

# Alter Boys in Love

LB Lee



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an illustrated sexuality zine.'

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# Quotes

"Alter: short for alternate personality. In someone with DID, alters are dissociated parts of the self that represent memories, emotions, and ways of relating. They are able to function independently from each other and are all referred to as 'parts' because they are parts of the individual's overall personality."

--Deborah Bray Haddock, *the Dissociative Identity Disorder Sourcebook*, pg. 6. (2001)

"Some members of the Guidelines Task Force recommend that clinicians avoid using terms such as 'people,' 'persons,' or other terms that might convey or reinforce a belief that the alternate identities are truly separate individuals."

--International Society for Study of Dissociation, "Guidelines for Treating Dissociative Identity Disorder in Adults," pg. 6-7. (2005)

"alter [...] 1. to make different in details but not in substance; modify. 2. to resew parts of (a garment) for a better fit. 3. to castrate or spay."

--Webster's New World College Dictionary, Second College Edition. (1968)

"How many women would risk the scandal of marrying the first artificial man? None, probably."

--Pagan Kennedy, *the First Man-Made Man*, pg. 9. (2007)

# Why 'Alter Boys'?

I first saw the term "Alter Boy" on a T-shirt by stepdesigns, a trans multiple, on the Zazzle website, here: <https://www.zazzle.com/z/y3p6x>

Even though I'm not a big fan of the 'alter' word, I loved the joke that I could also use as an identifier. I'd never seen anyone like me in a zine or a comic book before, so in 2010, I started making my own, calling them 'alter boy zines.' People remembered the joke better than the actual titles!

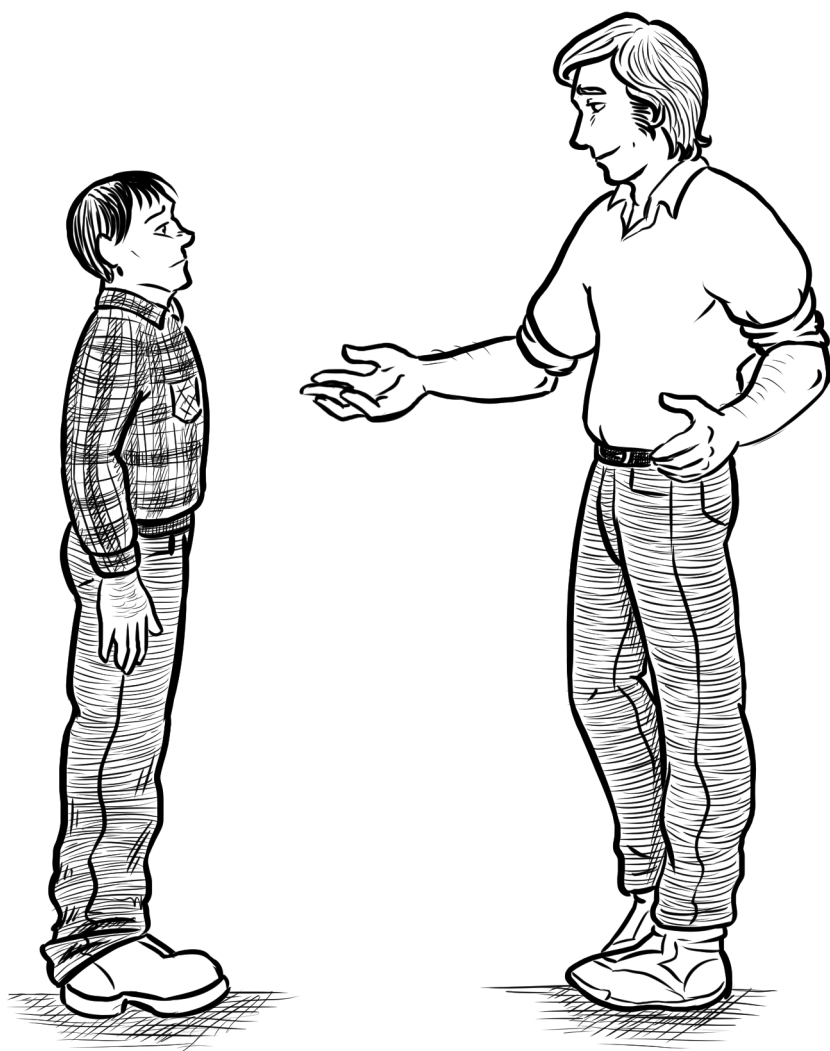
So when we needed a title for this book, there was no contest: I love bad puns, Mac is Christian, and Biff is a lapsed Catholic.

We couldn't resist. We are sorry.





# Leap of Faith



When I was nineteen, I didn't believe in love.

I am not the only tenant of this body; there are eight of us these days. I'm not the original tenant either; I was made in our high school years to work and suffer.



The idea was, I would act as a buffer, absorbing sexual and physical violence that might otherwise harm more vital group members. Work kept me numb and our attackers pacified. (Well, to an extent.)

The point is, from the moment of my creation, I took the worst humanity had to offer, watched them call it love or consensual sex, and dismissed all of it as fraud and predation.

So by college, I was a paranoid cynic.



Then Mac joined the system.



Yeah, I disliked him. More multi, more problems!



Also, I was inconveniently attracted to him.

It took me an embarrassingly long time to figure this out; I'd never crushed on anyone before. Oh sure, I'd written stories about queer men, but that had nothing to do with me, certainly. I had been created to suffer and work; I had no other purpose.

Right?



So all I knew was, I found Mac pleasant to be around. This was equally alien to me.





My 'reasoning' (if you could call it that) was, "I can't be gay, because I only exist as a psychological metaphor. Ergo, my existence isn't real, my gender isn't real, and neither is any sexuality I might hypothetically have, which I don't. I am merely the fantasy of the Real Girl who most definitely does exist, unlike me!"

What can I say, the logic seemed unassailable at the time.



Eventually, though, even I started to notice that certain images popped into my head when Mac was around.

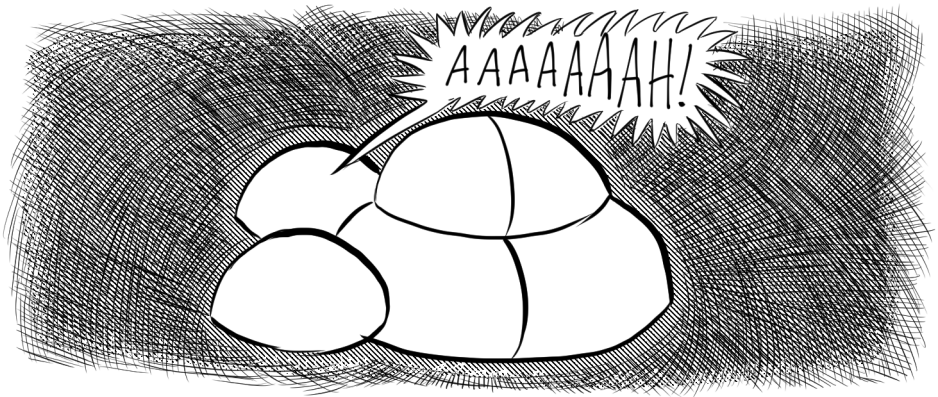


In my utmost wisdom, I decided that these images were my headmate/sister Miranda's fault. Sexuality and romance were her domains, like work was mine, and she liked reading about men kissing, so *obviously* this was *her* doing. So I confronted her.



To which she replied,





Convinced that our brain had made a mistake, I tried to force the gayness out of me. After all, I was imaginary, so any inconvenient feelings should be easy to eradicate! Fortunately, my headmates wrestled me down before I could hurt myself (which likely was all I would have accomplished) but the whole thing freaked Mac out a lot.



This wasn't what I wanted. I wanted Mac to be repulsed, disgusted, and shame me back into the comfortable numbness I'd enjoyed until then. That way, I wouldn't have to deal with myself or change, and could go on ignoring my trauma history.

But no, Mac did something way worse: he was nice to me.



Nobody had touched me in a nice way in years, if ever, and nobody had ever told me it was okay. When he did that, it summoned a deep aching longing, the last thing I wanted. It dredged long-buried emotions to the surface.

And of course, it didn't help my attraction to him at all.

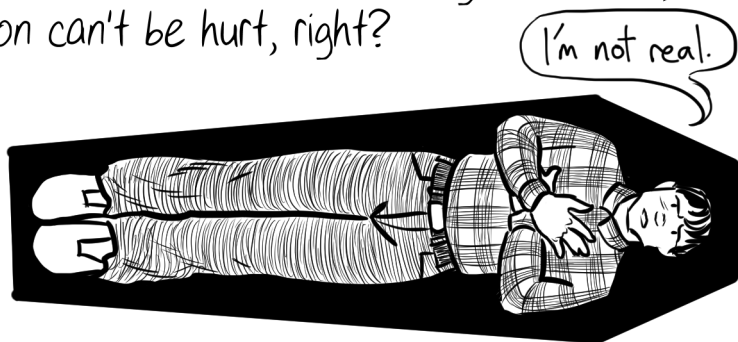


We started spending more time together. We would just sit and talk, and I would say to myself that I would drive him away eventually, but I couldn't bring myself to.

After all, it was the first time I could be myself around another guy. I'd come out to others later, but for a while, Mac was the only one I saw regularly who was nice about it.



I believed all the bullshit; my self-hatred was so thick back then. And also, the only way I'd survived my childhood was by not existing. After all, a fake person can't be hurt, right?



Mac though, I didn't see the same way. His masculinity seemed obvious and unimpeachable. It was me who was fraudulent, a delusion of existence.

Mac, it seemed, didn't see things the same way. He gave me a different paradigm for masculinity, one based on being secure in oneself, kind to others, and generous in spirit. The kind of man he was, he could be vulnerable in front of me.

So it wasn't just him being kind to me; I could be kind to him too. (Another skill I'd never had much chance to develop before.)



In his way, he taught me that I could be a man on my own terms, without being an entitled douchebag about it. Even if nobody else could see it, I could see it. **He** could see it.

I fell in love with him for that.

But of course, I told myself, that didn't make me a person.

In many ways, the psych books I read reinforced my self-hatred. They emphasized that me and my headmates weren't individuals, but parts of one single person (who I called the Real Girl). Alters like myself weren't supposed to get too attached to each other, or do things contrary to the Real Girl's interests.

Being a gay man was at the top of that list, I was sure. But as I handled more and more of our daily life, the pressure of mimicking this girl who no longer existed became an increasing strain. Sure, I was made to work, but I was reaching my limit.

Leading a double life wasn't my strong point.



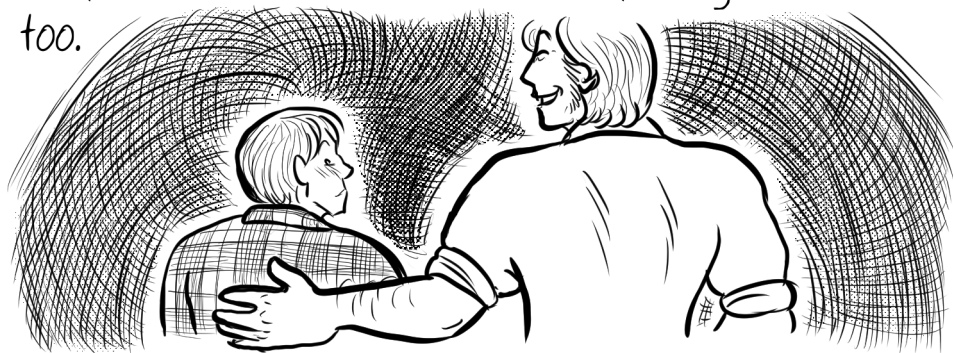
With Mac, at least, I could just be. I didn't like who I was, but at least I didn't have to pretend I was someone else. I felt safe with him.



Somehow, with all the time we were spending together, I didn't notice he was getting more touchy-feely with me.

Okay, that's a lie. I noticed a lot. And hated myself for liking it too much for all the wrong reasons.

It never occurred to me that Mac might like it too.





And it **certainly** never occurred to me that Mac might be going through his own sexual reawakening and questions. After all, he seemed so confident, so sure of himself... so very, very straight. And he was twenty-seven; to my sheltered nineteen-year-old self, that seemed like an age where everyone had figured themselves out.

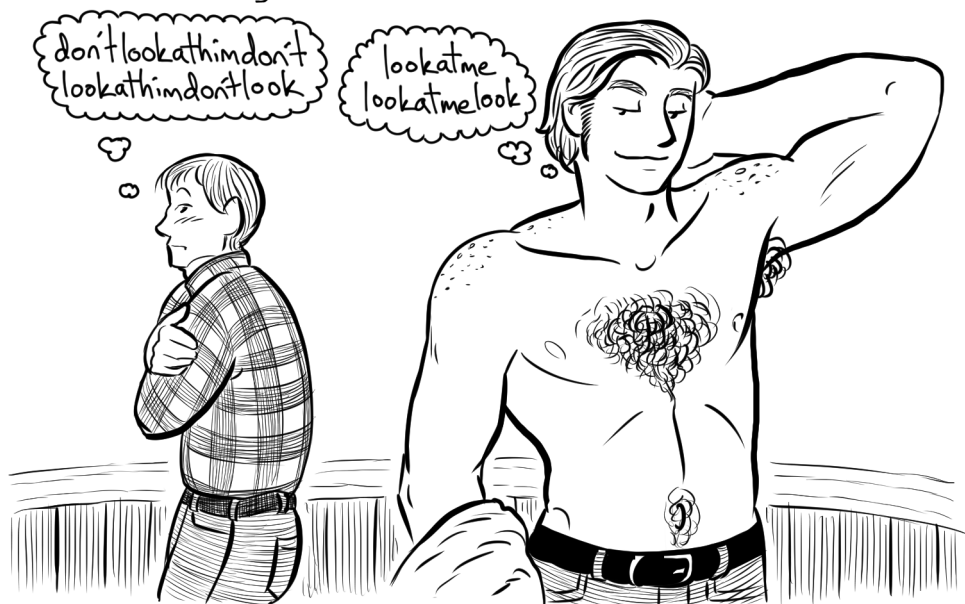
Of course, ten years after the fact, I know none of this was true. Mac was just good at faking it, and he only appeared so confident because he was doing his own stint in Happy Denial Land.



We were both so oblivious that I'm kinda amazed we ever managed to get together.



For a while, we hovered in this murky area of Mac pretty blatantly flirting with me and neither of us acknowledging it. That way, we could kinda enjoy it without dealing with it.



It never felt like he was fucking with me. It felt tentative, playful, like a game.



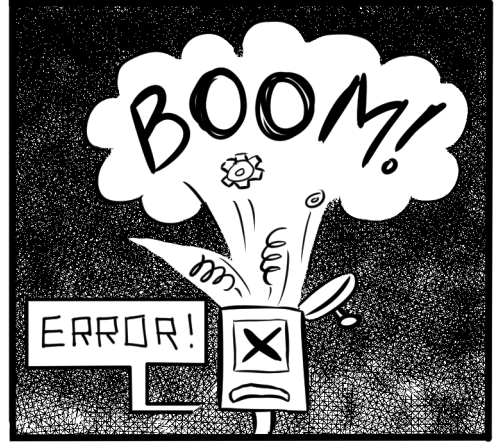
But one night, things got a little out of control, enough so that even I realized that this was not normal heterosexual behavior.



Three guesses how well I handled that.



My brain just couldn't compute.



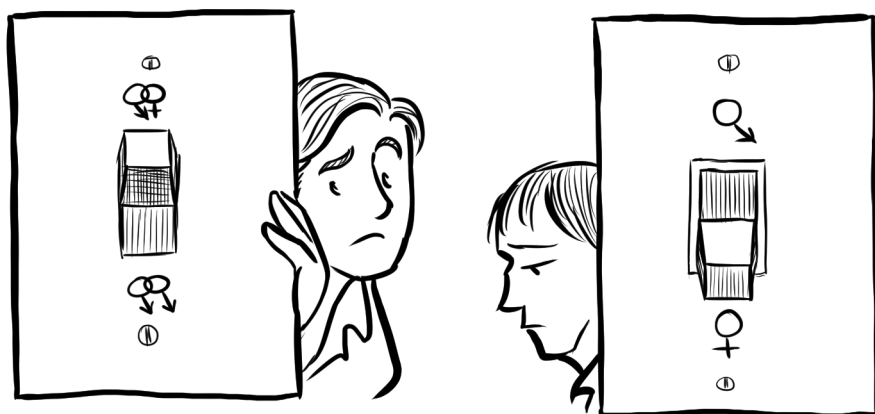
Finally, I decided I'd somehow manipulated him into coming on to me. I wasn't clear on **how** I'd done such a thing, only that I must've. After all, Mac was straight.

But the next day, Mac said...

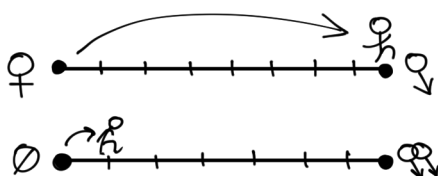
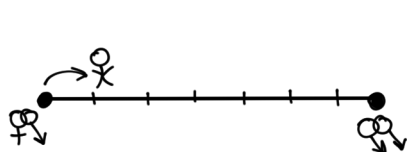


It seems laughable to me now, but at the time, me and Mac had barely any conception of sexual or gender fluidity. We'd been brought up to think that you were either gay or straight, boy or girl, and that never, ever changed. (It was another reason I thought I couldn't be trans--I didn't appear till our teens.)

We thought that gender and sexuality were like stuck light switches:

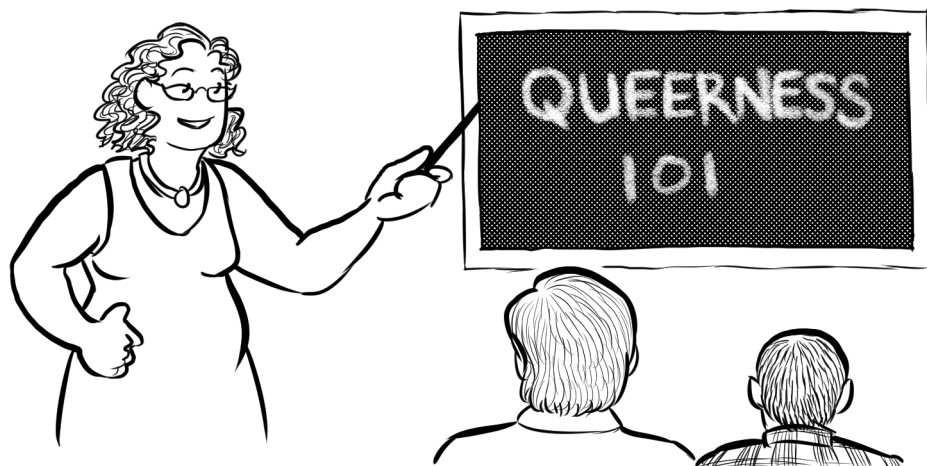


When our reality was more like this:



And I'm still oversimplifying, for convenience!

Thankfully, we'd recently made some bisexual friends who had grown up under less Bible Belt-y circumstances. We learned a lot from them!



So for about a week, Mac did some soul-searching. And when I told him again that he was straight, he said:



Man, the guts it must've taken to say that!

And that's not all he said.



Responsibility said to tell him no.

Saying yes would mean  
accepting that I existed.

That we existed.

But what is an alter's life span?  
Would either of us even  
be here, next year?

But... I was so tired of trying to be someone I wasn't. Trying not to exist. So I said,



Mac's smile was like the sun.

We made a date to go to a midnight showing of the Rocky Horror Picture Show, and just like that, we were boyfriends.



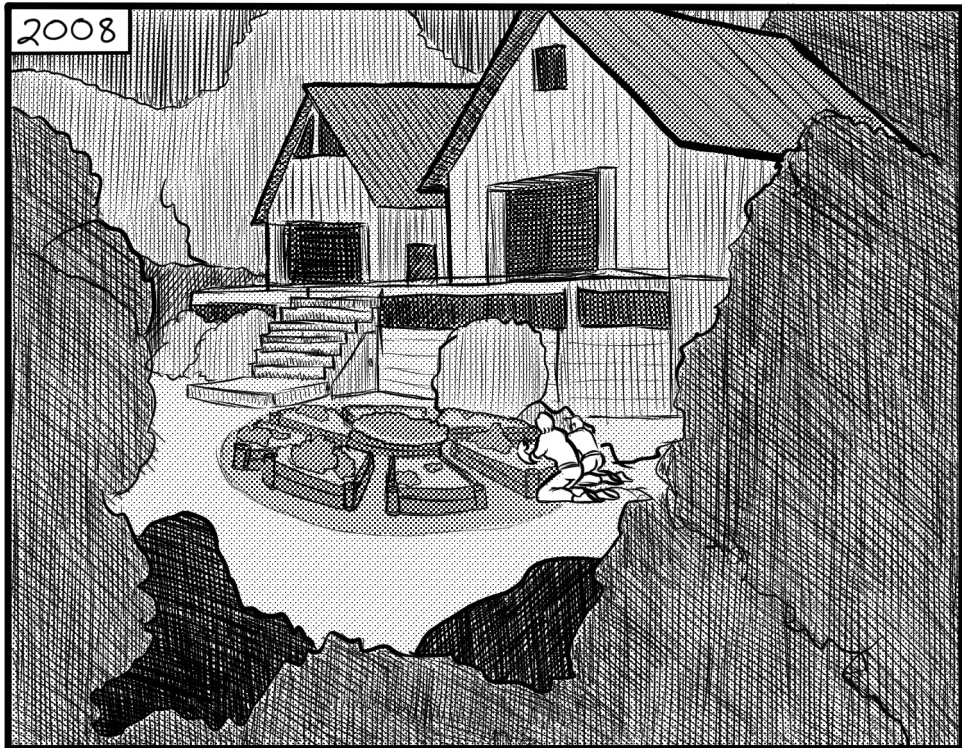
That was ten years ago, in 2007. We have never looked back.

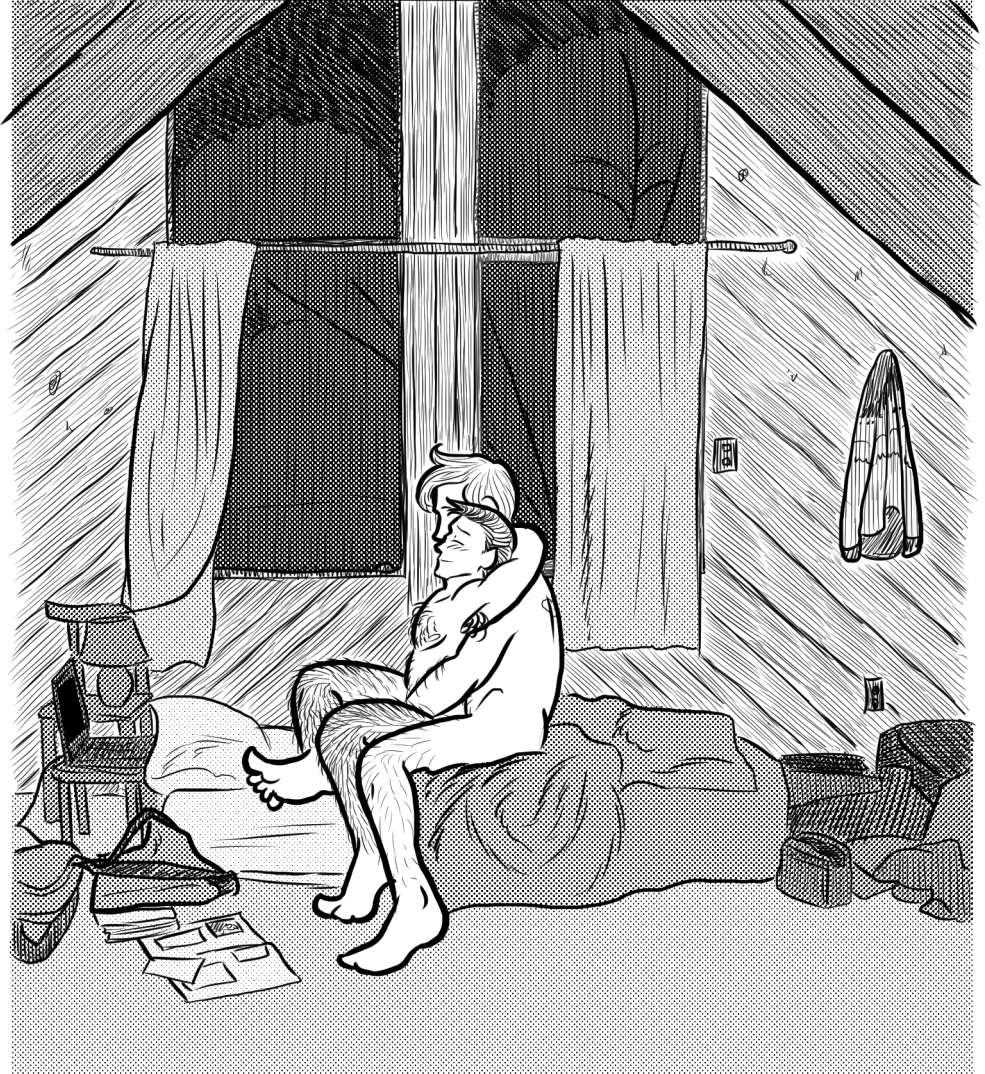


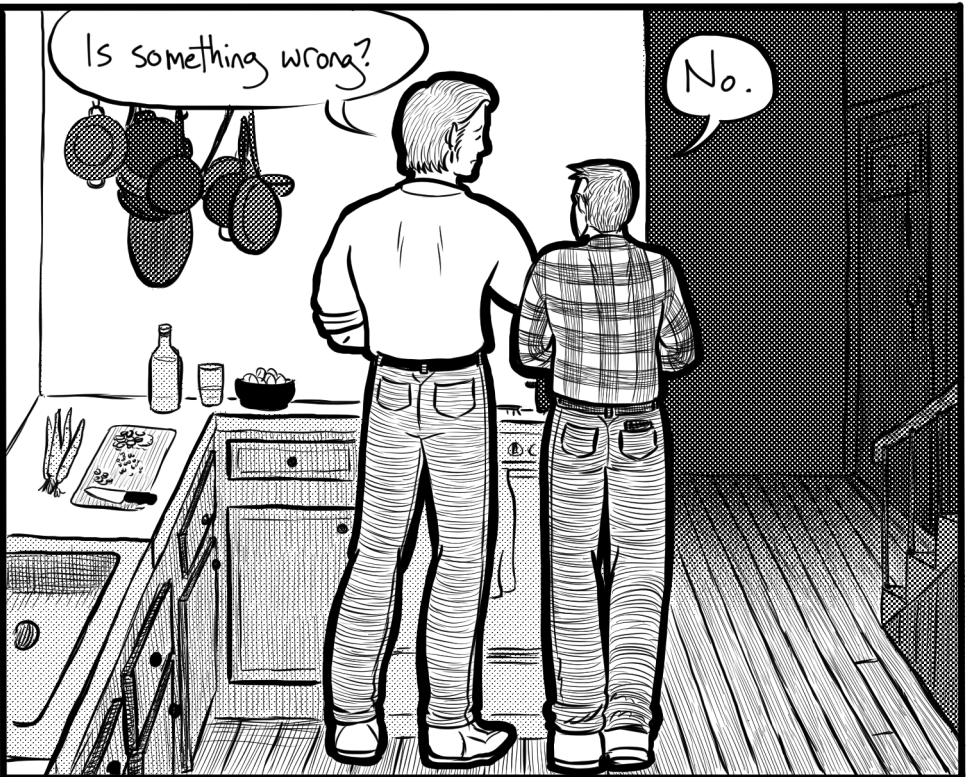
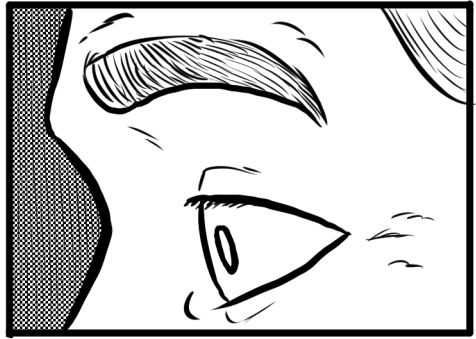




2008

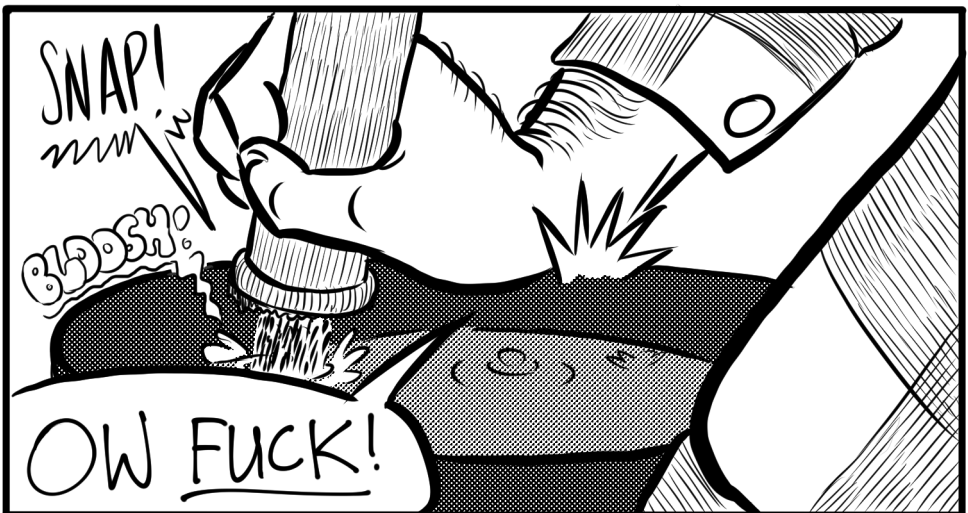


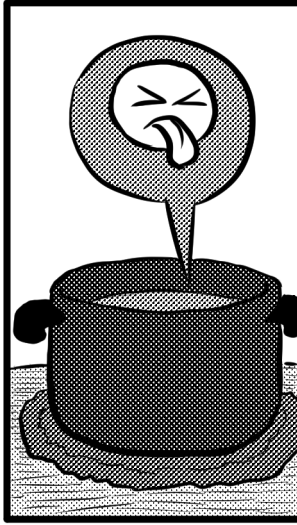
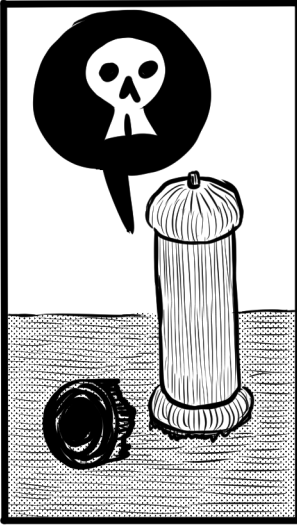


















# THE WILD ZERO BLUES

of/by LB Lee



It was 2009. I was newly engaged, newly out as trans, and I had just invited my folks to my big gay crazy-ass wedding.

...It didn't go well.

I was ashamed to be disappointed. Ashamed that I had acted as though I were a normal person with a normal relationship. A good child, I was sure, would've kept the whole thing secret and never asked their parents to come.

My friends the zombie fans decided there was only one thing to do...

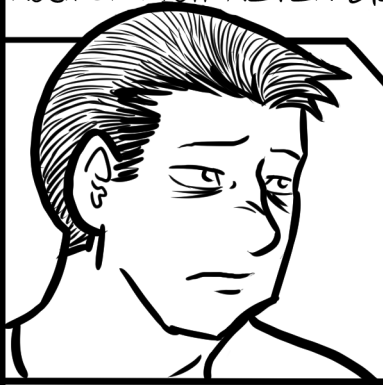


The best zombie/UFO/transgender romance film to ever come out of Japan, or so they claimed.

In case the meteorite has  
landed in your backyard,  
please... as a...



Rock and roll is not over!  
Rock and roll NEVER DIES!



UFOs have been sighted fly-  
ing above cities all over the  
world!



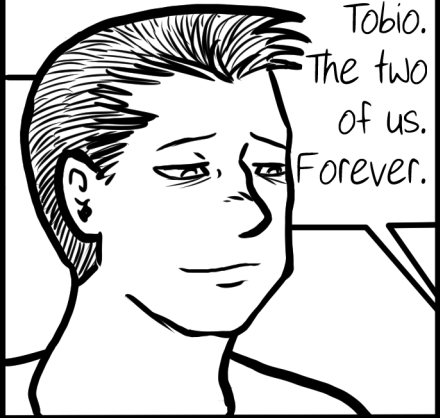
Zombies? Like in 'Night  
of the Living Dead'?



Love had no boundaries, nat-  
ionalities,  
or genders!



From now on, I'll be with  
Tobio.  
The two  
of us.  
Forever.



Mac and I got married later that year.  
My parents chose not to come, and yeah, I felt bad.  
But then I remembered Wild Zero:

"Love has no boundaries,  
nationalities, or genders.  
DO IT!"

And I took heart.  
And I was happy.



FTMPD

an  
alter boy  
zine

of L.B.

By Rogan Lee



## WHAT'S FTMPD?



FTM stands for "female-to-male," often used to describe men who were presumed girls at birth. It's one way of being transgendered.

MPD stands for "Multiple Personality Disorder," where many people (Sometimes called "alters") share one body. It's now called DID, Dissociative Identity Disorder.

Put them together, FTMPD, and you get someone like me: a multiple trans man. An alter boy.







## PERSONALITY



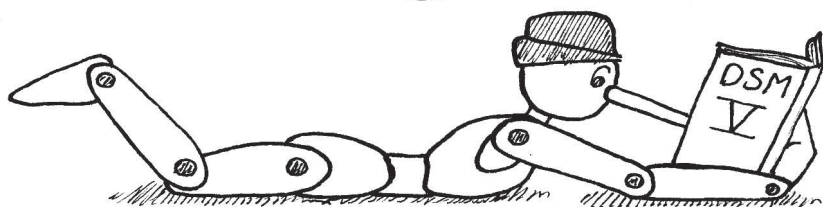
I spent three years believing that I wasn't a real person.

Maybe you don't realize how fucked up you can get believing that. You know the big questions, "who am I?" "why do I matter?" "why am I here?" Well, if you don't think you're a real person, the answers are, "you're nobody," "you don't," and, "you're not here at all, you just think you are."

If you're not crazy already, those thoughts will drive you there. I know I was. If I was nobody, I couldn't love or be loved. If I didn't matter, there was no point in living. If believing I existed was a delusion, then life was just an elaborate prank played on me.

You bet your ass I went crazy. I only went sane when I stopped trying to scientifically prove I was a human being and decided to assume I was until given further notice. Suddenly, life had meaning. I could love, I could live. I was real, human, alive.

And that's why I distrust the psych industry. They'd say I was wrong.





## MARRIED MAN



On November 29, 2009, surrounded by my closest friends, ensconced in a beautiful little chapel by TWU\* I married the love of my life.

Ordinary Hallmark happy ending, except Mac and I were both men, and we shared a body. We were not expected, encouraged, or legally allowed to marry, but we wanted to ritualize our love and celebrate our joy, so we did it anyway.

Our closest friends came. Kahootc and the Happy Medians from Boston. A local friend, the only singlet, who we met in a bookshop. The Choir Invisible dipped into their savings to make it from Germany. Within five bodies, we contained roughly thirty people.

Multi weddings are simple to host. We put everyone up at our place on air mattresses and sleeping bags, ate wild hog burgers, stew, and sandwiches. The chocolate wedding cake we baked from scratch the night before in a battered old pan, iced with honey, and topped with chocolate-covered dried strawberries from the local candy shop.

I'm an atheist and Mac is Christian, so we'd chosen together a simple non-denominational chapel, a womb-like place with stained glass figures of great women. Since it was small, we could rent it for a few hundred dollars and a half-fabricated story that we were performing an empowerment ceremony. The staff were bemused, but they wished us well and didn't bother us.

\*Texas Women's University

The ceremony itself we built from the imagination up. After all, tradition failed us; we had no bride! No church, no parents, no etiquette to be satisfied. We could do what we wanted — a rare wedding liberty.

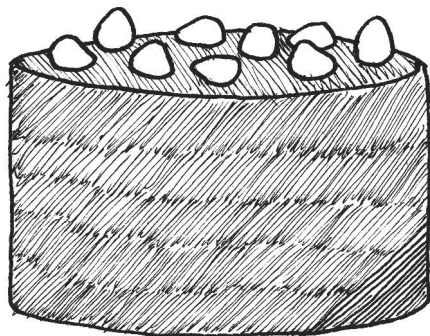
So we lugged in our stereo, played music, and read bad love advice aloud from How to make your Wedding Exciting (circa 1971). Our guests shared stories; we gave them gifts. Our secular clergywoman, garbed in a nightgown and Doc Martens, congratulated us, blessed our future, and read from the Book of Ruth for Mac, Shakespeare's The Phoenix and Turtle for me — verses about love, devotion, and unity.

I never thought I'd marry. Someone like me is supposed to be too much work to love, and if the government says you can't marry, you're supposed to obey.

We didn't. On a chill November morning, surrounded by my loved ones, witnessed by stained glass women, I read my vows to Mac and was asked, "Do you take him?"

I looked at my husband, smile bright as the sun, eyes warm with love and tears of joy. And I said, "Sure. Why not?"

The kiss felt like sunshine.



Miranda, with our  
wedding cake

(from a photo by  
the Choir  
Invisible)



9/1/2017





## BODY MODS



When some people hear 'transgendered,' they think of body modification — surgery, hormones. Me? I tailor my body with tattoos.

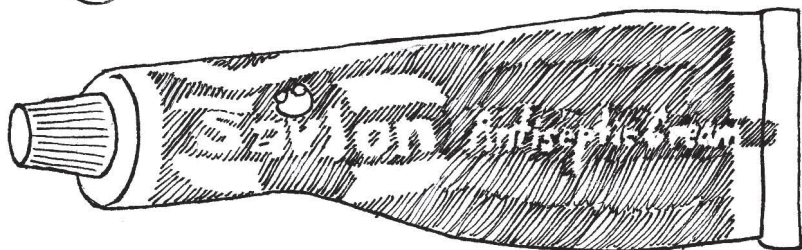
I've always loved tattoos. Putting my art on the walls of a generic room makes it my room; putting art on a foreign body makes it my body. It seemed a natural step. Plus it's cheaper and less invasive than a mastectomy, with fewer hoops to jump through.

People ask, didn't it hurt? Won't it look saggy and silly when I'm old? Won't I regret it?

Let me tell you, when I'm sitting in the artist's chair and I hear the needle buzz, I don't worry about any of that. In magazines, I've seen photos of ancient Chinese men, wizened legs covered in ink fifty years old. It doesn't look ridiculous; it looks stately, a symbol of tradition and a life well-spent.

I don't have tradition to guide the artist's hand, but after getting unanimous system consent, I spend months designing my tattoos, imbuing them with artistry, joy, and meaning, making them mine alone. And as the needle pierces my skin, it sutures my body and I together, giving me harmony.

Regrets? Never.



# ALTER: FOUR YEARS, THREE ACTS

I.

Alternate Personality  
Fragment  
Fractured  
Symptom  
Sickness  
Victim

II.

Change  
Upheaval  
Surprise!  
"I love you"  
Beloved  
Warm  
Heal  
Grow  
Together

III.

Alter Boy  
With needle  
With thread and ink  
The ties that bind  
"Two distincts, division none;  
Number three in love was slain."  
Freely bound  
"Where you go, I will go,  
and where you lodge,  
I will lodge,  
Happily ever forever  
Altered  
After

QUESTIONS? COMMENTS?

E-MAIL ME AT [LOONYBRAIN@HEALTHMULTIPLICITY.COM](mailto:LOONYBRAIN@HEALTHMULTIPLICITY.COM)

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## AFTER THE WEDDING



For all his love, Mac couldn't cure my issues. That's sadly not how it works; my trauma history couldn't just be left behind. As the internal pressure rose, I stopped eating again, and in summer 2012, a titanic dissociative episode hit, leaving us in the mental hospital, unemployed, and then homeless.

Things were rough for a few years. But still I drew..





# I LOVE YOU



## The Cupboard Over the Stairs!

(AKA Home, 2012-2013)

6ft.x6ft.x12ft.,

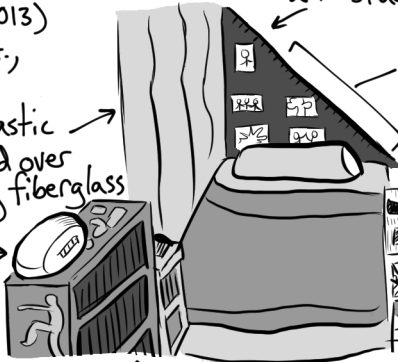
shaped like so



plastic  
stapled over  
rotting fiberglass

air purifier

big decoupaged  
bookshelf



art stuck to wall

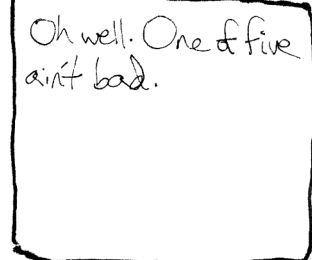
nail studded ceiling

lamp on shelf

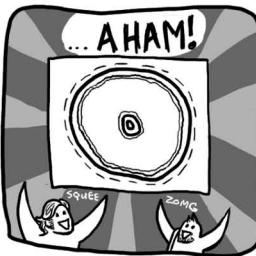
milk crates  
(for clothes)

fan (no  
windows,  
ventilation, or AC)

## COMMON INTERESTS



## MEAT ANNIVERSARY



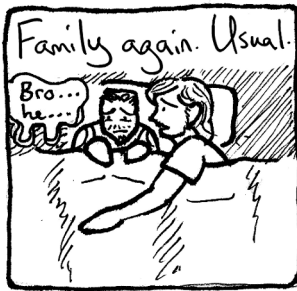
## ENVY



## LEATHER ANNIVERSARY



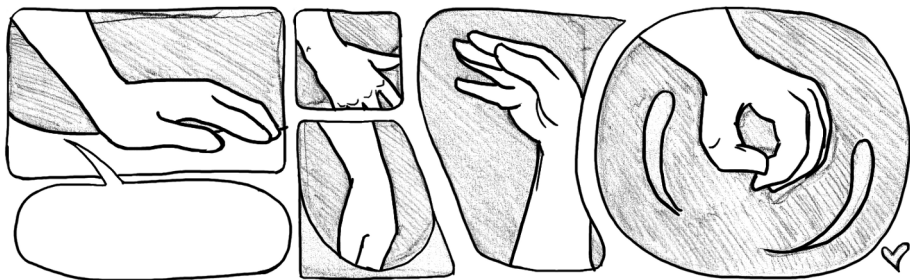
# NIGHTMARES



# HEAVEN



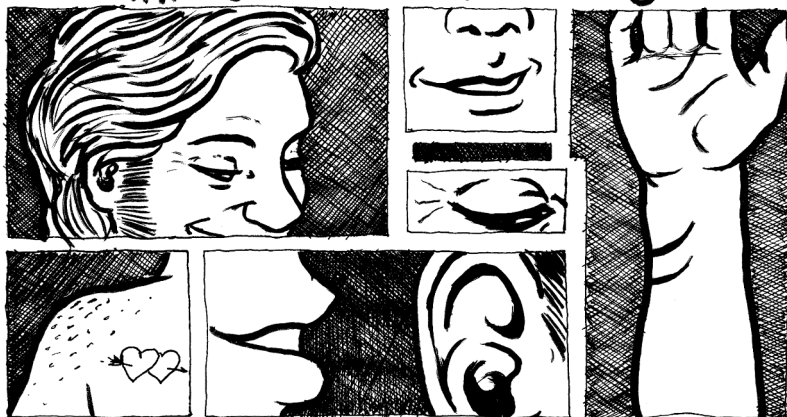
# MEMORIES



# LOVE YOU



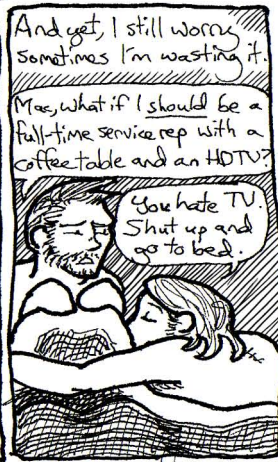
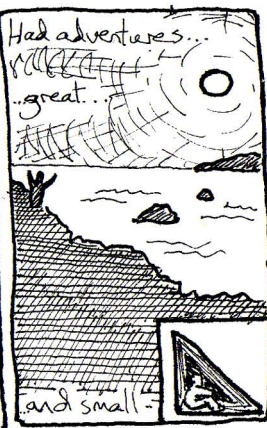
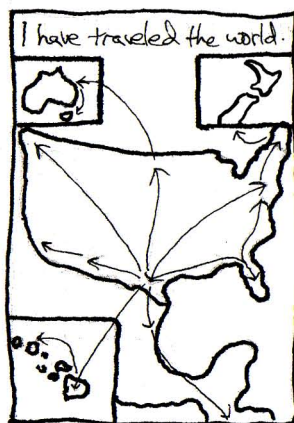
# THINGS I LOVE ABOUT YOU



# NIGHTMARES III



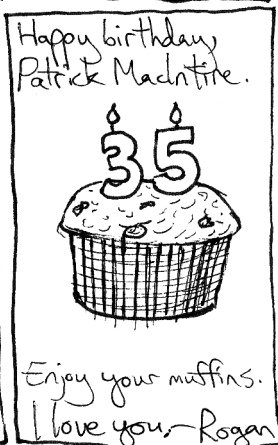
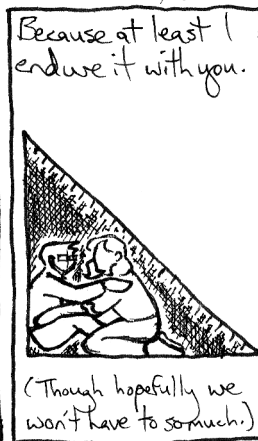
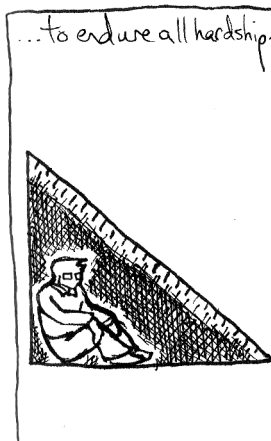
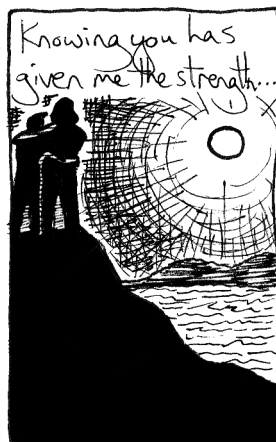
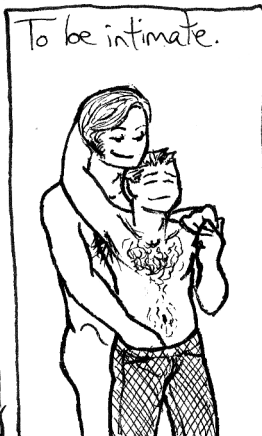
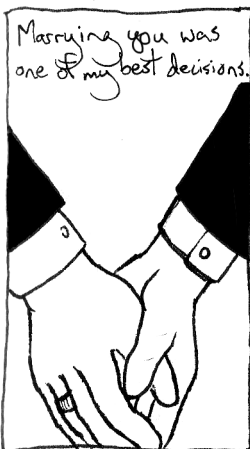
## WASTE



the whole system, in 2013 →



# HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAC 11/21/14



# HOW IT IS NOW



Finally, things improved. We got housing and financial stability sorted out, and I devoted myself once more to my art, determined to celebrate.

GIDID?



a sequel to  
FTMPD

an alter boy zine by  
Rogan of LB Lee



# Quotes

Vessel: ① a utensil for holding something, as a vase, bowl, pot, etc. ② [Chiefly Biblical] a person, thought of as being the receiver or repository of some spirit, influence, etc. ③ a boat or ship, esp. a relatively large one."

—Webster's New World College Dictionary,  
Second Edition. (1968). pg. 1580

"So they loved, as love in twain,  
Had the essence but in one,  
Two distincts, division none;  
Number there in love was slain."

—William Shakespeare's the Phoenix and Turtle, verse 7.

"Wherever you go, I will go, wherever you live, I will live. Your people shall be my people, and your God, my God. Wherever you die, I will die, and there I will be buried. May God do this and more to me if even death should come between us!"

—Ruth 1:16-17, Bible.

(lettered by Miranda. :))

# Notes

I made FTMPD way back in 2010. I never identified with the terms "female-to male" or "multiple personality disorder," so the title was tongue-in-cheek. A lot has changed since then—we've medically transitioned, (sorta), become legally disabled, been diagnosed with Dissociative Identity Disorder... I'm now dependant on the medical/legal system that I've had so many misgivings about!

It was time to revisit and update FTMPD. And what better way to name it than with 'DID' plus 'Gender Identity Disorder'?

So here's GLDID. Hope you like it!



# Gender Failure

I was never actually all that good at guy-ing. Oh, I tried, but masculinity was like this brass ring I could never quite reach.

Even now, I feel little sense of community with other men. Trans and cis guys alike will sometimes cut their teeth on me, enforcing the pecking order and that I belong on the bottom. Our childhood and my adolescence were defined by physical and sexual assaults by men. (And a couple women, usually acting in conjunction with the man who called the shots.)

So around men, I am afraid, and ashamed of being afraid, because of course the vast majority of men won't try to rape, beat, or kill me. (Right?)

Determined to break this fear, I joined a men's group last year. I was constantly anxious and uncomfortable, over-defensive, waiting for the cutting jokes or demeaning remarks (or worse) to start. That never happened—the men were perfectly nice to me—but I still couldn't relax. I felt like bloody meat in a shark tank, and also pissed at myself for feeling that way.

At times, I tried to talk myself out of my genders. Why was being a man so important to me? What did it mean, being a guy?

After, some hard thought, I came to a decision: being a man is fundamentally meaningless. It has no universal traits, rules, or characteristics...and it's still very important to me. It's what I am.

I like that paradox. Isn't that life for you?





# Still Married, Man...

Mac and I had only just gotten married at the time of FTMPD. We've now been hubbies for six years! Wow! So much has changed, but at the same time, our relationship has remained a steady cornerstone in my life.

Through fear and grief, homelessness and disability, Mac has been at my side. Even at the worst of times, when neither of us had much passion or energy for anything, we had each other. Though Mac was too worn out to front much, he would make me dinner every night. Simple meals, which artfully navigated my meal plan and eating disorder hang-ups. No matter how dark the depths of my depression, I always felt loved.

No relationship is guaranteed to last. Knowing that, I feel blessed and joyous to have been able to grow and change with Mac for nine years as his spouse, lover, and friend.

When we met, Mac was a burly butch tank. He's lost weight since then, and become increasingly femme, with long

Disney Princess hair, blouses, and skirts. He's still very shy about it, and I feel honored to see his vulnerability. I want to encourage him in his gender the way he's encouraged me.

He says he's pretty sure he's still male, just femme. Wherever his journey takes him, I'm glad to share it. With him, I feel safe, cherished, and loved.

So that's how he's changed over the years. And as for me...



## ...and Dating Too

...Well, I have a boyfriend now.

Mac and I had discussed non-monogamy before, and decided it wasn't for us. That was in our first year together, and it hadn't come up since.

Then Biff joined the system, and the mutual attraction hit like a truck.

Mac was the one who first broached the subject of opening up our relationship and I thought it was a terrible idea. I didn't want Mac to feel inadequate, unwanted, or jealous. Just because I was attracted to someone didn't mean I should act on it. Everything was stable; why rock the boat?

But well, Mac's persuasive. And now Biff and I have been dating for ten months.

When Mac and I started dating, we got really serious really fast. I've never regretted that; marrying him was one of the smartest decisions I ever made. Biff, however, is militantly casual in his relationships — no exclusivity, no sir — and that's

been nice too. I've never had a casual boyfriend before.

There have been challenges, of course. I expected that—Biff and I are very different people, especially when it comes to how we deal with stress. What I didn't anticipate was how healing it'd be, being with another trans guy. Mac had twenty-seven years of being cis; Biff didn't. Between that and our similar trauma histories... well, sometimes it helped, knowing I wasn't the only one. In each other, we could see a future for men like us. Beauty and strength, in guys like us. Plus, we're both brown.





# The Race Thing

Now, right up front: our vessel is white. I would never in a million years barge into a space for people of color, because I personally have never experienced racism. It's stupid to pretend otherwise; if my racist granny knew what I look like, she'd hate me, but she never knew I existed, so it's just a lingering sadness, rather than a crushing experience. Due to the circumstances of my creation, my race isn't even analagous to any in the corporeal world. I'm just brown.

Though Biff is another system member, he comes from somewhere else — roughly the same place as Mac. Being biracial, Biff has experienced racism over there, though obviously not here. When he saw me, he presumed I was mixed-race too, and despite my flailing attempts to explain, he still seems to see me that way, just super white-bread.

On the one hand, I feel ashamed, as though I'm deceiving myself and others, acting as though I have authority when I don't, just by

existing. But at the same time, it's somehow comforting to be brown, to have that recognition, even if only in the relative peace and privacy of our own head.

I haven't figured it all out yet. Maybe I never will. And maybe that's okay. We'll see.



# Body/Self Image

My body image and my self image are two very different things.

For the longest time, the system as a whole referred to our communal body as 'the body,' but that made it sound like a crime scene. Then, one day, our friend Derek called it 'the vessel.'

Vessel. I liked that. A container. A ship, a home that moves with you. A receiver of a spirit. Much better than 'the body.'

So we have a vessel, and I have a body. Our vessel is thin, white, and androgynous, which makes it very popular in some radical queer circles. My body, however, is fat, brown, and hairy, and that's a much harder thing.

For years, I could hardly see myself — and not just because my internal vision is terrible. I didn't want to look at myself. I felt ugly and disgusting, glad that nobody could see me.

Mac saw me as I was, of course, and found me attractive, but I was sure it was a lucky break, proof that he was just an unusually nice, accomodating man.

But when I started dating Biff, I noticed that not only did he find me attractive, he had a lot of the same body issues as me. He saw even less reflection of himself in media than I did—at least guys like me existed in certain Japanese gay porn comics. Even now, he calls himself 'beige trash.' He's proud of the muscle he's built from years of work-outs, but ashamed of the padding he retains. (Never mind that he's a chubby-chaser and I'm the fat to his stocky; what he finds hot on me is unacceptable on himself.) For years, he bent over backwards to pass as white, as straight, as cis, and sometimes I feel like that's left its scars. Even when someone found him attractive, maybe it didn't feel real because of all the exhausting perception management.

And of course, there's always that trans feeling of trying to measure up to cis beauty standards. Which I'm familiar with.

I know I find him beautiful, even if he doesn't. And maybe, just maybe, the ugliness I see in me is as illusory as the ugliness he seems to see in himself.



The  
mirror/mind  
lies.

\*image reference from B.M. Prager's "Don't Let Go." catchadreamer.com





# Transition



In 2010, when I made FTMPD, I thought I'd never be able to obtain surgery or hormones. How things have changed!

It took a lot of discussion, soul-searching, and compromise with my fellow system members, but we came to unanimous consensus. My bilateral mastectomy was in May 2011. It was a harrowing, degrading experience — I was misgendered constantly, my period started on the table, and when I fainted on the I.V., the anaesthesiologist threatened to slap me — but I expected that, and then it was over. The only time I felt regret was during the first painful stage of recovery; then I felt a sense of relief and peace beyond my expectations.

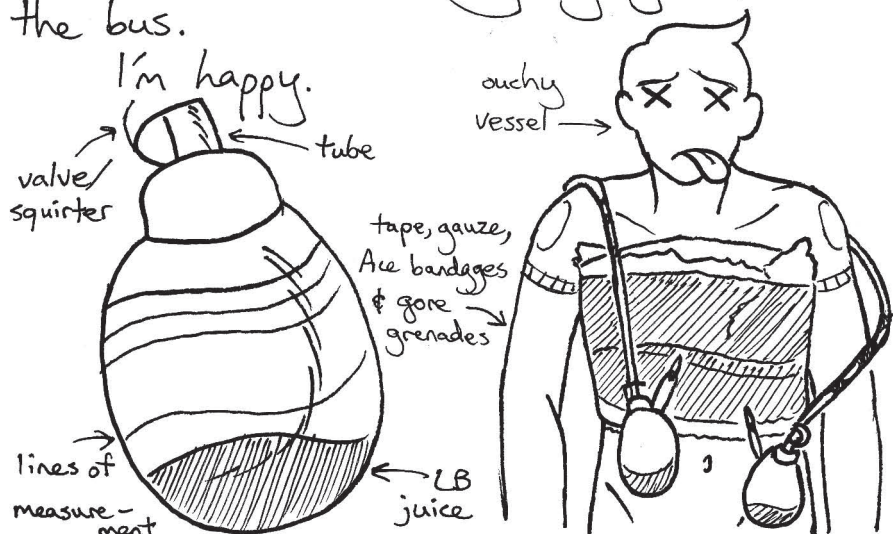
Hormones were a more ambivalent experience. I was conflicted before, during, and after I went on them in November 2011.

Some of testosterone's effects felt good; some made the dissonance worse, and some did both at the same time. As per my deal with Miranda, once chest hair started coming in after a year and a half, we went off T, and stayed off.

The vessel has become much more hospitable since the surgery. It fits better; I no longer feel like I'm wearing itchy too-small clothes. The vessel will never look like me, but at last, I'm comfortable.

Because of that comfort, I no longer keep an iron grip on our wardrobe. We now wear flowing skirts for Miranda, rainbow arm-socks and pop-top chokers for Sneak. It doesn't bother me like it used to, wearing 'feminine' things, because the vessel looks fine.

I'm mostly perceived as female by the people around me, but I'm okay with that. What I wanted most was to be at ease in the vessel, and now I am. And I was able to attain it without throwing my system under the bus.



# ♀ Cis/Trans ♂

Multiplicity can even muddy the definition of trans.

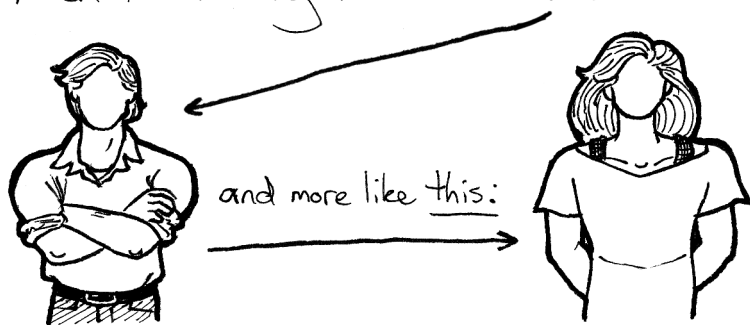
As a matter of practical convenience, and to avoid confusing people, we usually run with whatever pronouns given to us while faking singletude. If we feel safe enough, we'll ask to be called 'they.' (We don't expect folks to memorize three more sets of individual pronouns right off the bat.) We'll also say we're trans, but even that is complicated.

For instance, Miranda has been staunchly female from Day One. Is she still cis if she resides in a vessel that has undergone trans medical procedures and experiences transphobia? If not, what is she? Is she lying if she picks one?

Well, okay, say that the women here are cis, the men trans. But that doesn't work either. Of the men here, Biff and I have always been trans, but Mac and Falcon spent the vast majority of their lives elsewhere as cis men. And while Mac has always been sympathetic to my gender stuff, it's not the visceral "I've been there," like with Biff.



To complicate matters even further, lately Mac has taken to dressing less like this:



So his questions about gender run opposite to mine — is he appropriating femininity? Does he look like the punchline of every cruel man-in-a-dress joke? In the vessel, he looks fine, but with his body, he's fretful and anxious.

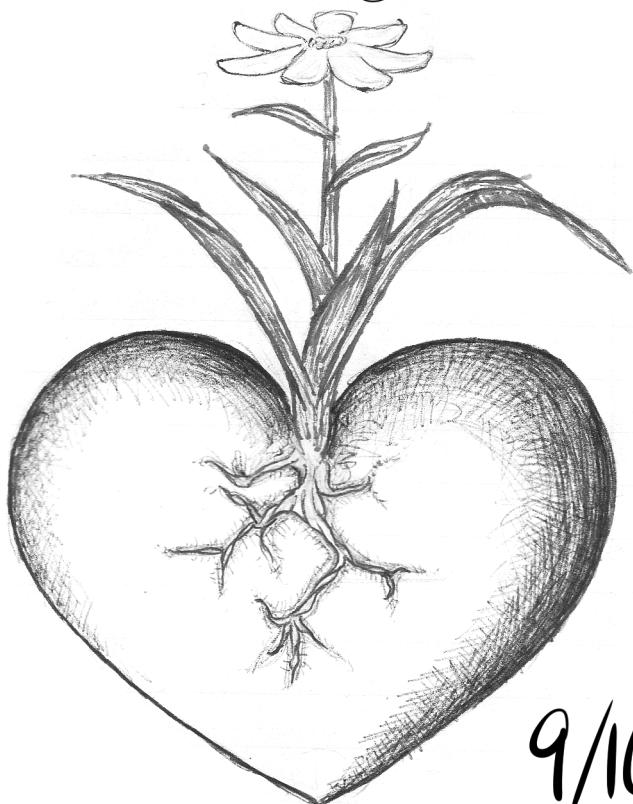
So, would that make Mac trans? If so, in what way? Does it count as cross-dressing in our vessel? What about now that it's been extensively, expensively modified? Would we have to pass as male first?

Not that any of that matters to the hypothetical bigot with a tire iron. To them, we're all trans. And outside of tedious academic masturbation, I doubt it matters. Mac is my husband, he's beautiful, and I love him very much. Wherever gender takes us, I know that much.

# The Key to a Broken Heart

Home is where the heart is  
My home is deep in you  
Your skin,  
Your sigh,  
Your soul.

My home is in your voice,  
In the warmth of your eyes,  
I bloom in the sunlight  
of your smile  
And embrace your heart  
in my roots.



9/16/16

# ASSORTED SILLY STRIPS

1/10/2016





LB 3/14/16





Gigi, another headmate (18) 8/23/16

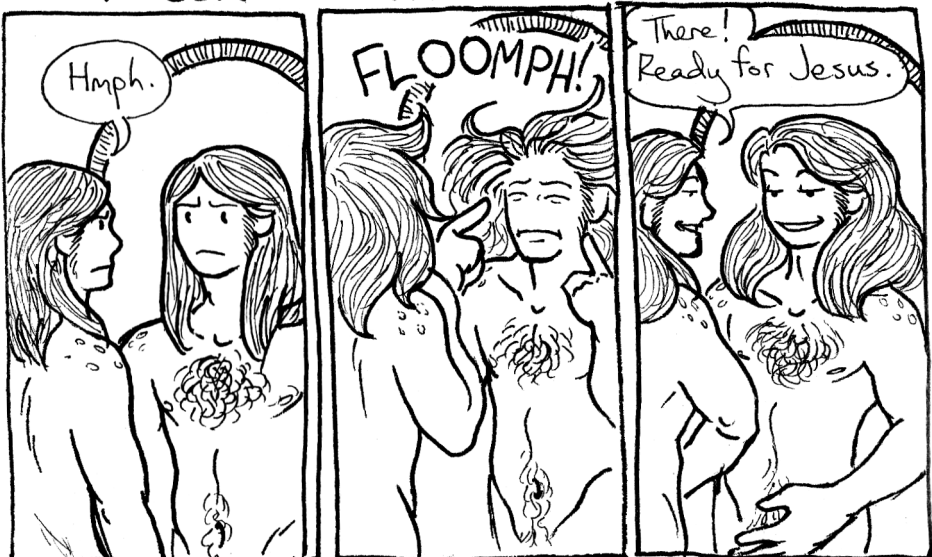


## MEMOIRS



THE BIGGER THE HAIR...

3/15/16





RED,

YELLOW,

GREEN

an illustrated sexuality zine

By LB Lee

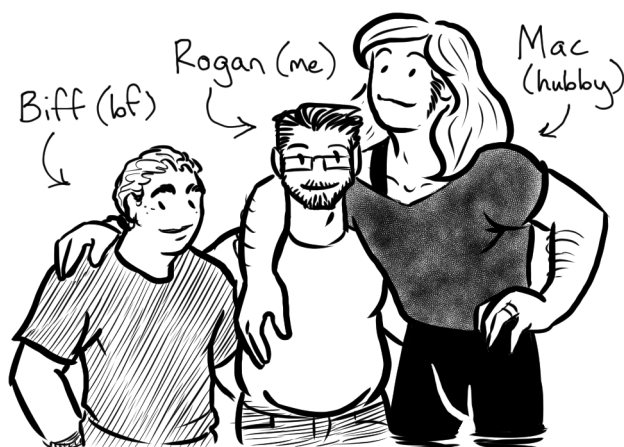


# Soul Love

Before we get any further, some IOI.

LB Lee, the name on this zine, doesn't exist as an individual. We're multiple—many people in one body. (You might know it as 'multiple personality' or the newer name, 'Dissociative Identity Disorder.') LB is our group name, short for 'Loony-Brain.'

My name is Rogan. I made this zine. Mac is my husband; Biff is my boyfriend. We and a few others all live together in one body.



Relationships like ours are sometimes called 'in-system relationships.' (System is another term for a multiple group as a whole.) They happen a lot, but don't get talked about much. There's a lot of shame around them, ideas that they aren't 'real,' just pure wish fulfillment. That goes double for sexuality!

I'm no exception. For years, I swore never to discuss my sex life in my work. But time passed and I realized how sad it was, that I was okay with talking about my worst pains but not my greatest pleasures!

When we're not depicted as axe-murderers, multiples are shown as victims, forever suffering and usually devoid of positive relationships. That isn't how I want to be remembered. My guys make me so happy. I want to celebrate them! And I hope other multiples might feel less alone, and that their loves are worth celebrating too.

A lot of singlets don't know what sexuality and relationships like mine look like; some are curious, I'm sure. Well, I hope this zine answers some questions, so I'll never have to deal with rude in-person inquiries again. I also hope it'll help break the idea that sex is all about the vessel. Less this:



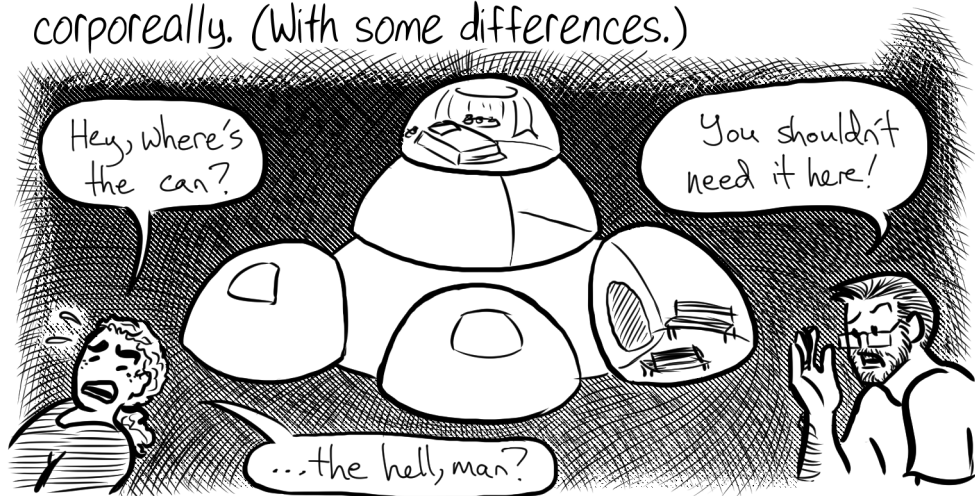
# Touch

At one point, a singlet voiced astonishment that Mac could give me a blow job. They were so weirdly rapturous, as though this basic sex act were an act of multiple magic, that Mac got uncharacteristically snippy about it.



Although I can't come without vessel involvement, just about everything else works fine. In some ways, my sense of touch is more sensitive than that of the vessel! (Of course, my eyesight is far worse. Always a trade-off.) It took some practice, but I can feel most things just fine.

So yes, of course Mac can suck me off. We have a headspace, a psychological world populated by us, our house, furniture and toys and bric-a-brac. In that world, we interact much the way we would corporeally. (With some differences.)



In a way, being touched only in headspace feels more real to me. It's me my partner wants, me they're seeing and touching. Not the vessel, not my work persona, me. I don't have to share these feelings; they're mine alone.

With a life and a vessel run by group consensus, these moments are priceless.













# Masturbation

Yeah, I can't really masturbate.



It's not just a logistics problem. Privacy is harder to get here, but I CAN get space to myself if I want. Mac and Biff do all the time, and seem to enjoy their solo activities.

Mac and Biff, however, aren't stapled to our communal vessel the way I am. They can jack off in headspace, no vessel interaction required; I can't. I can feel touch and pleasure, sure, but I can't come, and no lie, that part is kind of important to me.

During partner sex, this isn't TOO bad. My partner can handle that part. But when I'm on my own, I'm stuck doing the requisite vessel-touching myself, without distractions.

My relationship with the vessel has much improved over the years, but it's still an uneasy truce.

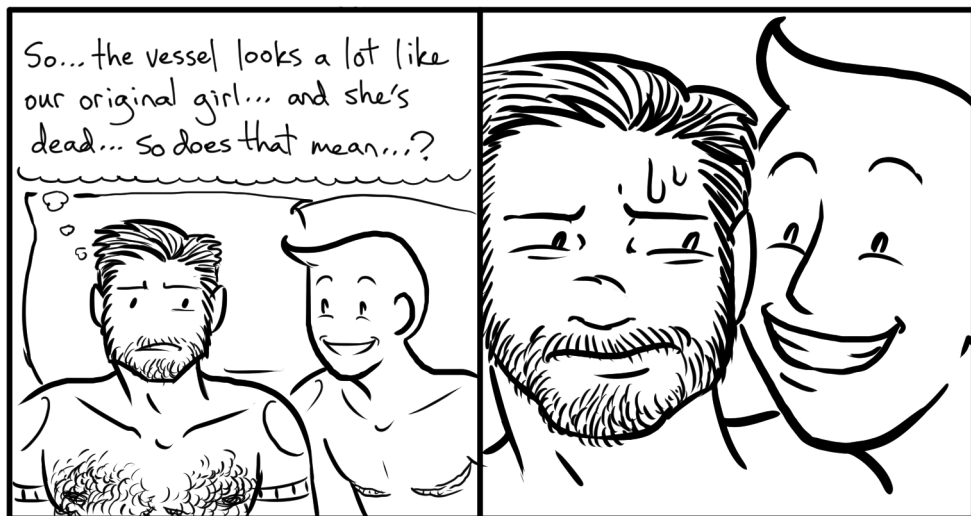


So trying to relax enough to masturbate with it is... uncomfortable. EXTREMELY so.



Yeah, no. Not happening. Nope, nope, nope.

I'm not sure how much of my discomfort is trauma-related, and how much is trans-related. The vessel looks nothing like me either, adding another layer of dissonance.



I suppose in theory, if I were mentally healthy, I would fully accept the vessel as my own and not be so creeped out. But I'm not there yet. Right now, unless I'm very desperate or have a partner's pleasure to distract myself, I just can't bring myself to do it. It's just too alien.

Sometimes, I feel bad about this. All the sexual empowerment books really encourage starting with masturbation. What does it say about me, that I can't?

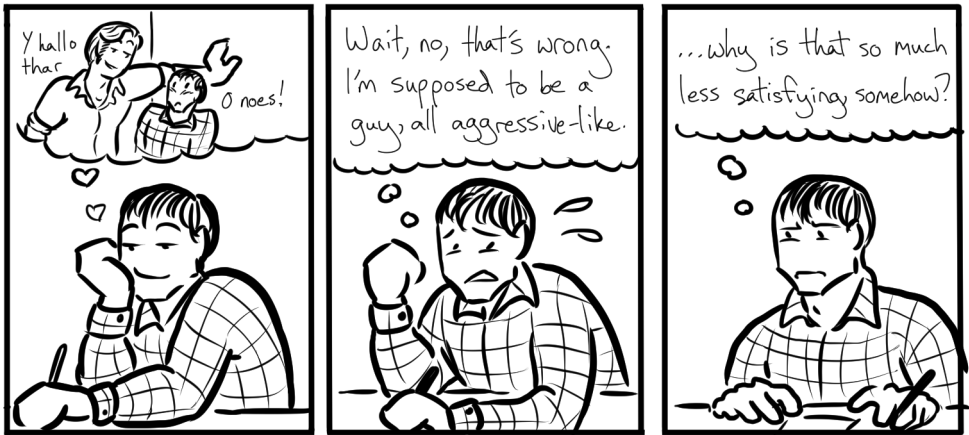
Maybe touching my body, even if I can't come, would be better. I haven't much tried. Maybe I should...

# A Brief History of Subbiness

Even from the start, my sexuality seemed wrong.

I never had fantasies or desires until Mac came along, but once they kicked in, they had a common theme: I wanted that man to DO things to me. What things? I wasn't sure, but they were there, all right.

Surprise, surprise, I handled this badly.



Even these harmless little proto-fantasies upset me a lot. I hated what I wanted—I associated it with weakness, assault, misgendering. A real man, I was sure, wouldn't want these things. If I did, it proved that not only was my gender fake, so was my existence.

It sounds so ridiculous now, but it really fucked with me at the time. It didn't help that I was just starting to deal with my rape history back then. Desire and fantasizing HURT.

For the first year or so with Mac, I could only have sex fully clothed, and EVERYTHING caused a crash. Physical contact, kissing, wanting something too much--NOTHING was painless. Sometimes, it felt like my issues were this glass wall separating us, transparent but unbreakable. If Mac hadn't been so loving (and smoking hot), I don't know that I ever would have persevered.



But slowly, my sexuality started shedding the layers of awfulness. It took years, but the wall came down. My clothes came off. Orgasms became enjoyable. After three years, I even managed to bottom! (And immediately felt guilt and shame for liking it too much.)

The more I healed, the more my kinks showed. I tried to suppress them, but one day, Mac said,



'Daddy.' Now there's a loaded word.

At the time, things with my family were drifting south, but not gone to hell quite yet. The incest remained forgotten, and I never called my father anything but Dad. Still, though.



And I said yes, and his smile was the sun.



A few months later, during our honeymoon, he asked to collar me. He was so nervous and shy!



Three guesses what my answer was.



It was the third smartest decision I ever made.  
(After dating him and marrying him.)

I worried that being Mac's boy would keep me trapped in a state of childlike dependency, avoiding dealing with my issues and responsibilities. But in reality, the opposite happened. Something shifted in my head. I stopped seeing myself as the worthless, perpetual property of the family, and instead started seeing myself as the cherished, beloved boy of my husband.

I know that ideally, I wouldn't need to see myself as belonging to anyone. But when I'm in a bad way, I can't manage that level of abstraction, not yet. I need something solid to point to, tangible reminders that I don't belong to them. Kink gives me that. MAC gives me that.



I can be a gift.



# Everyday Kink

So, what does it even mean, to be Mac's boy? I know when Biff and I got together, he had this image in his head, like...

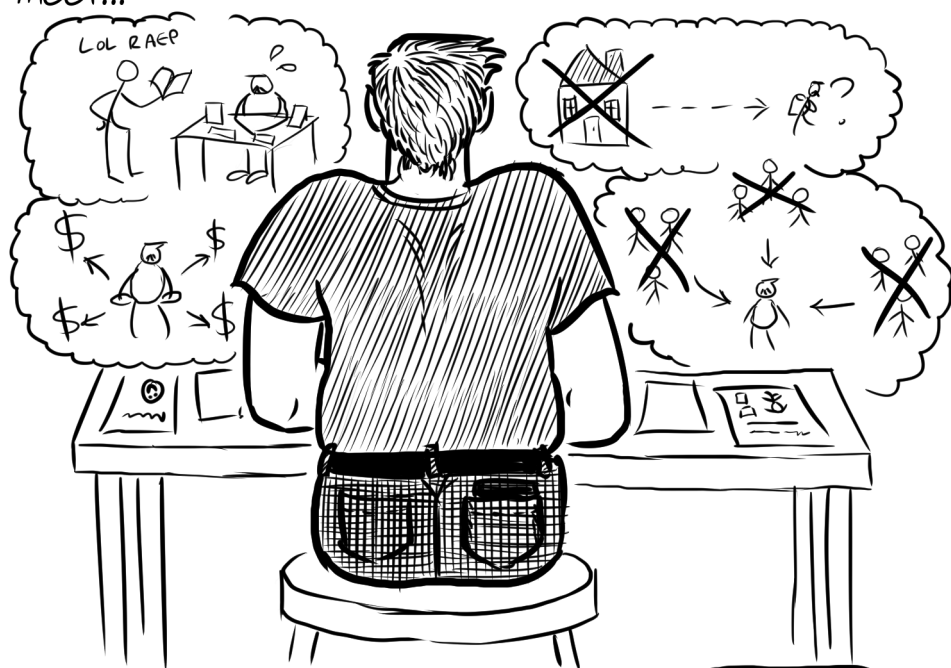


I tried to dissuade him of this notion.



For someone who explains things for money, I was awful at explaining this. I'd spent so many years ashamed of my desires, afraid of what folks would think or say, that I'd just... hardly ever talked about it. I figured no one wanted to hear about it.

But here's how it works. Most of the time, I'm in work/survival mode. I sell myself, forever ready for a tasteless joke or remark, armored in my determination to work my environment to my benefit. I make constant contingency plans in case of abuse, homelessness, or destitution. I make plans to leave everyone I meet...

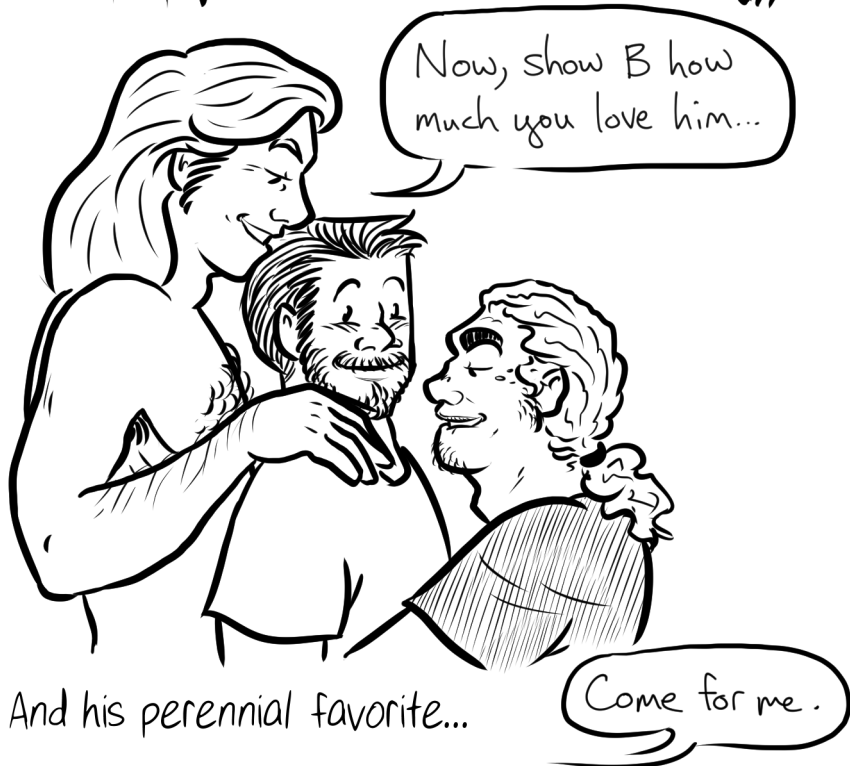


...except Mac. (And my system in general, but him the most.)



When I'm with him, my head goes quiet. I can relax and feel safe, knowing he's there. Instead of survival, I can focus on him, serving him and making him happy, let him be in charge for a while.

Mac doesn't give orders much. When he does, they're the kind I find most challenging, like...

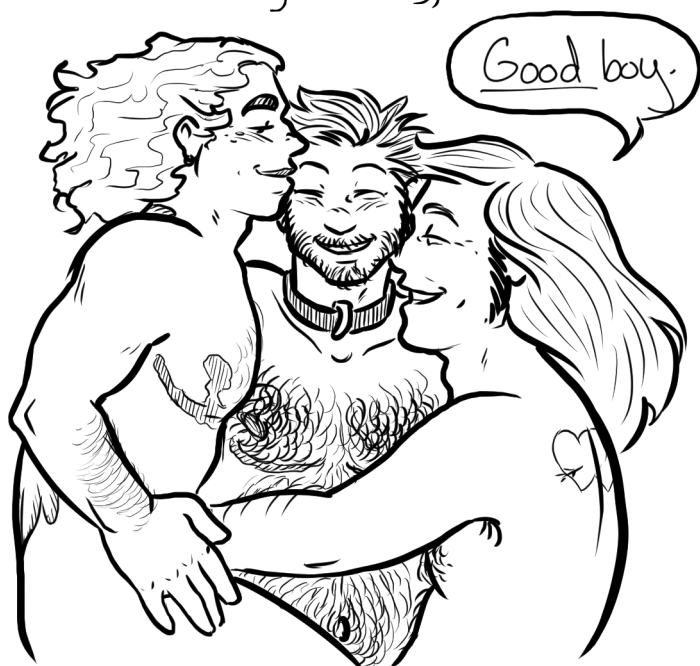




So much of my life was forced or coerced obedience, and the orders I was given were often painful, degrading, and self-contradictory. To me, that is normal. There is no challenge or excitement, certainly no pleasure. It's familiar, what I expect.

So to obey someone who sees me as a beloved partner, to serve someone who wants me to flourish and grow, who cares about my pleasure and well-being... that's huge. Revolutionary. It's everything I was taught not to pursue. All my instincts tell me not to trust, not to attach, not to open. It's hard.

But for Mac, I do it. When I can't give myself permission, he gives it. And nothing feels better than, at the end of the festivities, seeing the fruits of my labor and hearing him say,



# Have You Been Served, Sir?

So where does Biff come into all this? Well, he's obviously figured out that I'm not Rogan, King of the Slaves, and isn't so intimidated these days. It's still a learning process, though.

By the time we started dating, I'd been Mac's partner for eight years, his boy for five. I'd developed habits without realizing.



Not like I was getting off on froyo, but still embarrassing.

Biff was really nice about it, though.



That pretty much sums up his reaction. It's not as huge a thing for him as it is for me, but he'll still enjoy playing with me, especially if Mac's there to play first-in-command. He's not my dom and likely never will be, but that's fine. I like him as he is.

And he seems okay with me too.



# Fuckin' Waterfalls

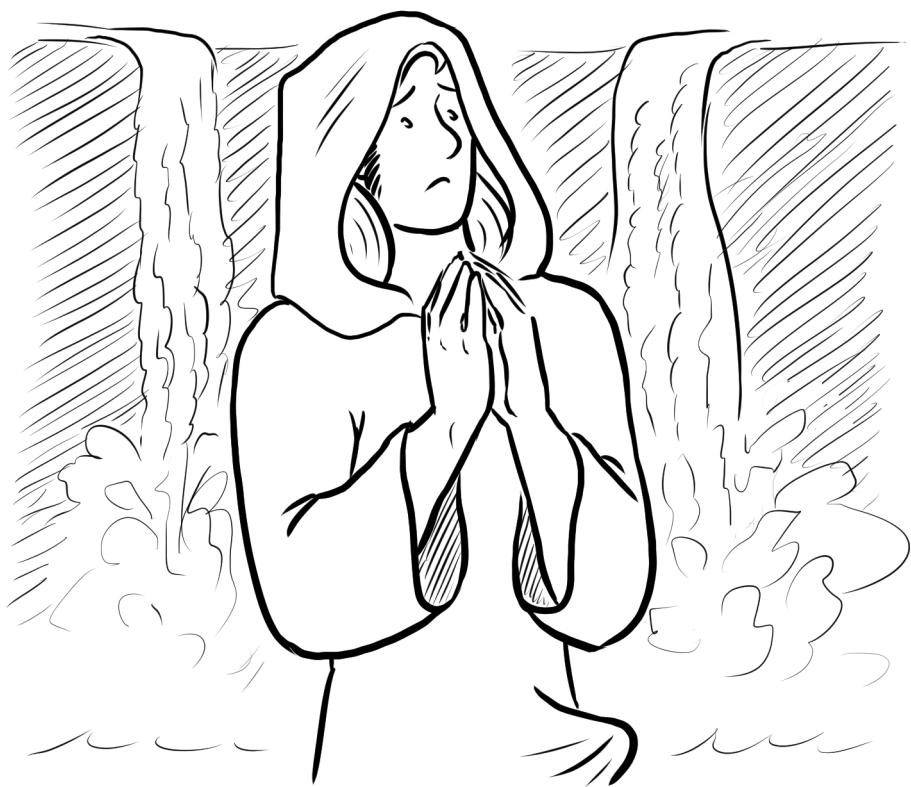
I try to serve everyone I love, platonic or not. I want them to feel safe and well taken care of, and doing things for them makes me happy. That's pretty ordinary, I figure. It's just that it can get sexual, if the relationship is.

There's still shame there. Sometimes, I worry that all my sexual preferences are just trauma adaptations--that I like to obey because obedience was less likely to get me killed. Part of me might forever wonder if the only reason I ever wanted to call Mac 'Daddy' was my incest history. The abuse started so early, there was never any "before" or "after" sexuality for me, so it's not like I can compare and contrast.

It's probably just as well I didn't know about that history in 2010. It was hard enough allowing myself to express those desires as it was, and a number of times, I tried to reprogram them. (Tried, and failed.)



In case you want to give that a try, the **Courage to Heal** (3rd edition) gives pointers. It has apparently worked for other people who aren't me. I admit, though, I'm not a big fan, especially since the examples of 'replacement imagery' include waterfalls. Apparently fantasizing about giving myself as an offering to the waterfall goddess is okay, but having my husband actually play the role of waterfall goddess is not. (Also, wow is 'divine offering' a kinky scenario.)



St. Mac, patron saint of wet sex  
(martyred via unfortunate slip in shower while jacking off)

I'm probably being too hard on the book. But I'm glad I didn't read it back when I was first discovering my kinks. If I had, I probably would've kept trying to 'fix' myself, kept failing, and gotten angrier with myself every time. Even more so, I mean.

Of course, I'm sure there are people who use kink to hurt themselves. But that's not the point. I've used vanilla sex to do that; obviously the solution wasn't to avoid all vanilla sex and reprogram myself into being kinky! We took breaks from sexual activity, yes, but really dealing with it also required alking and trust.

I'm just glad to have two nice partners who'll talk it through with me, instead of just telling me to sit back and think of waterfalls.



Postscript: I checked the 20th anniversary edition of *The Courage to Heal* from 2008, and it seemed they'd removed this stuff by then. (The 3rd edition is from 1994.) I feel better now.



# When Triggers Collide

Biff and I both have lots of sexual trauma in our histories, but it affects us in totally different ways. If something sets me off, I go rigid and blank, or cry, cry, and cry. Biff, on the other hand, tends to go straight to rage. He shouts, breaks things, that kind of stuff. (He hasn't hit anyone, but I suspect if we got too in his personal space, he would.)

Obviously, these freak-outs mix very badly. The more Biff shouted, the more I shut down, and the more I tried to pacify him, the angrier he got. It just wasn't tenable.



(This is part of why we'll never be each other's primary partners, I think. When we're at our worst, we clash too badly.)

So we talked about it and instituted some ground rules.

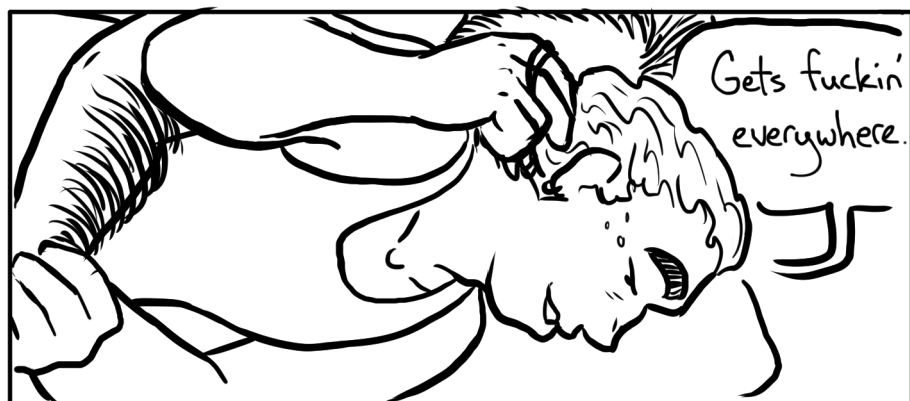
First, anything Biff wrecked, he had to clean up and fix. (He came up with that one; the first time he trashed a room, I automatically cleaned it up, and it really freaked him out. He hasn't broken anything since.)

Second, when Biff raged out, I needed to just get out of the way and give him space to calm down. My reflex to try and help was always counterproductive. We came up with a specific hand signal for it.

And finally, when I freaked out, I needed space from him. He wasn't my husband; our relationship was new and still scary. I would automatically see him as a threat, and nothing could solve that but calming down.

Since then, we've gotten more used to each other. Biff feels less of a need to prove he can't be victimized when triggered, and I don't hide in an armor-plated ball of tears. It's better.





Eeee it's like rubbing my face on a cloud!



ah-CHOO!≡

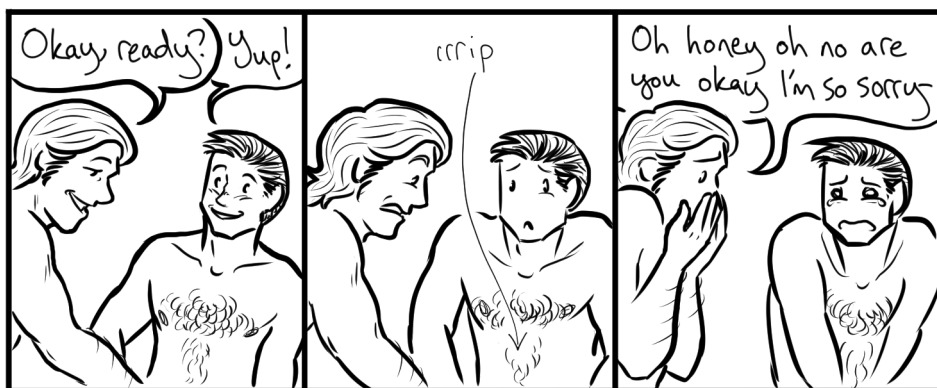


Sorry! It's okay! I covered!



# Toys

For a long time, I didn't want anything to do with sex toys. In the past, they'd been used to hurt me, and me and Mac's first attempt to use one for my own pleasure (back in 2009) went very badly.



It was this thing, the Share: hands-free strap-on turned very, verrrrrry expensive paperweight.



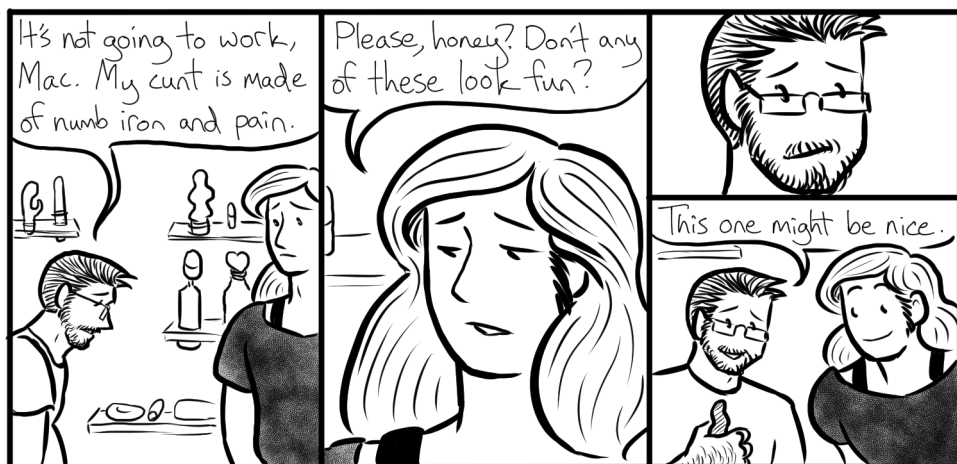
We tried everything--lube, relaxation, heavy arousal. Nothing worked. It just would not fit. My cunt was like a brick wall.

At the time, none of the (limited) sex ed stuff I'd found had ever dealt with the possibility of not being able to fit a dildo inside. It just seemed to be presumed that with lube, arousal, and desire, it'd fit.

I came way more sure than ever that I was sexually broken, defective.

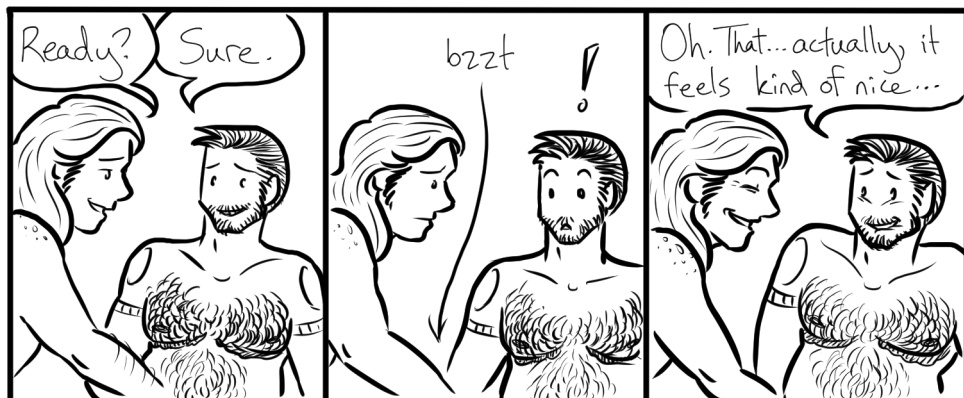


Needless to say, I gave up for the next five years, until Mac finally sweet-talked me into investing in a cheap vibrator.

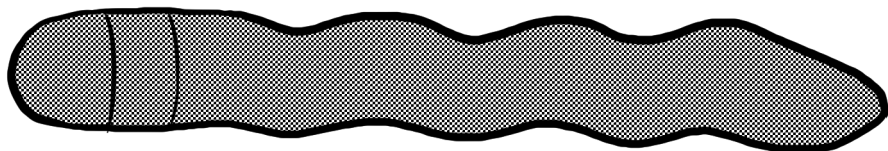




Nobody but Mac could've persuaded me to give it another shot. But for my husband, I was willing to try.



Totally worth the twelve bucks, turns out!



But it wasn't just Mac's powers of persuasion that convinced me to give it another go. Biff also had a tacit hand in it, sort of.

See, Biff was deep stealth. He'd been around the system since 2001, but it was a good thirteen years before we learned he was trans.

Well, specifically, I found out. In possibly the dumbest way possible. To get into that, though, I'll have to tell the story of how we sort of met, and how we got together...

# Dream Lover

One of the random privileges of being us is that we can have shared dreams. Sometimes we share a vessel, like in real life; sometimes we're separate individuals in our own bodies, or somewhere in-between.

Regardless, it can sometimes make an awesome date night. Imagine sharing a gorgeous summer day with your love, lolling in a meadow where the time of day is under your control--noon to sunset with a wave of your hand. It's the best!



(Of course, other times you might spend the whole time searching for a bathroom. It's a crapshoot like that.)

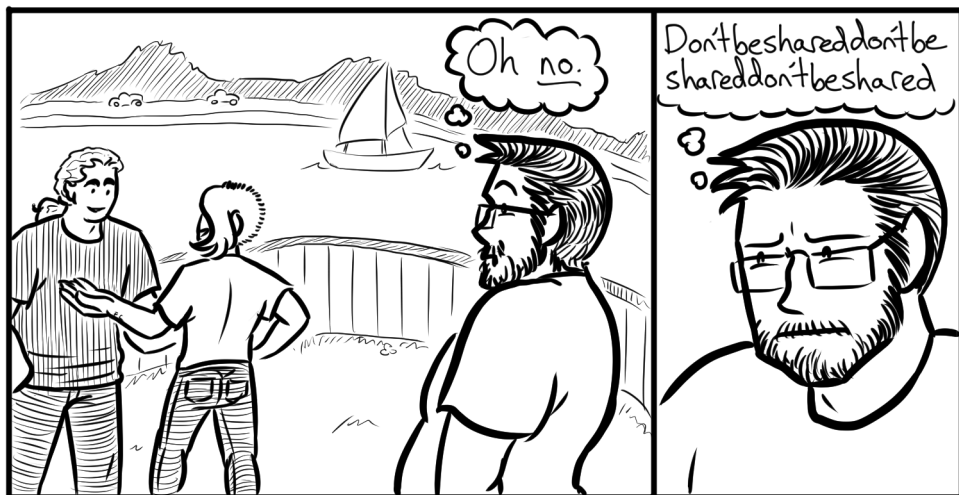
Some folks are what we call 'dream-walkers,' showing up in dreams over and over with consistent behavior. They may never appear in the system proper, but they're still around, sometimes for years. Which takes us to Biff.

Biff was (among other things) one of our most long-lived dream-walkers. We rarely saw him more than twice a year, but he predated almost all of us. He was also an iron-clad guarantee against nightmares back then. (Sadly no longer.)

Due to my trauma history, I rarely had good sexy dreams about anyone but Mac. So imagine my surprise when my first formal dream-introduction to Biff went like this...



At the time, I thought nothing of it. Dreams, man. Who knows with them, right? I passed it off as a sign of my healing process and pretty much forgot all about it... until Biff joined the system just over a year later.



Deep stealth Biff was now outed. Monogamous me felt like I'd cheated on Mac. And now we were stuck in the same vessel together.

I can say with utter certainty and conviction that this was the most excruciatingly awkward experience of my adult life. (And probably his too.)



Nothing left to do but avoid Biff as hard as I could and come clean to Mac. Since I'd told him the dream at the time, he was unsurprised.



He also seemed to think it hilarious. Dick.

Our headspace is very small. But damned if Biff and I tried our hardest to never be in the same room alone together. If we were, I was a total pain to him, just as I was to Mac in 2007. In turn, he alternated between avoiding me and spitefully cruising me, probably out of sheer frustration at my contradictory actions and broadcasting thoughts and feelings.

Finally, Mac called me out.



The deal (which of course I didn't want to admit) was that this was the first time I'd ever wanted someone who wasn't Mac and not been able to shut it off. Mac was my everything, and he could hear nearly every thought in my head. It wasn't like I could fantasize privately or jack off-- 'privacy' in this system means, people ignore you. I couldn't subject my system to that.

And I didn't want to hurt my marriage.



What followed was about a month of awkward three-way conversations, feeling each other out. What did we want? Sex? Between who? How? What kind of relationship? Friends, dating, sex only, love? (Scary!)



There wasn't just us to consider, either. We had the whole system to think of--should things go wrong, we couldn't get away from each other. And Biff's primary allegiance was to my headmate M.D., just as mine was to Mac.





I thought I knew Mac well. But these negotiations opened intimacy to a whole new level. I learned whole new things about his kinks, but his fantasies weren't the same as reality. How would he handle actually sharing me? (And how would Biff?) Could I handle two partners? My kneejerk reflex was to avoid risk, keep things steady and the same. Mac was possessive, I was insecure, and Biff was a dark horse. Disaster seemed most likely.

And that wasn't all. Biff was clear from the outset that he wanted the freedom to sexually pursue whoever he wanted when not here, which was fine. I expected--in fact, appreciated--that. Mac, though, was different. He didn't want any other partners, just me.

I handled this poorly. It felt unfair, like I was taking advantage of him. If I got to pursue more than one partner, so should he, but he was adamant. He and Biff were work-out buddies and friends, but had no interest in doing each other.



Nobody but Mac could've persuaded me.



Mac has given me so many gifts over the years. Love, healing, security, pleasure. Now he was giving me freedom. Because he trusted me. He trusted I would return, trusted I would treat both him and Biff well.

I know it was a hard choice for him, maybe the hardest he'd ever made for me. How could I not be awed by his generosity and kindness? How could I not treasure this gift he'd given me?

And so our relationship opened.

Obviously, it all worked out. Disaster hasn't struck. Biff's been a wonderful boyfriend. (And he decided love wasn't so bad.)

But back to sex toys. Not long after we got together, I asked,



Once he was done trying them out, he gave good constructive feedback.



Over time, we tweaked the rig's design, taking advantage of headspace physics--making it lighter, harness-free, and finally sensate. Biff can now have what he feels he should have, when he wants it. It may not look exactly like the flesh-and-blood version, but it feels like it, on his end, anyway. It's the right size, shape, and weight.

Maybe I'll never be able to have a rig of my own, but making one for him helped ease some of my frustration. If I can't have the experience myself, at least I can insure my boyfriend never has to go without.

But then again, I might be wrong. Lately, things seem to be changing a little, on my front...



# G-spot

It's probably no surprise, but my G-spot never worked.

After the whole Share debacle, Mac and I tried frontal penetration with much smaller things. But it never worked. That part of me, it seemed, had only two settings: numbness or pain.



So I gave up. My dick still mostly worked (though it too was prone to bouts of numbness) and my ass worked great, so it's not like I was suffering. I guess I just assumed that Mac was somehow hitting my G-spot from the back; I couldn't fathom how else I could come that way. But I couldn't seem to find that spot or that pleasure in front at all.

I only felt bad about this when I was forcibly reminded that this wasn't the norm for everyone. Most of the time, I forgot that part of my body even existed...

...until I'd been dating Biff a while. See, that part of him seemed to work fine. Amazingly so.



I had no idea if it was intrinsic physical inability or the massive amount of rape in my past, but I was so angry to realize I'd never had a chance to find out. And Biff was the only other trans guy I felt okay asking.



Like with the rig, I kinda sublimated it all by giving what I wanted to my partners. Maybe I couldn't enjoy that part of me, but Biff could enjoy his, and I could enjoy giving him exactly what he wanted. I could serve him and savor his pleasure secondhand.



Still, I'd become resigned to the idea that I'd never experience it myself. It'd been so long, I figured I'd been permanently damaged (if I'd ever had that functionality in the first place.)

Until one day, while playing with Mac and the vibe, he found a certain spot, and--



It turned out I had a G-spot after all, by golly. And its effects were fucking volcanic.

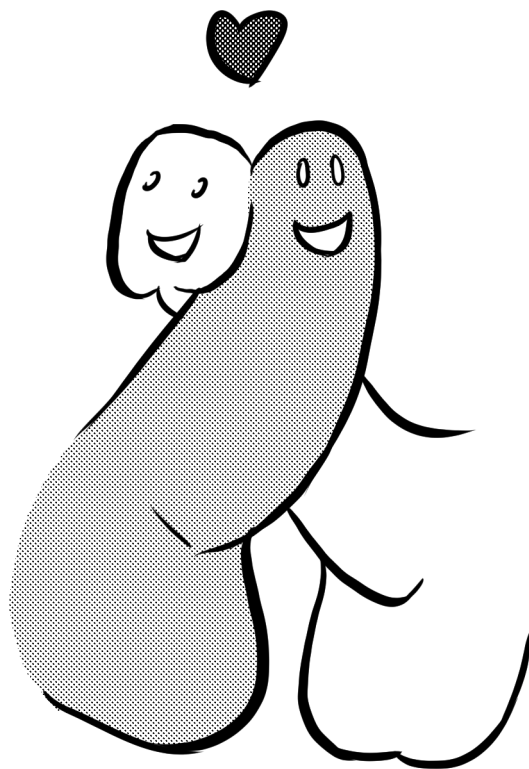


After nine-and-a-half years with Mac, working on my issues, remembering awful things and wondering if I was getting anywhere, I was finally able to experience pleasurable 'traditional' sex. And when I did, there were no flashbacks, no awful memories. Only tears of pure joy, more than I even shed at my wedding.



Without my loves, I never would've gotten to experience this. I'm honored to have them.

## ASSORTED ART AND PIN-UPS



★ All in the Family, a super-dark autobio book I did 2014-2016. In truth, this entire book is detox from Allfam.



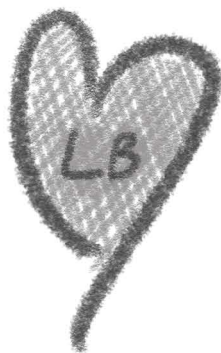








7/24/16











# ABOUT LB LEE



Raised by imaginary wolves in a subconscious barn, LB Lee is a multivarious entity who now lives in Boston. They make mental health comics, draw pretty pictures, and write about reality melting. Their first book was *The Homeless Year*.

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# Altered Ever After

What does it mean to be gay, transgender, and in love when everything tells you that you don't exist? As an "alternate personality," or alter, Rogan never questioned his lack of personhood until he fell for his headmate, Mac. In the end, he chose love over normalcy and never looked back.

*Alter Boys In Love* chronicles the first ten years of Mac and Rogan's relationship, and how it opens when Biff joins the group. A celebration of life and love, however unorthodox, this book is best for mature audiences.



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