



a zine
about

CatS

editors note:

I've been meaning to make a zine for a while now, but I didn't know what topic to start with, so I settled for one of my favorite animals: Cats. As I've been collecting material for this zine and figuring out the structure, it turned into a fun walk along memory lane up to the present of what being a cat person means to me.



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becoming
a
cat person



Thinking back to my childhood, my favorite plushy that I vividly remember was ironically not a cat, but a husky named Sora (after my favorite Digimon character).

I was obsessed with it but I was never particularly obsessed with dogs in real life. Sometimes I found them cute, other times I found them intimidating, but overall I never had a strong preference for them. However, I was overall more familiar with dogs up until we moved towns when I was in 3rd grade.

As I struggled with being an outcast at my new school, it just so happened that some higher force would send me a companion to make my days brighter: A friendly black neighborhood cat who had the type of owners that let it roam around outside all day.



I began feeding it and after a while, much to my mom's disgruntlement, letting it inside the house.

My mom's boyfriend at the time also had a black cat named Jacky, so he thought it would be funny to name this neighborhood cat Whiskey, and the name sort of stuck.



(I have no pictures of Whiskey but this is kinda what she looked like)



jacky



whiskey

Whiskey was quite different from Jacky. Whereas Jacky was like a young but shy slinky type of cat, Whiskey was older, chunkier and pretty chill. The bond I had with Whiskey was special. Even though I had a hamster before that, whom I very much loved (RIP Angelina), and Whiskey wasn't even officially my cat, we spent so much time together that to this day I consider her my first real pet (sorry Angelina).

Besides being very good at letting me dress her in funny hats, Whiskey really loved bringing us random presents (prey) from outside.

I remember on my 10th birthday I got the classic cat gift from Whiskey (a mouse). But there were also some other, not so classic gifts that I received, for example:



(not the real Whiskey, but close enough)



This bird, which unfortunately did not survive :(We had a funeral and buried it in our backyard.



A goldfish, which survived thanks to my instincts (immediately put him in a bowl of water) We named him Billy and gifted him to a friend. He lived for another good 1-2 years despite rocking a pretty big scar on his side.



what being a cat person has taught me

Over the course of my adult life I have often found that expressing my preference for cats is often met with confusion. There is a lot to say about the way cats are treated in our society and I think the way we treat them says more about us than it says about them.



my boundaries
my rules
my pace



Most people struggle to refrain from applying their narrow beliefs onto cats (and dogs).

So we live in a world where there are crazy cat ladies and a dog is man's best friend. Rarely does anyone ever question why.

I think it becomes pretty clear when you realize humans associate cat behavior with what they think is feminine behavior, and dog behavior with what they think is masculine behavior.

Does the phrase "Cats don't love their owners" ring a bell?

I think it says a lot about us, that we have perpetuated this myth for so long, when the reality is that cats simply show their love differently.

The thing about cats is they don't live to please us and they have clear boundaries, which seems to upset a lot of people.

The way someone talks about and interacts with cats often gives me an idea at how good they are at respecting boundaries and handling rejection.



some cats i met recently



farm cats



nori



tuxedo baby



chonky grey

my cat hall of fame

