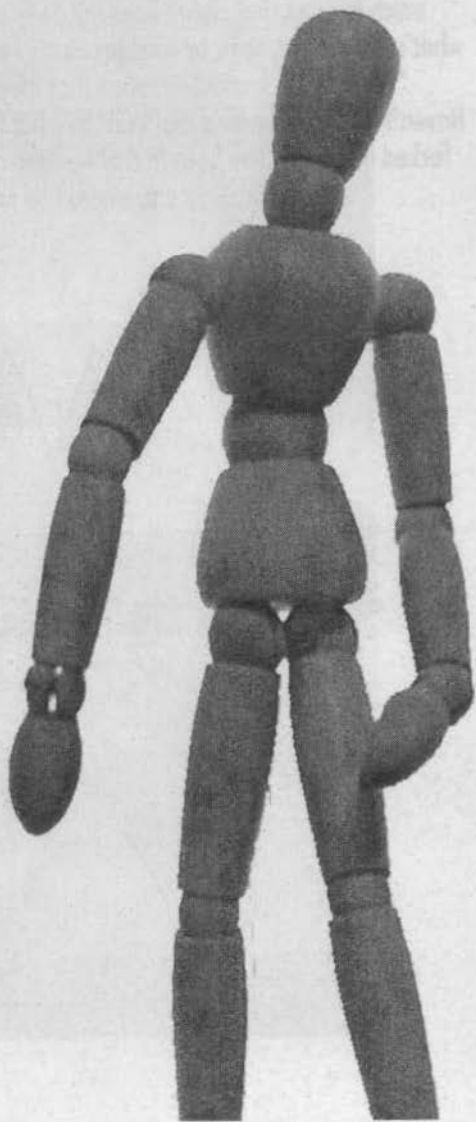


FEELING LOW. RECLUSE. LIKE HIDING.
LIKE RUNNING, FAR, FAR AWAY. LIKE
SLEEPING THE DAY AWAY. HAPPY
THAT I HAVE GOOD PEOPLE IN MY
LIFE. LIKE IM MISSING OUT ON THE BIG
PICTURE. SELF DESTRUCTIVE. OKAY.
FINE. ALRIGHT. LIKE NOT ANSWERING
ANYMORE. ALONE. LOVED. CARED
FOR. ANGRY. ANGRY AT HIM. ANGRY
AT THE WORLD. ANGRY WITH
MYSELF...BECAUSE, WELL, JUST
BECAUSE. LIKE A GIRL. LIKE A BOY.
LIKE NOTHING IN BETWEEN. LIKE
EVERYONE IS STARING AT ME. LIKE IM
NOT QUITE RIGHT.



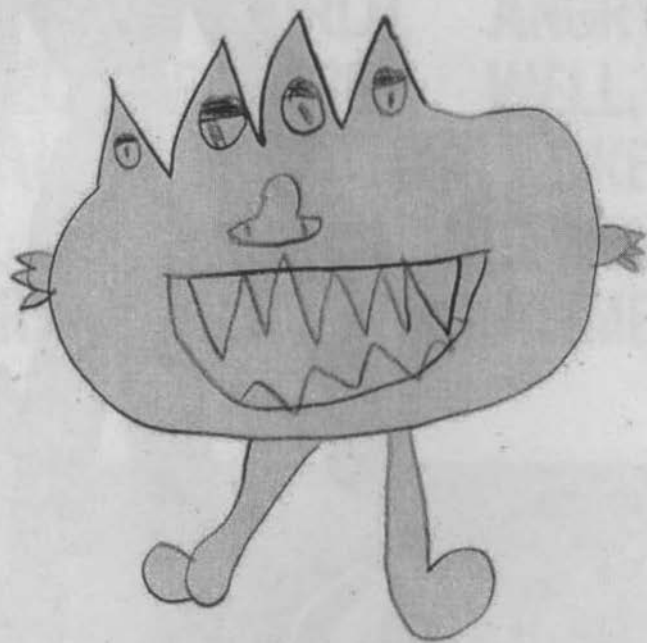
I dont know why they have us study these wooden figures for drawing the human figure. I dont think I know one person that is this proportionate. And I like it that way. I mean, you'd think they'd at least give you some variety when looking for a sculpture.

I like having variety in my life.



So I've been thinking a lot about my body lately. How it's changed and how it changes every day. I had a lover once tell me that because I haven't gotten my chest removed yet I was triggering him if we had sex unclothed. That because I allowed him to fuck me he felt weird about me fucking him. This of course is was strange because that's how we worked sexually. I let him fuck me once. And that's what I got. A phone call later that week saying he was having some weird feelings about his body. And that they stemmed from us being completely bare to the world. I didn't know what to say or do. But I felt ashamed. I cursed myself for opening up to him like that. And it made me nervous when I met new people that I was attracted to. I asked myself, are they kissing me because it's fun and they've had too much to drink that night? Does my body make them intrigued? Do they even really know what's between my legs, or what pronouns I prefer? Are they assuming that I'm some sort of "best of both worlds" situation that they can "try out?" And haven't I used that before? Haven't I said to someone that I can be what they want for the night? Just to please them. As fucked up as it is. I've been in that position mentally and emotionally. Not knowing where I am, where I lie on this supposed straight line of gender and sex.

Often times feeling like a freak in my own skin.



beautiful.

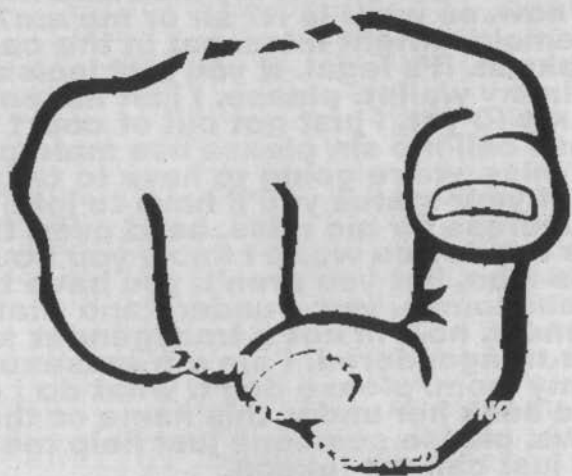




three years ago. im still afraid.

handcuffed behind my back. against my car. while someone searched it. searched me. what are these needles for? he pulled out my dick and harness. laughing now. so what is it? sir or ma'am? oh your ID says female. alright miss. get in the car. please call me jakson. it's legal. if you just look at the paperwork in my wallet. please. i just haven't changed my ID yet. i just got out of court two days ago. please call me sir. please use male pronouns. i'm sorry miss. we're going to have to take you in. because of your status you'll have to join the other women. undress for me miss. bend over. thank you. what size bra do you wear. i know you sound and look like a man, but you aren't. you have to go to the womens tombs. yes, i understand that you are a transgender. no, i'm not a transgender sir, i am a man. i am transgendered. i am a transsexual. please just call my mom. please don't. what do i do now. should we book her under this name or that name. who knows. please someone just help me. please someone just call me jakson.

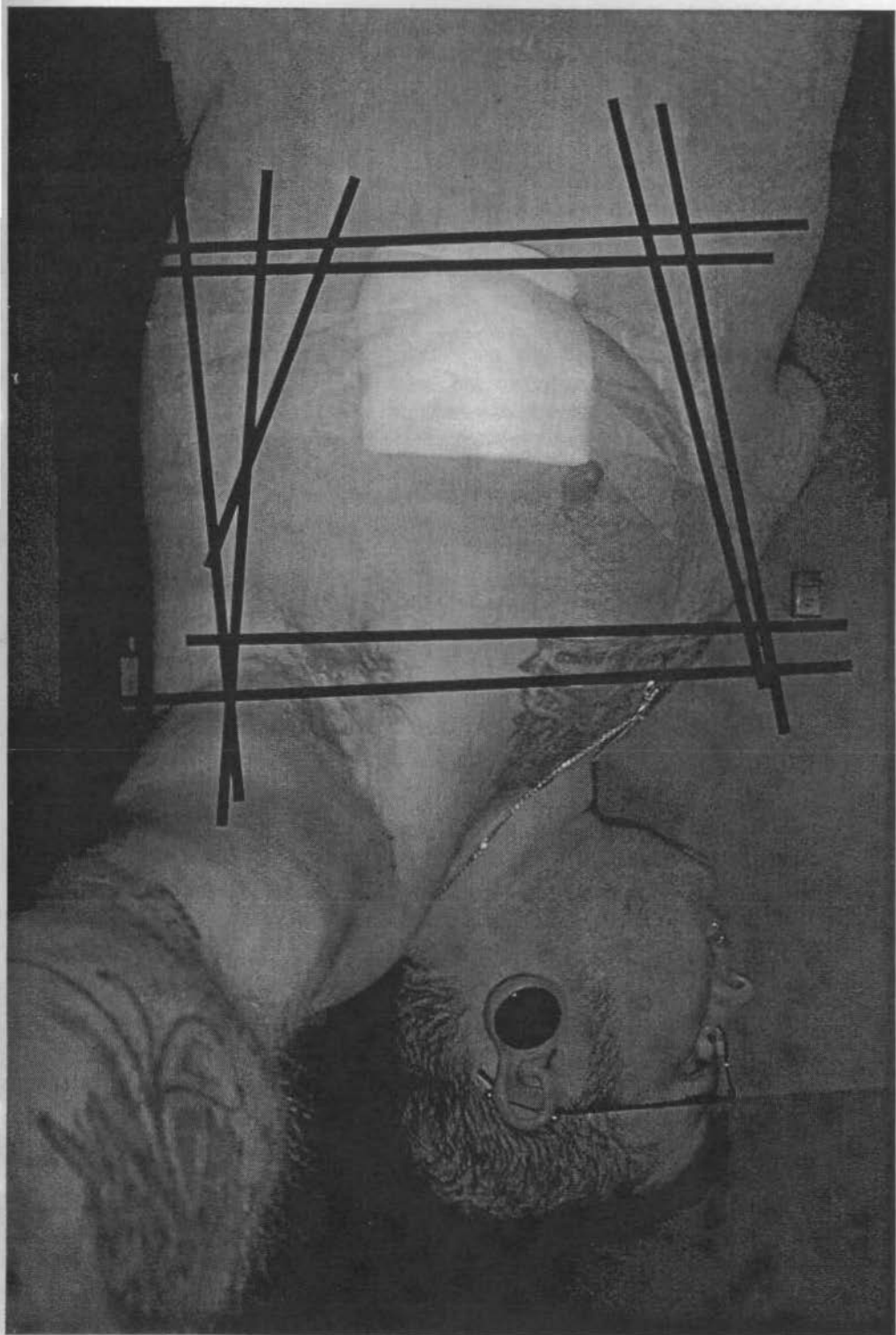
Max. He was this fictional character or maybe invisible friend or something that I used to draw when I was about eleven. I remember being in art class and drawing him over and over again. In different scenarios. With keys to a car, and flowers for a girl... or perhaps a boy. He did look awfully gay with his goatee and s u n g l a s s e s . I remember the kids in my class making fun of me. But really, they were dead on with their taunting. The teacher asked me, why do you draw this character all of the time? I replied with an I dunno. And the boy sitting across from me shouts out, "because she wants to be him when she grows up!"



she's got it right. one of the only people that have been. she knows my body more than i do sometimes. she knows when and how to touch me. and when not to. how to suck my cock and make it feel inches longer and wider. **to fuck me, and never let me feel like im not a man.** she knows how to touch my back without making me jump. her arms wrapped around me when i fall asleep naked by accident dont freak me out. her hands on my chest are tender and wary, never invasive. and to think, she had never seen a body like mine before she saw mine. so yeah... she's just got it right.

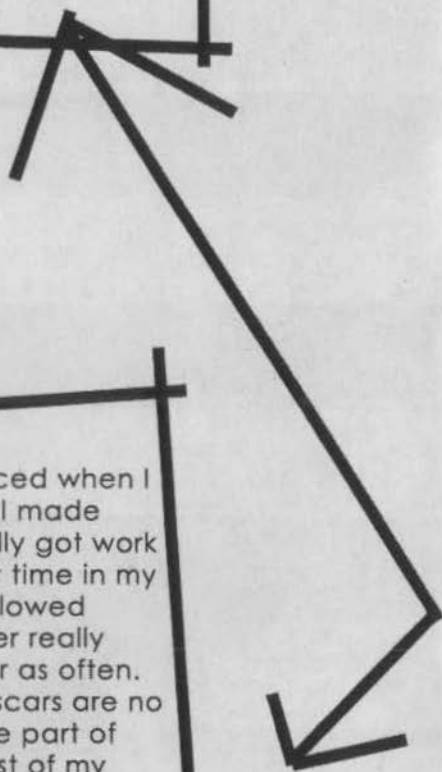
I've always been a bit weird about my chest. But always made (and still make) sure that I checked myself for lumps. My grandmother and her sister have both had one or both of their breasts removed. My mother, constantly in for mammograms and biopsies. The women, in my family are very high risk for cervical, ovarian, and breast cancer. It runs in the family, just like my good looks and sense of style. And every time my mom calls and says she's going in, I pray that this isn't the time things don't work out. So far, things seem to be okay with her. But about seven months ago, I was lying in bed with my wife and felt something below my left nipple. I went to see my doctor a couple weeks later. She felt the same thing I did, and three more. So she wrote me a prescription to the women's imaging center. I avoided it for almost a month. I was leaving for New York and was in avertedly avoiding the whole thing. Until I got a phone call, literally five minutes before my wife was to take me to the airport. This time they were telling me that my pap came back with some sort of abnormal cell structure... or something. That I could have the beginnings of cervical cancer. I went to back home (New York) and couldn't think about anything else. And I made an appointment for two days after I returned to Denver. The Doctor was incredible. Very respectful of my gender and making notes that may give my insurance company a reason to cover some of my surgeries. They did a mammogram, and ultra sound, a vaginal ultra sound, and then decided to do a biopsy that day.

I don't have cancer. At least not now.



Modification of the Human Body

To be put in simplest, obvious terms: the voluntary (in this context) modification of the human body. Tattooing, Piercing, Cutting, Branding...



I started getting tattooed and pierced when I was about sixteen. With a fake ID I made friends with my artists and generally got work done every week. It seems at that time in my life, my self destructive behavior slowed down quite a bit. The cutting never really stopped. But it wasn't as violent or as often. And in my own way I feel like my scars are no different than my tattoos. They are part of me and they tell stories like the rest of my body does.

My ears are by far my favorite modification. I've spent years working on them... they weren't just stick, heal, done. It has taken me almost five years to get the point I'm at now. And I'm certainly not ready to quit. Just about 6 years of tattooing, and I'm still no where near where I want to be. And well, I still give myself scars sometimes. And I don't know what or where I'm going with that. But I can't deny its art.

Written two years ago... while dealing with sobriety, a new relationship, and a failed one.

this place.

In a perfect world I would be sleeping, and listening to your breathing. Slowly through the night and into the early morning sunlight. I would lay there, upon your chest. And I would listen to your life. In this world I would wake up with sleep still in my eyes, and you would look at me. And thats it. Just that. That moment. Where eyes meet, no words, no sound. Nothing would escape your lips but I would hear you tell me you love me.

In this world we wouldnt struggle. With that bottle of jack. With that bottle of bud. Or our dear friends in absolut. I wouldnt need the golden coin in my pocket to feel okay. I wouldnt need to sit in a circle of people, and tell them why I am powerless. Because sometimes, I dont want to believe it. And sometimes, I dont. Those are the days... that I need the coins the most.

This world lets us go away. It lets us leave, and experience life. And experience our needs. It lets me go to my Madame and submit my body, mind, and soul to Her. It lets me take the hardest beatings, the most intense words, the worst fears... and never feel insecure that I didnt do enough. Or I wasnt good enough. Or I didnt take... enough.

This world says Im a boy. It even says that my cunt is a boy. This world tells me: you're normal.

...but.

Im here, alone in my cold room. And well you are there. And well you and I. Are. Well. We wont ever share that again. And here today, I am powerless. And here today, its been two months since I gave up a bottle... of whatever. And here in this world I am scared that I am not enough for Madame. I am scared that I cant take what She wants. And here in this place, I cry after every scene. And sometimes I get insecure about that. And well, the last part about this place that isnt quite* perfect. I do have a cunt, I do have breasts, and at one point in my life you called me a girl.

...but.

Im doin' okay without you boy. Im doin' just fine. I admit I miss you. But I smile when I say, the words "Im okay." And believe it. And Im okay with saying Im a drunk, Im okay with saying I have a problem. And Im happy to say. Its been two months since I let that poison slip between my lips and down my throat. And Im proud to say Im Madame's boy. And She is proud of me. She is proud of my growth with Her, and with this life. She is proud to be my Madame. The truth of it is, insecurity about Her is all in my head. And truth of the matter is: crying is the release of strength. And one more thing: I like my cunt, and I like my dick, and my experiences in life make me who I am.

- I do not have to choose between being invisible (“passing”) or being “othered” and/or tokenized based on my gender.
- People will not assume that I’m a top/bottom based on my anatomy.
- I am not told that my sexual orientation and gender identity are mutually exclusive.
- When I go to the gym or a public pool, I can use the showers.
- If I end up in the emergency room, I do not have to worry that my gender will keep me from receiving appropriate treatment, or that all of my medical issues will be seen as a result of my gender. (“Your nose is running and your throat hurts? Must be due to the hormones!”)
- My health insurance provider (or public health system) does not specifically exclude me from receiving benefits or treatments available to others because of my gender.
- My identity is not considered “mentally ill” by the medical establishment.
- I am not required to undergo an extensive psychological evaluation in order to receive basic medical care.
- The medical establishment does not serve as a “gatekeeper,” determining what happens to my body.

People do not use me as a scapegoat for their own unresolved gender issues.

you can find this list at:
http://multiculturalcenter.osu.edu/Posts/Documents/115_5.PDF

although I pass very well. and am invisible at work and everywhere outside of my circle of friends. some of this list still rings true to me and my body. testosterone can only take your body so far. and being a cook in a diner is no way to fund two or three surgeries. because yes, I want top surgery for my small chest, yes I want a hysto, yes I want bottom surgery. sometimes I want my body to stop being a freakshow. sometimes I just want to put my hands in my pants and take hold of something. i want to stop squatting, sitting, or caring a medical spoon with me to the bathrooms. i want my body to match everything that this world says men need to have to be men. it doesn't mean that my body isn't male because there are so many kinds of male bodies out there. i just want these things for me. i want to be able to feel safe. and right now i'm still afraid that when my boss pats my back he's going to feel my binder. or one of my co-workers might find it strange that i never use the urinals.

i just need to feel safe outside of my circle of friends.

Gender Normative Privilege

If I am gender normative (or, in some cases, simply perceived as gender normative):

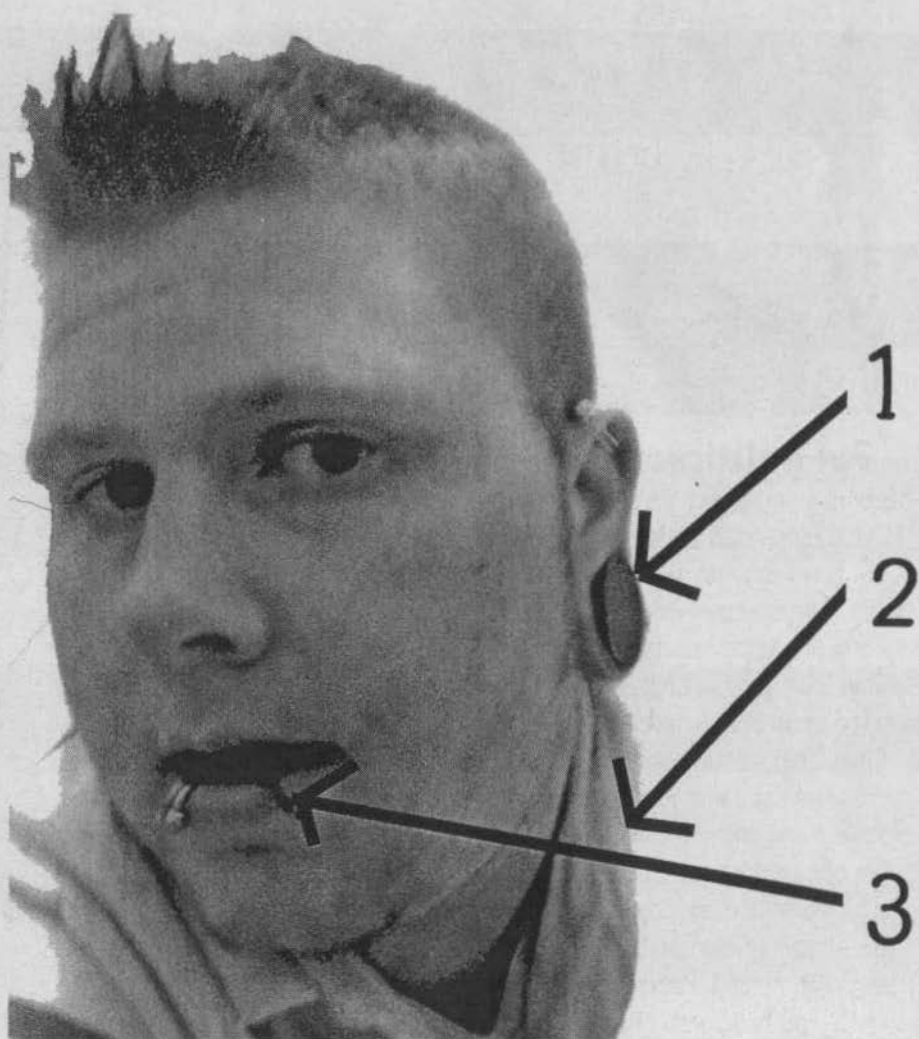
- Strangers don't assume they can ask me what my genitals look like and how I have sex.
- My validity as a man/woman/human is not based on how much surgery I've had or how well I "pass" as a non-transperson.
- **When initiating sex with someone, I do not have to worry that they won't be able to deal with my parts, or that having sex with me will cause my partner to question his or her own sexual orientation.**
- I am not excluded from events which are either explicitly or de facto (because of nudity) for men-born-men or women-born-women only.
- My politics are not questioned based on the choices I make with regard to my body.
- **I don't have to hear "so have you had THE surgery?" or "oh, so you're REALLY a [incorrect sex or gender]?" each time I come out to someone.**
- I am not expected to constantly defend my medical decisions.
- Strangers do not ask me what my "real name" [birth name] is and then assume that they have a right to call me by that name.
- People do not disrespect me by using incorrect pronouns even after they've been corrected.
- I do not have to worry that someone wants to be my friend or have sex with me in order to prove his or her "hip-ness" or good politics.
- **I do not have to worry about whether I will experience harassment or violence for using a bathroom or whether I will be safe changing in a locker room.**
- **When engaging in political protests, I do not have to worry about the gendered repercussions of being arrested. (i.e., what will happen to me if the cops find out that my genitals do not match my gendered appearance? Will I be placed in a cell with people of my own gender?)**
- I do not have to defend my right to be a part of "Queer," and gays and lesbians will not try to exclude me from OUR movement in order to gain political legitimacy for themselves.
- My experience of gender (or gendered spaces) is not viewed as "baggage" by others of the gender in which I live.

i said no. and passed out. i think. i dont really know. but. the next morning. i woke up in a haze. confusion. i hurt. down there. my pants were at my ankles. there he was. passed out on the floor next to me. i stood up. off of the orange flower print couch. i pulled my shirt down. my pants up. i went to the bathroom and i puked. and i cried. and cried. what happend? who am i? what did i do? crying. i washed myself. over and over. and over again. please take me home i said to my friend. she asked me what was wrong. woke her boyfriend. and drove me home. it was his friend. her mom's liquer. my thirteen year old body. i slept the rest of the day. my mom asked me what was wrong. i told her i was feeling sick. like i was getting a cold. i couldnt tell her. fuck, i couldnt tell myself. i mean. what the fuck happend. my friend called me later that week. and she called and called. i never spoke to her again. i couldnt. i could barely look at myself. could barely get undressed to shower. i didnt tell anyone until i was seventeen. she called it rape. i still have a hard time saying that word.



Fat politics. To be honest this is something that has recently - become a part of my life and my conversations with people. For a long time, I didn't even really understand what it meant to me, or what it meant in my life. From early on my father has always called me fat, and unhealthy. He kept telling me how I would look so much better if I lost weight. That I would be better at the sports I played if I was skinny. Even to this day, to him I always look good when I've lost weight. Even if it's from not eating because I'm too poor. But he never makes a nice comment if I've gained weight. And I think that's always stuck with me. There are days where I can look in a mirror and say damn you look good today. Then there are days where I turn sideways and squint my eyes. Trying to hide behind the blurriness it causes. I've been enjoying great company in my life lately and that quite honestly helps me have more days where I'm not squinting. My friend Shannon has this amazing tattoo on her belly.. "**fat.**" That's it, that's all it says. With a period at the end. Punctuating it, so it sounds hard, and definite. I love it. And I also wish I had the courage to do something like that.

1. inch and 3/8th's stretched lobes
2. lip piercings: good for kissing and stuff
3. lots of tattoo work under these clothes



Owned

There I was- my crying face against the cold concrete wall. My arms bracing my body at my chest. Her voice cooing in my ear every time the leather would land on my shoulders. "You're such a good boy, you know, taking all of this for me." But I wasn't taking it for her, and she knew that. She knew I was doing this for me. It was the beginning of a wonderful relationship of submission, public play, and service. Allowing someone to say that they owned my body. That I was Hers every time she slipped my leather and chain collar over my neck. That when and where and how she wanted to, she could do anything to me. Of course there were limits, but she pushed those for me. Farther than I would normally have let anyone. But there was a trust there. Something I can't really explain. But from the moment I met her to the last time I saw her I wanted to lay at her feet, with the heel of her boot digging into my neck... of course. I earned my time with her, I earned every beating I took. Every tear drained from my eyes when I was with her was for me, and thankful to her. I had never really bottomed to anyone before her, let alone been in a service relationship. But at that point in my life it's exactly what I needed. I needed my body to be bruised and beaten. For the cuts to come from someone else's hands. I needed to let go for once in my life and let someone else take control. Even if it was only when I saw her, or did service for her from a distance. I let my body be completely open to another human being during a time when it was changing so much. Every day something different and new, and she was there to mark me in places that had rarely seen daylight before. I think those were the times I cried the most.

following is intended to move forward Madame & boy's dynamic as well as to better each of them individually. All of this works towards a better functioning and more fulfilling dyad.

And because they are twisted, sexy perverts.



i fear publishing this. i fear that it will get into the wrong hands. that my homophobic boss will find it. that he will see pictures of my body. that he will use female pronouns. that someone on the street will "know." but i feel like it's time to talk about this stuff. and i feel like this is the right way to do it for me. so thank you for reading.



THIS ZINE WAS PRETTY PERSONAL AND
INCREDIBLY INTENSE, HARD, AND FULFILLING TO
WRITE. LET ME KNOW HOW YOU'RE FEELIN'

jaksonian7x@yahoo.com