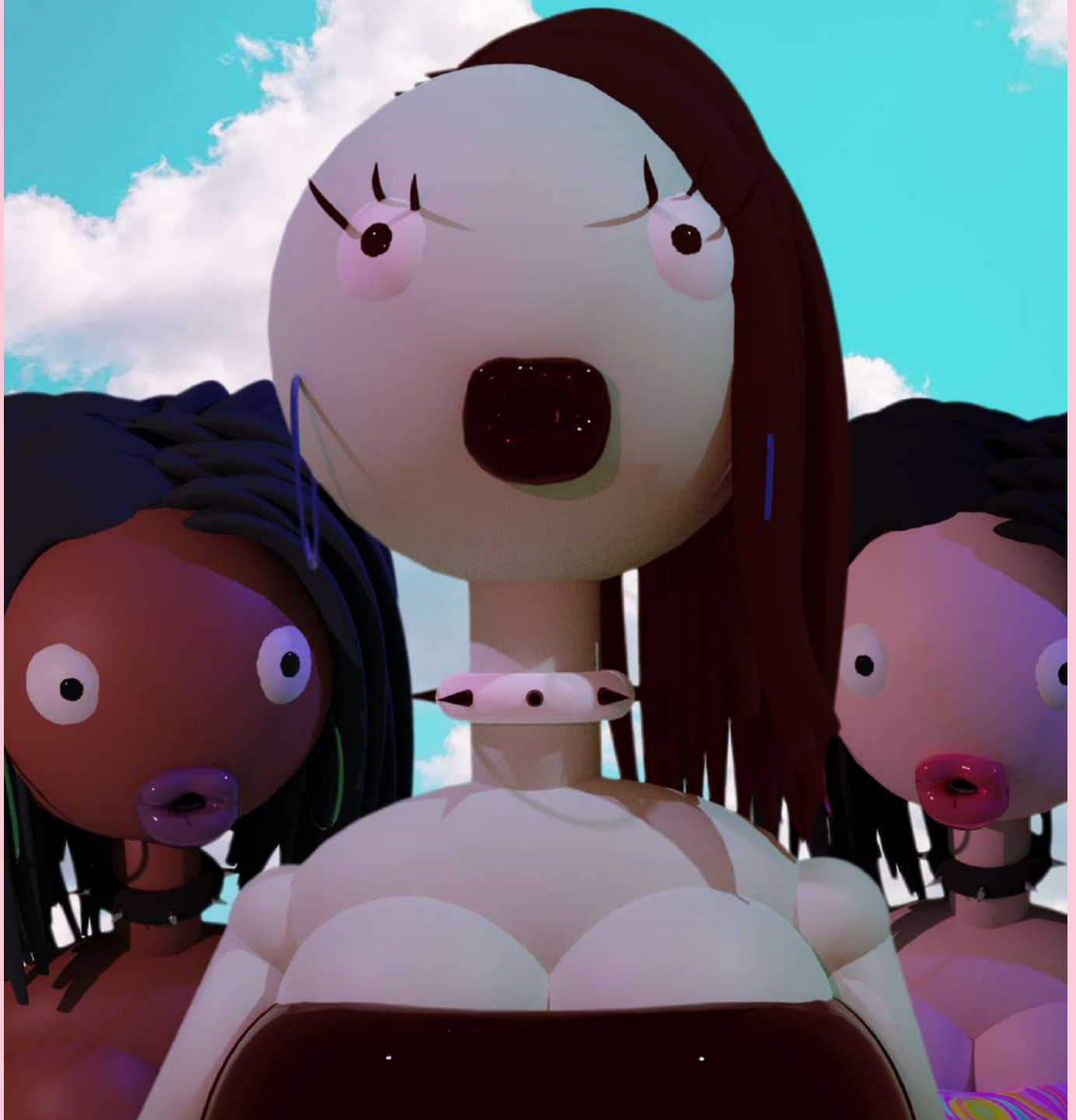


Whoker

a monthly trans / non-binary, femme focused
online newsletter for bad bitches only





Issue 001 - October 2021

The Trans Separatism Issue



Letter from the Editor

Haaay gurl, welcome to the very first issue of CHOKER. Come on in. Welcome home, there's a bubble bath running just up the stairs for you. Take all the time you need.

My name is Jen Ives. I'm a stand up comedian, writer, artist, online presence & general nuisance. I decided to start this monthly newsletter / digs-zine / future religious text, because I see a gap in the landscape for trans & non-binary femmes to express & share their lives, thoughts & style (I mean, obviously there's twitter - but a bit of curation never hurt). The plan is for CHOKER to be a place for trans & non binary femmes to read about and share the thoughts, stories, humour, fashion & life experiences that are relatable to them. I made CHOKER because I want to read something like CHOKER.

If you like what you see in CHOKER and would like to contribute something, CHOKER runs on donated contributions, so simply send it over in an email with a little bit about you to: chokermothly@gmail.com and we'll try to to include it in the next one.

CHOKER
CHOKER
CHOKER
CHOKER
CHOKER
CHOKER
CHOKER

Trans Separatism Now?



By Jen Ives

The United Kingdom has become a meme. It's always been a bit of a meme in one way or another I suppose, but I'm not talking about wonky teeth, colonialism or "bottle 'a w'oter" discourse. I'm of course talking about "Terf Island" - it's unofficial new monicker. Americans look at us and think "boy howdy, I could sure go for a Denny's right about now!" And then, after they've had a Denny's, they look at us again and think "hoowee, that there Engler-land sure is becoming one big ol' terf-island".

And they aren't wrong (for once). Although America probably has more transphobic people purely on account of its population - their particular brand isn't quite as intrenched and socially accepted within their "liberal" media. Whereas over here... well, you've read The Guardian lately. Or maybe you haven't - I don't touch the thing these days. But you don't need to read The Guardian to hear "gender critical points of view". They are literally everywhere. The Times has it on their front page, Labour MPs are "debating" constantly, Woman's Hour on Radio 4 is playing Devil's Advocate, Tavistock and Mermaids are fighting to clear their names from years of slander, LGB Alliance is a registered charity... I could go on and on. And I often do. But sometimes - and I felt a little bit ashamed the first time I thought this - sometimes, I want to succeed. Not in a bad way, like how the American South tried to succeed from the US - but in a good, empowering, not racist sort of way. Sometimes I look at the state of trans rights here, and I look at my lovely cis friends and family, and I still think "nope, it'd still be better if we had our own island somewhere - just away from everyone".

I imagine myself sometimes, living in some kind of... I wanna say "commune" but I don't mean commune because I want the food to be nice. But ok, yeah - a commune. And on that commune, it's just trans people. We're allowed to live in the ways we want because we make society's rules now. All toilets are gender-less. All hormones are freely available & I am the ruling dictator and everyone has to do what I say or fear death by guillotine (I'm bringing it back).

The issue with separatism, though, is you don't get to see your sister anymore. Or your best gal pal, Alice. And after a while, some of us are going to get super horny and end up leaving anyway. The desire for separatism is a very real thing, that I feel more and more frequently these days - but it isn't a normal thing to want. Because really, I don't want it. I want to be an equally respected member of general society, and I want to be an active part of it. But when society goes out of it's way to make you feel more and more unwelcome, the thought of running away becomes more and more understandable. When your home is

known casually as "Terf Island" it feels more and more justifiable to want to go it alone.

I think what I want more than anything, is a sense of normalcy. A community where shared experiences can be valued, and where public facilities, politics, the media and the establishment at large make more of an effort to include you. I want a place where I can be a femme trans woman without having to apologise. A place where I can truly express myself without shame. A place where I can travel around from town to town in a big circus tent and do saucy lip syncs to Britney tracks for hen-do's.

Oh God, I just realised that I want to join the Ladyboys of Bangkok.

Follow Jen on Twitter: twitter.com/jenivescomedian

~X~0~X~



Where Shall We Go?

We put out a tweet in search of recommendations for ideal islands for us transgenders to move to when we succeed. Here are some of the best.



Second Puberty, or How I Learned to Make Mistakes on Purpose



By Femke

At what point do you realise you've made a mistake, and at what point do you back out? As a raging lesbian I tend not to kiss guys during a hookup, so his black teeth weren't really a problem. I live in one of the most economically deprived areas of Wales, so his grimey box flat wasn't an issue either. I'll admit that the family photo in a frame emblazoned with the word "Grandad" gave me pause for thought, but hey - I live in a rural area, options are limited, and older people deserve orgasms too.

No, the point where any self-respecting girl would have stepped away and never looked back is when it became clear that he saw me as a crossdresser, and not a woman. I was, at best, a curiosity in his eyes. Buuuuuuuuuut... I was all dressed up and looked hot AF. I had put aside my anxiety in search of getting boned, and I was not going to give up at the final moment just because this old guy (who had a great dick, btw, thanks for asking) basically thought I was a man with excellent fashion sense and shining "fuck me harder daddy" eyes.

It was my first hookup since becoming a newly minted polyamorous trans girl, and felt like I had a lot of catching up to do. I consider this ill-advised foray to mark the official beginning of what I like to call Puberty 2: Electric Boogaloo.

It's almost universally agreed upon that your teen years are reserved for being reckless; for engaging in some questionable activities so that you might learn not to repeat those mistakes during your adult years. Afterall, getting shitfaced on Blue WKD and puking in the back of your friend's mum's car is just deemed more culturally acceptable when you're 17. But in your 30s, it's indicative of what some people might call a "drinking problem".

Having just crested 31, I look back on those formative teen years and realise that I was born with an old soul. The high school experience as depicted by modern media is completely alien to me. That is, I suppose, because shows like Sex Education portray an idealised version of adolescence, where the sun always shines in a world without seasons, your friendships are intense but rewarding, and the days are long and full of drama.

But since I began housing titty skittles like the hungriest little hippo at the Hungry Hippo Annual Dance, I intensely crave teen comedy dramas with a queer edge (hit me up with your reccomendations pls). Shows like Never Have I Ever encapsulate the halcyon days of teenhood I feel I was never able to experience by virtue of being in a permanent state of dissociation since the unfortunate moment of my birth.

I write this with nothing but love for both Sex Education and Never Have I Ever, but they almost feel like reactionary nostalgia, as now aging millennials and Gen-Xers attempt to reclaim their lost youth in the form of bingeable Netflix shows. In Sex Education, for example, it rains once over the course of three seasons. Otherwise it's perfect sunny days, every day. And the show's pseudo '70s aesthetic harkens back to a simpler time, as though it takes place in some sort of beautiful unreality that - I imagine - feels something like a happy adolescence.

So I find myself attempting to embrace the fabled second puberty that comes with hormone therapy. When struck by the urge to cry at my desk for no reason, I let those hot tears of confusion flow freely. I wear too much eyeliner, flirt with older guys, and buy ten piece choker sets from Amazon. I tear through fashion like it's going out of style (haha, I am funny, please love me). I stomp around the house like a moody teenager, offering curt one word responses to anyone foolish enough to cross my path, and spend almost every spare moment sulking in my room. Honestly, it's great. It feels very *authentic*.

The one area, however, where I must show some restraint is when it comes to being reckless. I want to go off the fucking rails, be the troubled teen I was always meant to be, and spend a summer cosplaying a human car crash with Cosmic Dave and his Ketamin Pals.

I want to let my grades slide because I keep skipping school to smoke weed and get fingered by the gender bending goth from English class. I want to get into a shouting match with my parents because they won't let me dye my hair pink. I want to spend a confusing summer in a relationship with a shitty guy who treats me like garbage before finally realising that I'm a lesbian and leaving his sucker ass at a motorway service station on the way home from a group holiday at an all-inclusive Spanish resort. Some of my teenage fantasies are very specific, I will admit.

But what I have to do, despite being basically a teenager again, is go to work and keep my shit together because otherwise I will lose my job. And if I lose my job, I can't pay rent. And from there... Well, we all live in the hungry shadow of capitalism. You know how this shit plays out.

The fun of being a teenager is that you don't know any better. But being a teenager with all the lived experience of an adult means I have to make sensible choices. And as a trans woman, I'm way more likely to be a victim of violence, so I have to play it safe. Like, *properly* safe. The dehumanising experience of fucking guy who sees me as a man is certainly something I can learn from in that quintessential teenage way. But it comes with this grim weight of knowledge and responsibility that really sucks the fun out of it. It was a conscious decision to make that mistake.

Perhaps I too, like Sex Education and Never Have I Ever, am glamorising a version of teenage reality which simply does not exist. But fuck if it's not

something I'm hungry for. The realisation that I was trans at the age of 30 came with a harrowing waterfall of grief. Those wasted years, letting some strange boy take the wheel as we drove through the grey expanse that was my existence. Now I take succor from those endless summers portrayed on TV, and bathe the impossible fantasy of it all because I'm too much of a sensible adult to play it out myself, and I guess I just have to be okay with that.

Follow Femke on Twitter: twitter.com/Femke_Axedottir

~X~0~X~

Review: Robert Webb in Strictly Come Dancing



Pure dogshit. 0/10!



BAD BITCH FASHION CORNER



The last stand of a woman's lonely knacker



By Sosig Fairy

(photo by Christine Havill Photography)

It feels like everyone and their auntie Joan are jumping on the covid conspiracy train, so I want one of my own.

This is part of my story of being a nonbinary trans woman, of having cancer, and the vindictiveness of my stubborn right goolie.

Getting bottom surgery is an absolute nightmare in the UK, and even more so when you're a proudly fat femme. Back in 2018 I was oh so close to that elusive surgery date, but of course it had to be pushed back so I could lose the weight that it had taken me over 30 years to learn to love. And, like, sure I'd do it but I needed time to say goodbye!

During that time, there was a growing sense of dread in my nethers. "I know guys," I thought, "you don't wanna go. But our relationship has been on its last legs for years and it really is time we part ways." Was it the fear of leaving from my oddly personified junk, though? Sadly not. For once Dr Google actually was right and I had testicular cancer.

What proceeded the disconcerting cold jelly probing was something of a blur of doctors saying "Um, madam? Are you sure you're in the right office?" and "well at this stage we'd talk about prosthetics but um [gestures at my womanly presence]". Despite my pleading with the slightly puzzled surgeon, he was only really allowed to remove the left, be-tumoured lad, leaving Mr Righty a bit sad and lonely and our relationship even more strained than before. Side note: yes, I did gender parts of my junk as male...but I tend to resent most men so it tracks.

Unfortunately that wasn't the end of "my body has decided to go into all out rebellion" - after chemo that was totally ineffective and a biopsy surgery (done by a robot no less!) I was found to have the luck of a lottery jackpot winner and gotten a rare two for one deal on the cancers!

Chemo for lymphoma is not exactly a day at the races for anyone. Having said that...spending a day surrounded by poshos in weird hats shouting loudly and throwing up on the side of a marquee would probably make me feel much the same, so perhaps it is an apt metaphor. But, oh no, this special snowflake is a particularly special snowflake and my body decided that a monthly party with its old friend Septic Shock might be fun.

Imagine my joy when, halfway through all of this, I developed a nasty infection in the neighbourhood of Mr Righty, who had stubbornly been sitting there muttering "you can't make me leave!" throughout all of this. This was my

chance! Away with you, foul infection! Doctor, fetch your tools and banish this filth root and stem!

"Don't you worry" said the kindly doctor, "we shall save you!" Little did I know he was referring to my obstinate companion. He did, of course, save my life too, but alas, remarkably intact [prudish whispering] downstairs.

Coming out of all of this into remission and still somehow clinging onto life, I at least had a chance to work towards what I wanted. My perspective had changed, not least because I didn't think I could handle the sort of major surgery that a vaginoplasty entails.

But as much as my body had done a lot of work against me, we'd come to something of an understanding. Dysphoria shifted in ways I didn't expect and as much as I still have a list of "yeah that would be the ideal thing", living without **the surgery** felt like something I might be ok with.

Mr Righty, however, had still long outlived his welcome. I didn't want him going the way of his brother and still thought parting ways would be the best for all involved. And this takes us up to January 2020.

Now we come to the meat of the matter (pun not quite intended) - what on earth does this have to do with covid? Stick with me here. I don't know how he did it, but when I started conversations about extricating the unwelcome Mr Righty, and was close to setting a date for the farewell, we started hearing tales of an obscure new viral infection. A viral infection that would rip through the world and make this surgery that I needed a logistical impossibility. Coincidence? **I think not.**

And so he clings on, this leech, this barnacle, this old man of the sea. So when I hear the wild tales of covid conspiracies I throw my head back in pained laughter. Little do the sheeple know - it was actually a last ditch desperate attempt of this lonely lump of germ cell tissue to stay the eviction, for just a little longer.

Follow Sosig Fairy on Twitter: twitter.com/SosigFairy

Watch Sosig Fairy on Twitch: twitch.tv/sosig_fairy

~X~0~X~

Thank you for reading issue 001 of CHOKER. We are always looking for contributors, so if you'd like to write something - or have a piece of art / music featured, please don't hesitate to email us at:

chokermontly@gmail.com

CHOKER doesn't pay for submissions, however we do have a ko-fi and any money raised each month will be split between the contributors from that issue.

[Buy CHOKER a Coffee. ko-fi.com/chokermontly](https://ko-fi.com/chokermontly) ❤️

CHOKER runs on contributions from the trans / non-binary community. If you like CHOKER please do share it around, and be sure to follow us on Twitter & Instagram at:

www.twitter.com/chokermontly

www.instagram.com/chokermontly

CHOKER is created, edited & generally assembled by stand up comedian & writer Jen Ives. All digital CHOKER artwork is also by Jen Ives.

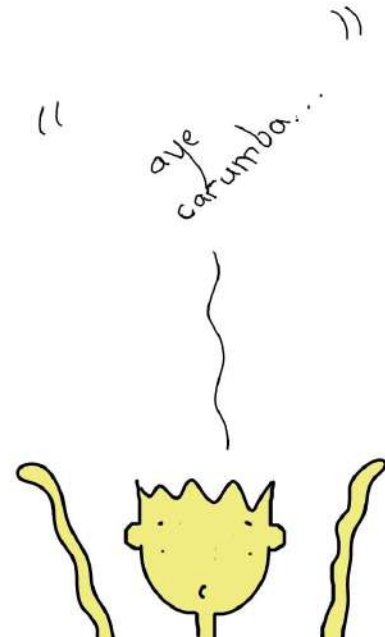
WHAT WE WANT NEXT ISSUE PLEASE:

- Halloween Costume Pictures
 - SCARY stories
 - DUMB cartoons
 - Whatever



*Top 10 Ways a Listings Magazine in 1996 Might Refer
to
Bart Simpson*

1. America's favourite sharp-headed Milhouse apologist.
2. America's favourite fourth grade scum with the long-haired mum.
3. This BRAT (mixed-up) is widely known to be America's favourite rude crude dude - 4 letters.
4. Dennis the Menace for the email generation. An American favourite.
5. A kind of talismanic demigod for mischievous children everywhere. They owe him everything.
6. The latest in a decades-long line of pretenders to Peter Pan's throne.
7. The face that launched a thousand detentions.
8. Imagine if Tony Hawk and The Joker had a baby and raised him to be a teacher's worst nightmare. NOW DOUBLE IT.
9. The nation's yellowest boy!
10. Short pants and a sling shot have never felt quite so now.



By Pea Dinneen

Follow Pea: twitter.com/peadinny

