



The Queer Foundation Scholar

Quarterly publication of The Queer Foundation
Seattle, Washington

Joe Dial, Ph.D.
Executive Director

Ray Verzasconi, Ph.D.
Editor

January 2014

Girls & Girls

Story

By **Natalie Marie Garcia**
Colorado State University

I was sitting in the dirt, drawing in the damp soil with my fingers. I scooped up the loose top soil and poured it over the light patch of skin on my leg where you could see the outline of the shin guard I wore for soccer. It looked funny and my teammates made fun of me for it because my skin tanned more than theirs; I thought maybe if I rubbed the dirt in hard enough it would all turn the same color.

I looked up and saw a girl on the swing set looking at me. Not in any particular way, not making fun of me to herself inside her head, not disgusted with me because I was sitting with my legs split like a boy, the way my mom always told me not to because then everyone would see my Tinkerbell panties. She was just watching. Not particularly interested, but not uninterested either.

She had pretty blonde hair with the top layer tied back with a pink ribbon and really pretty blue eyes. Even with the sky all clouded over they still glinted in a way that made her look like she could read people's minds. Like she was very aware of things. Not like people with dark brown eyes. My brother with lighter, hazel eyes would tease me. He said my dark brown eyes made me look dumb like a dog. I knew I wasn't dumb, but I guess I looked-it.

She also had on very neat clothes. Her khaki skirt had neat creases and her white, lacy shirt was spotless. Her white shoes looked new, like she'd never gone playing in the dirt with them before.

Mine were already dingy at the toes and in the stitches. She looked like the kind of girl whose mom dressed her and brushed her hair for her every morning. I never really bothered brushing mine because it just got so frizzy all the time, I didn't see why I should bother. My mom didn't really care, either. But by looking at this girl, you could tell that her mom would be the kind to really care if she were sitting in the dirt, pouring damp soil on herself.

I looked back at her for a while, running my hands back and forth on the ground around me, just feeling the texture. We'd look away, we'd look around, then we'd look back. Not really interested, not uninterested. Just looking. I kind of wondered what she thought of me and my mom and my eyes, but I also didn't really care. She looked at me and tilted her head, cocked her shoulder, and stood on one leg, but kept her hands on the chains of the swings. I dusted off my hands, then my legs, and stood up and dusted off my butt. I saw a paper clip on the ground and picked it up and walked over. "You need a talking point when you walk up to a girl," I could hear my oldest brother telling our middle brother.

She stood all the way up from the swing and took two steps forward. Immediately two other girls ran up and tried to claim the swing for their own; because swings were always a prized

possession on the playground. The pink-ribbon-girl didn't even look back at them or her commandeered swing.

"Is this yours?" I asked her, holding up the paper clip.

"No, I don't think so," she told me.

"Oh." I dropped it on the ground and kicked some dirt over it. "You have a pretty ribbon."

"Thanks, my mom tied it for me." she said. I felt the corner of my mouth turn up; my assumption had been correct.

I looked around and tried to think of something to say.

"Wanna go walk over where the tree patch is? There's some little green caterpillars on the trunks and on the leaves I like to watch sometimes." I asked her.

"Okay," she said, and we started walking quietly over to the back corner of the playground where there were six fully-grown trees and a little sapling growing closely together.

"Got any friends?" I asked her.

"Well, there's my friend Alexis from my old school, but I don't know her phone number so we don't really talk anymore. And then there's another girl in my class that's okay, but she thinks she's better than everyone else so I don't really like her too much."

"Oh." I said again. "Yeah, I don't really talk to many of the kids here either."

"Are you new here, too?"

"No." I looked down and kicked at a stick on the ground.

This time it was her turn to say, "Oh."

We walked in opposite directions, circling trees, crouching down to look at their roots sticking up from the ground, peering through leaves in shrubs growing around their bases looking for the caterpillars, but we couldn't find any. We met back in the middle and looked at each other again.

She looked around. "Wanna go sit on that bench?" She pointed to a wood bench a few feet to the right outside of the tree cluster sitting between to big oak trees.

"Okay." I said and followed her over there.

We watched the other kids run around playing on the slide and the swings and the monkey bars.

She turned her head and looked at me. I turned my eyes to look back at her. We kind of

studied each other's faces. She was really pretty. My cheeks got warm and I looked away and down at our feet that we were kicking back and forth. Neither of our legs could touch the ground yet.

"Catherine and Mona, sittin' in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G!" A group of two boys and a girl came over and started singing.

"Now that's enough, you three," Principal Walton came over, shooing the other kids away.

As they ran off laughing like hyenas, he called after them, "You know girls don't like each other like that! Mona, Catherine, get back over to where we can see you better."

We looked at each other, shrugged, and started walking toward the slide. The whistle blew and we all had to go find our teacher and line up to go back to class. Catherine ran as quick as she could to Ms. Brown's line. I stood there for a moment. She turned around and looked back at me. We gazed at each other for a second. I still had the beginning of the "K-I-S-S-I-N-G" song playing in my head. I didn't know what Mr. Walton meant by, "girls don't like each other like that."

"Mona!" Ms. Ball called and I snapped my head around to find her, then nodded. I looked back real quick to Catherine to try and wave 'bye, but I could already see her little pink ribbon bobbing away in the opposing direction from where I was headed. I ran to the back of my line and walked inside with my class. When we got to the classroom, I hung back by the door with Ms. Ball until all the other students walked in and went to their desk groups.

"Ms. Ball, can I ask you something?"

"Sure honey, what is it?" she smiled down at me with open eyes.

"When I was sitting with my new friend Catherine on the bench by the trees, Teresa and Kyle and Mark ran up and started singing the 'kissing song' about me and Catherine, and then Mr. Walton came up and told them to stop because they should know girls don't like each other like that, but I don't know why he said it?"

"Oh, well, it's because boys like girls, and girls like boys, sweetie. Girls don't kiss each other. That would be silly," she smiled, sweetly.

I looked down at my dirty legs and my dirty shoes, "Oh..." was all I said.

Beauty and the Beast: Female Freedom Examined

By Skailer Rei Qvistgaard
Boston University

'Beauty and the Beast' is characterized by a beautiful young woman, who is forced to live with a beast. Eventually they fall in love and the beast turns into a prince and they live happily ever after. This classic rendition of Beauty and the Beast is de Beaumont's version, the 'mainstream' and accepted retelling of Beauty and the Beast. Other versions of Beauty and the Beast exist but they aren't traditional. Some non-traditional retellings are feminist versions of Beauty and the Beast. Feminist versions of this tale, such as Angela Carter's *The Tiger's Bride*, aren't as popular in the media as the classic Beaumont version because females having their own free will in fairy tales is portrayed as a negative trait. This is significant because it doesn't allow society to be exposed to a pro-women's version of the story; perpetuating the sexist version of Beauty and the Beast and disempowering women in commonly read stories.

In order to make a claim about feminist versions of Beauty and the Beast it must be proven that one version of the tale is sexist and one version is not. The classically accepted Beaumont version of Beauty and the Beast is the sexist version. Beauty is "such a good girl" and "she is so sweet and sincere" however no one respects Beauty because "she is so stupid and such a simpleton" (Beaumont 33). Secondary characters and bystanders in the story, as a reflection of society, admire all of Beauty's perfect traits such as her "patience", "sincerity", and "sweetness", but the minute a woman displays pride society as a whole find it "quite satisfying to see pride take a fall" (Beaumont 33). Women aren't allowed to be proud of having "status" or "wealth" (Beaumont 33) because that is unseemly. A woman sacrificing herself for a man in fairy tales is all she will be good for and when she does this "good deed... [it] will not go unrewarded" (Beaumont 37). Women are portrayed unrealistically as well in Beaumont's version. When Beauty was resigning herself to her fate with the Beast she "did not cry at all because she did not want to make everyone even more sad" (Beaumont 36) and that is something no normal human could do. A perfect woman from Beaumont's sexist Beauty and the Beast could restrain herself from crying when faced with her own death when no normal person could do the same. Inhuman perfection is expected of the women in Beaumont's

story and when they aren't perfect, like Beauty's sisters, they are condemned. Women are expected to "become accustomed to [the] ugliness" of men and are expected to find "new good qualities" in them (Beaumont 39). Beaumont perpetuates the idea that "you must take a wife to have children" and that "romance... is an elusive ideal" (Warner 278).

If Beaumont's version of the Beauty and the Beast is mainstream and accepted then where are the feminist versions to contrast Beaumont? Angela Carter's retelling of Beauty and the Beast, *The Tiger's Bride*, stands out as a feminist contrast because it celebrates feminine pride and freedom. Beauty "held my head high" because she "was a proud girl" which is celebrated in the story (Carter 57, 64). The beast's "sole desire is to see the pretty young lady unclothed" because he wants to admire the power and "nature of woman" (Carter 58, 64). This empowers females to take pride in their bodies. In a sexist fairy tale a man wouldn't admire the female character's body for its power. They would only admire the female character's body as a sexual object. In Carter's feminist version of Beauty and the Beast, instead of condoning strength, she admires it.

So how can society continue to enjoy classic fairy tales without being inherently sexist? The answer is seemingly simple, yet would be incredibly hard to execute. Essentially all fairy tales would have to become classic fairy tales. Sexist fairy tales would need to be read just as much as feminist fairy tales. This would eliminate the idea of classic fairy tales that are 'mainstream'. However in order for this to happen an entire generation of parents would have to read their children many different retellings of fairy tales and expose them to different films and pieces of art about them; not just the 'old classics'. What we now call retellings would have to be seen as standalone tales and not as an extension of an original. This generation of children that were exposed to many different retellings wouldn't inherently favor one retelling over another. The sexist cycle would repeat itself and would only be broken if all fairy tales are eventually considered classics.

The significance of perpetuating sexist tales is a weak view of women in society. Women are not weak, on the contrary they are extremely strong, and

are equal to men, but tales like Beaumont's 'Beauty and the Beast' continually promote the proper woman as one who always longs for "perfect happiness" and a marriage "founded on virtue" (Beaumont 42). This story discounts women who choose to be independent like the Beauty in *The Tiger's Bride* who "ripped off skin after successive skin, all the skins of life in the world" to become sexually free and choose to be a tiger who has "beautiful fur" (Carter 67). Carter's powerful feminist message is rejected by society's still conservative views on women and how they should behave, as dictated by fairy tales. Fairy tales lead society and women to believe that female freedom should be viewed as a negative thing, as exemplified by Beaumont's Beauty and the Beast. Tales like *The Tiger's Bride* aren't as popular because they do not fit into the loved stereotypical Beauty and the Beast that society is raised with. This leads to children and society to not be exposed to strong and powerful female leads in fairy tales; perpetuating the sexist ideals the classics represent.

Work Cited

de Beaumont. "Beauty and the Beast." *The Classic Fairy Tales*. Ed. Maria Tatar. New York:

Norton Critical Edition, 1999. 32-42. Print.

Carter, Angela. *The Bloody Chamber*. New York, Toronto, Ontario, London, Dublin,

Camerwell, Rosedale: Penuin Books, 1993. 51-67. Print.

Warner, Maria. *From the Beast to the Blonde on Fairy Tales and Their Tellers "Reluctant*

Brides". Farrar, Stratus, Giroux: 1994. 1-14. eBook.

Zipes, Jack. *Don't Bet on the Prince*. Routledge: Grower Publishing Co., 1986. 1-12. eBook.

About the authors.

Natalie Garcia is a sophomore at Colorado State University, majoring in Equine Science and minoring in journalism. Praise for her writing from an Ag Science professor ("No one has ever praised my writing before.") and receipt of a QF Publications Award has her thinking she may follow a career as a writer. Natalie's most interesting work is as a volunteer for an organization that uses horses as part of a therapy process for veterans who are suffering with severe physical or emotional problems.

Skailer Rei Qvistgaard is a sophomore at Boston University has been very active as a volunteer in several queer non-profits. You may have already visited his blog, *Trans Today*. If not, you can check it out here:

<http://queerfoundation.org/dir/index.php/blog/>

He has recently also applied for membership on the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts GLSEN.

The Director's Scratchpad

2014, Queer Foundation's 10th year. The QF's founding values remain relevant.

Queer Scholars

- are out, proud, and activist,
- have a social conscience,
- will fight discrimination against queers,
- are committed to social change,
- believe in organization,
- are of good will.

Invisibility takes a toll on queer students in almost every imaginable way. Queer Foundation programs provide an antidote. I present two quotations for your consideration:

A group of boys in the hallway started laughing and pointing—there's the boy who carries his books like a girl. I thought really? Is there a difference? It just felt comfortable to me. Then I looked and saw boys carry books on their hip, and girls clutch them to their chest, so from that day on I said, "I guess I have to study this because I don't know how to be a guy." I was so conscious of trying to write like a guy. I could cover up the byline in any paper or magazine and tell you if a male or female wrote it by word choice here or there. Think of how stifling that is to the creative process. (Lorraine Ali, "It Stuns Me," interview with Christine Daniels, *Newsweek.com*, May 13, 2007, <http://www.msnbc.msn.com/id/18615905/site/newsweek/> [accessed May 15, 2007])

. . . our newest assignment was to look though our new history book and find a time period that inspired or interested us. I flipped through the pages with a newly found boredom I hadn't felt in a class in a good long while, but as I looked around, I found a picture of a gay rights rally from back in the late seventies. If anything, I was shocked and delighted to see it. As I sat and read the paragraph, the teacher had announced that time was up. He started from the left of the room going down each row. I quickly rushed through the pages, trying to find another period to mention. The list in my head went on and on. Civil War? Civil Rights? 60's Subculture? All of them seemed insincere. I couldn't just flat out lie about it. But then again . . . (Thomas Johnson, "And What Have You Chosen?" Queer Foundation, <http://home.comcast.net/~threepennynovel/QFessays2007/QF0307SA037.doc>).

By encouraging queer students to share their unique perspectives in their writing, Queer Foundation programs benefit students of four types: 1. Talented and academically gifted queer youth can earn scholarships to the college of their choice for high-school completion, if needed, and for their college or university studies. 2. Their friends with an interest in queer studies can also compete for scholarships. 3. Other queer high school students benefit from school and community writing projects initiated as part of the Queer Foundation Effective Writing and Scholarships Program: writing that draws attention to queer students' needs, health education and care initiatives, and queering of the school's instructional program. 4. Finally, queer college students benefit from the presence on campus and the writing of the Queer Scholars.

I welcome your questions and feedback. Please visit our guest book at <http://queerfoundation.org/html/visitors.html> or write directly to me, Joseph Dial, at jdial@queerfoundation.org. I look forward to hearing from you.

From the editor's desk

One can smell the stench of opportunism

Back a month or so ago former U.S. Senator **Rick Santorum**, being interviewed on a radio talk show, states that sam-sex marriage is the work of Satan. He goes on to posit that Hollywood has long been controlled by the devil.

Santorum is now the CEO of an independent film studio, and he went on to plug the company's soon-to-be released film, *The Christmas Candle*. Running for president takes money and continual exposure, and no doubt he wanted to link himself to a family-oriented Christian film. The film is also rated PG instead of the family-friendly G because it includes some heavy-handed hanky-panky. I guess Santorum doesn't mind holding hands with the devil!

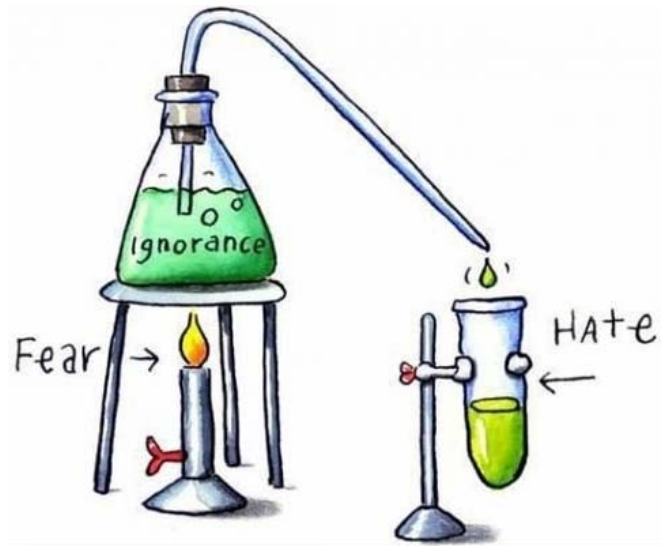
As it turned out, even though the film was indeed heavily promoted by Christianist broadcaster, it flopped at the box office when it was released in November.

At about the same time, **Tom DeLay**, former U.S. Representative from Texas, was on another radio talk show to promote his forthcoming book that will lead to a revival of Christianity in the U.S. DeLay explained to his audience that he had been on the phone to god, and that god had instructed him to write the book.

DeLay has to do something to raise money to pay the expensive lawyers he hired to beat the charges of graft and corruption he faced. I'm not bothered by the man's method of raising money. I'm disturbed by the possibility that anyone continued to listen to him after he said he'd been on the phone to god. I know believers talk to their god or gods all the time. They do so through their prayers. Their god isn't too good about responding, but occasionally believers are convinced he does. But talk to god on the telephone? Even Pat Robertson hasn't been that brazen.

Disaster, Catastrophe, and Tragedy

I've developed a kind of sinister pride in knowing that the LGBTQ community and our



allies so anger the Christianist god that he is continually sending disasters and catastrophes and tragedies to punish us. We can now add the recent floods in Colorado and the tornados in Illinois to our list of accomplishments—unfortunate natural disasters that apparently hit highly conservative areas of Colorado and Illinois. But I am reminded of an old Soviet-era joke.

A teacher asks her students if anyone can provide an example of a tragedy.

Ivan blurts out without bothering to raise his hand, "If two Soviet trains collide, that would be a tragedy."

"No, Ivan," the teacher replies. "If two Soviet trains were ever to collide, it would only be a disaster."

"I know!, I know!," Sergei says excitedly, waving both hands in the air. "If two Soviet ships collide at sea, that would be a tragedy."

"No, Ivan," the teacher says. "If two Soviet ships were ever to collide at sea, it would be a catastrophe, not a tragedy."

"What about you, Olga?," the teacher asks a sullen-faced girl. "Can you give an example of a tragedy?"

"If all the leaders in the Kremlin were to die suddenly, that would be a tragedy."

"Exactly! That's a perfect example. And can you tell us why it would be a tragedy?"

"Because it would be neither a disaster nor a catastrophe," she says.

I wouldn't wish death on anyone, but I can think of a number of candidates to replace "the leaders of the Kremlin."

Mentors Needed.

Help Make a Difference in a Young Scholar's Life

Might you be interested in serving as a developmental mentor to a QF Scholar? Developmental mentors (similar to graduate faculty) are LGBTQA individuals or allies who help guide QF scholars through their academic careers, being there to provide encouragement and support without being a "fixer," and on occasion even becoming lifelong friends. Most of the contact is by telephone or other electronic means. If you would like more information, please contact me and I will email you our 1 ½ page "QF Mentor Guidelines" that will explain in greater detail what our expectations are of QF Mentors.

I could also use a volunteer or two willing to help convince people to volunteer as mentors. I've pretty much run out of resource people.

Ray Verzasconi, Ph.D.
QF Mentorship Program Director
rverzasconi@msn.com

QF Publication Awards without stipend

In addition to the four QF Publication Awards that include a \$500.00 scholarship (available only to students who previously participated in the QF English Essay Contest for High School Seniors), the QF is now offering several annual Publication Awards without stipend. Students must be registered in an accredited college, university or other academic institute of higher learning in the U.S., Canada or abroad, at either the undergraduate or graduate level, in order to compete.

Entrants may submit one original piece of work, e.g., poetry, essay, short story, drama. The submission may not exceed 1500 words, and must be received during the official submission dates: **May 15 to June 15, 2014**. Submissions received prior or after those dates will not be considered. Send submissions as an email attachment in either MS Word or WordPerfect to:

rverzasconi@msn.com

The QF promises that all submissions will be juried by a panel of at least three established LGBTQA scholar/writers. The work of recipients of the QF Publication Awards without stipend will be published in *The Queer Scholar* during the 2014-15 academic year.

Ray Verzasconi, Ph.D.
The Queer Foundation Scholar, editor

We've all heard or read "Blood is thicker than water." It's a relatively recent corruption of the original: "The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb." In other words, the original meant just the opposite: your friends are more important than your blood relatives.

The original proverb may have emerged from the bonds formed in the army: you have to trust your buddies to cover your back. It was also related to another proverb that suggested that although we cannot choose our family members, we can choose our friends, and if we choose carefully our backs will always be covered.

I've many times used these related proverbs when advising students who, in some way, were estranged from disapproving parents (not always for being LGBTQA). Sometimes we have no choice but to create our own family of friends.

R.V.

What War on Women?



“Why Not Go the Limit?,” by Harry Grant Dart, *Puck* magazine (March 18, 1908), centerfold.

Dart’s cartoon was one of hundreds of anti-feminist/anti-women’s suffrage cartoons published in the 1890s and the early years of the 20th c. Clearly if women got the vote, they would desert their husbands and children and become, well, just like men! They would drink hard liquor, smoke, occasionally fight and, heavens, occasionally spit on the floor. Can’t you just hear the two children begging mother to come home, while cigarette in her mouth and a drink before her, she sneers at them?

These women play the horses and also gamble on fights. They also play the stock market. [Note men say “play.”] Some women may look “unsexual” or “mannish” (the favored words a century ago). If we look closely, we will note that one of the women in widow’s weeds is reading the “crime” page! How unlady-like! If they get the vote, why, they will take over the world!

Most significant, however, is the fact that Mrs. P.J. Gilligan’s Saloon for Ladies is an Irish establishment for Irish-Catholic women. *Puck*, America’s first humor magazine, was aimed at Protestant audiences, particularly those of Germanic origin, and it was blatantly anti-Irish and anti-Catholic. So Dart’s cartoon was directed at Protestants, not Irish-Catholics. Substitute African-American and Latina women today for Irish-Catholic women and we run into

GOP efforts today to limit women’s voting rights. If the most austere of Catholic immigrants in America obtain the vote, it will be the end of civilization!

You can view an enlargement of this cartoon here:

<http://lostwomynsspace.blogspot.com/2012/05/mrs-pj-gilligans-saloon-for-ladies.html>

You can find many similar cartoons from a century ago by googling “anti-women’s suffrage cartoons.” A study of these cartoons would make an excellent undergraduate or even graduate research project. For many men nothing has changed. Educate women and give them the vote and they will abandon their husbands and children, dabble in politics, become opinionated celebrities, and go moose hunting!

The metaphorical “war on women,” of course, is a war against recreational sex—which is why women’s liberation and the LGBTQ movement are intrinsically bound to each other. Only “real” men have a god-given right to do what they want with their bodies, and those “real” men still can’t have anyone challenge that belief.

As several of my lesbian friends tell me, Mrs. P. J. Gilligan’s Saloon for Ladies is a place they would have liked to frequent. Ah, yes, one man’s poison can be a lady’s cup of tea ... or whiskey!

LINKS

- A 13-year-old Portland, Ore., boy joins a growing list of teenagers championing marriage equality:

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/11/30/bar-mitzvah-gay-marriage_n_4363083.html?utm_hp_ref=mostpopular

- On a long life lived well, justifying marriage equality:

http://www.nytimes.com/2013/11/16/us/elmer-lokkins-symbol-of-same-sex-marriage-cause-dies-at-94.html?nl=todaysheadlines&emc=edit_th_20131116&r=0

- J. Merridew, young gay vlogger, has sage advice for gays:

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/11/13/hiv-wear-a-condom-video_n_4269091.html?utm_hp_ref=gay-voices

- The trans middle and high school coach most everyone in town loves. An inspirational story.

<http://www.outsports.com/2013/11/12/5095154/transgender-coach-stephen-alexander-profile-glocester-rhode-island>

- An Illinois story.

http://thenewcivilrights_movement.com/on-our-radar-a-thank-you-to-the-jakobsson-family-from-the-gay-community/marriage/2013/11/10/78237#.UoAHcV2A3cu

- An Aloha State story:

--Rep. Kaniela Ing, who just two days ago delivered [a heart-warming and heart-wrenching speech](#), explained how he came to embrace equality. Ing told the stories of Matthew Shepard, and of others, more recent, who have, or are struggling under inequality. He was close to tears at one point, and had to grab his speech off his desk for support. "How many more gay people must God create until we realize he wants them here?," Ing asked repeatedly.

- "Switcheroo," a great photo exhibit, explores gender issues:

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/11/03/switcheroo-hana-pesut-2013_n_4171038.html?utm_hp_ref=gay-voices

- Jeff Gant's "Homo History" is a compilation of old photographs and prints that can help add a chapter on late 19th and early 20th c. LGBTQ history.

<http://www.pinterest.com/mildjeffrey/homo-history-at-blogspot/>

In a subsequent interview, Gant admits that not all the photographs (which he mostly purchased at estate sales over the years) are necessarily of homosexuals. Not knowing the ethnic background of many of the 7 individuals can lead to mistaken notions. Photographs of well-dressed men and women were often taken by

immigrants to send back to Europe to convey the idea that they had found their dream in America. If they came from countries such as Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and any of the Slavic-speaking nations, two men or two women in a loving embrace might just as easily have been two siblings or two best friends. That was less likely to be so if they were from Anglo-Saxon, Germanic, or Nordic countries. Except where a homosexual relationship is quite explicit, the photographs may tell us more about cultural differences than queer history.

In the 1930s when California lawmakers passed a law criminalizing same-sex dancing, they exempted ethnic ceremonies (weddings, funerals, and similar religious functions) to accommodate the large number of Italians, Portuguese, and Greeks in the state. I can still remember both of my parents dancing with same-sex friends. That tradition disappeared after WW II when they gained upper-middleclass economic status. "Americans" didn't do that, so they stopped.

It's why I doubt that Thomas Edison's first film, which shows two men dancing, necessarily forms part of queer history. Many of the lower-level employees at the Edison Laboratories in Menlo Park, NJ, were Italian immigrants—at the same time that Edison rarely allowed women employees (secretaries, clerks) into the actual research facilities.

- State tennis champion comes out to high school classmates on Twitter:

<http://www.outsports.com/2013/11/18/5115222/mikey-drougas-gay-virginia-high-school-tennis-comes-out>

- A gay father acts to support California's new transgender law:

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/rob-watson/transgender-respect-law-b-3825065.html?utm_hp_ref=gay-voices

- A Winter Guard coming-out story. If there were only some way of getting all of the coming-out stories to all the teens and even pre-teens tormented by their sexuality.

<http://www.advocate.com/commentary/coming-out/2013/10/10/coming-out-as%E2%80%A6-winter-guard-performer#.UlcnfKxMIMs.blogger>

- A (heterosexual) poetry slam participant's "God is Gay" recital.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=V6AQvBEN5fM

- An informational trans blog:

<http://allgayeverything.tumblr.com/image/63971591754>



Am I the only person who reads something quite sexist in the father's comments? Like, "Thank God I now have a son?" Would he have been as enthusiastic if his only son had just declared as "female"? It left me pondering that parents might be completely supportive of their transgendered children while unintentionally hurting their other children.

It made me realize how understanding Skailer Rei Qvistgaard's parents were in conveying their full acceptance and love in a subtle way. See Skailer's "Wrapping Paper" in *The Queer Foundation Scholar* (October 2013), p. 4.

Only recently did I become aware of the existence of TransActive, a non profit sponsored by the Oregon Health & Sciences University here in Portland, Ore. Among other things, TransActive provides professional counseling to transgender and intersex children, youth, and their parents, and it also provides training to doctors, teachers, and first responders – all in the Portland area of course. See, www.transactiveonline.org. Are there similar organizations in other cities?

COMING IN APRIL

- "Gays in Fraternities" by Daniel A. Carriveau, senior at Lakeland College, Sheboygan, WI.
- "Democracy or Phallocracy: Marginalization, Communication, and Misconception of Transgendered Identity," by Javon Smith, senior at DePaul University.