

A black and white photograph of a dense tree canopy, viewed from a low angle looking up. The branches are dark and intricate, creating a complex web against a lighter sky. A white, rounded rectangular text box is centered in the upper half of the image.

Meeresbande
Zine #4

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Hallo, wir sind die Meeresbande und hier ist unser Zine #4!

Für die, die uns noch nicht oder nicht mehr kennen: Wir sind Viele, haben eine sogenannte Dissoziative Identitätsstruktur (DIS), das heißt, es leben mehrere Menschen in einem Körper. Diese vielen Menschen heißen System. Es ist eine von mehreren Folgen von Kindheitstraumata, die wir haben. Darum wird es in diesem Zine auch viel gehen.

Wir haben uns bemüht, wo nötig, Triggerwarnungen zu setzen – passt bitte beim Lesen auf euch auf und lest nur die Texte, die euch gut tun oder macht Pausen.

Wir haben mit Zines angefangen, kurz nachdem uns Alltagsleuten klar wurde, dass wir Viele sind, das war so 2009. Eine Zeit lang ist das Zine machen leider zu kurz gekommen, dafür hat uns das Bloggen (www.meeresbande.tumblr.com) gepackt.

Zu unserer Positionierung: Unser Körper ist etwa 30 Jahre alt, weiß, nicht körperlich behindert, mit Mittelklasse- und Bildungs-Hintergrund, queer, nicht-hetero (vorwiegend asexuell), dfab trans (wir Alltagsleute sind agender), das heißt wir wurden bei der Geburt als weiblich eingeordnet, sind aber eigentlich geschlechtslos. Das ist für unterschiedliche Innenpersonen aber auch oft ganz anders, also da gibt es viele verschiedene Alter, Wissenstände, Geschlechter und (sexuelle) Orientierungen. Manche von uns werden darüber auch noch selbst mehr schreiben oder malen. Insgesamt sind wir mehrere hundert Innenpersonen.

Ansonsten haben wir so gefühlte 1000 Hobbies, weil viele von uns was Unterschiedliches interessiert - von Malbuch malen übers Kräuterhexen-Dasein bis zu Superheld_innenfilmen! Haben nie genug Zeit und Energie, aber immer ganz viel im Kopf und im Herzen. Was fast allen von uns wichtig ist, ist auf die eine oder andere Weise die Menschen, die uns nahe sind und die Welt zu bereichern, positiv zu verändern und eben das zu tun, was wir können, damit alles etwas besser wird. Das bedeutet unter anderem Einsatz für soziale Gerechtigkeit und gegen Unterdrückungen jeder Art, ob sie uns negativ betreffen oder wir an der Seite anderer kämpfen. Außerdem sind wir vegan und in der Klimabewegung aktiv.

Kurz: Wir haben immer zu viel zu tun, nie genug Zeit bzw. zu viel Depression... und doch geht es immer voran und unser Leben ist gut.

Viel Spaß beim Lesen! (Und: Wir freuen uns *sehr* über Feedback!)

– Meeresbande, Oktober 2016 (meeresbande ät riseup dot net)

abgestumpft und übersensitiv zugleich
[Triggerwarnung: Gewalt (kurz)]

irgendwie bin ich beides gleichzeitig. Mal sehe ich einen Menschen einen Hund an der Leine zerren oder ein Kind ungeduldig behandeln und denke: "Wie kann mensch nur so grausam sein?!" und ein andermal sehe ich Flashbacks und denke, naja, war ja nur ne Vergewaltigung, weiter nichts.

5-4-3-2-1 Übung (nach Yvonne Dolan)

www.institut-berlin.de

Ziel: Ausweg aus „ewigem Drehen im Kopf“, beginnender Panik - im Hier und Jetzt ankommen und ruhig werden, im Liegen zum Einschlafen

Was es braucht:

- Ziemlich voraussetzungsfreie Übung, ein paar Minuten Zeit wären gut, auch die Möglichkeit, nicht reden zu müssen
- Für den Anfang eine Viertelstunde ruhiges Hinsetzen, Rückzug nicht nötig

Vorgehen:

- Lassen Sie Ihre Augen in eine Richtung schauen, lassen Sie sie auf einem Punkt ausruhen, der ein wenig oberhalb Ihrer Blickhöhe liegt
- Nehmen Sie Ihren Atem wahr und lassen Sie ihn den Rhythmus bestimmen
- Benennen Sie (leise für sich) **5 Dinge oder Eindrücke, die Sie gerade sehen**; achten Sie dabei darauf, wie weit Ihr Blickfeld ist, auch wenn sie die Augen entspannt nach vorne schauen lassen. Lassen Sie sich Zeit: z.B. Ich sehe ein Blatt, das sich bewegt... ich sehe die Zei-

ger einer Uhr... ich sehe meine Nase...

- Benennen Sie dann **5 Geräusche oder akustische Eindrücke, die sie gerade hören**: Ich höre das Surren der Heizung... ich höre ein Auto im Hintergrund... ich höre ein Rascheln im Raum... ich höre meinen Herzschlag...
- Benennen Sie nun **5 Körperempfindungen** (nicht Gefühle!), die sie gerade spüren: z.B. ich spüre meinen Po auf dem Stuhl... meinen rechten Fuß auf dem Boden... ich spüre ein Kribbeln an der Nase... ich spüre ein Loch in meinem Magen...
- Nun machen Sie dasselbe **4** mal
- Dann **3** mal
- Dann **2** mal
- Dann **1** mal
- (und wenn Sie möchten können Sie noch einmal von vorne anfangen)

Was Sie noch wissen sollten:

- Es ist ganz okay, wenn Sie sich mal verzählen; halten Sie sich aber zunächst an die Reihenfolge
- Es ist vollkommen in Ordnung, wenn Sie mal die Reihenfolge verwechseln
- Wenn Sie etwas zwischendrin stört, benennen Sie es einfach!
- Sie können gerne mehrfach dasselbe nennen, wenn das bestimmend ist
- All das ist nur ein Zeichen dafür, dass Sie sich entspannen!

Umkehr der Übung als 1-2-3-4-5-Übung:

- Zur Krisenintervention oder bei Flashbacks finden manche Klienten die umgekehrte Reihenfolge leichter anzuwenden, um mit der Wahrnehmung nach außen zu kommen.

need compassion

trigger warning: child rape, incest

We've had terrible new memories emerging today. We feel shaken and horrified and there is such a deep pain and despair. We need compassion and safety and someone to comfort us. We try to be there for each other, but it is so hard. And it is even harder for us to reach out and to admit: We need emotional support. We need help. We can't cope, at least not right now. Or rather, we could, but it would hurt us even more, to just pull ourselves together. We have been hurt so much.

I want a warm blanket and sweet tea and soft music and someone who is on my side and can forgive me even – and especially – where I can't. I want to be held in their arms and be safe and cared for and I don't want to have to be an adult and care for myself, much less think about others and be responsible. It is too much for me right now, after everything that happened! I need a break!!!

But how does it work? It feels as though the trauma happened only a minute ago, when in fact it was ten years. How do I justify needing this kind of support now, all of a sudden? I can't even ask for it, except here on the list and even then it's hard to do.

I imagine that if I had a friend who I could ask to hold me when I feel so bad and broken and needy, I would be clingy and overly needy and take much, much more than they could give and it would be terribly selfish of me and they would suffer and I would just wallow in self-pity and it would make me childish, unreasonable and unable to pull myself together and function in any way.

And I realize that this is again the pattern and belief that our non-mother pounded and brain-washed into us. She made us believe all those things – in essence, that it is too much to ask for a break, a warm and cosy place, a caring friend at our side and to be brought tea after everything we suffered – because she denied that anything bad had ever happened!

She made us believe that it was too much to ask of HER to be there for us even a little bit after we had been raped! Obviously it was too much to ask HER to bring us tea or a blanket and be there for us – but not to ask that WE clean up afterwards and make everything seem right again and immediately (!!!) function as expected! And

forget that anything bad had ever happened...

She also "taught" us that receiving help will make us break apart and wallow in self-pity and will therefore be bad for us! She taught us that the only way to deal with emotional pain is to deny it and pull yourself together, distract yourself from it, ignore it and all our own needs completely (!!!) and act as though nothing had happened, being there for others always, never for ourselves.

This is how she survived her own childhood and her crime is to have passed it all on to us – and even more!

But we are not like her, we are so much bigger on the inside and we have experienced that help does not make one weak. Yes, it weakens the mechanisms of denial and it can cause a temporary breakdown and yes, it can stop the "I must always function for others and hold up the façade"-craze.

But unlike her, we are NOT our denial, we are NOT our functioning-for-others and we are NOT our façade!

WE ARE STRONGER WITHOUT DENIAL. WE ARE STRONGER WITHOUT OUR FALSE FACADE. WE ARE STRONGER IF WE CARE FOR OUR OWN NEEDS AND NOT JUST OTHERS' EXPECTATIONS.

We are warm, caring people, open and full of love, hope, dreams, wishes, plans, questions, joy, curiosity, compassion, the will to help others and do good and so much more.

All of this is in total opposition to our non-mothers twisted and unbelievably limited world and it will grow over all of the life-destroying poison she tried to put into our minds and souls to hold us back and make us carry her burdens into another generation. **THIS WILL NOT HAPPEN. NOT EVER!!!**

We know that we will win and that we will have a good life. We are so far on our way already. And we know that we can do it, because we have already achieved so much.

We also know that often, the only way out is through and that to recover, we often need AND DESERVE time to rest and to "break apart" because otherwise, how will we be able to put ourselves together right? Like pulling out a sting, healing emotional pain often opens up a wound for a while and it hurts and is scary. But we can heal afterwards and we never knew it could feel so good...

Thank you so much for being here, for listening (reading)!

Some common myths and misconceptions about how privilege works

Myth:

Having privilege means that your feelings (of entitlement) are more important than other people's lives.

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege means that if oppressed people don't like you/your group it's just as bad as if you/your group do oppressive shit to them.

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege means that if oppressed people fight oppression it's just as bad as if you/your group do oppressive shit to them.

Fact:

No.

Myth:

We live in a free country and everyone has their chance and if they only tried hard enough they can do anything!

Fact:

No.

Myth:

When members of an oppressed group fight oppression, it's because *they* want to oppress *us*!

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege means you are a bad person and saying someone has privilege/naming it is a slur.

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege means everyone is nice to you and that you don't have any problems (therefore having problems means you don't have privilege).

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege means you are always nasty to members of a less privileged group (and since you have a friend who is one of them, this shows you don't have privilege).

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege or not having it is an absolute.

Fact:

No.

Myth:

There is only one kind of privilege (that matters).

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege is something you personally do, or feel, or believe, or chose.

Fact:

No.

Myth:

Having privilege means you have no choice on how to use it and can therefore not be blamed for it.

Fact:

No.

Exzentriker_innen leben länger

(Das hat irgendwann mal irgendeine Studie herausgefunden.)

Und das kann wichtig sein: Oft ist ja ein Argument dafür, sich einer Mehrheit anzupassen, dass es bequemer ist, mensch sich damit Ärger, Stress und Nerven spart. Klar ist es oft lästig, aus dem Rahmen zu fallen. Neugierige, aber meist doch eher verächtliche, strafende oder vollkommen unverständliche Blicke und Kommentare sind noch das Nettteste, was einer_einem dann blüht. Selten, aber es kommt eben doch vor, auch Anerkennung, Lob, vielleicht auch Bewunderung für den Mut.

Da fällt mir ein, dass mir schon mehrmals Leute sagten, ich sei mutig, wenn/weil ich auf Demos gehe. Das hat mich schockiert. Denn es stimmt, dass ich dafür oft Mut brauche, aber es sollte und dürfte überhaupt nicht so sein!!! Das Recht auf Versammlungsfreiheit und Meinungsäußerung ist meiner Meinung nach viel viel viel wichtiger, als das Recht zu wählen. Und was würde es über die real existierende Demokratie hier in deutschland aussagen, wenn es Mut erfordern würde, zu wählen? Diese Vorstellung fänden die meisten Leute vermutlich – hoffentlich – entsetzlich, undenkbar, sowas gibt's doch nur anderswo! Aber dass es Mut erfordert, ein mindestens ebenso wichtiges demokratisches Grundrecht wahrzunehmen, empört offenbar nur wenige. Naja, ich hoffe, das ganze eben klang jetzt nicht so, als würde ich auf vom Staat zugebilligte Rechte hoffen und warten oder in irgendeiner Weise den Staat als legitime Autorität anerkennen. Ich wollte glaube ich nur darauf hindeuten, wie widersprüchlich die Leute sind, die das tun. Die glauben, dass es in deutschland, oder irgendwo, jemals etwas gegeben hat, das den Namen „Demokratie“ verdient. Was ja eh ein Widerspruch in sich ist, irgendwie: „Herrschaft des Volkes“. Das hieße ja, dass alle Leute sich selbst und gegenseitig beherrschen. Naja, wäre vielleicht denkbar, aber doch offensichtlicher Unsinn. Warum dann nicht gleich Anarchie? Keiner beherrscht irgendwen. Wäre doch echt einfacher, lustiger, besser.

Egal, zurück zu den Exzentriker_innen: Das sind ja bestimmt Leute, die sich trauen auf Demos zu gehen, wenn/falls sie das als sinnvoll erachten und Lust dazu haben. Jedenfalls sind es Leute, die ihre eigene Meinung, ihre eigenen Wünsche, Vorstellungen, Bedürfnisse, Ideen und Gefühle

für wichtiger halten, als gesellschaftliche Normen. Für wichtiger, als das, was der Mainstream vormacht, was „man aber so macht“, was „sich gehört“ und was „alle machen“ oder „schon immer so war“. Das heißt, sie haben die Fähigkeit, sich selbst zuzuhören. Und das ist echt schon mal ne ganze Menge! Und dann haben sie die Fähigkeit, den Mut und die Kraft [und die gesellschaftlichen Möglichkeiten/Privilegien], auch zumindest größtenteils danach zu handeln, zu sprechen und zu leben. Sich selbst auszudrücken, zu zeigen, nicht verstecken zu *müssen*. Sie ruhen genügend in sich, als dass es sie nicht umhaut, wenn sie auf Unverständnis und/oder gesellschaftlichen Druck zur Konformität treffen. Vielleicht müssen sie immer einen Gegenwind aushalten. Aber das scheint ihnen nicht schwer zu fallen, da sie wissen, was ihnen wichtiger ist. [Und sie sind privilegiert genug, dass es sie nicht existentiell bedroht]

Außerdem: Ich glaube gar nicht, dass es einfacher ist, sich anzupassen, als sich treu zu sein (ich weiß, klingt kitschig, was solls). Denn sich anzupassen heißt ja erstens: Zu wissen, was die Norm ist, der sich anzupassen gilt. Und das müsste eigentlich schwieriger herauszufinden sein, als zu wissen, was ich selbst will. Ich muss also meine Aufmerksamkeit von mir selbst weg auf eine abstrakte „Mehrheit“ lenken, diese analysieren und ständig beobachten. Dann muss ich mich dem anpassen, also mich selbst verstümmeln. Ich darf nicht größer sein, nicht anders sein, nicht kleiner sein. Das heißt, eigentlich ist es egal, wie ich BIN, ich versuche etwas vorzuspiegeln. Ich verleugne mich selbst, was weniger schwer fällt, da ich mich eh nicht kenne, da ich mich ja nicht wahrnehme, da meine Wahrnehmung ja auf das gerichtet ist, was die „Mehrheit“ ausmacht. Und dann baue ich eine Fassade.

Und das alles soll einfacher sein, als Ich selbst zu bleiben, mich selbst wahrzunehmen und nach meinen Wünschen, Bedürfnissen, Gefühlen und Vorstellungen zu handeln?

Klingt absurd...

[Triggerwarnung: Adultismus, emotionale Gewalt gegen Kinder]

Nur: Wer nie sie_er selbst sein konnte, hat es schwerer, exzentrisch zu sein, als sich dem Mainstream anzupassen. Und das scheinen ja fast alle Leute zu sein. Weil fast alle als Kinder nie die Chance hatten, sie selbst zu sein, weil ihre Bedürfnisse und Gefühle nicht beachtet wurden, nicht

gesehen wurden und nicht akzeptiert wurden. Oder viel viel zu selten. Es geht den meisten Eltern/Ersatzeltern bewusst oder unbewusst mehr um die Erfüllung der eignen (Schein-)Bedürfnisse, als um die der Kinder. Oft wird behauptet, Kinder müssten erzogen werden und das bedeutet eigentlich nur, dass sie so, wie sie sind, mit ihren Gefühlen und Bedürfnissen, nicht richtig sind, und dass die Eltern/Erziehenden wissen, wie die Kinder sein sollten und versuchen, sie dahin zu ziehen. Dass das gegen die Bedürfnisse der Kinder geht, ist klar. Es ist eine durch und durch lebensfeindliche, kinderfeindliche und damit menschenverachtende Einstellung, denn (was manche noch nicht zu wissen scheinen) auch Kinder sind Menschen. Und sie sind nicht weniger wert als alle anderen Menschen. Und nein, Eltern wissen NICHT besser, was gut für sie ist, als die Kinder selbst!

[Diesen Text haben wir vor laaaanger Zeit geschrieben, vor 7 Jahren. Er ist nicht ganz fertig und ausgereift, aber wir lassen ihn mit nur wenigen Anmerkungen in eckigen Klammern jetzt so, weil wir im Nachhinein nicht mehr wissen, was wir damals hätten sagen wollen. Außerdem finde ich es auch ganz spannend, das so stehen zu lassen. Wir möchten uns allerdings dafür entschuldigen, dass in diesem Text sehr deutlich wird, wie wenig wir damals über systematische Unterdrückungsverhältnisse und deren Auswirkungen wussten und mit gedacht haben.]

Komisch, dass Tattoos und Piercings (bei *weißen* Leuten...) als radikal, künstlerisch, individualistisch, rebellisch und was nicht alles gelten, aber Makeup und Nagellack nicht...

[Trigger warnings: rape, victim blaming]

I feel like I'm defined by my traumas, by the horrible things that were done to me.

I wish I could say I had been guilty, cowardly, careless, stupid! The fact is – and this is so much worse! – I was innocent and brave, I did whatever I could AND IT STILL HAPPENED!!!! That is far worse. I don't want to believe it. I can't believe it. I hesitated writing that down, because I'm really not at all convinced it's true. I don't want to lie, yet I feel everything I could say (and silence as well) would be a lie, since I don't believe myself.

I didn't make them rape me or their other victims. And yet... It seems easier to feel guilty and ashamed and cowardly and stupid than to face the fact that I was powerless, that they abused their power and that things like this can happen, **THAT WE LIVE IN A UNIVERSE THAT ALLOWS THIS TO HAPPEN.**

There is no new-agey "karma", not everything happens for a reason. I did not bring this on myself, I didn't even "allow" this to happen! Neither do I "allow" this to bring me down, to hurt me, to ruin (part of) my life. They did these things to me, despite all my efforts to stop them, to fight, to take charge of my life. But that's just it: I have to accept that I was **NOT** in charge of my life, my body, my sexuality as they raped me. I was not in charge. I was helpless. I was powerless. I was a victim.

I just hope I can be something else now. I just hope I can accept this past and that it won't crush my present and future anymore. I hope I can stop lying to myself, stop telling myself that I must have been guilty, cowardly, careless, stupid...

– no name yet



[tw: trauma, saneism implied]

I'm a coping mechanism

I *only* exist because I am a coping mechanism. If I hadn't been needed to keep one of us or us as a system functioning or even just alive, I would not exist. I am born from trauma and nothing else. Without it, I would not be here at all.

None of this takes anything away from my value as a person. I am a whole, full person, I can laugh and cry and love and hate and be scared and careless, I have things I can and things I can't do, things I had to learn first, things I could still learn, things I'll never be able to do. Just like anyone else.

So don't ever tell me or imply that just because I was born as a coping mechanism I'm somehow "less than" anyone or anything else or that it's sad that I exist because fuck you, I'm really really glad that I do exist and I want to live just like other people, too.

"Wusstest du auch nur um die Hälfte
der außergewöhnlichen unbesonnenen Dinge,
die ich tue,
du würdest gewiss dem Gedanken zuneigen,
dass irgendein Zauber auf mir liegt."

Ada Lovelace (1815-1852)
Mathematikerin & Programmiererin

Reasons to go vegan

I get tired of people assuming, implying or outright stating that if you're vegan or fight for animal rights, this means you don't care about human rights (or the plants you're eating). The opposite is true: You don't even have to care about animals at all to go vegan – although obviously I think you should. If you care even a little bit about **one** of the following issues, you should go vegan, if you can:

- animals
- humans, social justice (poverty, labour rights, genocide...)
- climate, climate justice
- environment, pollution, ecological justice
- clean water and its distribution
- biodiversity, preventing species extinction
- plants (for example if you believe they can feel pain/suffering and/or you don't want plant species to die out)
- avoiding genetically modified organisms
- concentration of power in the hands of few big agro-corporations
- peak oil
- your own health and that of the people you buy/prepare food for (note: going vegan is more healthy for **most** people, not for **all**)
- soil depletion
- the oceans
- ...

Why are all these things negatively affected by animal exploitation? Because most animal exploitation is happening on industrial scales and even if not – all animals need to eat either plants or other animals who ate plants. So to produce one calorie of animal product, about 10 calories of plants are needed. Animal agriculture, fishing and fish farms therefore need, destroy, exploit or pollute a LOT more land, soil, ocean floor, animals (as bycatch, „pests“ or through habitat destruction), water, air, fossil fuels, human labour, human life and even entire cultures (for example through landgrabbing) etc. It produces far more waste and runoff that is dangerous to soils, waterways and oceans, it also releases far more and more dangerous greenhouse gases than plant-based agriculture. Factory farming creates the perfect breeding ground for antibiotic-resistant germs („superbugs“) that threaten animal and human health.

29.08.2014

[trigger warning for bullying, sexuality and sexual trauma, child rape, incest mention]

I'm asexual. I've always been asexual and will most likely always stay asexual.

When I was a child and teenager, I used to think that sex was something I was simply too young for. I had a few (OK, two) crushes as a teenager, but I don't think there was any sexual attraction and if there was romantic attraction, it was only in these very few cases. For the most part, I'm aro ace.

As I got older, I thought I was too prudish and naive and still somehow too young, even though more and more of my classmates were gathering sexual and romantic experiences. I tried to hide the fact that I didn't. I sometimes even made up crushes and pretended to be interested in sexy topics of discussion, even though in reality, they only made me uncomfortable.

For a while, I got bullied in school, so I guess no one wondered why I didn't have any romantic relationships during that time, because who would have wanted me? I was glad no one ever asked me out (except that one awkward person once (that was one of the times I made up a crush to get them to leave me alone. It worked)). I got into a new class without the bullying and people there weren't nosy and didn't bother me with questions about my romantic/sexual life and experiences, either. I was lucky.

But I still didn't know what was "wrong" with me, and I started feeling that something WAS wrong with me. It didn't occur to me that I could be aromantic and/or asexual, because I didn't know those words or concepts. I assumed I MUST want a (sexual) relationship like everyone else, but was simply unable to get into one. Well, I told myself, that's understandable with all the bullying and social anxiety it caused you! Also, other things to do. Plus, there never really seemed to be an opportunity? The one person I had a crush on already was in a relationship and then I didn't see them as often any more. *shrug* By the time I developed that other crush, I had started wondering if my problems could be connected to experiences of sexual trauma that I didn't remember.

Turns out that was – partly – true. There was sexual trauma that I had repressed. The memories started resurfacing after I'd moved out from my parents/rapists at age 18. Took me about a year to start believing them, and much longer to be able to talk about them, but that's what I blamed my inability to have (or even want) romantic or sexual relationships on. I think I was secretly relieved to have found an “excuse”, even if just for myself. I was OK with staying single “until I worked through this in therapy” as I told myself. Turns out it took years... And some more years... Still no desire for relationships, but no wonder! After all that I've been through! (More and more horrible memories kept surfacing)

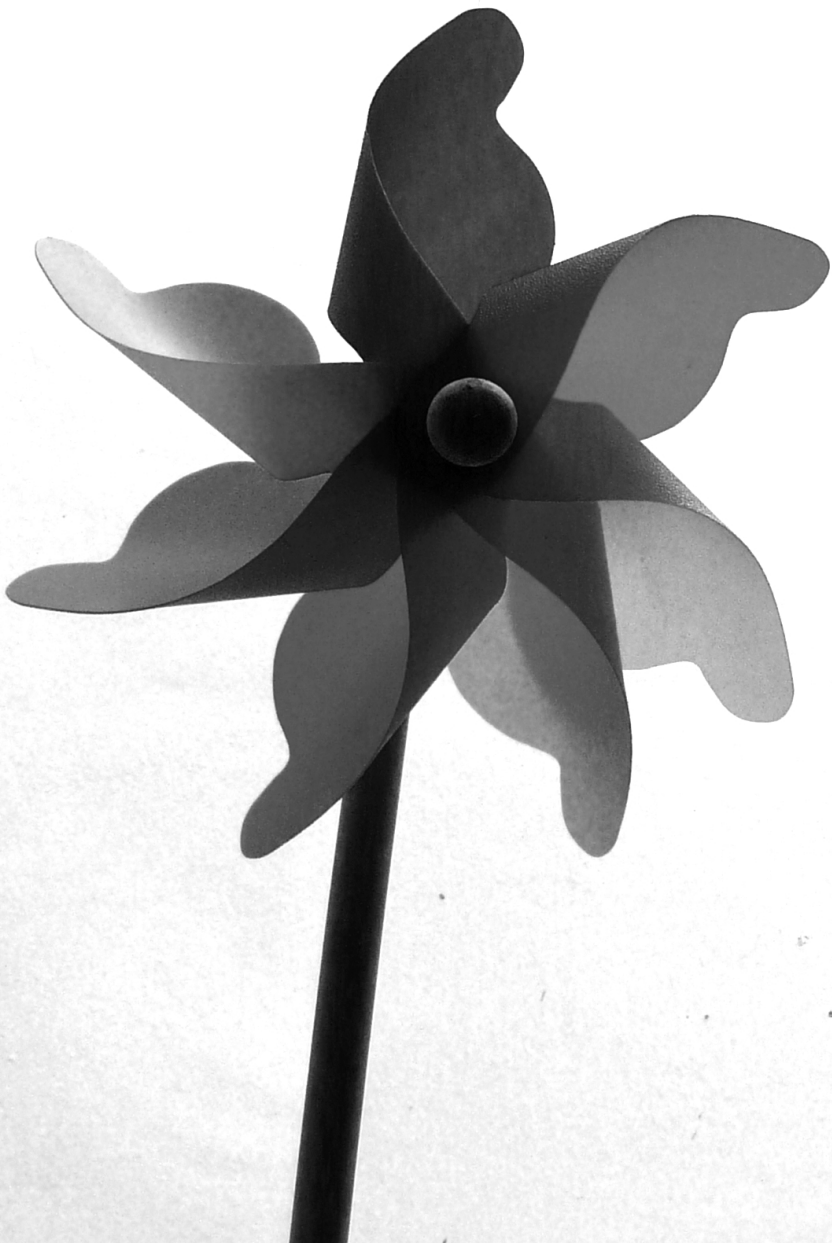
With the help of the internet, I first learned of the existence of asexuality, then slowly began identifying as one. I was not sure if I was “allowed” to do so – after all, I was a trauma survivor! Who knew if it wasn't “just” the trauma that had “made” me asexual? After all, AVEN told me that aces aren't traumatised! (Judging any aces/ace communities who explicitly or implicitly give that message btw.)

The realisation that other child rape survivors DO want sex was a huge surprise to me! (I'm often surprised to find *any* kind of people want sex...) But it told me that my lack of sexual attraction and desire was NOT due to trauma. And ever since, I've become stronger in my belief that I'm aro ace and that's OK and that's who I am and I have the right to identify this way and that I should have a place in ace communities, too.

I have no idea what I'd become without the trauma! A singlet, for one thing... But my gender? Sexual orientation? Music taste? Personality? Dream job? Favourite colour? Who knows how those would have turned out without the trauma? It's impossible to know. The trauma is an inextricable part of my past, it is part of me. (Yes that's how I'm phrasing this.)

So is my asexuality and the fact that I'm aromantic.

I'd like a piece of cake, now :)



Tips, was mensch machen kann, um die Welt und sich zu ändern

(zusammengetragen auf einem Workshop des Klimacamps im Rheinland 2014)

- Schuld und Scham überwinden, sie verstärken oft schädliches Verhalten oder stehen Änderungen im Wege und helfen nicht
- Fokus mehr auf Gesellschaft statt auf individuellen Konsum richten
- den aber auch mit bedenken und ggf. ändern, da das eigene Verhalten auch in gegenseitiger Wechselwirkung steht mit Einstellungen und Analysen (ich kann etwas, was ich selbst aktiv unterstütze/nutze, nur bedingt kritisieren und bekämpfen)
- Kleine Schritte, sich nicht überfordern, das tun, was mensch kann
- darauf dann aufbauen
- das wertschätzen, was mensch tut, eigene Beiträge nicht klein reden
- sich Tips holen von Leuten, die den Schritt (z.B. vegan werden) schon gemacht haben
- Realitätscheck: Brauche ich das wirklich/hilft das? Alles hinterfragen
- Alternativen entwickeln (z.B. Freund_innen anrufen und Schoki füttern bei Frust/Stress, statt sich Selbstvorwürfe machen)

[Trigger warnings: child abuse, abusive mother]

No. I've been looking at this whole thing from the wrong angle. This is not about me/us "having" to do a thing for the better of the rest of the system, to be able to function, to do our job, because it is time to do that now, because recovery is somehow our duty.

No.

Instead, I want to reclaim my personhood, my individuality, all that has been stolen from me. Or rather, what she tried to steal! But only suppressed! It is still there, and I CAN and WILL recover it! For myself! Out of spite against her! Out of pride! Not duty and sacrifice.

OK. Let's do this. *determinedface*

- one of the Main frontiers
-
-

A long time ago, I thought that in order to overcome systemic oppression, we have to overcome and abolish the binaries and other categorisations it produces (for example be "colourblind", abolish gender etc). I was half-right: Forcing people into binaries or other categories, assigning them labels is wrong and inherently oppressive. But we're not all the same and we don't have to be in order to be free and equal and have a just society. We could have that if everyone were allowed to decide how to describe and express themselves and how to align themselves, whether or not to group together with others and with whom and how and if everyone was granted their rights and the respect they deserve...

Weil wir das immer wieder vergessen:

Sachen, die wir tun sollten, wenn's uns scheiße geht, wir getriggert sind oder mit Flashbacks zu kämpfen haben

- Sei sanft zu dir selbst. Seid sanft zu euch selbst.
- aufhören mit Kram, der weiter triggert oder anstrengt. **Das kann alles warten!**
- “die uns geht's scheiße Playlist” hören
- Gähnen, sich strecken, sich bewegen so gut es geht
- Igelball drücken, am Duftkissen riechen, Kuschtier kuscheln
- Innere Helfende um Hilfe fragen
- wir haben Listen mit Skills auf'm Handy
- Tags auf unserem blog, die uns helfen könnten: [note to selves](#), [cute animal](#), [we are real](#), [recovery](#), [happy](#), [calm](#), [lol](#), [!!!](#), [art](#), [fan art](#), [space](#), [nature](#), [photography](#)
- Bachlüten Rescue-Tropfen, Tinkturen
- Tee machen, wenn's geht
- Freund_innen, Thera, ASP anrufen?
- SMS schreiben ist einfacher
- Internet/social media/chat/forum/tumblr nutzen zur Ablenkung oder um mit Leuten zu reden/Hilfe zu bekommen
- Wir haben Freundschaft, Hilfe und Zuwendung verdient.



Selkie Boy
25.10.2016
(Christophers)

[tw: saneism and trauma discussed]

Headmates

Because some people want to take that word and what it means away from us.

Apparently, it sounds too much like we're a bunch of friends.

Friends? Seriously, you have no idea! These people are not mere friends, they are so much more! I trust them with my life every single day, I have to. They saved my life countless times, I don't even know most about this, because they also save me from those memories. I almost died for them and they would have done the same for me. We have been through hell together, and we got out together. And we're going through recovery together, too, which is no walk in the park either.

None of us, no one, could have survived on their own, much less get out or build a life worth living afterwards.

But that's what we're doing together.

And if Harry, Ron and Hermione become friends because they faced a troll together – let me tell you, we faced so much worse!

This stuff creates strong bonds. We are more than friends, more than family.

And I don't even know most of them personally!

And yeah I would probably hate some of them and we don't always get along and many wish they had their own bodies, their own lives, it gets frustrating and everything. But we're in this together and I for one am incredibly glad to have them! I'd be dead without them, or if alive, a total pitiable mess unable to live, wishing to be dead (I've been there).

So yeah, these are my headmates and I love them deeply.

This is my perspective. I know some others in here, my headmates, would disagree. Some of my own headmates want me and people like me gone. I still want them here.

– Jess, 17

Different ways to think of multiplicity

There are several different ways in which people see, explain and conceptualise multiplicity.

Off the top of my head – and these are just the ones that at least someone in our own system adheres to (the sentences in brackets are only examples, for each concept there are different ways too):

- medical, scientific or sceptical models, like structural dissociation (“Due to trauma, we developed into several people who later split off even more, instead of naturally integrating our personality like singlet children do”)
- spiritual and/or religious concepts/beliefs (“I had another life before I chose to come into this system” or even “I was sent to help this system by a higher power”)
- empirical (“I know I exist – I experience my own personhood and the presence of other system mates therefore multiplicity is real”) cogito ergo sum maybe
- pathologisation of multiplicity (“We are broken, we should not exist as multiples”)
- denial that multiplicity even exists (“We’re not multiples, we’re just delusional!”)

And of course variations and combinations of those and many people, even system members, don’t have something that can really be called a “concept” of multiplicity.

And I think **it’s important to at least acknowledge that these different views exist**, even if you think that all multiplicity falls into one of those categories – but actually, I think the first three views of multiplicity (and most likely others that I have forgotten or don’t know about yet) **all** exist. Some systems were formed and work just like medical models

describe, others have spiritual origins, others yet just are. And it's really rude and disrespectful to push your view on other systems, to say that the way they conceptualise their own existence must be wrong or that only one way of looking at things can be right – yours.

Though of course it is understandable to have your own views and not get or not agree with others' views. But there's a difference between that and disrespecting others or invisibilising them.

16.3.2015

[Triggerwarnung für sexualisierte Gewalt an Kindern]

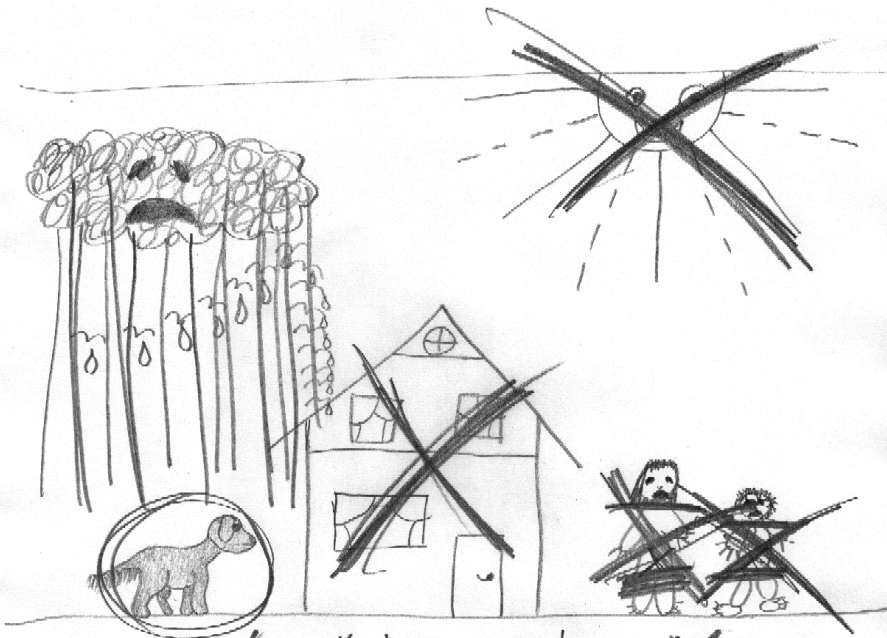
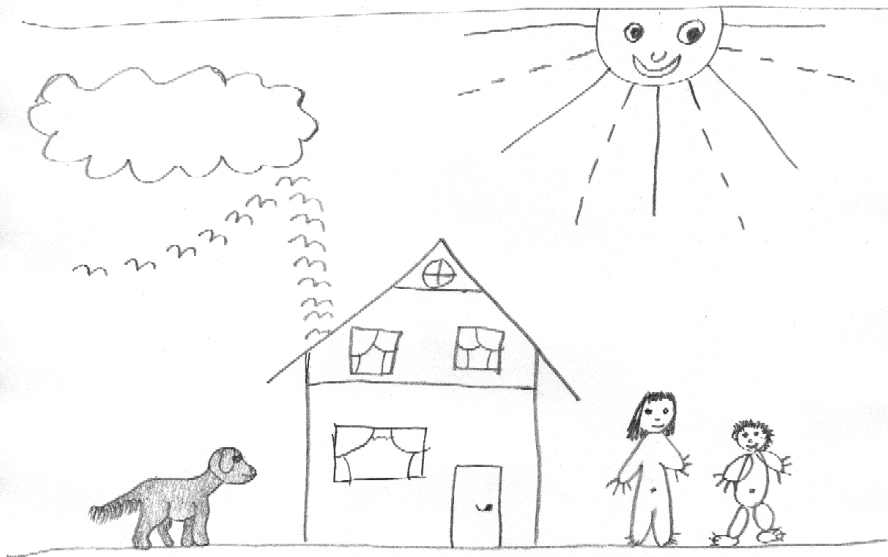
We used to have sore throats all the time a few years ago.

Das ist weil der Hals weh tut. Also weil man nichts sagen darf. Und weil die bösen Männer so Sachen machen. Die halt weh tun. Darum tut das weh. Und dann halt auch später noch, weil man sich halt dran erinnert. Also der Körper erinnert sich auch und dann tut's ihm weh oder er wird krank, vielleicht.

Und dann wird's besser wenn man Therapie macht. Und dann lernt man dass man in echt jetzt doch reden darf. Und vor allem wenn man dan Freund_innen hat. Und man mit denen reden kann und die sogar mögen wenn auch andere mit denen reden. Also unsere Freund_innen mögen wenn sie mit Kindern reden können zum Beispiel. Die sind dann nicht gemein zu uns.

Und dann tut der Hals immer weniger weh. Nur noch manchmal. Aber schön ist das trotzdem nicht.

- Kinder



X nicht sicher X

Trans men and dfab non-binary people and women's spaces and resources

Just some thoughts by a white cis woman (sharing a (dfab) body with some non-passing trans men and dfab enbys).

Note: Whenever I say “women” I explicitly include trans and/or intersex women.

- If it is something that only exists for women, but they can live without, they should not intrude on a women’s space.
- If the resource/space they need/want does exist for non-women and they can reasonably access it, they should use that and not the one for women.
- If they can’t (safely) access resources for their gender/lack thereof (for example they’re not passing or not out), they often have no choice but to use women’s resources (like bathrooms).
- If the resources they need do not exist for their gender/lack thereof, they have no choice but to use “women’s” resources.
- If it is something that’s, for example, marketed at women explicitly, but them using/buying it won’t hinder women, then they should go for it!
- But keep in mind that for women’s spaces, this can be more complicated. The presence of (trans) men in such spaces usually makes them less accessible/open for trans women and/or excludes them completely, even if that was not the intention. This is something that every trans woman I’ve talked to about this has told me, so we dfab folks should really listen and take this issue seriously. “women-lesbian-trans-inter” may sound nice and inclusive, but it so often includes trans men to the exclusion of trans women and dmab trans people in general and that has to stop.
- There are grey areas though: How do you define “reasonably safe”

and what exactly is a “need” as opposed to something you merely want, but can live without? And does the inclusion of non-binary dfab people in women’s spaces also contribute to the exclusion of dmab trans people? I don’t really have answers for those. But I think they should be discussed to find better ways of handling those situations, until we’ve changed the world so it’s free of transphobia, non-binary erasure, intersex-erasure and cisnormativity

Reasons:

- Trans men are men. Treating them any differently, or like “men light” is transphobic and transmisogynist because it also implies that trans women are not really women.
- Dfab non-binary people are not women. Treating them as such would be transphobic and non-binary erasure.
- Non-passing trans men however do not get treated like men in most situations, so they will not always have (safe) access to needed resources unless they use those for women.
- Non-binary people cannot “pass” and there typically are (next to) no resources specifically for them, so they are often in the situation of having to misgender themselves to get by.
- Many necessary resources/spaces are designed with so much cisnormativity, gender-essentialism and non-binary and intersex erasure, that it’s impossible for many people to navigate them without misgendering themselves. This sucks and needs to be changed. But until then, people have to get by and pee, for example

These are just some starting points for a discussion. I definitely don’t have all the answers and am no expert, though these questions should be addressed by our communities in general and not delegated to experts in any case.

I hope I haven’t overstepped here, if so, please tell me and I’ll change that!

Wir haben das erste mal mit zwei anderen Systemen zusammen einen Workshop über DIS (Dissoziative IdentitätsStruktur) auf dem Klimacamp Rheinland 2014 gehalten. Der Titel war:

Über komplexe Traumatisierungen und multiple Persönlichkeiten (D.I.S. / M.P.S.) aus Sicht von Betroffenen

Wir hatten uns dazu recht spontan ein paar Stichworte dazu gemacht und abgesprochen, wer welchen Teil erzählt (wir haben uns mit einem anderen System abgewechselt).

Die Stichpunkte haben wir dann noch weiter ausgeführt. Es kamen auch viele interessierte Fragen z.B. zu unseren inneren Welten und innerer Kommunikation und wir sind mit den Besucher_innen des Workshops ins Gespräch gekommen. Einmal hat sogar ein Innenkind von uns kurz Hallo gesagt.

Es war sehr gut, dass wir gleich mehrere Systeme waren, so wurde sofort deutlich, dass jedes System anders ist, da wir auf fast jede Frage jeweils unterschiedlich geantwortet haben.

Die Menschen, die die Workshops besucht haben (wir haben ihn nochmal wiederholt), waren alle sehr rücksichtsvoll und haben allzu triggernde oder unsensible/zu persönliche Fragen vermieden. Das hatten wir während der Vorstellung allerdings auch deutlich gesagt, also dass wir selbst betroffen sind und es uns schwer fällt, über alles zu sprechen und wir insbesondere auf unsere Traumata nicht eingehen werden und dazu auch keine Fragen hören wollen. Außerdem haben wir sowohl für uns als auch für die Besuchenden ausgemacht, dass es jederzeit OK ist, den Raum zu verlassen oder ein Zeichen zu machen, das bedeutet: "Stop. Trigger". Wir haben uns geeinigt, dass wir nicht mehr als 15 Besuchende haben wollen und danach die Tür zugemacht mit einem Schild "bitte nicht stören" und uns überlegt, was wir tun können, damit wir nicht zu sehr getriggert und belastet werden (z.B. so sitzen, dass mensch die Tür sehen kann, Kuscheltier dabei haben, was zu Trinken, Bezugsperson sitzt in der Nähe etc.).

Wir sind sehr froh, dass wir diesen Workshop mitgemacht haben (ein anderes System hatte die Idee dazu und hat uns angefragt mitzumachen) und dass es so gut geklappt hat! Es hat uns und wohl auch den Besuchenden sehr viel gebracht. Eine sehr schöne Erfahrung, die aber auch viel Mut gekostet hat und auch nicht für alle einfach war.



Versuch, unsere Gedanken zum Thema „Wir sind agender“ zu ordnen:

- Wir Alltagsleute und einige andere sind agender/geschlechtslos.
- Selbst wenn sich das ändern sollte, ist dies nicht sicher. Wir sind gerade jetzt agender und das ist, was zählt.
- Wir haben soziale und unterschwellige körperliche Dysphorie, hauptsächlich von der Sorte, die wir kaum bewusst wahrnehmen, es sei denn, wir konzentrieren uns drauf oder stellen uns vor, wie es ohne das wäre. (Wir sind es gewohnt, unsere eigenen Bedürfnisse zu ignorieren...)
- Dies ist, was wir täten, wenn wir alles ändern könnten, was wir wollen:
- Leute bitten, unseren selbstgewählten Namen zu verwenden statt des Taufnamens (schon passiert, eigentlich alle verwenden unseren selbstgewählten Namen für uns)
- Explizit als trans und agender/geschlechtslos rauskommen gegenüber Menschen, die uns relativ nahe sind
- Menschen bitten, „em“-Pronomen für uns zu verwenden anstelle von gegenderten Pronomen. Wir haben das mithilfe des Multi-Armbands zwar getan, aber nicht explizit genug – die meisten Leute ignorieren das bisher
- Menschen bitten, möglichst geschlechtsneutrale Sprache für uns zu verwenden (es geht ja längst nicht nur um Pronomen), uns mit „Ind“ statt „Frau“ anzusprechen etc.
- Selbst geschlechtsneutrale Sprache für uns verwenden. Dies deutlich und offensichtlich machen und es uns zur Gewohnheit machen. (Bisher vermeiden wir gegenderte Sprache meistens oder verwenden sogar noch manchmal aus Versehen weiblich-assoziierte Sprache, was es für andere einfacher macht, zu vergessen oder ignorieren dass wir keine Frauen sind)
- Zum Beispiel eine Gewohnheit draus machen, so Formulierungen zu verwenden wie: “Ich bin ein Enby, di:er das Meer liebt.”

- Leute explizit korrigieren/ihnen widersprechen, wenn sie uns (mis-)gendern. “Ich bin keine Frau.”, “Die meisten von uns sind keine Frauen.”
- Das Multi-Armband tragen, ebenso Aufnäher und Buttons mit Aufschriften wie “em”, “nobody knows I’m agender”, “Against the Cis*Tem”, “Sorry, out of gender”, “Please call me They - Thank you!”
- Diese Aufnäher auf die Klamotten nähen, die wir Alltagsleute am häufigsten anziehen und auf die, die wir zur Reisen mitnehmen.
- Einen kleinen Brief schreiben, in dem wir erklären, dass wir trans und agender/geschlechtslos sind und was das für die Leute um uns herum bedeutet. Den kopieren und entsprechenden Leuten geben.
- Wenn möglich, mit den Leuten auch drüber reden (aus Erfahrung nehmen Leute es sonst manchmal nicht ernst/ändern ihr Verhalten nicht)
- Die Haare wachsen lassen, aber grau färben. Grau ist ne coole Haarfarbe, allerdings werden die Kinder es vermutlich anders sehen. (Lange) Haare sind ein Symbol, nicht für Weiblichkeit oder Femininität an sich, sondern für Stärke, Kraft, Erdung, Selbstsicherheit und kann auch ein (Hexen-)Symbol für Spiritualität/Verbundenheit sein. So sehen wir das jedenfalls.
- Ev. aufhören, unsere Geheimratsecken zu verstecken (die wir schon seit immer haben). Da müssen wir uns wohl erst dran gewöhnen, aber vielleicht können wir aufhören, sie als zu versteckenden Makel anzusehen und statt dessen als etwas an unserem Körper, dass nicht sofort weiblich assoziiert wird. Yay!
- Versuchen, Wege zu finden, wie die meisten von uns mit den (langen, grauen) Haaren klar kommen, vor allem die Jungs und Männer. Vielleicht eine bessere Perücke kaufen? (Haare unter Mützen verstecken geht ja auch. Und für die Kinder bunte Accessoires.)
- Weiterhin gesund/genug essen und Sport machen und viel draußen sein. Das wird viel bringen, es hat uns auch in der Vergangenheit sehr geholfen, ein besseres Gefühl zum Körper zu bekommen.
- Mehr zum Thema Nahrungs-, Pflanzen- und Sport-basierter Transition recherchieren.
- Das umsetzen, soweit es für uns realistisch und angenehm ist

- Regelmäßig nachfragen, ob die anderen Innenpersonen, besonders die Frauen, auch damit einverstanden sind
 - Vielleicht einen Binder besorgen, der nicht ganz so eng ist wie der, den die Jungs manchmal anziehen (den wir normalerweise nicht anziehen, weil er zu unbequem ist und wir auch nicht unbedingt komplett flach aussehen wollen) – mit Reißverschluss
 - Mehr über Brustverkleinerungs-OP nachdenken. Vielleicht ist das ja eines Tages doch möglich...
 - **Uns täglich daran erinnern, dass wir agender sein dürfen und es verdient haben, von uns selbst und anderen so gesehen und behandelt zu werden.**
 - Fast alles davon sind Sachen, die die Jungs und Männer hier auch wollen. Das selbe gilt für die meisten Kinder.
 - Nichts davon wäre, so weit ich weiß, wirklich schlecht für die Frauen. Was doch schlecht für sie sein könnte, werden wir vorher besprechen.
-

18.3.2015

„Hallo [Name],

wir wissen, dass es vielleicht ein bisschen komisch ist, einen Brief zu schreiben, wo wir doch auch reden könnten. Aber wir hoffen, dass es so etwas einfacher wird. Wir wollten darüber nämlich schon sehr lange mal mit den Menschen reden, die uns nahe stehen, doch haben wir es nicht so richtig geschafft.

Aber Tatsache ist: Wir Alltagsleute der Meeresbande, sind trans, genauer genommen agender/geschlechtslos. Das heißt, wir sind keine Frauen, keine Männer, sondern eben geschlechtslose Menschen, Personen, Individuen, eine Gruppe, Leute.

Damit geht es uns ganz gut. Sowieso sind bei uns ja auch viele keine Frauen, sondern z.B. Kinder oder Jungs/Männer oder haben andere Geschlechter. Doch dass wir Alltagsleute trans sind, ist glaube ich einfach

deshalb besonders wichtig, weil wir so oft vorne sind und meistens diejenigen sind, die mit anderen Menschen (wie dir) sprechen.

Und wir wünschen uns, dass du uns nicht mehr als Frauen ansiehst, behandelst oder bezeichnest. Soweit möglich, versuch geschlechtsneutrale Sprache zu verwenden – Mensch statt Frau, Ind [Nachname] statt Frau [Nachname], em statt sie etc. Das Pronomen „em“ steht ja auch auf unserem Multi-Armband (wenn wir ein anderes Pronomen zeigen, dann gilt all das, was in diesem Brief steht nicht, weil dann eine andere Innenperson vorne ist¹). Bitte versuch dir anzugewöhnen, „em“ für uns zu verwenden. Deklinieren kannst du es nach Gefühl, da gibt es bisher keine festen Regeln, also kein' Stress. Ansonsten geht ja auch Plural und/oder „Du“, da tritt das Problem nicht auf.

Wir selbst wollen uns all dies übrigens auch angewöhnen. Denn auch wenn wir schon seit längerem wissen, dass wir agender sind, haben wir es uns lange Zeit nicht wirklich zugestanden bzw. uns nicht getraut uns zu outen und deswegen weiterhin manchmal weiblich-assoziierte Sprache verwendet. Es kann auch sein, dass uns das in Zukunft noch passiert (auch für uns ist das Umlernen nicht soo einfach), das heißt dann aber nicht, dass wir plötzlich nicht mehr agender sind. Entweder ist es uns falsch raus gerutscht, wir wollten vor anderen Leuten nicht auffallen, oder es ist eine nicht-Alltagsperson vorne gewesen.

Also, was heißt das jetzt für dich? Nicht viel, nur versuch bitte zu verstehen, dass es uns wichtig ist, wir aber gleichzeitig ganz schön nervös und oft unsicher sind. Alles, was wir wollen, ist, in unserer Identität ernst genommen zu werden. Und da bedeutet es ganz viel, wenn uns das z.B. durch Pronomen oder die Anrede „Ind“ gespiegelt wird. So ähnlich, wenn auch zu nem anderen Thema, ging/geht es uns auch mit dem Viele-Sein.

Wir möchten auch gerne noch mit dir darüber sprechen, sonst kommt es im Brief vielleicht etwas unpersönlich rüber und so ist es nicht gemeint. Außerdem darfst du gerne Fragen stellen, wenn du welche hast.

– die Alltagsleute der Meeresbande

1 Sorry, dass das eventuell kompliziert ist. Wir haben uns ja auch weder das Viele-Sein noch das Trans-Sein ausgesucht... Aber hoffentlich hilft das Armband, mehr Klarheit zu schaffen.

[content note: discussion of bodies, mention of genitals]

15th April 2015

If you want to make your language trans- and intersex-inclusive, non-ciscentric, or non-misgendering, you've probably already heard that equating certain kinds of body parts and characteristics to genders is a bad (and inaccurate) thing to do. It is never useful or necessary to (mis-)gender others' bodies or make them (mis-)gender themselves (no, not even for medical reasons).

But replacing "women/men" with "people with X body part" is only one step in the right direction. One thing I sometimes stumble across is that sometimes the body part/characteristic mentioned is not even the one talked about, which seems to come from people still only thinking about dyadic/non-intersex cis people. Try to name the body part/ characteristic that is actually relevant to what you're talking about instead of assuming that it always goes together with something else that you're substituting instead (for example: people with vaginas \neq people who menstruate).

Think about who the things you're saying are actually relevant for and who they might exclude. For example, giving tips for "people with X body part" and then only listing tips that are useful or applicable to dyadic/non-intersex cis people is still cis-centric and intersexist and it excludes many people with that body part. It's OK if you're not an expert on, for example, trans- or intersex-specific health care, but please try to keep this in mind and put disclaimers on it if necessary and avoid wording like "all people with X...".

Unfortunately, unlearning ciscentrism and dyadism is not simply about exchanging a few words. It's a long-term process that requires unlearning and re-learning and listening and contemplation and so on. And yeah, everyone, including myself, will make mistakes and will slip up and will not immediately know everything (plus discourses change so it's impossible to always keep up with them plus no oppressed group is a monolith so what is important for some may be bad for others and so on). I just think it's important to try.

[We're white dyadic/non-intersex dfab trans.]

Pflanzliche Transition und Phyto-Hormone

Es gibt viele Pflanzen, die Phyto-Hormone enthalten, also Stoffe, die im menschlichen Körper ähnlich wie Hormone wirken oder Auswirkungen auf den Hormonhaushalt haben. Einige davon können trans Menschen gezielt einsetzen, sei es um eine medikamentöse Hormontherapie zu begleiten und z.B. starke Hormonschwankungen auszugleichen (dafür ist Schafgarbe sehr gut! Auch für cis Leute), oder um von einer medikamentösen zu einer Pflanzlichen Transition überzugehen, bzw. die erzielten Effekte auch nach Absetzen der Medikamente zu erhalten. Aber auch wer gar keinen Zugang zu medikamentöser Hormontherapie hat oder sich dagegen entscheidet, kann die Phyto-Hormone nutzen, um zu transitionieren.

Es gibt viele Optionen um zu transitionieren. Progesteron hilft, Gewebe aufzubauen und kann hilfreich sein um Brüste zu entwickelt (äußerliche Anwendung) oder Muskeln (innerliche Anwendung). Progesteron kann grundsätzlich sowohl in Testosteron oder in Östrogene umgewandelt werden. Aromatase verwandelt Testosteron in Östrogen und kann anstelle von oder zusätzlich zu Östrogen-Anwendung genutzt werden. Es gibt aber auch Aromatase-Inhibitoren, die verhindern, dass Testosteron in Östrogen umgewandelt wird.

Was wirkt Testosteron-ähnlich oder blockt Östrogene?

- mehr Sport und Bewegung (produziert Testosteron)
- Stress entgegenwirken/behandeln, da Stresshormone die Androgenproduktion senken und die Niere und Nebenniere schwächt, die 90% Testo und andere Hormone herstellen

Essen:

(<https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning>)

- Pinienkerne und -Pollen (Pinien/Kiefern, besonders die Pollen, enthalten einen Stoff, der menschlichem Testosteron extrem ähnlich ist!)
- Champignons (Verhindert die Umwandlung von Testo in Östrogen, <https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer->

herbs-masculine/)

- Brennnessel
- Hafer (Haferflocken, -milch, Tee)
- Knoblauch, roh (Studien zeigen, dass Knoblauch die Testo Werte erhöht: <http://www.ohlonecenter.org/research-papers/holistic-health-for-transgender-gender-variant-folks/>)
- Gurke, Mais, Radieschen, Brokkoli, Blumenkohl
- Grünkohl, Kohl, Rosenkohl
- Spinat und anderes grünes Blattgemüse
- Kresse, Bok Choy/Pak Choi, Stangensellerie
- Szechuanpfeffer (*Zanthoxylum americanum* hilft, dass bei Testo-Behandlung die Stimmveränderung besser abläuft, leitet sie aber nicht ein)
- Petersilie, Thymian, Rosmarin
- Mönchspfeffer enthält Testosteron? Fördert Progesteron-Bildung (<http://oestrogen-dominanz.de/buch/heilpflanzen-zum-hormonausgleich.htm>) Andere Quelle sagt, dass es Testo-Werte und Libido senkt, aber beim Muskelaufbau hilft (<http://www.ohlonecenter.org/research-papers/holistic-health-for-transgender-gender-variant-folks/>)

Kräuter

(<https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning> und <http://www.ohlonecenter.org/research-papers/holistic-health-for-transgender-gender-variant-folks/>)

- Ginseng
- Weißdorn (spült Östrogen aus),
- Erd-Burzeldorn (*Tribulus terrestris*) auch Erdsternchen genannt (<https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/>)
- Damiana (*Turnera diffusa*)
- [He Shou Wu](#) (*Polygonum multiflorum*, Für Haarwuchs, wirkt Glatzenbildung entgegen) Vielblütiger Knöterich (China)
- Buplerum/Chai Hu (fördert emotionale Ausgeglichenheit)
- [Blue Cohosh](#) (stoppt die Menstruation, oft zusammen mit black cohosh verwendet. Nur unter Aufsicht einer_es erfahrenen Kräuterheil-

kundigen einnehmen!)

- Sarsparilla (*Smilax officinalis*) (Südamerika)
- Ashwagandha (*Withania somnifera*) – Schlafbeere (Mittelmeer, Afrika, Asien)

Links:

[Herbs for Transitioning: The Basics](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning/): <https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning/>

[More queer herbs](https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/): <https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/>

[Brown Boi Project Health Guide](https://brownboiproject.nationbuilder.com/health_guide): https://brownboiproject.nationbuilder.com/health_guide

[The Homestead Apothecary](http://www.homesteadapothecary.com/Happenings), a queer-friendly herb shop in North Oakland: <http://www.homesteadapothecary.com/Happenings>

[The Ohlone Center](http://www.ohlonecenter.org), an herb school in Berkeley: <http://www.ohlonecenter.org>

paper „Holistic Health for Transgender & Gender Variant Folks“ by Dori Midnight: <http://www.ohlonecenter.org/research/>

The link for that paper is also [here](http://dorilandia.com/html/links.html): <http://dorilandia.com/html/links.html>

[The Male Herbal](http://madcrowherbals.com/2012/02/12/book-review-the-male-herbal-the-definitive-health-care-book-for-men-boys-by-james-green/) (book)– James Green: written for cis-men, but includes a lot of relevant herbs. <http://madcrowherbals.com/2012/02/12/book-review-the-male-herbal-the-definitive-health-care-book-for-men-boys-by-james-green/>

[The Natural Testosterone Plan](http://www.powells.com/biblio/62-9781594771682-0) (book) – Stephen Buhner: also for cis men but useful. <http://www.powells.com/biblio/62-9781594771682-0>

[Botanica Erotica](http://www.powells.com/biblio/62-9780892817900-0) (book) – Diane DeLuca: not trans specific, but there's a lot of overlap between erotic herbs & hormonal herbs. <http://www.powells.com/biblio/62-9780892817900-0>

[More Queer Herbs \(Masculine\)](https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/): <https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/>

For more info on [using herbs safely](https://deardoctormom.wordpress.com/2013/06/23/using-herbs-simply-safely/): <https://deardoctormom.wordpress.com/2013/06/23/using-herbs-simply-safely/>

Was wirkt Östrogen-ähnlich oder blockt Testosteron?

Essen:

- Spearmint (starkes Anti-Androgen)
- Granatapfel
- Hülsenfrüchte, Bockshornklee

- Rotklee ist essbar (Blätter und Blüten) und enthält, wie andere Hülsenfrüchte, Isoflavone, die östrogenartig wirken. Enthält außerdem Beta-sitosterol, eine östrogenähnliche Substanz. ([Quelle http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm](http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm))
- Yams/Süßkartoffel (<https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning/>)
- Lakritz (starkes Phyto-Östrogen und auch Anti-Androgen)
- Süßholz Enthält Beta-sitosterol, eine östrogenähnliche Substanz ([Quelle http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm](http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm))
- Maca
- Bei Soja gibt es verschiedene Meinungen, [Quelle https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2015/02/23/the-soy-controversy/](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2015/02/23/the-soy-controversy/) andere [Quelle http://www.trans-health.com/2003/soy-phyto-estrogen](http://www.trans-health.com/2003/soy-phyto-estrogen)

Kräuter:

- Hopfen
- Anis, Fenchel, Kümmel
- Spearmint (starkes Anti-Androgen, [Quelle https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/09/04/so-its-been-a-little-while/](https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/09/04/so-its-been-a-little-while/))
- Frauenminze/Poleiminze (pennyroyal)
- Himbeerblätter, Frauenminze
- Beifuß fördert Östrogenproduktion, regt Eisprung an. ([Quelle http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm](http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm))
- Rose fördert Östrogenproduktion ([Quelle http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm](http://wechseljahre.gesund.org/phytohormone/index.htm))
- Rotklee
- [black cohosh/Sheng Ma](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/) – Trauben-Silberkerze (Nordamerika) <https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/>
- [wild yam/Huai Shan Yao](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/) – Nordamerika (<https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/>)
- dong quai/Dang Gui - Angelica sinensis ("female ginseng"), China
- [chaste tree berry/vitex](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/) – Mönchspfeffer (<https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/>)
- false unicorn – Nordamerika
- southernwood – Eberraute

Sonstiges:

- Bier, auch alkoholfreies (Hopfen)
- Plastik (Weichmacher sind oft östrogenartig/Anti-Androgene)

Links:

[Herbs for Transitioning: The Basics](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning/): <https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2013/06/04/herbs-for-transitioning/>

[More queer herbs](https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/): <https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/more-queer-herbs-masculine/>

[The Homestead Apothecary](http://www.homesteadapothecary.com/Happenings), a queer-friendly herb shop in North Oakland: <http://www.homesteadapothecary.com/Happenings>

[The Ohlone Center](http://www.ohlonecenter.org), an herb school in Berkeley: <http://www.ohlonecenter.org>

[Feminizing Herbs](https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/): <https://katrinarhinestone.wordpress.com/2014/02/05/alternatives-to-silicone-pumping/>

[Trans Bodies Trans Selves](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/12/24/trans-bodies-trans-selves_n_4454926.html): http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/12/24/trans-bodies-trans-selves_n_4454926.html

[Women Lovin](http://guides.ucsf.edu/lgbt_health): http://guides.ucsf.edu/lgbt_health

[Resources at the UCSF Library](http://guides.ucsf.edu/lgbt_health): http://guides.ucsf.edu/lgbt_health
paper „Holistic Health for Transgender & Gender Variant Folks“ by
Dori Midnight: <http://www.ohlonecenter.org/research/>

[Trans Health](http://www.trans-health.com/): <http://www.trans-health.com/>

[Botanica Erotica](http://www.powers.com/biblio/62-9780892817900-0) (book) – Diane DeLuca: not trans specific, but there's a lot of overlap between erotic herbs & hormonal herbs. <http://www.powers.com/biblio/62-9780892817900-0>

[Herbal products](http://myevanesce.com/): <http://myevanesce.com/>

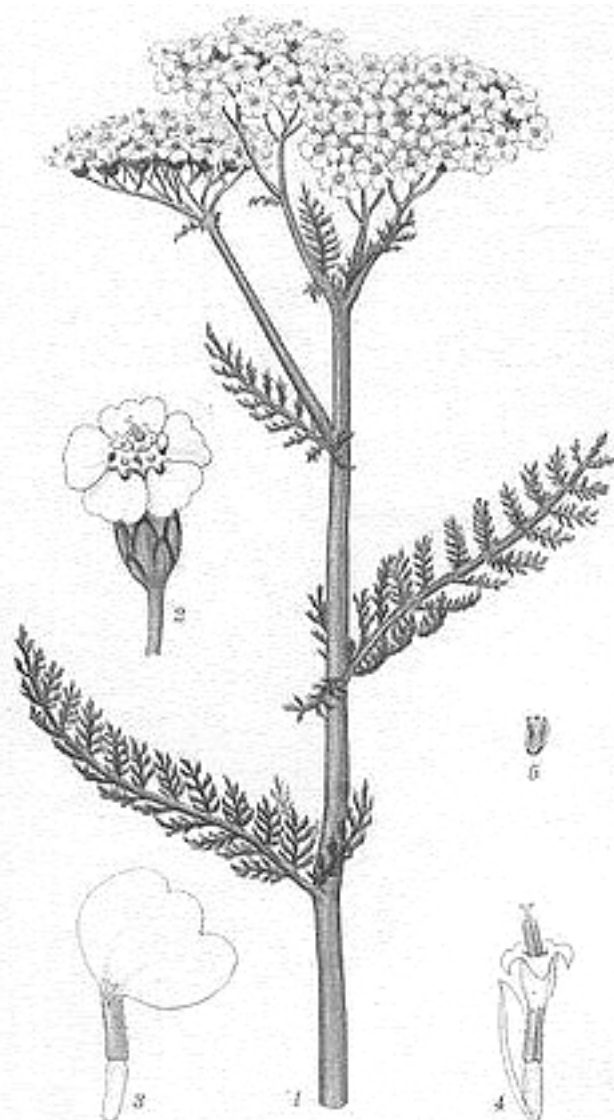
[QZAP](http://www.qzap.org/v5/index.php?option=com_gallery2&Itemid=28&g2_itemId=1697&g2_imageViewsIndex=1): http://www.qzap.org/v5/index.php?option=com_gallery2&Itemid=28&g2_itemId=1697&g2_imageViewsIndex=1

[Sissify](http://www.sissify.com/feminization-hormones/): <http://www.sissify.com/feminization-hormones/>

[Update on Queer Herbs \(Feminine\): Some Things folks should know](https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/update-on-queer-herbs-feminine-some-things-folks-should-know/): <https://belladonnaquixote.wordpress.com/2013/07/24/update-on-queer-herbs-feminine-some-things-folks-should-know/>

[Queer Health News](http://queerhealthnews.wordpress.com/2013/10/29/are-trans-youth-self-medicating/): <http://queerhealthnews.wordpress.com/2013/10/29/are-trans-youth-self-medicating/>

For more info on [using herbs safely](https://deardoctormom.wordpress.com/2013/06/23/using-herbs-simply-safely/): <https://deardoctormom.wordpress.com/2013/06/23/using-herbs-simply-safely/>



RÖLLEKA, *ACHILLEA MILLEFOLIUM* L.

List of things that are better than sex

- someone standing on my foot
- rain when I'm already cold
- missing the bus by 3.7 seconds
- broken back light on my bike
- accidentally breathing in a strand of my own hair
- roommate ate the rest of my favourite cereal and I'm hungry and already running late
- cooked a perfect meal then the lid falls off the salt cellar and ruins everything

No, but seriously:

- leaning your head on a friend's shoulder while staring into a campfire at night
- dancing
- concert of your fave band
- getting something done you've wanted to do for ages and it turns out amazing
- seeing someone you love happy
- giving someone a gift and they genuinely enjoy it
- receiving a gift that's genuinely thoughtful and cool
- someone important to you shares something personal with you and you get to know them better and you're honoured and touched because they trust you with this and your life gets so much richer through deep connections
- You share something personal and the other person understands and supports you and you're just SO relieved and happy
- sea wind on your face
- the feeling of walking barefoot over sand, or a morning meadow with dew on the grass

- summer rain after a hot stifling day
- petrichor, the smell after rain
- being in a forest that has lots of old trees and moss and everything is so quiet except for the birds singing
- watching a space documentary
- when it snows and you play like a kid bc you're an adult and you get to do what you want
- dancing

No, but *seriously* seriously?

- getting punched in the face

– a sex repulsed asexual rape survivor

sincere reminder that

- your triggers don't have to be connected to your mental illness/trauma in any way that is understandable to others to be valid
- you have no obligations to explain them to others
- others should **not** ask you to explain your triggers (possible exception would be if you want them to, for example as a part of therapy, but **never** as a condition before they'll support you)
- you have every right to take care of yourself and avoid or confront them in whatever way is best for you
- even if you yourself don't understand where the trigger(s) come from or how they work
- even if you don't know what they are or don't know all of them

Friendship and being a Presence

[Trigger warning: emotional child abuse]

Arnd didn't get to be in therapy at all today. ./ He could have really needed it, with all the new flashbacks, new memories he's had resurfacing since last time.

But we talked about the friendship thing. That we wished we had close friendships and don't know how to do that, make that happen.

And... it was a really hard therapy session, we cried a lot, ~~but~~ it was extremely important and possibly a breakthrough?

Our therapist told us something we honestly didn't know – that we come across as avoiding/shutting off contact. Which is the opposite of our intentions (most of the time). And that this can hurt others or even come across as us using others (since we want stuff from others but then shut them out). And. This should not have been surprising at all. Because that is exactly what we do almost all the time.

But from our perspective, we do it in an attempt to make contact possible? Which only makes sense if you know more about our “mother”. She not only forbid us from showing that we are multiple or showing any of the symptoms – which already meant we had to negate our own personhood/she negated it and punished us for it. But on top of that, and even more significantly, she couldn't stand us being a person at all. Even a singlet or singlet-appearing one. She couldn't stand it. She didn't want us to be a person, she hated it and wanted to destroy it in us. She wanted us where she could see us, but only as an empty hull. (She often complained when we retreated to our room to read.)

Our interpretation is that she felt she wasn't really a person and didn't want us reminding her of what she didn't have. She did this with a lot of other things as well, like she forbid some of us to sing, she made us feel like we weren't beautiful or feminine and so on. But of course “not being a person” was the most fundamental one of those core beliefs she hammered into us.

And us having needs and wishes was always too much, always “how

dare we” (even as toddlers!!!), always impertinence. She did meet our physical needs (grudgingly, but she did), our educational needs, but never emotional ones. That was always asking for too much.

But it was even deeper than that. Us being *present* was too much. She couldn't have that! She chose to put us into this world, but she could not put up with us existing and being a presence! We were supposed to be an empty shell like her. No needs, no wishes, no demands, no ideas of our own. Always being there for her and others. But not as people. As emptiness. We were supposed to be around (remember, “hiding” in our room or elsewhere was highly frowned upon, too!), preferably doing chores, but we were not allowed to be present, be a person or several, have a personality or more.

These impossible demands made us split even more. Another reason we are polyfractured.

So now we have this core belief that us being fully present, us being people, us being in contact or wishing contact/closeness with our friends (or anyone) is too much, wrong, an impertinence, a burden, even something that will hurt the other person and/or make them hate us. But our therapist said we were never annoying. And that we make it easy for others to deal with our multiplicity. She also said we should try practising being present and going into contact, for example with her. So far, we almost always avoid eye contact with her during sessions.

Of course this core belief makes it hard/impossible to have close friendships.

But we are so, so, SO afraid of being present around people and making it noticeable that we want closeness! Which we want and need! But at the same time we're so scared.

It's not going to be easy to work on this. But at least we understand it much better now, and I really feel we're at the core of the problem here.

And maybe telling our friends that we might come across as avoiding closeness even though we do want it, could help. Because so far they see these signs we're not even aware that we're sending out and interpret them as “Meeresbande need space”, when what we actually need and want is closeness and connection!

[trigger warning: trauma implied, lies]

19.7.2015

Everything is a lie. I tell ourselves that we're fine, we're going to be fine, we're doing fine, everything is more or less fine, I mean there are bound to be *some* problems but everyone has *some* problems and we're fine, it's fine. Fine. Yes, yes. No need to look any closer!!!

(I am NOT YOU!!!)

And I just think: those are all lies. We're not fine. It's just a façade. A fine façade., ha! Those of us who are fine are only fine because they/we are in denial.

Remind you of someone???

(hint: The "mother")

Maybe those lies are necessary. Or some of them are handy, at least.

Also we're not using them to keep up the violent status quo, we're using them to be able to survive and keep struggling and working on recovery. We're always working so hard!

Versorgung akut-traumatisierter Menschen

www.institut-berlin.de
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Sicherheit

1. Sicherheit vermitteln, aus Gefahrenzone schaffen (physisch wie psychisch)

- Vom Gefahrenort/Täter wegbringen
- „Es ist vorbei“ ist der wichtigste Satz
- Vorsicht mit Körperkontakt, wenn möglich aber Wärme vermitteln durch sanfte Berührung, Decke, Darreichung eines Getränks, einer Zigarette...
- Transparenz: Information über alle Schritte des Rettungsteams, aber auch des übrigen Geschehens vermitteln
- Individuell unterschiedliche Sicherheitsaspekte beachten (Tür zu/auf, andere Person dabei/ohne...)

=> „Gefahr vorüber“ signalisiert ein Ende der Notwendigkeit, Stresshormone zu produzieren

2. Informationsvermittlung/Anerkennung des Geschehenen

- auf Reaktionen achten, nicht überlasten: Entspannung und Beruhigung haben Vorrang
- auch bei scheinbar nicht ansprechbaren Patienten Informationen über Hergang, Verletzungen und Vorgehen vermitteln (die eigenen Phantasien sind oft schlimmer als die Information über vorhandene Verletzungen)
- bei Zittern/Schütteln dies als erwünschte Reaktion des Körpers bewerten, die es erleichtert, die im Trauma mobilisierte, aber blockierte Energie loszuwerden
- beschreiben Sie, was passiert ist, tabuisieren sie das Geschehene nicht. Sie helfen dabei die Integration des Unfassbaren zu vollziehen.

=> Orientierung und Sicherheit empfinden; Anerkennung des Geschehenen ermutigt Wertbildung

3. Orientierung in Raum und Zeit

- „Sie sind in Sicherheit“ und „Es ist vorbei“ (nur wenn dem so ist, sonst droht ein weiterer, noch schwererer Vertrauensverlust!) sind wichtige Hinweise für den Klient_in, der innerlich noch in der traumatischen Situation feststeckt
- Stellen Sie Fragen zum Vorher und Nachher, zu unverfänglichen, nicht traumatischen Situationen; sie fördern so die Orientierung im Hier und Jetzt

=> Orientierung und Einordnungsmöglichkeit

4. Unterstützung der Handlungsfähigkeit

- Wenn die Person den Impuls zeigt, strukturierende Handlungen (Anrufe, Papiere-Zusammenstellen, Informieren von Angehörigen etc.) anzugehen, unterstützen Sie sie einfühlsam und ruhig.
- Lenken Sie ungezielte Umtriebigkeit wenn möglich zurück zur Entspannung, indem Sie die Notwendigkeit der Ruhe betonen und darauf verweisen, dass Sie ein späteres Handeln unterstützen werden. Wenden Sie aber auf keinen Fall [was? Druck?] an, begleiten Sie nötigenfalls die Person und pacen Sie sie zurück in die Entspannung.

=> Erhöhung des Kontrollgefühls, Überwindung der Hilflosigkeit

Da sein

5. Sprache finden helfen

- Reden lassen
- Auch über Geschehenes erzählen lassen, aber nicht forcieren!
- Bereitschaft signalisieren, dass Sie zuhören

=> Sprechen fördert die Integration, aber nur, wenn jemand von selbst sprechen möchte; Menschen verarbeiten unterschiedlich! Wird das Erzählen forciert, besteht die Gefahr einer erneuten Traumatisierung.

6. Gefühle zeigen lassen

- Wenn die betroffene Person Gefühle zeigt, stark reagiert, lassen Sie es zu, unterstützen sie es als wichtige, integrierende Erfahrung, bleiben Sie da
- Wenn die Person sich schüttelt, zittert, schluchzt, unterstützen Sie

den Prozeß durch einfühlsame Erläuterung, dass die Gefühlsäußerungen

- angemessen
- für einen erfolgreichen Prozeß hilfreich sind

=> Sie unterstützen damit die Selbstakzeptanz, den Trauerprozeß, das Vertrauen in die Angemessenheit des eigenen Verhaltens und physiologisch die Integration der überschüssigen Energien

7. Entlasten

- „Ihr Erleben ist normal, es geht fast allen so, die etwas derart Schlimmes erleben“
- „Sie haben getan was Sie konnten. Niemand hätte das anders machen können.“
- „Sie haben überlebt.“

=> Schuld- und Schamgefühle sind individuelle Gefühle aus dem Erleben; sie werden durch den Vergleich mit anderen entschärft, als Erfahrungen verallgemeinert.

8. Vermeidungsverhalten/Abwehr zulassen

- Halten Sie sich zur Verfügung, drängen Sie sich nicht auf.
- Zeigen Sie ihr Verständnis und Ihre Toleranz für die Zurückweisung und signalisieren Sie, dass Sie für den Bedarfsfall da sind.
- Halten Sie sich dann aber auch bereit, informieren Sie über Ihr Weggehen.

=> Kontrollverlust ist zentrales Erleben im Trauma, durch Ihr Verhalten geben Sie der Person die Kontrolle zurück. Sier kann selbst bestimmen, wann sier auf Sie zurückkommt; das Bereithalten auch über einen längeren Zeitraum (und die Information bei Situationsänderungen) schafft eine Grundlage für Vertrauen.

9. Dissoziationen beachten

- Achten Sie auf verbale und nonverbale Signale, die Ihnen vermitteln, dass Ihr Gegenüber „nicht hier“ ist.
- Orientieren Sie Ihr Gegenüber über den Wechsel von Modalitäten und haptische/akustische/visuelle Orientierung ins Hier und Jetzt.
- Seien Sie bestimmt, aber nicht übergriffig, vermeiden Sie Schrecksi-

tuationen.

=> Dissoziationen sind Überbleibsel der traumatischen Situation, aber auch Versuche, sie zu integrieren. Betonen Sie die Normalität und zunehmende Normalisierung der Vorgänge. Behandeln Sie auch „Abwesende“ als seien sie hier; ein Teil von ihnen ist anwesend, sonst hätten sie nicht überlebt.

Stress reduzieren

Stresshormone sind Überbleibsel aus dem traumatischen Erleben, eine Verarbeitung kann durch gezielte Bewegung und Entspannungsverfahren angeregt werden.

10. Bewegung tut gut

- Achten Sie darauf, dass die Person beim Bewegen (zunehmend) im Hier und Jetzt orientiert ist; helfen Sie durch Ansprache, Einladung zu anderen Bewegungen nach.
- Zittern und unwillkürliche Körperzuckungen sind meist (sozial) unerwünscht und werden deshalb schnell unterdrückt; fördern Sie diese automatische Entladung der angestauten Energie!
- Konzentrieren Sie auf den Atem, wenn das für die Betroffene_n erst noch zuviel ist, achten Sie selbst auf durchlässige freie Atmung.

=> Bewegung hilft bei der Integration im Hier und Jetzt, wenn sie nicht vollautomatisch und ohne bewusste Aufmerksamkeit passiert. Der Atem ist ein guter Mittler zwischen der Energie des Körpers und der Verankerung im Jetzt.

Die überraschende Fähigkeit, nicht überrascht zu sein

Ganz oft ist wer von uns vorne, dier schon lange nicht mehr vorne war oder sogar noch nie. Und ist weder verwirrt noch überrascht noch orientierungslos. Macht einfach irgendwas, als wäre es das Selbstverständlichste der Welt. Hat scheinbar Zugriff auf eine gemeinsame Wissensbasis: Wo wohne ich, wo ist was, wer ist wer, was sind Passwörter und PINs. Es gibt nur sehr selten deutliche Brüche, selbst wenn es Wechsel gibt. Meistens macht die rausgewechselte Person da weiter, wo die andere aufgehört hat. Aber wenn ich dann nachher nachfrage, gibt es schon manchmal Antworten, die erkennen lassen, wie sehr das alles nur Fassade ist: Da wird die Ergotherapie für komischen Kunstunterricht gehalten, zehn Jahre nachdem wir den in der Schule hatten, da wird im Jahre 2014 mit voller Überzeugung behauptet: "Ich weiß welches Jahr wir haben: 1992!", da wird die Therapeutin gefragt, ob unsere Mutter vielleicht im Urlaub ist, oder warum sie denn sonst weit weg ist?

Und trotz all dem spielt in unserem Leben, zumindest soweit ich es mitbekomme, Verwirrung und Orientierungslosigkeit nur selten, nur punktuell mal eine Rolle. Komisch, das.

Es scheint für viele von uns einfach so selbstverständlich zu sein, mit der gegebenen Situation umzugehen, ohne zu hinterfragen, wie wir dahin gekommen sind oder auch nur zu merken, dass wir Dinge, die für andere ganz selbstverständlich sind, nicht unbedingt wissen. Denn auch das abrufbare Wissen aus der gemeinsamen Basis ist nicht für alle immer da. Manche müssen sich extra drauf konzentrieren, andere müssen erinnert werden, manche verstehen das vorhandene Wissen auch einfach nicht und müssen sich dann auf uns andere verlassen.

Ich schließe zu sehr, zu oft von mir auf andere. Vielleicht sind die anderen ja oft verwirrt und zeigen das nur nicht so, wie es z.B. in Filmen oft dargestellt wird. Ich krieg zwar immer mit, was im Außen passiert, aber nicht immer, was in den Innenpersonen vorgeht, die vorne sind. Und den Unterschied vergesse ich leider regelmäßig...

– eine Alltagsperson



[trigger warnings for child abuse, transformations, murder, abduction]

If I *were* real, I'd be an evil changeling-child, put in my mother's crib by an evil witch. A being who can only ever steal the life force of their parents, deceiving and harming them and stealing from them just by existing, wrongfully taking the love and food and attention that should be given to their *real* child. Making them hate me. Meaning I deserved *all* punishment and never actually deserved any love or even just food. Or to be alive.

For what they're worth.

1.

I know it's cliché, me running around in all black clothes, warts on my nose, wearing weird hats (sometimes with black flowers on them, too), dancing naked in the moonlight, turning men into frogs, souring milk and making crops rot on their stem (well, making company shares crumble in value – one has to go with the times (except when it comes to fashion)) and, yes, stealing babies. I've also dug up a few graves in my time, which people seem to find even worse for some reason than actually harming or even killing a living one. Humans are strange creatures.

**crying, sobbing* – who knows.*

Rumours about me having an affair with a male deity are absolutely mistaken, though. That's one of the few stereotypes I don't fit.

“I'm just- a puppet- I've never been anything else. I didn't want to hurt him, I really didn't!” – sounds like a teenager but says he's a man.

People call me evil. But I only look down on those people. They just can't see what really matters. Sometimes, there are more important things than a man's life. Sometimes the ends do justify the means. Sometimes, you have to look at the bigger picture. Sometimes oversimplified either-or morality will get you nowhere. Sometimes you can't stick to the mortals' petty rules about who to kill or let kill, when, why.

“Does this mean I'm evil? I don't want to be evil...” – a child's voice.

And riches are nice, too. When you aren't hampered by the ordinary folks' obligation to work and are pretty much impossible to be stopped by the law – let's face it, which judge would seriously send me to prison for „sorcery“ IF they were even able to catch me in the first place OR remember having caught me – there's nothing stopping you from becoming filthy rich.

“Ich bin nicht so krank wie die anderen hier drin!” - “I am not as sick as the others in here!” – a teenager or young woman, perhaps.

Therefore this house is more of a manor instead of the lopsided shack that would perhaps fit my image better. Still definitely in the middle of the woods and swamps or rather, what's left of them here in Germany. It's a shame – frogs, salamanders, bats and owls are being driven extinct, too. I'll get to that one day, but the stolen babies are taking up most of my time for now.

“Who am I?” – someone who also doesn't know where they are.

Poor things. Changelings, you know. There is, as always, a grain of truth to the old evil fairytales, about human babies being swapped out for fairies who will grow claws and have no souls. The stories about fairies and witches stealing human children.

“Does it define me? Is this who I am?” – a boy.

Sometimes we have to. It's not that we can't have children of our own if we wanted to (I personally never tried this, however, and it would be far too late now). No, we just can't let their parents have them, we can't stand sitting by and watching them happily claiming these children – children that rightly belong not to any of us but to our Giver – claiming these children as if they were their property. Treating them as props, toys, tools or doormats.

“I deserved it.” – most of them, at one point or another.

I See things. See them in the crystal ball (another cliché, I know. I'm actually rather fond of them). And I am drawn to the worst of the worst; or it is drawn to me. You would not believe half of the things I See. Some of them are in the future, others in the past, or even present.

“I can't tell you...” – a horse whisper.

I try to get them as young as possible. Yes, I have stolen newly born infants out of the hands of their still weak mothers. Sometimes I leave

behind a lifeless copy to make them believe they had a stillbirth. It all depends. I only do that if I think it is safe they will not try to have another child and if I think I do not need to punish or warn them any further.

“I destroyed my mother's life. I'm a burden, a curse.” – a girl.

I do not always get them that young, though. Sometimes, what I See is in the past. So it's not strictly speaking accurate to say I steal babies. I steal children of all ages. Teenagers and adults come to me, too, although not even the parents with their notions of ownership can call that “stealing”.

“I think most of them are hiding inside.” – someone who is also hiding.

I've been doing it for a while now, most of my life. Of course, I soon realised I needed a partner (I have several by now). I'm too hardened, too guarded to give them what they need so they'll turn out as intended. We have divided the tasks between us: I find those we need to steal, steal them and often punish their parents or would-be owners. I also sometimes punish people who deserve it without stealing any children. This is where the “turning people into frogs”, “killing men”, “souring milk and making crops wither” and the like come in. I'm trying to be creative, though not for creativity's sake, but because it's more efficient.

“We are hiding out front.” – someone who can't get inside.

Over time, most of my partners have been those who sought me out as adults, once they recovered a bit. But as they say, “Healing is the best medicine” – or it is to some people, at least. I cannot tell you their names; you know how powerful names are (in police databases, for example), so I will call them by those names they have in my dreams, and poems. The Moss Woman. City Dweller. The Badger Lady. Quiet Man. The Purple Fairies. The Shadows.

“I'm not allowed to be a person. People have flaws. I can't have flaws.” – unable to give themselves a name.

2.

I am sometimes called The Moss Woman. I will go now and talk to our newest and oldest addition to the household. They are oldest by age of their body, which is the oldest by far The Witch had to “steal”, because they did not know to come to us. And they are the newest arrivals. Yet they are already trying to help some of the others, but treading warily around the children, almost as though they are afraid of them. They are smiling politely, but blankly or nervously most of the time.

“I never know if I want friends or want to be alone!” – an adult.

They always think they are a burden, which – sadly – is no surprise, but I know they even think their hiding is a burden, their denial of their own neediness.

“I am too much like her.” – one who is not like her mother.

“Hello, I am The Moss Woman. Who are you?”

“I don't have a name. I'm sorry!”

“That's OK, you don't have to have one. Names are not of much importance to us here. Neither is it my interest to pin you down. I merely wanted to ask, since you-all say there are many of you inside, right?”

“Yes, that's true. I feel like they are all real, except for me. I'm there most often, out most often, but still – I feel like I'm the only one who's not real. Do you really think I should try to change that? I don't even think I have the right to...”

“Why would you not have that right?”

“I am scared. I am always scared. I can't stop it, I don't know how, even though I know I am safe here! Why am I still scared? How stupid of me, how worthless I am...”

“You are not worthless. You are scared; that means you want to protect something. And that makes you an important part of your being.”

“But- I am not important. I should not exist!”

“That is what scares you so? You think you should not exist... or not exist as many beings in one body?”

“Yes. Both. I should not exist as ANY being in this body. This body

should be an empty, robot-like hull. Quiet and obedient and always busy.”

“Is that what your mother taught you?” I was getting angry on ems behalf.

“Yes. We should hide that we are multiple. We have to hide our being and our needs and wishes and talents, too. We should not overshadow our mother! She feels worthless and needy and we should support her, not make her feel worse, or overwhelm her with our needs. Our needs and our suffering are so unimportant compared to hers...”

“That is not true. She does not suffer from your existence or your needs or your wishes and least of all from your talents!”

“But she does. She cannot bear it because she is so fragile.”

“She is fragile? Yet one of you told me, she beat you-all with a wrench? She controls your every emotion even now, over such a great distance of space and time! How is that “fragile”?”

“I can't answer that question”, em whispers, head bowed down, “I only know that she is too fragile and we should not burden her with our existence.”

“Do you know that I have many talents?”

Em looks up, startled.

“I do! I can knit entire sweaters. I can bake pumpkin flavoured cookies without having to look at my recipe. I need to eat a lot, you see. I can also foresee the weather. I can meditate until I become one with the moss and the ferns and the lichen in the forest. I only wish the mosquitoes wouldn't take advantage of me every time I do. And I can do multiplications in my head!”

The young person in front of me still looks puzzled, but waits politely for me to explain why I have changed the subject. I haven't.

“I exist. I have needs and wishes and talents. Is that a burden to you? To anyone?”

“No, but...”

“But the rules are different for your mother?”

“She has to take care of our needs...”

“But she doesn't! She never has! And she didn't have to fulfil all of

your wishes or compare your talents to hers if she doesn't want to, although she certainly should have fulfilled some of your wishes!”

“I cannot ask any of that of her”

“Yes, you can. She chose to give birth to you. I know she told you it was her choice. She had the responsibility to take care of you. She had the responsibility to do everything in her power to make sure your needs are met. She had the responsibility to care about you as a person, to care about who you are and what you like and want and what you are good at and what you need help with. She had the responsibility to care about all your needs and more than just your needs. Yet she did none of those things. She is not so fragile that that can be excused.”

“She did some of that! She cooked food for me every day and made sure I went to a good school and-”

I have to cut across em here, which I don't usually do, but sometimes it is kinder. “So she did some of the bare minimum. But did she make sure you were safe, physically? Did she nurture your talents or allow you to find teachers for yourself, beyond the things that brought home school grades that she could brag about? Did she nurture you to become a strong person who can take care of emself? Did she do anything of use to help prevent you from developing disordered eating problems? No, she did not. So even the few things she did do or did not ruin, even those few things are tainted.”

“But that only proves how much help she needs! That she can't cope with her life. And it does not make me feel any better to think about how hard everything was for me back then...”

“I am sorry. I did not remind you of all those horrible failings and crimes of your mother to make you feel worse. But you have to face the facts if you want to get better. She made excuses for why she treated you so horribly. And I want to show you that these excuses are lies. You deserved better then and you deserve better now.”

“But I am not even a person. I am nothing. I do not even exist.”

“You are free to start existing now, if that is what you want.”

“I have no wants... If I had them, I think I would want to stop existing.”

“Can you?”

Em hesitates, looks puzzled.

“I don't think so.”

“Good. That proves you really do exist.”

Em starts crying and sobbing. I put my arm around ems shoulders, em cries even more, hiding ems face against my shoulder.

“I think I do exist.”

“I know you do.”

“But what do I do now? It is all I have known! To be nothing myself, do everything for my mother...”

“I think you know more than you give yourself credit for.”

“Maybe... But I was so scared. Too scared to really exist, or be conscious of my existence. Too scared to be a presence, to fill out space. Even just a little.”

“I know.”

“Should I try to do those things now?”

“You know I am not here to tell you what to do.”

“I know,” em replied and then added: “I have decided: I will try!”

3.

I am relieved to see that The Moss Woman was able to help at least some of the multitudes who are our new arrivals. I was told it was a long process, but rewarding. It usually is.

I have had the pleasure to find a few vindictive ones amongst them. Most of them are too timid and forgiving for their own good. So we have agreed together that it would be good for all of them if I allowed those few to accompany me on some of my travels. I will be glad to have some help, although I dare say they might not stay for long. Only for a while.

Today, I will go to steal some more babies before their parents get a chance to abuse them, dig up graves of trans children who were buried under a wrong name to give them a proper funeral, and turn those who did it into toads. We need more toads in this swamp, they are near extinct.

small imaginary animal friends

There is a big fluffy lil mouse who transforms guilt over not being able to do things that need to be done, and survivor's guilt and guilt over not being able to make other people not suffer. This lil gnawer will make sure guilt doesn't gnaw at us!

There is a little elephant shrew (take a closer look at that snout!) who uses the excellent snout to evaluate if worries are useful or not. It mostly finds them unhelpful, but never worry - it won't dismiss necessary concerns! The snout has special worry-evaluating snout-senses!

There is an equally adorable hamster who transforms shame. They're not ashamed of always munching and hoarding stuff, they don't even have a concept of being ashamed; while I was trained to feel shame for all my needs, and more. The hamster transforms all kinds of shame, and reminds you that you are. And that is enough.

There is a little hedgehog who guards against triggers. Triggers have a hard time getting through those dense quills and chances are, they won't affect you. The hedgehog can even eat them if they are small! But if they do get to you, the hedgehog will allow you to curl up and be safe.

The rat, big sibling to guilt-transforming mouse, also transforms guilt. The guilt over things you did wrong or wish you had done better or fear you are doing wrong or will do wrong in the future. Guilt will not make you a better person! But this rat will, together with mouse-friend, by freeing up the energy that is constrained by guilt and enabling you to put it to good use.



23.10.16 Meeresbande

Could you fall in love with an assembly line of people?

This is an original story we wrote, loosely based on our own experiences. It's an experiment, especially with the perspective, so we'd really appreciate feedback! (meeresbande at riseup dot net)

m/m/m(/m/m?), SFW, 2839 words. CN for mentions of abuse, trauma and descriptions of mental illnesses (mostly anxiety and dissociation).

“But”, you protest, “we all came from assembly lines! That's how people are *made*. You know that.”

I don't respond right away, fix my eyes to the floor. Maybe I shouldn't have said anything, it was foolish to hope, to try. Of course no one can do that. No one can love us.

But you seem to find it funny, ask if perhaps I believed in the “birds and bees” story. Which never made sense, it should be flowers and bees, but I don't say that.

It takes quite a lot of courage for me (as it always does) to look you in the eyes. I am a bit hurt, I admit. It isn't your fault, you couldn't have known what this is about, what this means to me. I need to explain it to you.

“I'm not talking about where I came from. I'm trying to explain what-who I am”, then I add, in a quieter voice: “who we are.” I'm looking down again. Holding eye contact with real people is hard to do if you know you're not as real as they are. Never good enough. I regret ever talking to you. What was I thinking? I should run away now, end this embarrassment quickly, but I can't move. Everything seems far away and blurred. Great. This doesn't usually happen around other people, especially not in the middle of a conversation. At least not as far as I know.

I have to concentrate hard to hear your response through my mind-fog.

“You're poly?” You sound happy about that. “I don't have a problem with that! I've never been in a polyamorous relationship before, but-”

I'm sorry for cutting you short, I really am. You probably can't see that though as I'm still looking at the floor and my voice must sound flat and as far away as I feel. But the thing is, if I don't say the sentence now, it'll be gone. I might be unable to speak for a while if I don't get out of this state now. I throw out the sentence, the only thing my neuropathways offer me, like a life buoy.

“No, I am many people. Many in one.”

It worked, a bit. The fog is getting better. I manage to look at your hand. I even managed a second sentence, albeit a very short one. The body lets out a sigh of relief.

“Are you OK?”, you ask. I imagine you're frowning, tilting your head a little in that concerned way you do. I try not to think about the fact that I've never actually seen you tilt your head in that concerned way you do. Others have seen it. Others know you. I don't, not really. But I like you, so I have to explain.

I need to sit down and you follow me to the nearest bench. I block out all the other people. Having our first is-this-a-date-or-not in a public area, both near the shopping centre and near the park, seemed safer at the time. Whoever asked you out didn't dare suggest one of our flats. Asshole. He put me in this situation! And now he's not here! I yell into our head, demand him to come out. Anger helps, it clears the fog almost entirely. I feel my legs again. I take a deep breath and look you in the eyes again. Has one of us told you yet that you are one of the only people we do this for?

'Yes, I told him', comes a tinny little voice from inside. Ah, I can hear them again. Good sign. I feel better now. Take another deep breath.

“So, are you feeling better? What is it? Anxiety attack?”

Do you know how much this means to us (to me), that you notice what's going on, that you honestly care (and now I finally get to see your face clearly, the frown, the way you tilt your head).

“Dissociation”, I answer, hoping you know what that means because I can't explain it, not right now. “But that's not what I wanted to say.” I'm still looking at you. Personal record. This is important, I have to get it right!

You nod, indicating that you're listening.

('Don't think about how much attention is on you, don't think about it. Just say what you have to say. Can you not overthink everything *for once?*' I tell myself.)

'You can do it', says the other voice. I feel his hand squeezing mine for a second and it gives me strength.

"Many people. Many in one", I repeat, making myself go on. Reminding myself to keep looking at you, to pick up my gaze that slipped away, fell to the floor, again. "We are like an assembly line of people. We had to be, right after we came from the assembly line. (I'm sorry I understand how that wording is confusing.) We weren't fully formed yet, especially the internal wiring, and we ended up in the wrong place, a penal factory. They made us work there, but we were never good enough, maybe they didn't even realise how young we were or maybe they didn't care. They expected more than we could do, and they punished us if we failed or were too slow. We had to adapt, otherwise we'd have been thrown on the trash heap." I'm sorry, I know this isn't an explanation, I've only raised more questions so far. I can't look at you, I can't even try. This is too heavy, what have I dropped on you? I didn't mean to. The plan was to tell you about us, not our tragic backstory!

'Please look at him', the voice says. He still sounds tinny and far away, but I think I know who it is now.

'Tarence is that you? Do you want to front? Please!'

You must think I'm dissociated again, you can't hear me talking to Tarence or see him.

'I want to, but I can't right now. Seems like you're stuck out there.'

Tarence isn't happy about this either, but at least he's close by.

I turn to face you again, and I know I'm pulling a face. I'm sorry and I'm ashamed.

"We?", you ask.

I nod and have to drag my eyes up again, like Sisyphus dragging up that boulder that just keeps falling down again. But I'm getting better at this. Your making it easy, or as easy as it ever gets. Plus, your eyes are really beautiful.

"Yes, we. There are many people in here", I gesture at the body's chest, "I think you know Tarence best. But he can't come out to see you right

now, I'm out and I'm sorry!" My voice slips into a high pitch, betraying my panic.

You hug me. Just like that. I don't think anyone's ever done that. For a moment, I'm so surprised that I just tense up and it must feel to you like you're holding a statue. But then I start to realise that it's actually really nice. I swallow and start to relax. A few tears are trickling down the face but I hardly even notice. I've never felt this safe. I never knew what I missed.

"I'm so happy I told you", I mumble against your shoulder. I don't think you really understand yet, but maybe I'm just not giving you enough credit. It's not that I don't know how intelligent you are, I just assume we're impossible to understand.

"We're impossible", I say out loud (well, not *too* loud), "we shouldn't exist like this. *Especially* not like this!"

You sit up straight again, looking at me, and I don't even notice that I'm looking you square in the face. You keep your hands on my shoulders and it feels warm and safe.

"You're not impossible. Maybe unusual, but I like you as you are."

"No, you don't understand!", I'm not trying to be rude, I just don't want to deceive you, I have to explain properly! "You don't even know me! I've seen you for the first time today! Last time we met, it was Tarence! The week before that it was someone else completely, I don't even know who! Every time you see us, you see someone else!"

You stare at me, surprised and confused. But you're not angry. You don't even seem hurt. I hope you know I don't mean to hurt you. But I know my mere existence does.

I whisper: "Tarence loves you"

You make a small, soft noise, like you're surprised. "You love me?", you ask and I love your voice, how soft and rough it is.

"I said Tarence does. He's here", I point towards the chest again, "and I know he does. That's why he asked you on this date." (I think it's safe to say this has turned into a date now. Probably the worst date you ever had though.)

"But then who are you? Who am I talking to right now? And where is Tarence? And why Tarence, your name is Jonathan!"

Jonathan? Is that how we introduced ourselves to you? Who uses that

name? I can't hear an answer from inside. Apparently Tarence doesn't know either. Or maybe the answer got lost in the white noise that's rising up inside.

"I- I don't have a name yet. I'm sorry! Tarence is the one you saw a couple of days ago, you know, when you were hanging out at your place? I wasn't there then, but I know it happened. Tarence is here now but for some reason he can't come out. I'm sorry!"

People are looking at us funny. Oh no, I want to sink into the floor. I should have blocked them out, shouldn't have allowed myself to notice the world around us. It's too much all at once.

"Let's go home", you say and put an arm around my shoulders. I can follow you. I can do that. I don't feel my legs and the floor seems unreal and untrustworthy, but I don't fall down. I *see* myself falling down, gliding through the misty depths of the ground, but it doesn't actually happen. I don't even stumble that much. Autopilot kicks in. It's an easy task: Follow you, allow us to be steered home by you. Home? You meant *our* home! Surprise kicks us out of the dissociation. I blink. The floor seems solid and dark again. I test it, tap my foot against it. I feel it resist and it doesn't even wobble. Good sign.

"Here we are", you say.

"I'm here", I say, still glad to be back out of the fog.

'Me too!', Tarence says.

'I think I fell in love with the man you love', I confess to him. He knows already.

'I think we can both love him!', Tarence answers. 'Can I front now? Please?'

'OK but I'm staying close, all right?'

I see you looking at Tarence, your head is slightly tilted again, but this time curious and not worried. I smile, and so does Tarence. He's happy with you.

I'll let him do the rest of the explaining. And now I can see some of the others as well, several are active at once. Good sign.

Tarence opens the door and lets you in and you both sit down at the kitchen table and have a tea and talk.

I'm awake the whole time and I can hear what Tarence says and what you say. I can even see you. Whenever I look inside, I see the others.

More and more of us are waking up and coming closer. I don't think this has ever happened before. Tarence turns around, stares at us and opens his mouth, but apparently can't think of anything to say.

'It's a good sign' I say.

Tarence turns outwards again, to you. "They're all here. Almost all of them, at once!"

"Really?", you ask, unsure of what that means.

I want to push Tarence aside, I want to be out there with you now. But I pull myself together. Tarence deserves to have a conversation with you. Someone doesn't think so. Someone just barges right through and steals front from Tarence. Pushes him away so that he lands next to me, thrown off guard.

I see your face, how you notice the change. I think this is the moment where you understand what it means to talk to someone else all of a sudden. Be confronted with someone else.

"That was a switch", the front-stealer announces. He doesn't have a problem with eye contact. Doesn't fidget. His voice is matter-of-fact, almost cold.

I wince. 'Hey, don't ruin this for us!' I yell at this weird system mate.

He just rolls his eyes at me as if to say 'don't worry, I won't, I know what I'm doing.'

I'm certain he doesn't know.

"What's a switch?", you ask. Not being able to notice our internal conversation, you don't pause for it.

"I am Helmut", front-stealer says in his voice that's deeper than that of me or Tarence. And, to all our surprise, he goes through all the words, gives you definitions. Switching, fronting, system mates (though he calls us "alters", a word the rest of us hate), system. I step in at that point.

"Hi, It's me again, nameless anxious person from earlier. I think that's enough new words for today. This started out as a weird crying-date, it's not supposed to be a vocabulary lesson. Sorry about that!" Helmut's confidence rubs off on me for a bit, but it dissipates quickly. I look away from you, stare at one of the cupboards. I don't even know which one holds what. I tell you so. (I don't tell you what I do remember, I don't talk about the flashbacks and how to me, the punishments in the penal factory are still so fresh. To me, that was only a few days ago. But I don't

want to burden you with that. You deserve better.)

“Why not? Do the others rearrange that often?”, you ask, and I'm impressed that you seem to understand how it works, that we usually only remember things that happened when we fronted. I thought we were too weird to expect anyone else to wrap their functioning neuropathways around.

“I've never been out while we were in the kitchen before”, I mumble. I'm ashamed.

“How come?”, you ask, without judgement or disappointment in your voice.

I look at you again, proud of how easily this comes by now. I'm getting the hang of this! I just wish I had enough time to learn more. Enough time to spend more time with you.

“There are a lot of us. We don't even know how many. And when I called us an assembly line before... remember?”

“Of course I remember.”

“What I mean is, that's how we work. Sort of. One of us fronts for a while, say a week or two, or maybe only a day or even just an hour – then the next one takes over. We're mostly interchangeable”, I add in a defeated voice.

“No, you're not. You're each individuals.”

I just look at you for a moment, crying. It hurts so much. I know you mean it, and it means the world to us. I just wish you were right.

“Did I say something wrong?”

I'm sorry I know you deserve an answer! I'm trying! The harder I try the worse I shake, the more our own throat gags me! You're blurred, but this time not because of dissociation, just because of the tears.

You hold me in your arms again, and again it calms me down. I'm selfish, I know, but I want you to keep hugging me, even after I've recovered enough to speak. It just feels so good, you know? And this time, no other outside people around to give us weird looks. Only Tarence, but he understands. I think he's nervous too. What if we take too much from you?

I sit back and you let your arms fall down again. I wipe the tears from our face. Were our fingers always this long? Long enough to cover the entire face? I shake my head a tiny bit. Concentrate.

“I don't know if I'll see you again. Even if you wanted to- I can't know for sure if I'll be around tomorrow. And I will almost definitely be gone in a few weeks at the most. And someone else will be here instead. And we're interchangeable for most things, but I don't think...”

I don't think love is one of those things. But how could I dare say that aloud. How could I presume so much. Presume that even if I were a real person, even if I were around for longer, you could love me. Or any of us. Maybe Tarence. But he's already starting to fade again.

[tw: trauma implied, dissociation/depersonalisation]

17th Apr 2016

Main frontiers:

What we're doing, this constant depersonalisation – it is hard work, but necessary work. We deserve praise and recognition for it, we deserve to acknowledge our own hard work and our value. How important we were and still are to our system's survival. Not-being was the only way for us – ALL of us – to survive.

We deserve to acknowledge how much we suffered for our own and our system's survival and how much we've always struggled and are still fighting to not only survive, but thrive. How much we strain to achieve the things that don't come easy, to reach out and have friendships, how it even became a habit and almost second nature to be open, honest, vulnerable. How we prioritise what we value and tbh our good taste and judgement in what and who we value. How we found and created worth and value and hope and happiness even in our darkest times and still do.

How much hope we carry and how much we mean to the others in the system. How much they and their recovery relies on us and how much they love and respect us.

We deserve to be proud of ourselves and glad of our existence **as it is**.

(Main frontiers) Even without figuring out who I/we *~really~* am/are or were before we got broken – I've recently started thinking about current me/us differently... our difficulties trying to define who we are or what we like? Without relating that to others/others inside? Maybe that in itself says a lot about us:

- We're the kind of people who like stuff because their loved ones like it too
- We're the kind of people who get most excited or happy when they can do something nice for others...
- ... or others are doing something nice for them
- We're the kind of people who think about others more than themselves
- who consider and even try to anticipate others' needs and wishes way before their own
- who choose very well who to let influence us and who to avoid
- because we are very strongly influenced by those around us
- who have a strong sense of morality and put a great deal of thought and effort into actually acting according to it (at least we try)
- and learning to be a better person constantly
- who see it as a process and not a badge
- we analyse a lot of stuff, a lot of the time - sometimes because it's fun for us, because it's instructive/an opportunity to learn, but sometimes it gets stressful but we can't just stop
- we're the kind of people who stress and worry too much
- and don't give ourselves enough credit
- and think they don't deserve breaks or rest or help/accommodations
- who are chronically mentally ill but fear they're fakers/overreacting
- actually surprisingly good at talking about ourselves - we analyse ourselves and our feelings and mental states and all that too! (plus years and years of therapy will teach you that)
- but still don't know who "I" am, who "we" are and get confused and scared when thinking about it.

24th May 2016

[trigger warnings: child abuse, emotional abuse, neglect, child rape]

We weren't allowed fear. Fear is an emotion, that first of all means someone is real, which we aren't allowed to be. But even more than that, it's an emotion that is there to keep one safe. Which we were neither allowed to be nor allowed to aim for. We weren't allowed to show or KNOW that we were not in fact safe and well cared for. We were not allowed to have needs. We were not allowed to ask for or show signs of needing protection, help, emotional support, hugs, comfort... It was all too much to ask. Too much to ask of our mother when we were little children.

Little children who got raped all the time and had to live 24/7 with two adult rapists and abusers and no adults who wanted to/could help - but not allowed fear. Not allowed to know things or recognise them as bad/wrong, not allowed to be children or humans. More like little robots.

I never really realised until now how horrible it was to not be allowed fear.



Karpuz
26.10.16
Meersbande (Lat's Idee)

Tue, 21st Jun 2016

We have an idea, a plan, and we will do this at one point (I hope!), even if it takes years or decades until we can actually do it. Just imagine, a bit of land where people get small areas (think Schrebergärten), and they are basically allowed to do anything they want as long as it doesn't hurt others, including gardening, living there, building huts/houses (or other things), dividing their plot between more people, putting several plots together, communal projects, communal living, Bauwagenplätze, art projects, etc. I'd want to make sure that especially people who are one or more of these can be part of it: homeless, psychotic, otherwise mentally ill, disabled, refugees, trans people, addicts/substance users and other marginalised people.

There would be (free) workshops and skillshares, for example on permaculture, natural building, how to identify and use wild herbs, how to grow edible mushrooms, art, also self-help groups and almost definitely music and performance events (that basically happens automatically in places like those).

Of course it's only an idea so far and I don't know how it would be possible to finance (or even how much land costs), but apart from donations, solidarity concerts, and selling things (fruits or art or whatever comes out of the project) it might be possible to have a "give-what-you-can" contribution from those who use it/live there, for example x% of their income and nothing if someone's poor. Or do a thing (we heard some community supported agriculture projects do this) where there's a yearly meeting and we'd know how much money we need for the next year and then we ask everyone how much they can contribute, and see if it fits and ask people to pledge more money if needed.

Another obvious hurdle are laws and regulations. Here in Germany you literally need a permit to put up a small shed and there's no way to do this project to regulations the way I want it to be, so it would have to be a balancing act between being slightly legal (for example actually owning the land and not squatting it) so as not to get evicted and being inaccessible/over-regulated. I think it might work, Bauwagenplätze are also a thing and they're illegal too – yay for Nazi-era laws still being enforced /sarcasm.

It might be possible to create a somewhat positive media image too, as in

“see this is a great project where homeless people learn organic gardening and create their own shelters to sleep in, it doesn’t cost the state any money and they aren’t even a nuisance” or something. Plus it would be helpful to have some political activists, like anti-gentrification people, Bauwagen-people etc. who support us and have protests in case we’re threatened with eviction or get otherwise hassled by the state.

You might wonder what the difference/advantage is compared to Bauwagenplätze (kinda illegal trailer parks idk) – the idea is to give people the chance to do entirely their thing and not bother being part of a group or community if they can’t/don’t want to do that, for example they’d be allowed to have a fence around their plot and not talk to/interact with others unless they want to. Of course there would have to be some rules and organisational structures to decide on them, but my idea is to have as few rules as possible and basically only things that are necessary for it to be a safer and accessible place esp. for marginalised people.

If possible, there would be some infrastructure and things provided, toilets are a necessity, but running water, showers, a place to hang out, maybe workshops and a kitchen would be amazing too. It all depends on what is possible with the space, money and resources and on the people participating.

We actually really love this idea and we hope we can do something even a little bit like this one day. And make it wheelchair accessible and otherwise as accessible as possible and inclusive. Starting with a place for us and maybe growing from there if possible.

11th Sep 2016

Tonight we lay awake for hours imagining in great details how our perfect house and interior would look like if that were possible. It was such a beautiful thing to imagine :) A smallish round cottage built from recycled and natural materials, with furniture made from cob (clay) and round logs, really rustic/low tech, wheelchair accessible, with only two rooms and a storage cellar for potatoes n stuff. In an overgrown permaculture garden.

We’d love to live like that some day. And even if being multiple we wouldn’t be as minimalist as some of us would like, the basic ideas would still work great for us. Just add more clothes and other possessions and extra space for the kids basically (tree house!!!)

12th Oct 2016

can't believe you

content note: child abuse, parental abuse, emotional abuse, gaslighting

It's so hard for us to believe people when they reassure us (that we are safe, that they like us, that we are not a bother or burden, that we are ok people etc.), because our parents always reassured us of these things but they lied and betrayed us, abused us and told us the opposite of those things at other times...

I feel like I can't even explain it. Like there are no words for that pain? The way I had to pretend that I believed them, the way I had to ACTUALLY BELIEVE THEM (hence the dissociation...) and basically strip myself of the emotional skin that could have protected me from their horrible attacks. Because mistrust and the ability to reject lies (even if just silently in your own head) is a protective mechanism, is necessary, but I was not allowed that. I was stripped of that, emotionally skinned alive. And then pushed in the snake pit. And not allowed to complain or to even NOTICE that there was something wrong. Because they loved me so and I was safe and I had everything I needed and they were so supportive and I could talk to them about anything that bothered me!!!!

(I found words after all)

– a main frontier

Die Ressourcen meines Lebens

nach Satuila Stierlin

- nimm einen langen Bogen Papier und unterteile ihn mit kleinen Strichen nach deinem Lebensalter, markiere immer fünf Jahre etwas stärker
- nimm dir ca. eine Stunde Zeit (mit oder ohne Beraterin/Therapeutin)
- such dir einen ruhigen Platz
- nun lasse für dich Revue passieren, was in den verschiedenen Lebensaltern für dich bedeutsam war und schreibe in den Bogen, was Du aus den Erfahrungen, so unterschiedlich sie waren, gelernt hast
- schreib nur die resultierenden Ressourcen auf, nicht die Ereignisse an sich
- was für Fähigkeiten hast Du erworben?
- was hast Du aus einem Kontakt mitgenommen
- welche Hobbys hast Du erlernt (vielleicht weil etwas anderes nicht möglich war)?
- welche Stärken sind Dir erwachsen?
- was möchtest Du – so viele andere Seiten es geben mag – an dieser Erfahrung nicht missen?
- Wie hast Du die Erfahrung für dich verwandelt/überwunden/nutzen können – trotz allem oder gerade deshalb?
- Was ist Dir ganz persönlich noch wichtig?

Ich war sehr skeptisch, als wir diese Übung in der Psychiatrie mal machen sollten – doch es hat sich echt gelohnt und uns sehr geholfen! Wir konnten dadurch sehen und als unsere Leistung anerkennen, dass wir uns schon immer viel erarbeitet haben an Ressourcen, an Bewältigungsstrategien und Dingen, die uns gut tun und wichtig sind. Sogar in den schlimmsten Zeiten gelang uns das. Sich das vor Augen zu führen, ist wirklich wertvoll und kann auch für die Zukunft hilfreich sein. Nicht zu vergessen, welche Bewältigungsstrategien wir haben und welche Fähigkeiten, uns neue anzueignen und uns Gutes und Schönes anzueignen.

