



The Monthly Rag

Brought to You by the Feminist & Gender Studies Student Advisory Council and Edited by Kadesha Caradine (FGS '16)

My Boyhood as a Girl

By Christopher Curcio (Staff)



Growing up in the seventies, the boys department at Sears was, to me, about the dullest and most depressing place in God's creation. So I guess it's only fitting that amidst that foreboding landscape of black, brown, grey and navy blue I learned one of the hardest lessons of my so-called boyhood--being a boy sucks. My first memory of that dark, dismal back-alley where color goes to die is from my summer before the second grade.

The year was 1971. Dad was called away to do a second tour of Viet Nam and for some reason Mom and the rest of us relocated from western Maryland to the sunny eastern coast of Florida. Totally ignorant of the enormity of my father's situation (it never once occurred to me that he might not come back), I was excited and thrilled at the prospect of moving to a place where the sun shone year round and the beach was a mere 10 minutes away!

A few weeks before school started, my mother decided to take us on a back-to-school shopping trip. I had never been clothes shopping before and was thrilled about the idea of wearing shorts all year long! Well, that excitement was short lived when I got a glimpse at the limited choices available to me. "Is this it?" I remember thinking. "Is this all there is?"

Shocked and numbed by the plainness of the selection (2 styles of shirts--pullover or button down; 2 styles of pants--short or long) and that almost complete lack of color, I finished my shopping in about 15 minutes. My only treasure was a pair of red, white and blue sandals with stars on them left over from a Fourth of July display.

display.

A galaxy unto itself, the girls department boasted every color in every shade and hue known to mankind (and a few Mother Nature never intended). Purples, oranges, yellows, pinks, greens and blues brighter than the sky smiled at me from every corner. Dresses, blouses, skirts, shorts, hats, sunglasses, necklaces, bracelets, shoes (and even socks!) in every style and color imaginable hung from every rack. Over the rainbow? Honey, I was *inside* the rainbow and had absolutely *no* desire to go back. Fuck Kansas.

And so it was, in the middle of that glossy, sparkling, glitter-and-sequined universe, that the faintest glimmering of an idea started to take form that would eventually blossom into the most important lesson of my American childhood: somehow, I don't know how, I had ended up in the wrong body. **For complete article Scan QRC!**

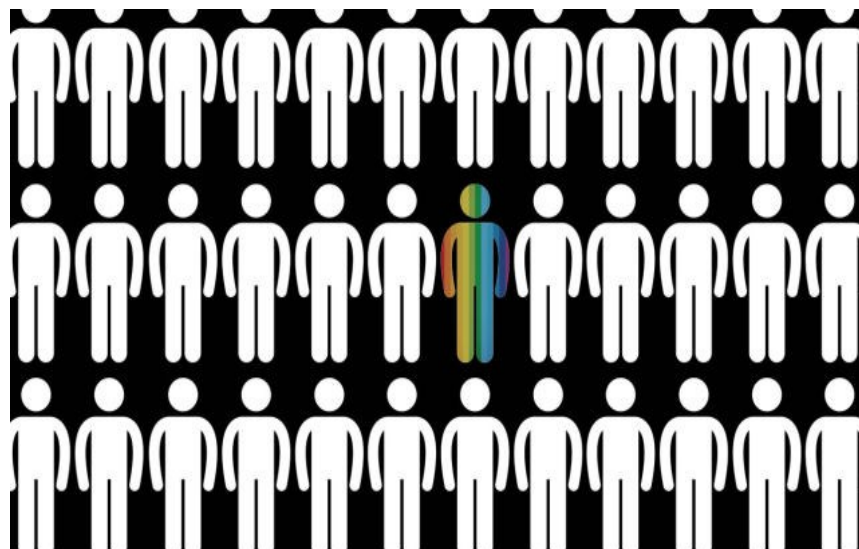
Don't Come Out the Closet Yet

By Spencer Spotts (FGS '17)

In first block's "Intimacy" issue of the *Cipher* magazine, Brooks Fleet wrote an article titled, "Man to Man: Confronting the fear of coming out." Although it is always refreshing to read queer writing in any of our campus publications, a response to this piece is needed for those (regardless of gender) who are in the closet or questioning their sexual orientation.

First, you don't have to come out just yet. The process of coming out is in fact *a process*. Remember that this time is for you to explore yourself for you. Depending on your situation, there may be a little or a lot at risk when deciding whether it's an appropriate time to come out. So you don't have to rush it, and remember that you know yourself and your situation the best. The sexual frustration of your fellow queer peers is not a valid reason for you to come out.

Second, remember that everyone's experiences are different. Colorado College may be a great place for some queer students, but it may be a living hell for others. Regardless, maybe your fear does not root from being scared to be out on our campus or that "homophobia [will] suddenly reveal itself." One flaw in the article at hand is that the argument never de-centers itself from the mainstream view of the stereotypical white gay male and exhibits an essentialist view of identity. There are other factors that may strongly influence your decision to come out, some of which may not be typical or prevalent for the privileged majority in your community. As a first-generation student who grew up in a conservative household, my financial stability and future were huge factors in my decision to come out. Although I work two jobs and am on financial aid as well as scholarship, it still isn't enough to cover the full cost of tuition. While my parents contribute a miniscule amount towards my tuition, I could not afford to risk losing any financial help they were providing. If I didn't carefully take the time to come out, I would not be at Colorado College, or any other institution for that matter. **For complete article, scan QRC!**



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