

# GAY GENERATIONS

*a comic anthology*



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Gay Generations is a comic anthology made during the summer of 2021 by four participants of the LGBTQ+ Intergenerational Dialogue Project.

see more of the project:  
[generationliberation.com](http://generationliberation.com)

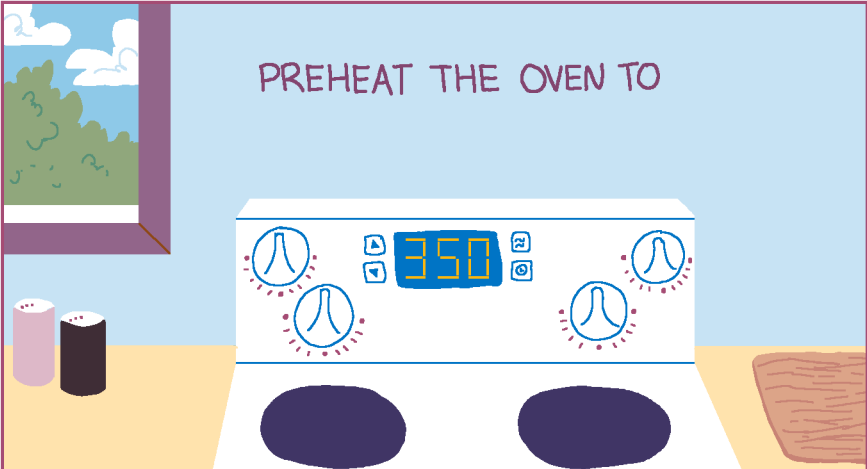
# FOX GRAHAM

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1: Prompt Comic:  
The Story of Butch  
the Cat

2-4: How to Bake  
Cupcakes

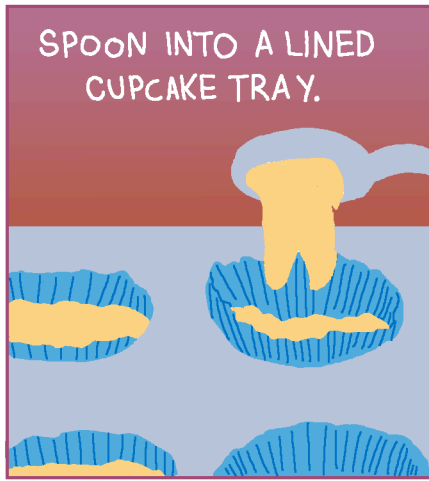


BEAT IN:

VANILLA,  
EGGS,  
FLOUR  
MIXTURE,  
AND  
BUTTER  
MILK.

An illustration showing the process of mixing ingredients. A hand pours vanilla from a bottle, an egg is cracked into a bowl, flour is sifted from a sifter, and milk is poured from a jug. The ingredients are being combined in a large purple bowl.

SPOON INTO A LINED  
CUPCAKE TRAY.

An illustration showing a hand using a spoon to fill a blue-lined cupcake tray with yellow batter. The tray is shown in two different positions to illustrate the action.

BAKE 20-25 MINUTES.

An illustration of a woman with curly hair and a man in a kitchen. They are both kneeling on the floor, looking at a green cupcake tray that is inside an oven. The oven has a digital display showing '20:33'.

REMOVE  
AND LET  
COOL.

An illustration of a woman wearing a white shirt and a brown apron with a white cat face on it. She is holding a purple cupcake tray filled with yellow cupcakes. The background is blue with large white stars.

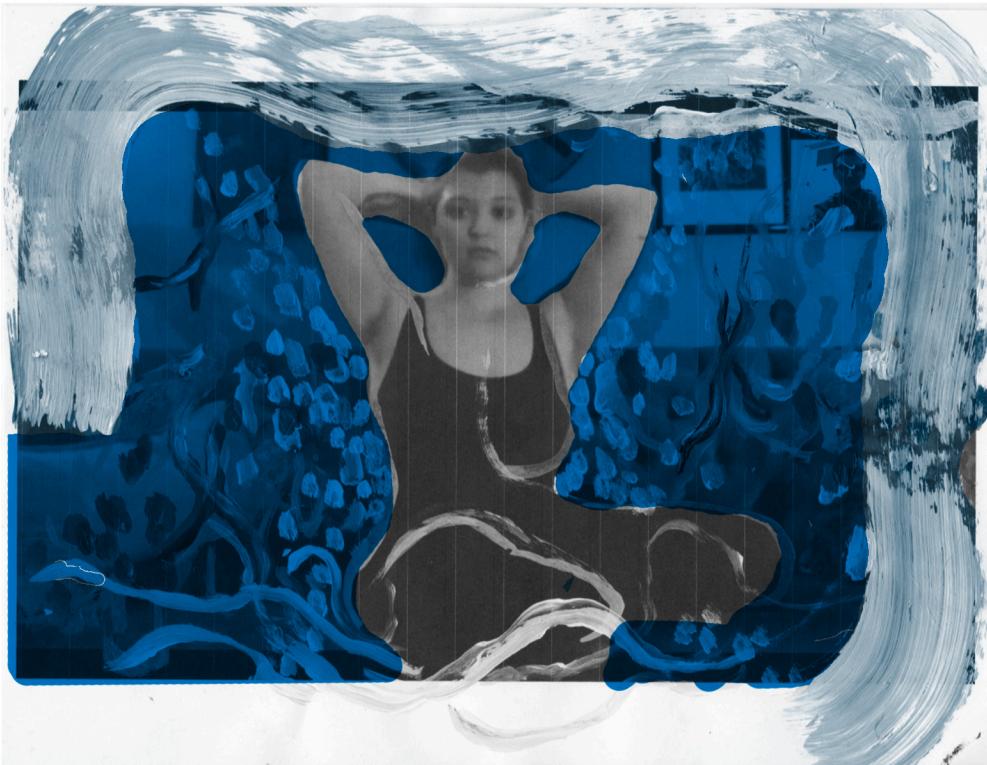
DECORATE  
AND

An illustration showing a hand using a piping bag to decorate a cupcake. The cupcake is in a yellow paper liner and has white frosting. The piping bag is decorated with blue stars and a sun. The word 'VANILLA' is written on the frosting. The background is light pink.

ENJOY!

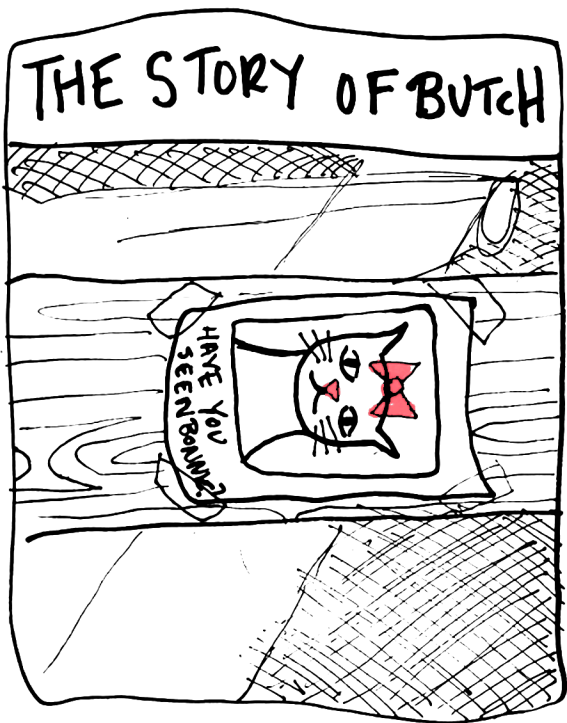
An illustration of two people, a man and a woman, both wearing aprons. The man is holding a cupcake and has a small piece of frosting on his nose. The woman is pointing at the cupcake. They are both smiling and looking at each other.

# Rain Shanks



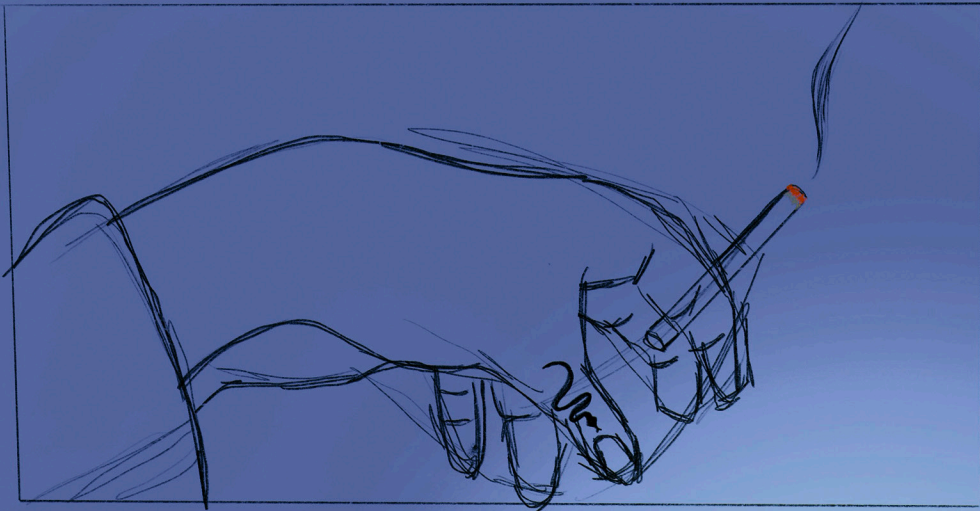
1: Prompt Comic:  
The Story of Butch  
the Cat

2-4: Personal Comic



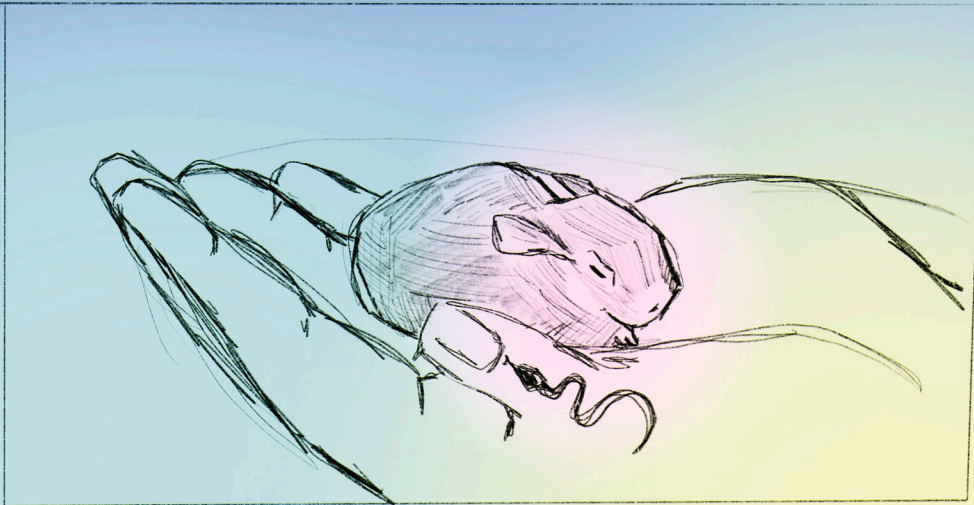
Moving to a new country is probably one of the hardest things I've ever decided to do. I've been thinking about my father and how he moved to America from Puerto Rico when he was 7. He talks about it like a traumatic experience but I don't think he understands it in that way. He says that he still thinks and dreams in Spanish but he didn't make it a point for me to know the language, and then I stopped seeing him when I was 7. I carry his color but I have to translate my thoughts before I speak them here in Mexico.

I miss my girlfriend more than I ever thought I would. When she was here we could only hold each other in public while we walked down the dirt roads at night. I liked pointing to the stars to tell her about the constellations. I live to impress her. I love that I grew up in Texas so I can tell her about the land and wildness. I'm going to ask her mom for her blessing to propose to her.



I've been filling up a lot of my loneliness with cigarette smoke that makes my breathing labored when I walk on the dirt roads alone now. My girlfriend said that when their mom moved to America from the Philippines that she would call her husband on the boat he worked on, crying. Eventually he took a lower paying job so they could be closer.

My girlfriends not sure if she would want to be engaged if we're not in the same country. She wants to be able to drive to me if she misses me. I want her, and I also want to heal the cultural hole in my heart that's been rotting away since I was 7.



If you know about the wildness of the land you know that life and death are lovers. They're always close but they only kiss hello and goodbye. Sometimes the kisses are closer together than we would like. I found a litter of bunnies, but the dogs found two of three first. Their kisses hello and goodbye were less than a week apart. The only one left I tried to save and when I couldn't it broke my heart. I video called my girlfriend so I wouldn't be alone when I buried his little body. I drew his picture and hung it above my Santa Muerte altar. I wrote a prayer I recited over and over while tears blurred my eyes. I held my heartbreak in a shoe box until I could dig the hole in the ground.

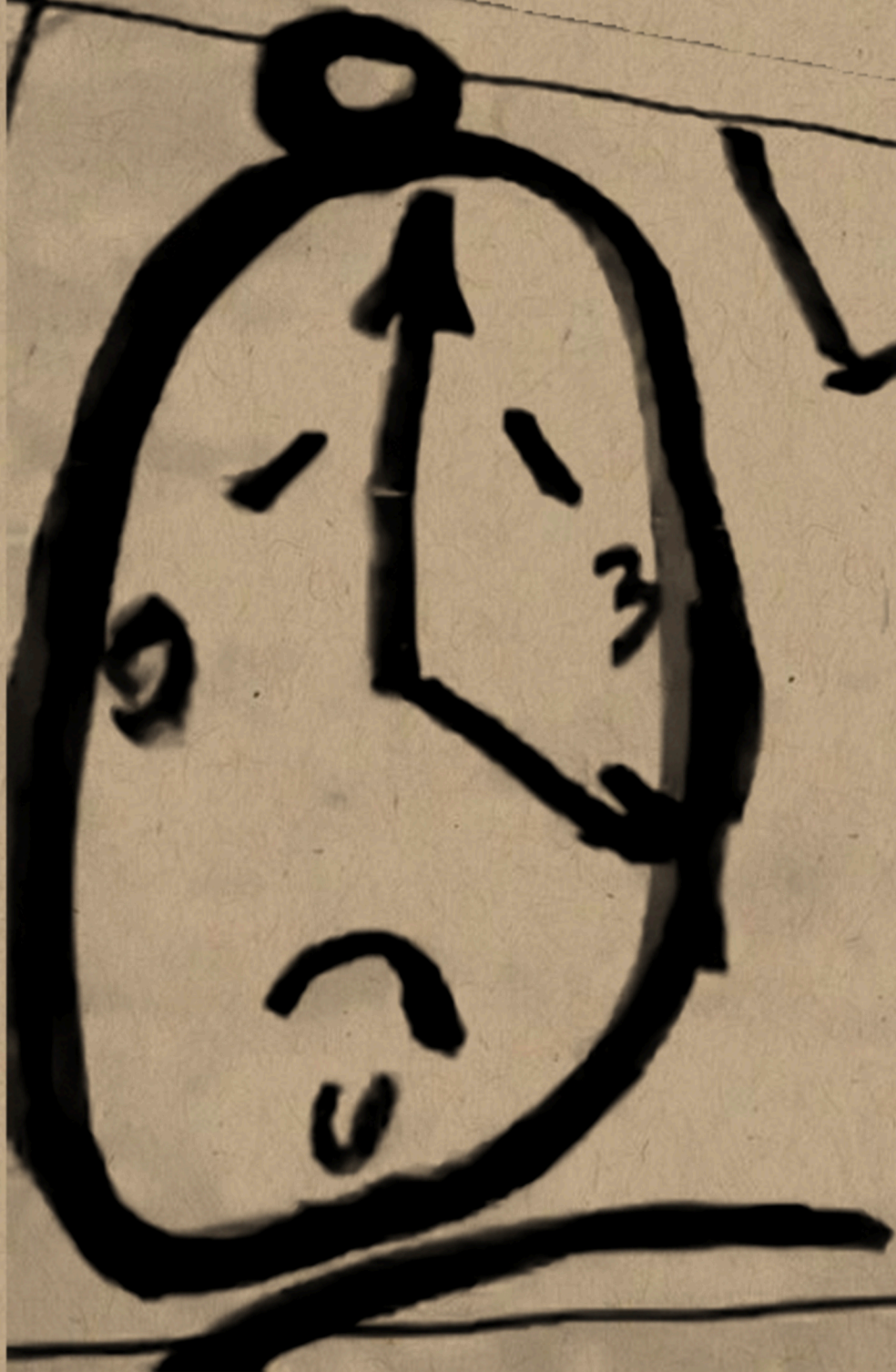
Maybe grief & joy are lovers as well. Maybe they hold each other in bed and cherish every moment and then mourn when one of them has to leave for work, only for love to be reignited when the day is over and they can embrace again. I don't know much but I know that these things are intertwined in my life. So I hold the grief of a short life, a language lost, a lover separated, and in that I hold the joys of beginnings, of learning, and reuniting. It's in my blood, it's in the soil I grew in. I cry for loss today, but only to cry in love tomorrow.



1-2: Prompt Comic:  
Dolce!  
3-4: Didn't Have Time

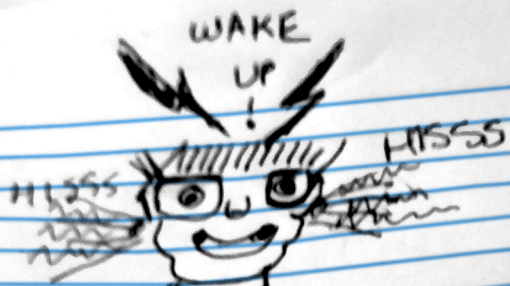






I DIDN'T  
HAVE TIME





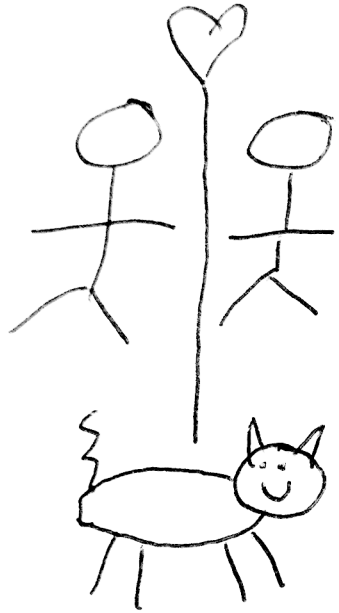
My Name is Lou  
69 yrs

Fave Candy

Chocolate Covered  
ESPRESSO BEANS  
YOW!

1: 3 Prompt Comics:  
Couple Adopting Cat,  
Dolce (not Doce!) the  
Puppy, and Sons  
Circumvent Dad's Toy  
Gun Ban

2: My Story



Couple  
adopting a cat

MEXICO 🇲🇽



Dulce-Sweetie

mat

12

BIATH



CHILDHOOD



TEENS



COLLEGE



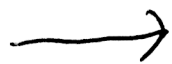
work



Lover / wife



NO  
DAD



ANYWAY  
SONS