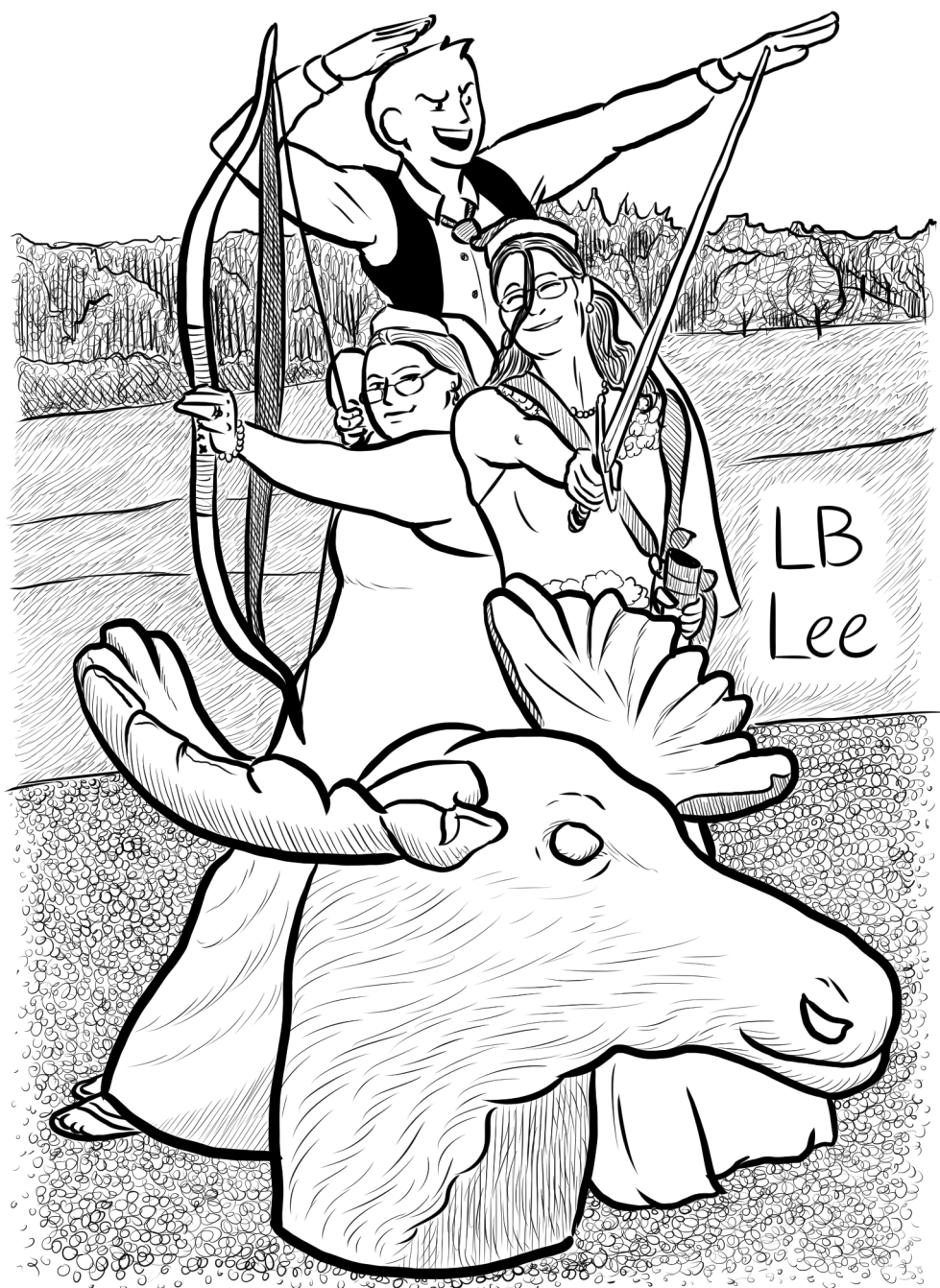


LB Goes to Alaska

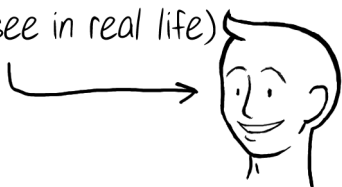


A QUICK NOTE:

We are a multiple system, AKA multiple personalities.
Other comics go into more detail, but here's all you
need to know for this book. This is our vessel...

(what folks see in real life)

And here's us!
(Well, mostly.)



Rogan: trans artist

Gigi: spooky little girl



Mac: Rogan's fabulous hubby

Miranda: voice of reason



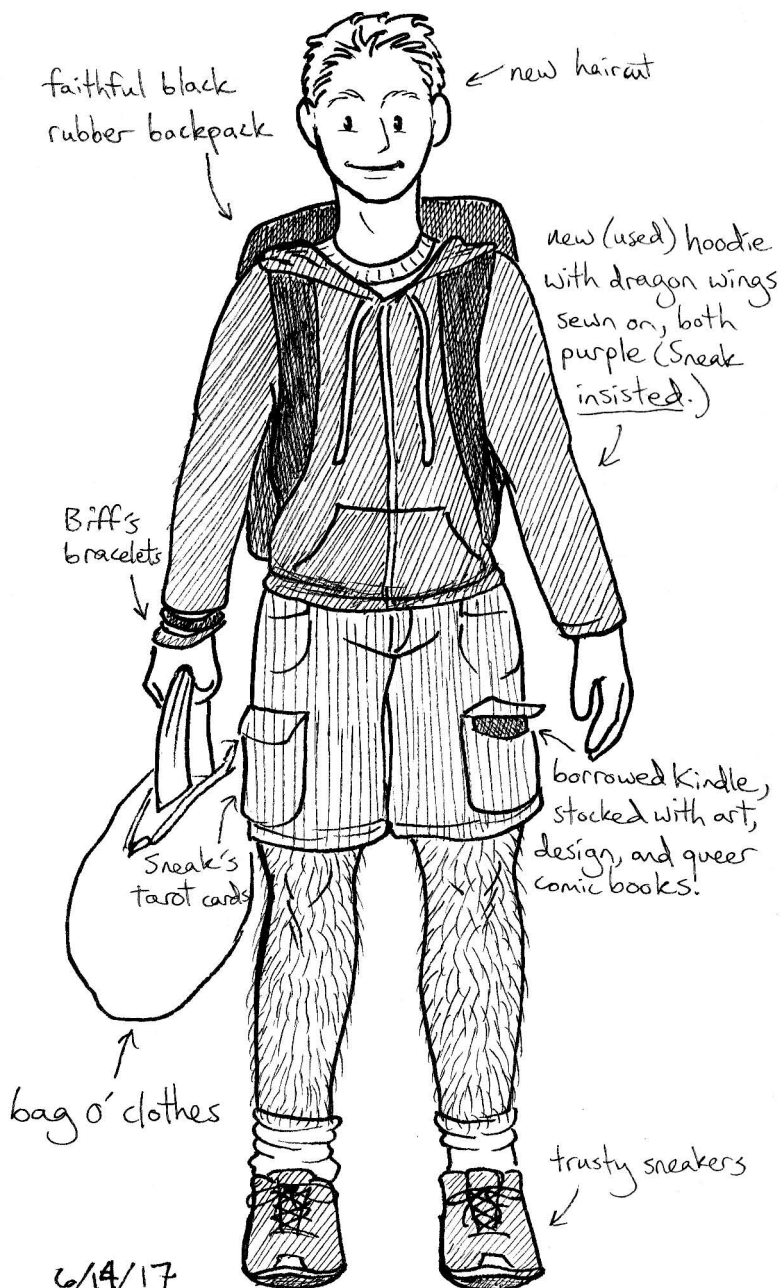
Sneak: ray of sunshine

Biff: foodie, M.D.'s bestie,
and Rogan's boyfriend



M.D.: snark-meister supreme

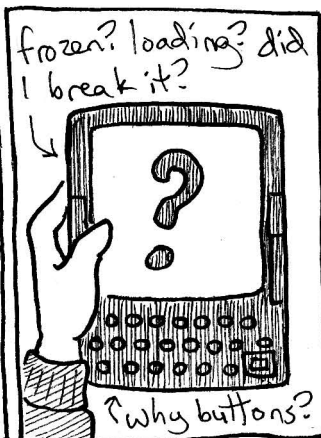
Ready for the Alaska Trip!



6/14/17

HOW DO I E-READER?

6/14/17



STYLISH RUNWAY MAN



BIFF HATES TAKE-OFFS



HOW THE OTHER 1% LIVE

6/14/17



LIZZY

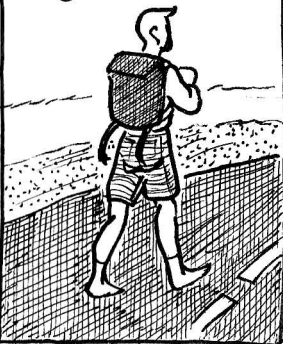
One of the first zines I loved was Roadside.



In it, Sarah Oleksyk moves from Portland, ME to Portland, OR.



It's a good moving story, good for ennui.



I went to Portland, ME last month, visiting a friend*. Now I'm doing it in Portland, OR.



It feels like I'm following Roadside...



*KC, of artgunshoe.com!

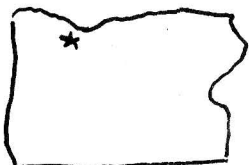
We even caught the sunset!



Ooooooh!



We only have a two-hour layover in OR.



But that's enough to meet up with an old friend from childhood.

Lizzy was a super-geeky, super-Christian science whiz. Still is.



She's the only person allowed to pray for me.



She is super-kind, generous, and thoughtful.

SO GOOD!



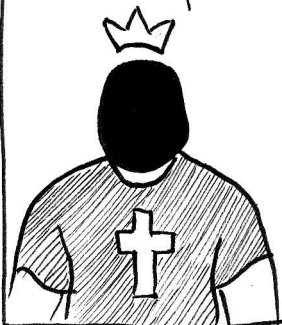
And when she talks about her faith, I never feel preached to.



Indeed, I'm honestly deeply interested.



See, my mom's folks were raised hardcore Southern Baptists.



It was all about control, "forgiveness" twisted into enabling child molestation.



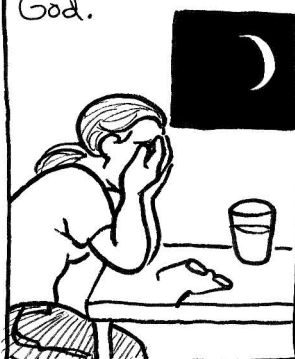
"Suffer the children" indeed. Gech.



Lizzy's faith couldn't be further from that.



She told me about times when she was mad at God.



But her faith seems a deep, core part of her.



I can't imagine otherwise.

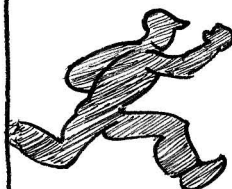
Her god is a truly kind, loving god.



So unlike the horror of my family.



After college, we left everyone. Disappeared.



We wanted to escape our attackers, our past, maybe ourselves.

But now, after almost 10 years, I've seen Lizzy again.

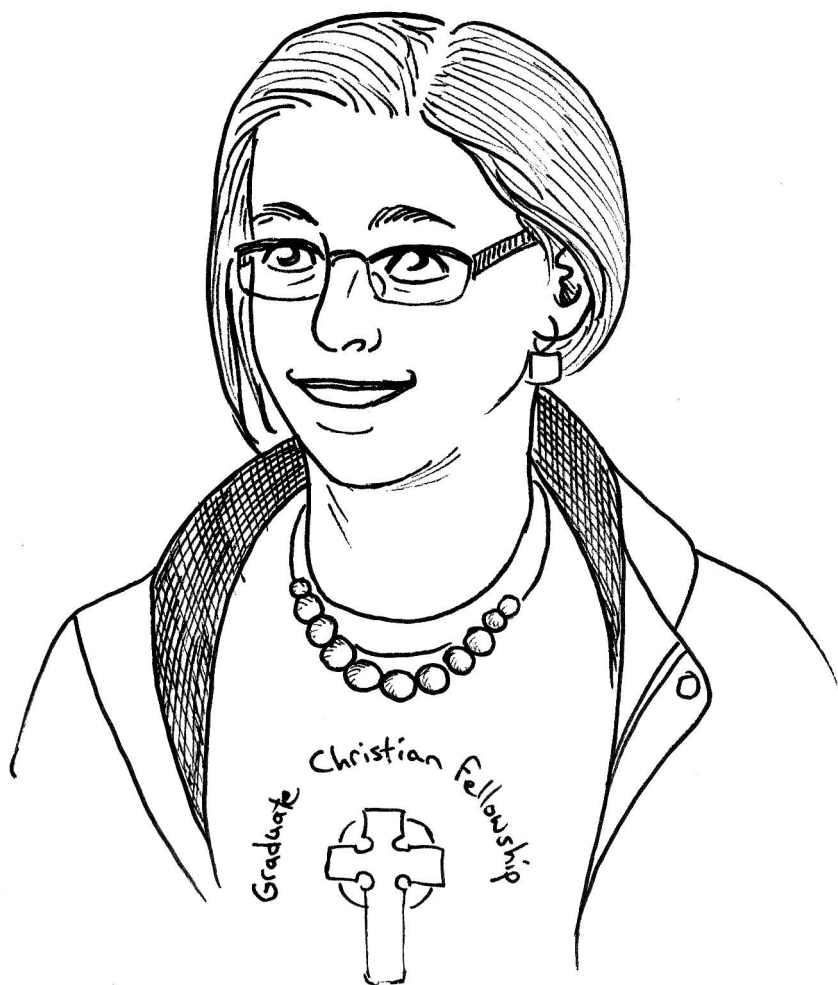


And as I leave and see her wave, I think...



I had so many good folks in my corner then, had I only let them in...





MIDNIGHT SUN

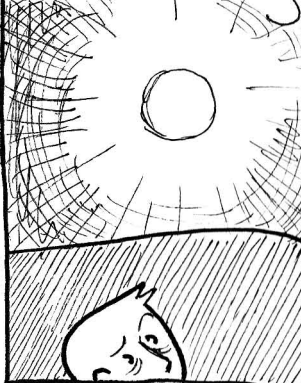
6/15/17

We arrive after midnight, local time.

ANCHORAGE AIRPORT



The sun is still setting.



I'm so exhausted and disoriented, it feels like dawn.



We're here as the best entity for the wedding of two of our plural friends.

Mystics,
born in
Alaska



Zyfron, who
made the
comic
Gemini.



I haven't seen them since 2010, Zy's last wedding when we were all pre-transition.

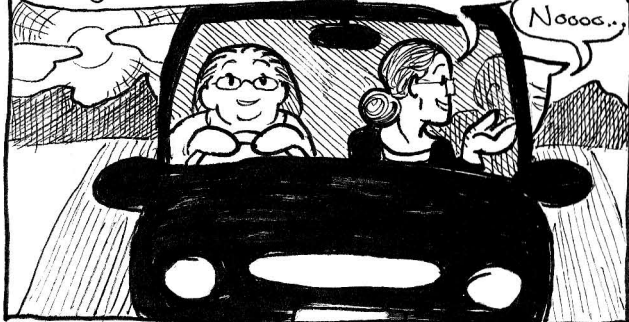
Ohmygosh!



They and Mystics are both hardcore night-owls, relentlessly perky at this hour.

Do you want a tour of the house?

Nooooo...



We crash into bed and sleep instantly.

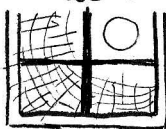


For some reason, we seem immune to jetlag.

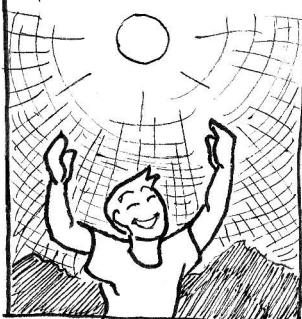
YAWN!



This wasn't the case when we were kids.



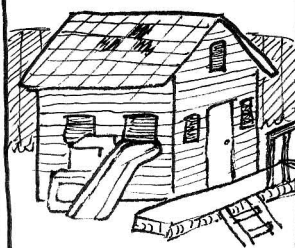
Maybe it's because the sun never goes down, this time of summer.



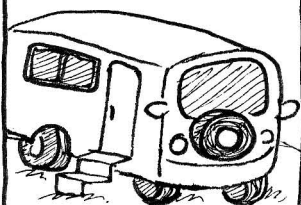
Since Zy and Mystics sleep past noon, we use the mornings to exercise and explore.



There are so many neat houses and sheds.



And campervans and RVs out the wazoo!



We have no computers, no phone service.



Every day feels like another adventure.



By the time Zy and Mystics rouse, we're all ready for them.



NATURE ANGELS

6/16/17

Mystics' mom's boyfriend is clearing out his house. We go through the books.



There are a lot of finds.



But then —

HOLY SHIT, SON!



M.D. insists we get 2 books by "Doreen Virtue, Ph.D."



Apparently fairies are "nature angels" and elementals from Jesus.



They are loving, peaceful beings, kind and fair, who never harm people.

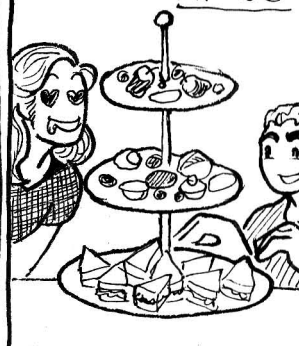


TEA PARTY!

The bridal party has a fancy tea party.



Dessert is intense.

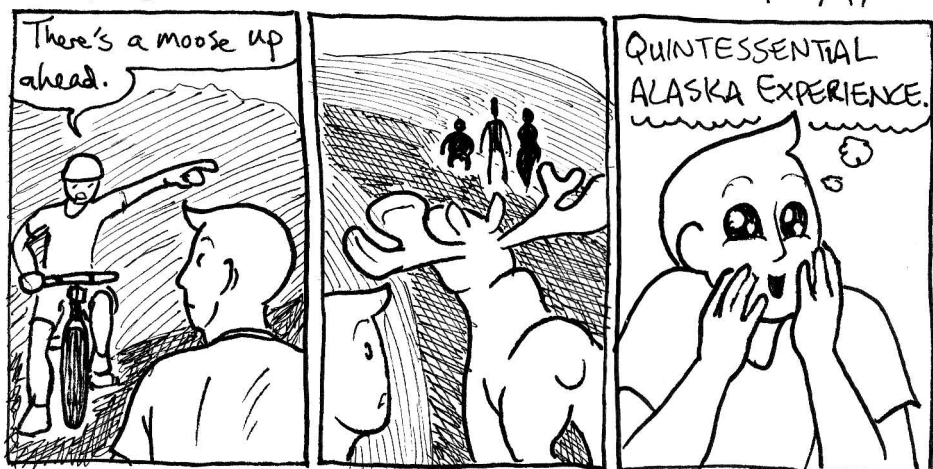


Biff and Mac pig out. We gone up in the world.



LOCAL WILDLIFE

6/15/17



So I drew the moose. Or tried.





* Median = between multiple and singlet.

Nobody talks about life after integration. It's just like, "you're fixed!"

Haha!

But I'm not! There's still so much! And I still have to work, you know?

It's hard to balance, and now I'm median too!

Yup!

Zy talks about "maintaining the swirl" between Z and Bernie.

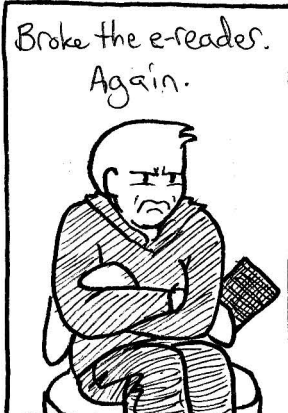
How do I honor their legacy...

...and still be my own person?





SO BAD AT THIS



NOT A JOKE



THE BULL

6/17/17

The fight of the century! Texas!



Arizona!

Wooooo!



Who'll last longer...
ON THE BULL?



Zy: 20 sec!

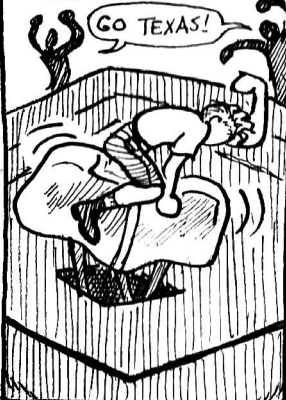
(YEAH!)

WOO!

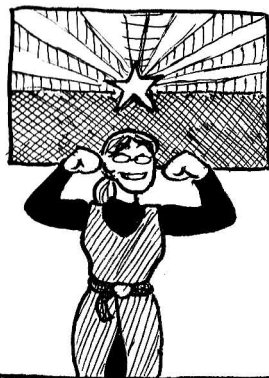


M.D.: 19 sec!

GO TEXAS!



ARIZONA WINS!



Drunk Alaskans = best audience.

(It's like yoga on steroids!)

Good job, Texas!



That was FUCKING AWESOME!
Bull, stripper poles... I've had the
full bar experience now!

Cool.



The Gaslight Mechanical Bull 6/17/17



Anchorage, Alaska

(not pictured: stripper poles around here)

DAMN CROSS-GENDER ALTERS 6/19/17

Being multiple makes gender complex.



Sure, sometimes you get single-gender systems...



...but sometimes you don't. Then what?



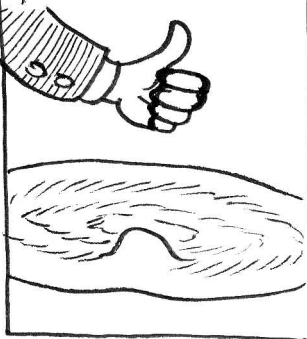
Traditionally, shrinks would just call us 'cross-gender alters' and sweep us under the rug.



Chalk it up to everyone having male and female qualities.



That way, they could avoid the whole trans question.



Or you'd hear tales of that one alter who tried to transition.



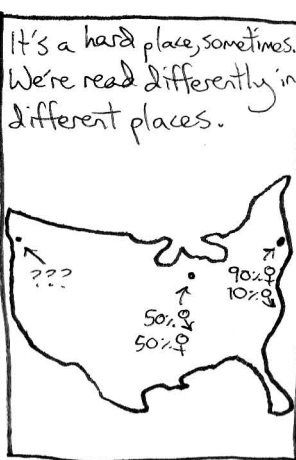
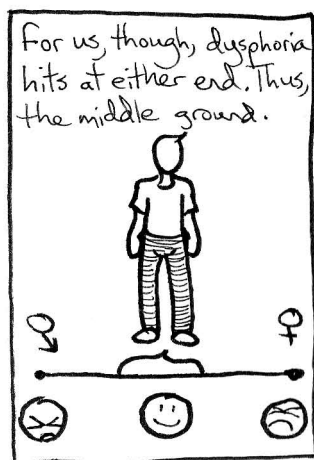
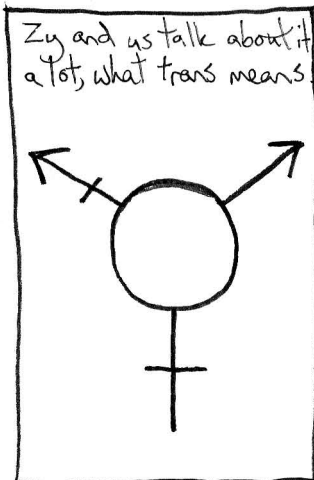
This would never end well, of course.



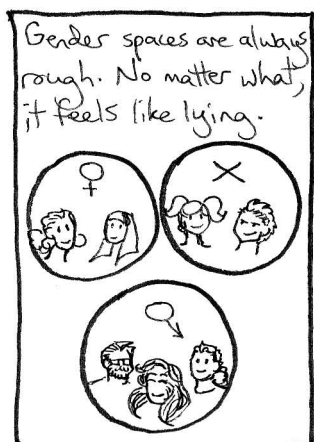
And that's why multiples shouldn't be allowed to transition! Ever!



6/20/17



* appearing "normal," not trans.



* cis = not transgendered

6/20/17

I just want to exist without being hit on, assaulted, or turned into a political abstraction!



AAAAAAAH!



If you wanted that, you should've been normal.

Yeah.



On some level, I become a mirror to people's perceptions, a reflection.



To some, I'm their biggest sexual/gender insecurities, come to life.



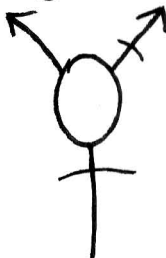
To others, I'm some noble symbol of freedom, an inspiring warrior.



We trans folks have always carried the burden of popular imagination this way.



Either way, we lose our humanity, become symbols.

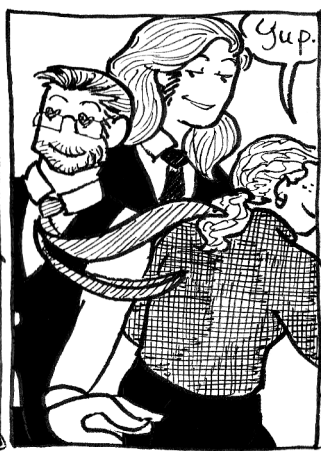
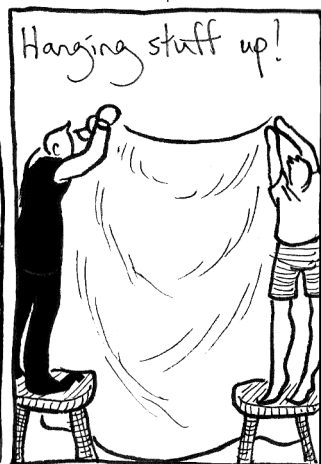


And it's exhausting.



THE WEDDING PREP!

6/20/17



THE WEDDING!



THE FIRST DANCE



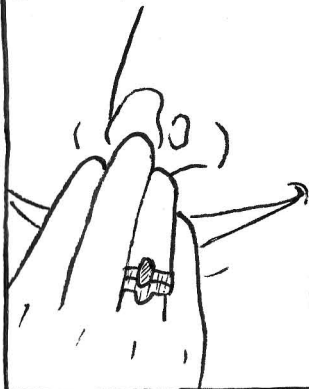
So often, we plurals,
trans and queer folks,
are depicted as alone.



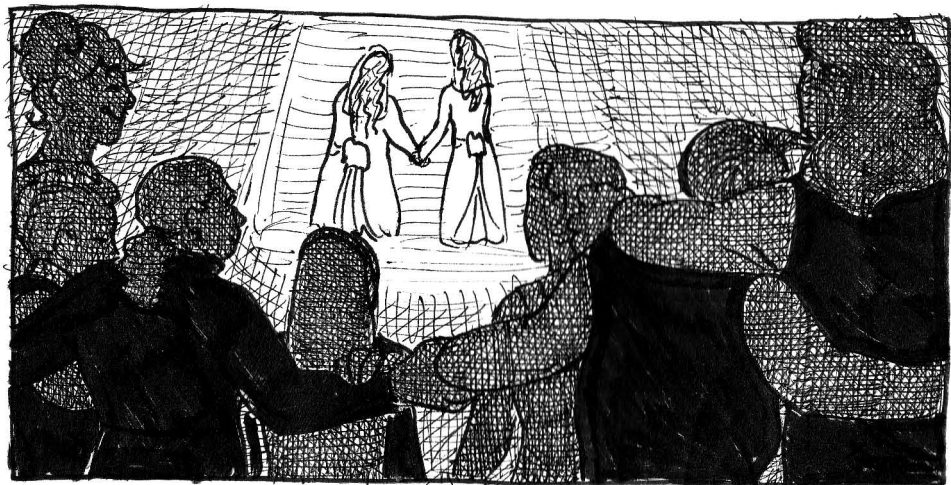
Like love is rare or
impossible for us.

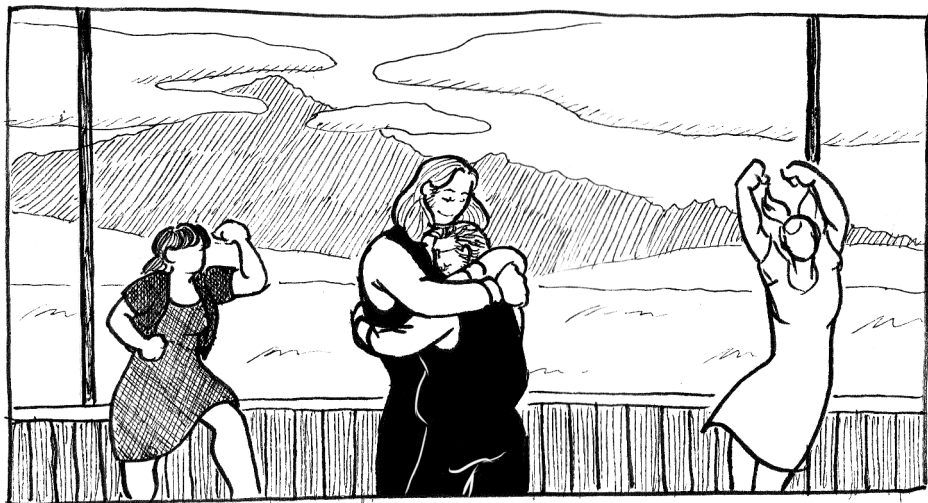


But that's not true.



It was never true.





MORE LOCAL WILDLIFE (NOT) 6/21/17



RELAXING



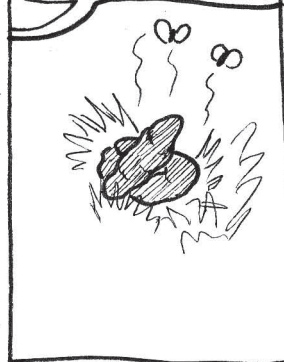
BOOF!



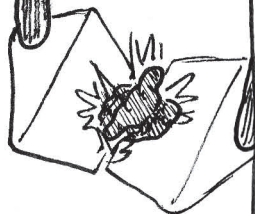
POOPER TROOPERS

6/21/17

You know, I've never had street harassment.



Yeah?



CHOOONK!

Yeah. Sometimes I wonder if it's my fault.



Like, 'oh, if I was passing for female...' which is untrue, but still...



We're trans. No matter what we do, it's wrong.

Yup!



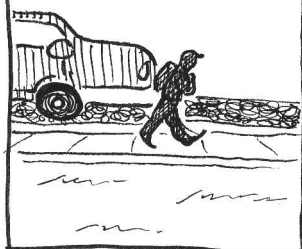
For me, it's geographical.

Oh?



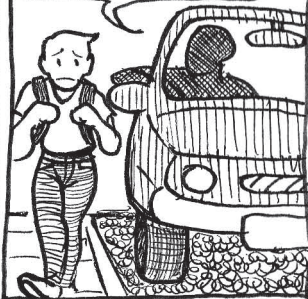
In Boston, it's okay. But in Ohio, it sucked.

I thought you passed there?



I did, I think. But I still read super-gay.

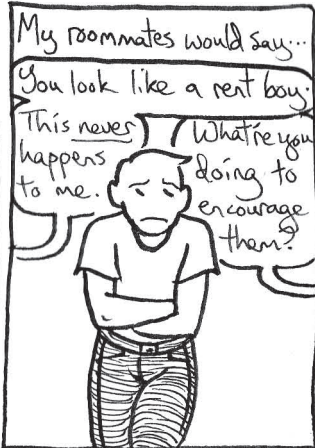
You're beautiful.



I had to change my walking route 3 times.

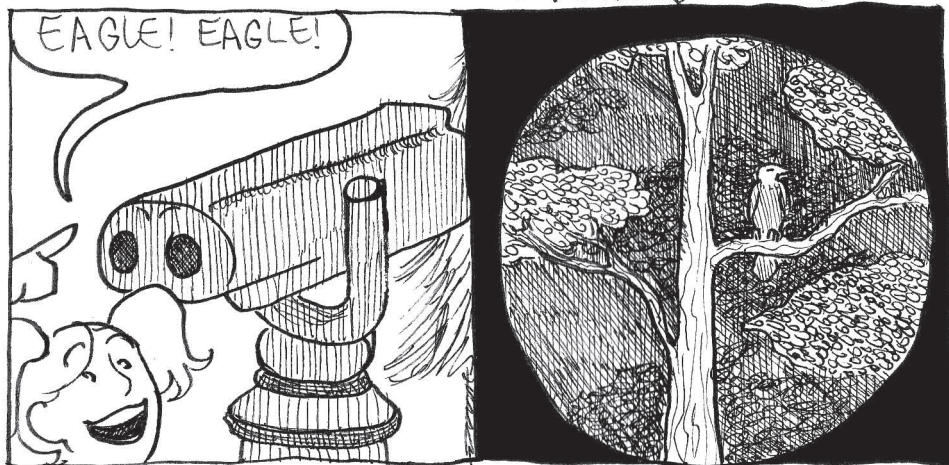
I never do this, but...





AND MORE WILDLIFE (from very far away)

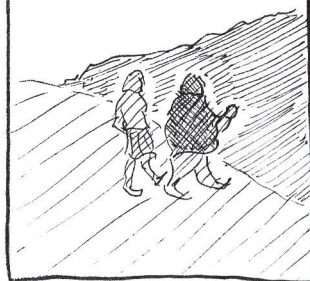
6/22/17



SYSTEM UNION

6/22/17

Mystics and Zy take us up the mountain for their system union.



In fog and rain, they vow to care for each other as systems.



In good health and bad, integration and separation, all members, always.



Bernie and Z separate out. Bernie seems faded, leader, tired of existing.



Z cries. Integration is a death to her, and she doesn't want to die.



Our lives are tenuous sometimes. But we still must celebrate them.

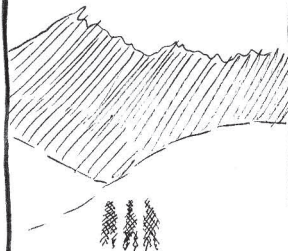


And mourn for them.

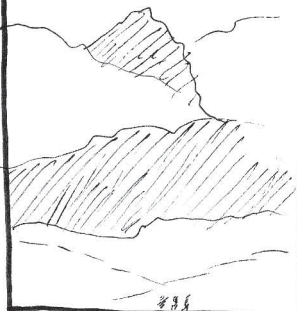
And this is where we
differ from singlets:
we're not supposed to.



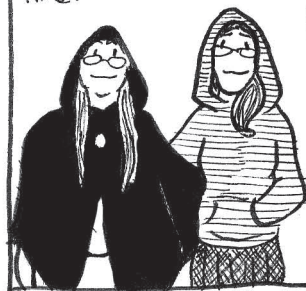
Unless our vessels are
involved, our lives and
deaths are "unimportant."



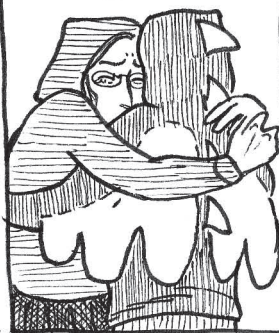
To act otherwise is to
be "narcissistically invested
in our illness."



As though we can't care
about both internal and
external lives at the same
time.



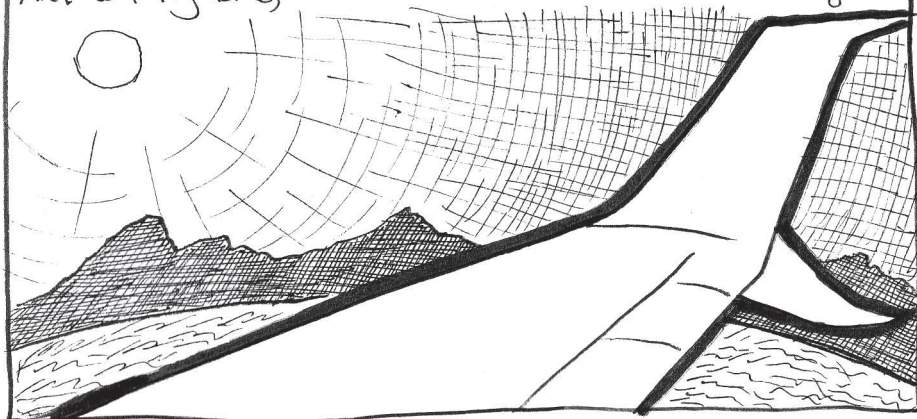
But we still build lives,
community, relationships.



And not just in mental
hospitals or chatrooms.
We live, we love, we die.



And as I fly home, I feel blessed to have had such friends for ten years.



A MARRIAGE OF MULTIPLES!

Two of LB's plural pals are tying the knot, and guess who's the best entity? So it's off to the Land of the Midnight Sun for the festivities, which include...

- Moose, and bald eagles! (No bears.)
- A mechanical bull fight!
- Pontifications about life, love, and gender when your body's a timeshare!



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