

Camp Woe be Gone

After a few hours on the road with Roman Flugel as our spirit guide, we wound our ways through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. We skirted the shady sides of the road to find a nested village of our barely clad clansmen. Roseland would soon permeate with rosebuds popping to the flavors of Honcho, Needle Exchange, and many others bringing it deep and hard. These outback, backwoods, woody ridges, grassy vales, and fuck barns would bang to the techno, house, disco, and dance, dance, of Pittsburgh, New York, Toronto. The cross-continental faggotry that we all love so dear.

Tired of the same old formulaic tribal sweat lodge two step fist pump of the clubs for years, this is a breath of fresh air for the gays of this illustrious confederate nation. A way to break away from that city droll into the natural immersion and the celebration of the sex, life, and good ole american rock and roll.

A thirst was upon us, one we could quench at the pool, hot tub, steam room, communal showers and anywhere inbetween. The margaritas were good too.

Wet with skinny dips and tongue flicks, the body was ready. Classic beats and disco treats kepted us steady on a healthy diet of the absolutely fabulous. We worked out our inhibitions on the camp trails, and lapped up the pool with rays of the golden. At night the stars came out, and lanterns lit up the sky as did lasers, and red lights of glory holes. There was even an observatory, where to observe or to be observed was the question.

The carrying and carrying on will be kept well into our daze to come. As we will sorely remember the breadth. and depth of Roseland.

Trust and patience,

Edwin Alvarez L.Ac

next issue...

**"I MARRIED MY DENTIST AFTER I
CHIPPED MY TOOTH ON A TRUVADA"**

HONCHO CAMPOUT CHECKLIST

- PRIVACY SCREEN for public douching
- Triple-headed light-up dildo
- Beard, fade
- Dignity?
- tree-strap extensions for The sling
- original look made from pool noodles,
aluminum foil + Livestrong bracelets
- Molly, Tina, MARY BETH (who teaches yoga
Ashley + OLSEN
- LOADED POTATO SKIN-SCENTED POPPERS
- MUSIC for 9AM DJ SET
- Propane for the camping stove I'll forget
to bring



THE LEGEND OF THE STRAIGHT TRADE AT ROSELAND

You hike down to the waterfall. There isn't a waterfall there. Maybe there was one, once? Maybe it turned flammable from the fracking on the mountain and burned away.

By the waterfall is where the locals drive by in their four-wheelers. You're not supposed to be naked, but we were once, and when the four-wheelers came by full of men and women and children we had to scramble to put on our clothes and it was anxiety-producing. Adam and Eve in the garden all over again.

Legend tells us, however, of the mythical straight, local boys and men who travel to the edge of Camp Faggot to let some willing (lucky?) Roselanders suck their cocks. It's one of Roseland's contributions to the local economy, perhaps.

Ben (your favorite bartender, tall and horny and sweet in his overalls) calls it a "rural legend." One of those things people imagine, then talk about, which becomes something that happened even though it probably didn't.

But maybe for every Roselander who imagines a blowjob down by the waterfall at that intersection where our magical little pocket of gayness in rural West Virginia becomes just regular ol' West Virginia, there is a straight boy who imagines the same. A straight boy who wouldn't mind head if it came from a guy, and has heard that the queers congregate at that one point along the ATV trail.

Straight guys are "the ultimate fantasy" for homos, someone said to me on Friday. It's a common fantasy, at least, and while some might argue that there's a desperate or even pathological bend to it - gay men wanting what they can never have and all - maybe there's something positive, even community-building about it. Sexuality is so much more varied and interesting than "gay" and "straight," after all. When those lines get crossed, there's potential.

It's like this place, this thing, all of us here right now. A lot of us know each other but the majority of us probably don't. And just by being together - swimming, partying, getting naked, talking, having sex - we create something. Sex makes life, after all.

I hope you had fun this weekend (I sure did). I hope you didn't feel left out or stressed out. Maybe take a hike down to the waterfall if you have some time before you leave. You never know what you might find.

“ I danced for a couple of hours in the woods. After the dancing we went to the barn. There were two guys jacking each other, jacking themselves. They looked like a couple. By the light I couldn't tell but I think they were both red heads. There is like this little massage table in there they call the pony. Someone was getting fucked on there. It was too dark. I couldn't really tell. I could hear it. So my fuckbuddy is very forward so he just jumped in with those guys. I wasn't sure if they were into me. I didn't think I was the look that most people go for - I'm older and out of shape. Being a person-of-color comes up at times, too.

I approached and everything was positive. Some more people came in. This twink came in. He was sucking me off. The other guys was sucking him. I guess I went back to the other guy, I don't know. With all this activity and everything I didn't even cum. Yesterday was an edging kind of day. In those group situations you never know like, do they want to go longer. Is it okay if I cum now? When I finally came this morning in my tent I came A LOT. One other thing: I fucked a guy and he was a little dirty. Not a huge deal but kind of a turn off. Bottoms, be prepared. You know you're coming to camp, take your stuff! ”



MY HONCHO CAMPOUT WEEKEND IN PITTSBURGH

by DH

FRI 5:54pm I'm all packed (full of nachos I had to make myself because I'm too unpleasant to sustain a boyfriend and too broke to pay someone else to make them) and ready to go (to sleep because I have no desire to be awake any more)!!!

FRI 9:43pm Joined "Hot Moms Club" Facebook group

FRI 10:36pm "Would You Shave Your Child's Head to Get Rid of Head Lice?" - Hot Moms Club

SAT 12:56am Have you ever wondered what the Blue Moon would be like if it was filled with straight people? Why? Why would you want to know that? Do you also wonder what the furniture was like at Abu Ghraib? You need to spend some time reflecting deeply on who you are as a person.

SAT 7:52am Woke up alone, the way destiny intended

SAT 9:21am Eating Taco Bell breakfast because I never learned to love myself.

SAT 12:24pm Standing in my back yard, I just had a moment of pure bliss where the sun shining on my skin and the summer breeze blowing through my hair carried my mind and heart to some of my greatest memories - day hikes through the Blue Ridge Mountains, lazy afternoons on a secluded beach in Puerto Rico, nights next to a bonfire under a starry sky in Ohio. Then I remembered I was outside to clean up dog shit.

SAT 1:36pm It takes seven minutes to go four blocks in Lawrenceville because the farmer's market is open and privileged white people are only willing to act on their morality if it involves shopping.

SAT 4:54pm I cut up a peach that's past ripe and soaked it in tequila, then added a quart of iced tea. Finally, hours of staring mindlessly into drab Food Network programming has paid off. I drink two glasses of it alone and pass out on my couch, trying to cover my 6'3 frame with a 4' blanket I stole from the dog.

SAT 10:54pm Go to Spirit for a night of music from a band I've barely heard of. Despite texting to confirm other friends will be there, I see no one I know in the twenty minutes it takes me to drink a pint of water and a pint of beer while sitting alone at the bar.

SUN 12:13am Go back to Spirit. It's every guy you've ever passed on the street and thought "Oh he's cute! Looks fun and unassuming and a bit nerdy and sweet." They're all here with their girlfriends and wives. Including the guy I asked out at VIA three years ago who physically recoiled after I asked him out. He moved five feet to the left and started dancing by himself.

SUN 1:42am Fall asleep on the floor so I can cuddle with my dog

SUN 9:22am A guy from the suburbs with the most exact eyebrows I have ever seen just messaged me to say he wants to hook up.

SUN 4:04pm How much of this tequila peach iced tea do I have to drink to make it Monday?

ROSELAND PRO TIP:
Don't shit in the pool.

WHEN YOU NEED TO BE GAY ...

... but aren't in
the mood to get
buttfucked to
trance music

PARIS IS BURNING

#campmatters

