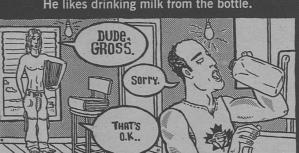
Poor Doug. It's his fate to be exactly the kind of guy other guys want to marry.



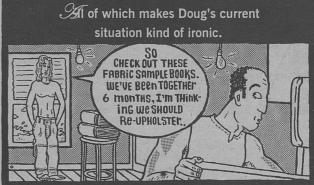
 $\mathscr{T}_{\mathsf{hey}}$ don't just want to hang with him. They don't just want to sleep with him. They want to grow old with him. They want him in their photo albums dancing with their moms at family weddings.



He likes the idea of traveling alone. He likes drinking milk from the bottle.



Doug's not sure where exactly this quality of his is located. If he knew, he'd have it cut off.



Faerie continued from page eleven

Because Doug has never wanted to couple up.

Oh sure, he likes having a boyfriend. But he also

likes having his own place.

were red hot. Then we stripped down and squeezed into the lodge. Somebody dug the stones from the fire pit next to the lodge and very carefully placed them into the pit in its center with a shovel. Water mixed with herbs was ladled onto the stones resulting in plenty of cleansing steam. Afterwards most of us immersed ourselves in the stream. It was so cold it made my feet numb. It

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was a good five hours of preparation and worth every minute. I felt wonderful afterwards and had a great time helping beforehand.

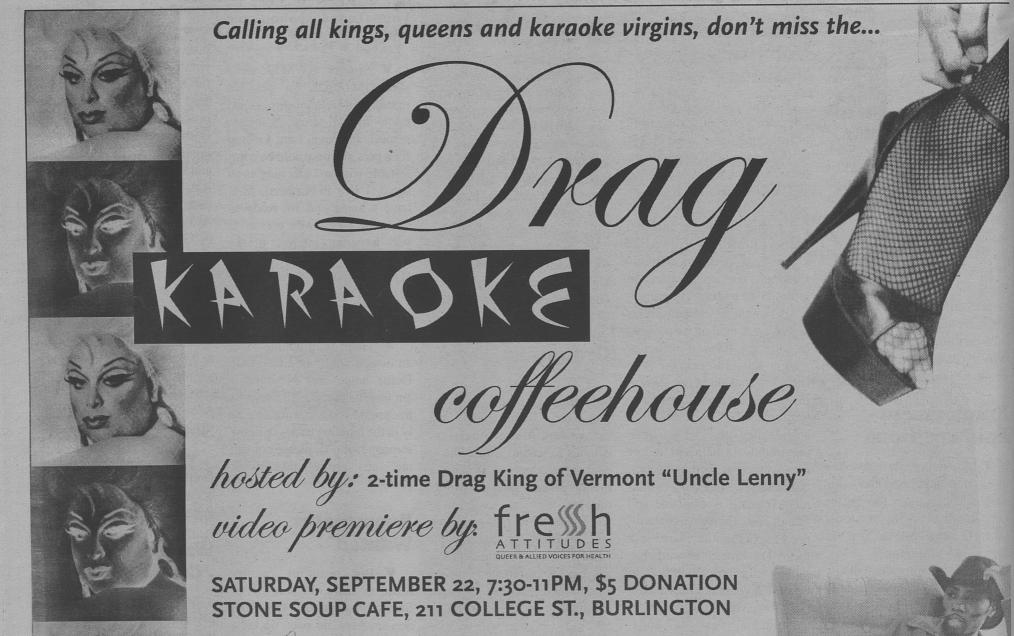
The Ritual performed on Sunday night was excellent if assessed from the standpoint of creating community and bonding between the people present. About what you would expect in its form: some rousing psychodrama, drums, dancing, the

usual extemporaneous pagan invocations of the four quarters. I couldn't help but enjoy the enthusiasm of the performers, the drummers and other music makers, the dancing afterwards. There was a lot of real feeling and laughter. I sensed - ye Gods sincerity. The Ritual was created earlier that evening by a committee of volunteers.

could have been as good a testament to the power of what these people create together as was that one moment at about 3:30 pm Monday afternoon as my friend Leroy and I turned onto the highway from the entrance road to Camp Destiny. As the blacktop, the guardrail next to it, and a store at the side of the road entered my view I blinked involuntarily in To me no amount of ritual what I now know was surprise. I thought: We're back in the world. I felt a definite sense of loss.

Another clear indication of the real community and energy that the Faeries have going for them is the assessment of my friend Leroy who is highly critical as well as the most pragmatic man I've ever met. His summation: "This place is happening!"

I'm looking forward to my



· free admission for anyone in drag.

• no smoke, no booze, just talent.

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food and beverages included in admission.