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West Bend Library serves up GAY books to community YOUTH

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Children as young as 11 years old have free access to propaganda-type reading material (I hesitate to call it literature, thanks) that glamorizes and encourages homosexual activity.

Go the on-line SHARE Library website and search for yourself. Look at how many are in the YOUNG ADULT section.

<http://www.sharelibraries.info/uhtbin/cgisirsi/AiKmx0LqA/WESTBEND/111880165/2/5>

Here is an excerpt of one on the shelf:

Geography Club (sounds innocent, right? WRONG)

Hartinger, Brent.

Hartinger's debut novel is a fast-paced and funny portrait of contemporary teenagers who may not learn any actual geography in their latest club, but who learn plenty about the treacherous social terrain of a typical American high school.

Publisher:

HarperTempest,

Pub date:

2003.

Pages:

226 p. ;

ISBN:

0060012218

Item info:

1 copy available at West Bend Community Memorial Library.

DESCRIPTION: Russel Middlebrook is convinced he's the only gay kid at Goodkind High School. Then his online gay-chat buddy turns out to be none other than Kevin, the popular but closeted star of the school's baseball team. Soon Russel meets other gay students too. There's his best friend, Min, who reveals that she's bisexual, and her soccer-playing girlfriend, Terese. And there's Terese's politically active friend, Ike.

But how can kids this diverse get together without drawing attention to themselves?

"We just choose a club that's so boring, nobody in their right mind would ever in a million years join it. We could call it Geography Club!"

EXCERPT, WARNING: SEXUALLY INAPPROPRIATE –

Chapter One

I was deep behind enemy lines, in the very heart of the opposing camp. My adversaries were all around me. For the time being, my disguise was holding, but still I felt exposed, naked, as if my secret was obvious to anyone who took the time to look. I knew that any wrong action, however slight, could expose my deception and reveal my true identity. The thought made my skin prickle. The enemy would not take kindly to my infiltration of their ranks, especially not here, in their inner sanctum.

Then Kevin Land leaned over the wooden bench behind my locker and said, "Yo, Middlebrook, let me use your shampoo!"

I was in the high school boys' locker room at the end of third period P.E. class. I'd just come from the showers, and part of the reason I felt naked was because I was naked. I'd slung my wet towel over the metal door of my locker and was standing there all goosebumpy, eager to get dressed and get the hell out of there. Why exactly did I feel like the boys' locker room after third period P.E. was enemy territory -- that the other guys in my class were rival soldiers in some warlike struggle for domination? Well, there's not really a short answer to that question.

"Use your own damn shampoo," I said to Kevin, crouching down in front of my locker, probing the darkness for clean underwear.

Kevin stepped right up next to me and started searching the upper reaches of my locker himself. **I could feel**

the heat of his body, but it did nothing to lessen my goosebumps. "Come on," he said. "Where is it? I know you have some. You always have shampoo, just like you always have clean undies."

I had just found my Jockey shorts, and I was tempted to not give Kevin the satisfaction of seeing he'd been right about me, but I was cold and tired of being exposed. I sat down on the bench, maneuvering my legs through the elastic of my underwear, then pulled them up. I fumbled for the shampoo in my backpack and handed it to Kevin. "Here," I said. "Just bring it back when you're done." Kevin was lean and muscled and dark, with perfect sideburns and a five o'clock shadow by ten in the morning. **More important, he was naked too, and suddenly it seemed like there was no place to look in the entire locker room that wasn't his crotch.** I glanced away, but there were more visual land mines to avoid -- specifically, the bodies of Leon and Brad and Jarred and Ramone, other guys from our P.E. class, all looking like one of those Abercrombie & Fitch underwear ads come to life.

Okay, maybe there was a short answer to the question of why I felt out of place in the boys' locker room. **I liked guys. Seeing them naked, I mean. But -- and this is worth emphasizing -- I liked seeing them naked on the Internet;** I had absolutely no interest in seeing them naked, in person, in the boys' locker room after third period P.E. I'd never been naked with a guy -- I mean in a sexual way -- and I had no plans to do it anytime soon. But the fact that I even thought about getting naked with a guy in a sexual way was something that Kevin and Leon and Brad and Jarred and Ramone would never ever understand. I wasn't the most popular guy at Robert L. Goodkind High School, but I wasn't the least popular either. (Kevin Land at least spoke to me, even if it was only to ask for shampoo.) But one sure way to become the least popular guy was to have people think you might be gay. And not being gay wasn't just about not throwing a bone in the showers. It was a whole way of acting around other guys, a level of casualness, of comfort, that says, "I'm one of you. I fit in." I wasn't one of them, I didn't fit in, but they didn't need to know that.

Kevin snatched the shampoo, and I deliberately turned my back to him, stepping awkwardly into my jeans.

"Hey, Middlebrook!" Kevin said to me. **"Nice ass!"** Leon and Brad and Jarred and Ramone all laughed. Big joke, not exactly at my expense, but in my general vicinity. Some tiny part of me wondered, Do I have a nice ass? Hell, I didn't know. But a much bigger part of me tensed, because I knew this was a test, the kind enemy soldiers in movies give to the hero who they suspect isn't one of them. And from a guy I'd just lent my shampoo to, besides. So much for gratitude.

Everything now depended on my reaction. Would I pass this, Kevin Land's latest test of my manhood?

I glanced back at Kevin, who was still snickering. **Halfway down his body, he jiggled,** but of course I didn't look.

Instead, I bent over halfway, **sticking my rear out in his direction.** "You really think so?" I said, **squirming back and forth.**

It is bad enough that our own library has an "OUT OF THE CLOSET" web page loaded with HOMOSEXUAL BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS for GRADES 6 through 12. Look for yourself: <http://www.west-bendlibrary.org/yaglbqtq.htm>

The library feels it should indoctrinate the youth in our community with perverted, inappropriate, sex books that steer them into areas of breaking the law; i.e., underage sex, push towards homosexual lifestyle in a state that rejects same-sex marriage.

Let's take it a step further....

The YOUNG ADULT LIBRARIAN, Kristin Pekoll, has a public Facebook in which she professes she is a "FAN OF HOMOSEXUALS". Perhaps that lends some insight into the materials choices taking place here. <http://www.facebook.com/people/Kristin-Lade-Pekoll/720977931>

But wait, that's not all....

The head librarian, Michael Tyree, also has a public Facebook. His claim is that is not not just LIBERAL, but that he is VERY LIBERAL. YA THINK?

Here's the clincher, just to be fair!

I looked through each and every book in the Young Adult section containing

homosexual/gay/lesbian/transsexual/transgender information for youth (yes, I really did) to see if ANY of them offered information about EX-GAYS, people who have left that lifestyle, and/or the TRUTH behind homosexuality and its origin. Guess what? If there WAS one, I COULD NOT FIND IT.

**I smell LIBRARY CENSORSHIP.
Both librarians should be fired.
I have filed a formal complaint. YOU SHOULD, TOO.**