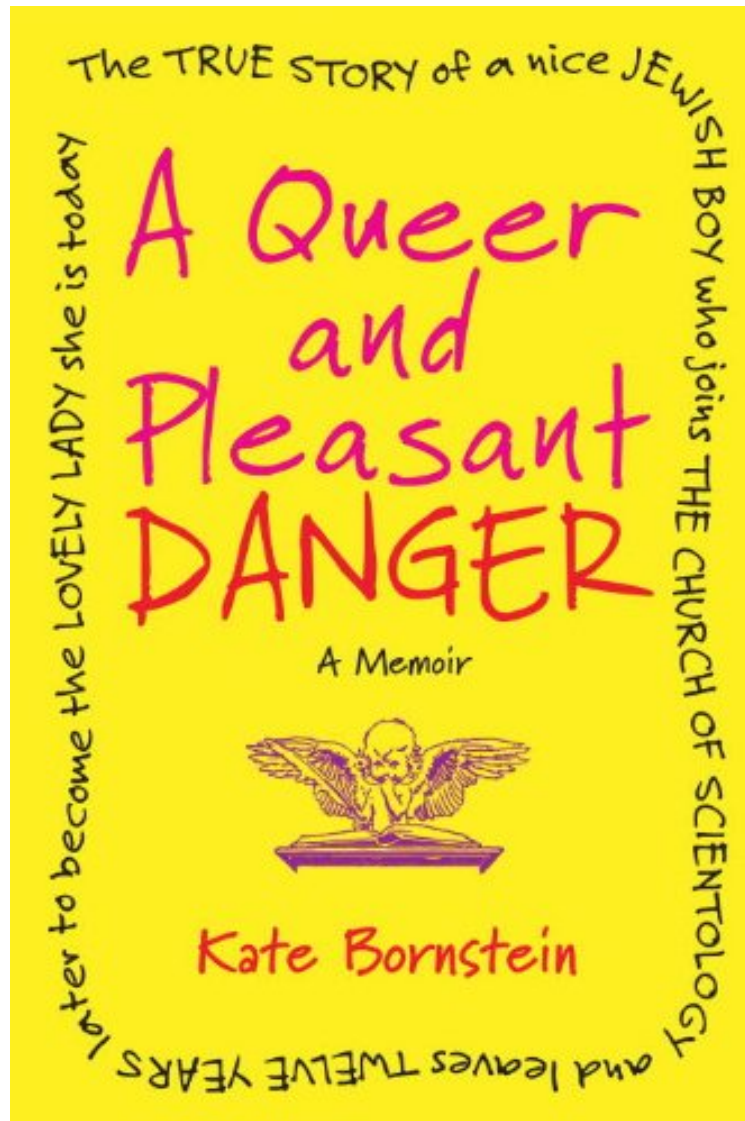


[E-BOOK] A Queer and Pleasant Danger: The true story of a nice Jewish boy who joins the Church of Scientology, and leaves twelve years later to become the lovely lady she is today

A Queer and Pleasant Danger: The true story of a nice Jewish boy who joins the Church of Scientology, and leaves twelve years later to become the lovely lady she is today

Kate Bornstein

*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub | DOC | audiobook*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

#110322 in Books Kate Bornstein 2013-05-07 2013-05-07 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.00 x .65 x 6.00l, .95 #File Name: 080700183X258 pages A Queer and Pleasant Danger The True Story of a Nice Jewish Boy Who Joins the Church of Scientology and Leaves Twelve Years Later to Become the Lovely Lady She Is Today | File size: 39.Mb

Kate Bornstein : A Queer and Pleasant Danger: The true story of a nice Jewish boy who joins the Church of Scientology, and leaves twelve years later to become the lovely lady she is today

before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised *A Queer and Pleasant Danger: The true story of a nice Jewish boy who joins the Church of Scientology, and leaves twelve years later to become the lovely lady she is today*:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A touching tale from a gifted memoirist. By Customer I felt vaguely voyeuristic reading this. As if I intercepted a brutally personal letter between two estranged, but still loving family members. Which, at its heart, I suppose is exactly what it is. Still, while the journey is uniquely the author's, the candor and insight shared with the reader - even if none of us is the one for whom this memoir is written - is so nakedly honest, it's captivating. A lot of the subject matter is stuff I never knew or ever wondered about. Still, this Kate's-eye-view of her life's journey and the insights she picked up along the way, has something to resonate with nearly everyone... even if it's just the love of a parent for their child. I found it a rugged read in some parts, but that's my baggage. I have to commend the author for her brutal honesty and magnanimous, loving spirit. Even her recollections of her life and estrangement from Scientology seem more sadness than bitterness. Life lived, lessons learned. Namaste Kate. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Profound Memoir By zephyrco This book is many things. A funny, sad, and nostalgic memoir. Revealing accounts of the Queer, SM, and Scientology subcultures from the inside. An exploration of the inherent ambiguities that exist in gender and sexuality (and an outsider's take on the Queer Theory in academic studies of such topics). A frank discussion of other taboo topics like suicide and cutting. And most importantly, a narrative which brings these topics to life for the reader in a profound and sometimes disturbing way (depending on your perspective). For the uninitiated, the most shocking parts can be skipped (and the reader is given ample warning in at least one case). But the story as a whole is something I think just about anyone can relate to given enough patience, since it is still a story of the experiences and emotions that made Bornstein who she is, and that is something anyone can relate to. This joins *Stone Butch Blues* and *Zami: A New Spelling of My Name* on my list of books that have made me identify more with my queer brethren. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Honest and Fresh By The Steadfast Reader Excellent. But let me start out with what bothered me, which was the apparent levity in which she treats her eating disorders and the desire to cut. SM - different issue - I'm not here to judge. Both anorexia and cutting are serious issues that should be treated (or at least acknowledged) as such. That being said, the apparent honesty and freshness in the way that she writes is amazing. Mark Twain believed that no man could ever write a completely true biography in his lifetime -- or ever. Kate Bornstein has come as close as anyone ever will to doing that. I already knew that there are jackasses everywhere, but the passages relating to her being discriminated against at lesbian or feminism functions and the community just sadden me. Great for people with an interest in gender studies and LGBT rights/issues.

The true story of a nice Jewish boy who joins the Church of Scientology and leaves twelve years later to become the lovely lady she is today From the Hardcover edition.

Brave, emotionally authentic, and riveting. Bitch A nervy, expansive memoir from a pioneering gender activist. Kirkus sA singular achievement and gift to the generations of queers who consider her our Auntie, and all those who will follow. Lambda Literary Disarmingly funny and a pleasure to read. . . . I think everyone can gain something from Kates honest, brave account. Feministing.com "This memoir shines a bright, unflinching light on those reasons and the consequences of living on the far edge of the fringe With the brave, adventurous life she's led, Bornstein gives us a reason to keep on living, too. Bitch Magazine blog Kate Bornstein is brave. She is very, very brave. Her memoir, *A Queer and Pleasant Danger*, should be located in all three of the LGBT, self-help and biography sections of your local library and bookstores. EDGE "This memoir manages to be both wrenchingly transformative and luminously wondrous, a sumptuous literary combination. Pride Source *A Queer and Pleasant Danger* is not for the faint-hearted, for reasons that become fairly evident (see: sadomasochism), but is ultimately uplifting, hopeful, even joyous. Shelf Awareness This is a softer, sometimes sorrowful, side of the always-outspoken Kate Bornstein, and I loved it *A Queer and Pleasant Danger* is a wildly wonderful read. Long Island Pulse Magazine Bornstein is hilarious, honest, acerbic, and fearless in her writing QAPD is at least three books in one, each of which is a page-turner. Religion Dispatches "Kate Bornstein's journey from moon-eyed Scientologist to queer icon is harrowing, heartbreaking, and amazing. This narrative is surely not for the squeamish. And yet, in the story of a sea-dog named Al who became a trans goddess named Kate we see the messy, unsettling, inspiring struggle of a lady trying and at last succeeding to let her own soul be known. Disturbing and wondrous." Jennifer Finney Boylan, author of *She's Not There* and *I'm Looking Through You* Breathless, passionate, and deeply honest, *A Queer and Pleasant Danger* is a wonderful book. Read it and learn. Samuel R. Delany, author of *Dhalgren* "To me, Kate Bornstein is like a mythological figure or a historical literary character such as Orlando or Candide who, by illustrating her struggles, shows the rest of us how to live. This book is destined to become a classic." Mx Justin Vivian Bond, author of *Tango: My Childhood, Backwards* and *in High Heels* "A *Queer and Pleasant Danger* is a brave, funny, edgy, and enlightening new memoir. I loved it and learned from it. Kate Bornstein shares her fascinating journey through gender, Scientology, and more and it was a thrill to tag along

on the ride. This book is unbelievably powerful and affecting. If Kate Bornstein didn't exist, we would have to invent her. But luckily for queers, straights, gender outlaws, and general readers, Bornstein is out and out there." Dan Savage, author, columnist, and architect of the "It Gets Better Project" "There are a number of adjectives that one could use to describe A Queer and Pleasant Danger: snarky, funny, anguished, frightening, heartbreaking, brave, honest...this is a book that is dangerously appealing." The Gay and Lesbian ,July-August issue From the Hardcover edition.About the AuthorKate Bornstein is a performance artist and playwright who has authored several award-winning books, including Gender Outlaw: On Men, Women, and The Rest of Us, My Gender Workbook, and Hello, Cruel World: 101 Alternatives to Suicide for Teens, Freaks, and Other Outlaws. She has earned two citations of honor from the New York City Council and garnered praise from civil rights groups around the globe. Kate lives in New York City with her girlfriend, three cats, two dogs, and a turtle.From the Hardcover edition.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.From Chapter 1, "Go"Disney will never make a movie about my life story, and thats a shameId make a really cute animated creature. But I was born and raised to play the role of young hero boy. I spent my first four-teen years living in Interlaken, New Jersey. Its an upper-middle-class island in the middle of Deal Lake, just one town inland from the summer seaside resort of Asbury Park in its glory days. My family was one of a handful of Jews who lived there. I was four and a half years old when I realized I wasnt a boy, and therefore must be a girl. I still lived the life of a boy. People still saw me as a boy, and later as a manand I never had the courage to correct them. Instead, I lied to everyone, telling them I was a boy. Day and night, I lied. Thats a lot of pressure on a little kid.----- The Saturday Evening Post arrived each week, by mail. Norman Rock- well, craftsman of the American dream, painted most of the covers. I longed to be each and every one of those corn-fed midwestern freckle-faced Rockwell girlsengaging, grinning in the face of adversity, defiant, weeping with the loss of love, dependent on the men in her life. Rockwell girls are especially dependent on daddy. And they were blonde. Oh, how I wanted eyes the color of cornflowers and hair the color of fresh-picked corn. Well, heres a cover that Norman Rockwell would never have painted: my mother on the delivery table, knocked out from not only the anesthesia, but also the pitcher of martinis shed drunk over the course of her six hours labor with me. I was born drunk and loving drugs. The first words I heard were, Welcome to this world, honey. Welcome. Twenty-four years later, the same doctorGriff Grimm would hold newborn Jessica and say those same words. Griff and my dad were resident physicians at Fitkin Memorial in Neptune, New Jerseya small hospital serving a cluster of small seaside sum- mer towns. Living on the Jersey Shore, the Atlantic Ocean was our magic, and the boardwalk was our magic carpet. Summertime meant sharing that with the touristswe all had summer jobs that depended on the tourists. In a summer town, the father-son bonding seasons are autumn, winter, and early spring. My dad and I bonded over old-school pro wrestlingwe shared that fandom. Dad had once been the Indiana State College Middle- weight Wrestling Champion. He took me to the pro matches in As- bury Parks Convention Hall. Remember, Albert, hed say to me, its all an act. But theres a lot of skill in making it look real. I knew that already. I had a lot of skill in making myself look and act like a real boy. My father was a doctor, so we could afford to sit ringside. He rarely stayed seated. Dad was up on his feet most of the timeas close to the ring as he could getshaking his fist and bellowing at the bad guys, or at the referee for a bad call. That was his anger. He showed some of it at home, but ringside he really let go. My dad thought he saw me, his son, caught up in the bloodlust of the sport. Nah. It was plain old lust for me. I watched those matches shivering in sexual turn-on. Pre-match, the wrestlers would strut around the ring. One for one, the good guys always gave me a wink. They gave everyone a wink, but I took it personally. When they winked at me, I was a beautiful young girl and I longed to be caught up in their arms. Any bonding my dad and I did over wrestling, or fishing, or baseball waslike everything else in my lifebased on the lie that I was a boy. ----- Paul Kenneth Bornstein, MD That was the name, hand-painted on the pebbled-green-glass office door to my fathers medical office on the second floor of the Medical Arts Building in Asbury Park. When I turned thirteen and became a man, I was told that one day my name would be painted right underneath his, and wed share a practice together. It never occurred to me to question that future, and besides, I never argued with my dad. My big brother and I called him dad. Only girls called their fathers daddy. Dads patients called him Docso did most of the trades- people and store clerks up and down the shore. To them, I was Docs son, as in Docs son is here for the prescription, or You got those roast beef subs ready for Docs son? or Hey, Docs son is here delivering Christmas presents. Yes, we were Jews but back then we werent supposed to shout about it. We celebrated Christmas, not Hanukkah. I was bar mitzvahed but, as Ive mentioned and as you may have noted . . . it didnt work. My dads parents immigrated from Russiaor Polandor what- ever they were calling that strip of land that drifted back and forth. I dont know my familys town of origin, but growing up, I heard vague references to Minsk and Pinsk. Minsk, Pinsk, someone would say, and Uncle Davy would unconsciously rub the camp number tattooed on his forearm. He always wore long sleeves. Minsk, Pinsk, someone would say, and invariably someone would recite The Ballad of Max and Anna Come to America. Max and Anna, my fathers parents, were age fourteen and twelve respectively. They were lovers who together supported the radical Red Russian forces seeking to overthrow the czar. Young Max was captured by the White Russiansforces of the czar, not unlike the Stormtroopers in Star Wars. Max was banished to a POW camp in Siberia. Thousands of miles west of Siberia, in Minsk or Pinsk, Annatwelve years old, rememberset off to rescue her radical lefty lover boy. She was dirt-poor, so she had to walkbut like a heroine in some Disney cartoon, Anna

could sing, so thats what she did.